

CLASSIFIED
ADVERTISEMENTS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
AND NOTICES

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—New furniture of all kinds at bargain prices. Liberal trade allowance on your old furniture. Sprague Furniture Co., 152 So. Second St. Decatur. a-68-6t

FOR SALE—One full-blood Hampshire male hog. A good one. Wm. Rodenbeck, R. R. No. 7, 5 miles north of Decatur. 71-11x

FOR SALE—Brooder house. Male hog. Tandem with 7 round discs on a side. Walking breaking plow. Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine. Ward Stoneburner, Route 2 Decatur. 72-22t

FOR SALE—Beet plow with discs attachments. John Gerber, Decatur, route 4. Phone 219. 72-11x

FOR SALE—Coming yearly colt, from Habegger stallion. One-fourth mile west of St. Paul's church. Clarence McKean. 72-11x

FOR SALE—Chester White male hog, one year old. Wm. Weber, R. 4, Preble phone. 71-11x

WANTED

WANTED TO BUY—Up to \$20 paid for Indian Head Cents; Half-Cents, \$125; large Copper Cents, \$500, etc. Send dime for list. Romano Coin Shop, "A", Springfield, Mass. 11x

WANTED—Man in this locality as Direct Representative of well known oil company. Sell small town and farm trade on easy credit terms. Experience not necessary. No investment required. Chance for immediate steady income. Write P. T. Webster, General Manager, 6232 Standard Bank Building, Cleveland Ohio. 73-11x

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—3 office rooms; heat and water furnished. Inquire Niblick Store. 72-11x

FOR RENT—Three front rooms, nice for a law office; rent cheap. Above Burns' cigar store. Bertha Ellis, phone 1223. 71-11x

FOR RENT—60 acre farm 1 mile east and 2 1/4 mile south of Monroe. Well improved black soil; good buildings. Immediate possession. A. J. Hirsch 536 Packard Ave. Fort Wayne, Ind. 19-21-24x

Bob Frisinger is spending the weekend in Chicago visiting with friends.

BANK STATEMENT

Charter No. 469

Report of the condition of Farmers State Bank at Preble, in the State of Indiana, at the close of its business on March 5, 1934.

W. M. MEYER, President

ALBERT REPPERT, Vice-Pres.

C. R. SMITH, Cashier

N. A. ARNOLD, Asst. Cashier

Resources

Loans and discounts \$72,755.53

Overdrafts 5.23

U. S. Govt. Securities 14,901.20

Other Bonds, Securities, etc. 23,804.34

Banking House 3,200.00

Furniture and fixtures 2,600.00

Other Real Estate Owned 7,031.00

Due from Trust Companies

Banks and Bankers and

Cash on Hand 19,937.49

Cash Items 7.22

TOTAL \$144,242.01

Liabilities

Capital Stock, Paid in \$25,000.00

Surplus Fund 4,100.00

Undivided Profits—Net 2,074.51

Demand Deposits

Deposits subject to check \$14,660.57

Demand Certificates of deposit 47,068.60

Time Deposits

Time Certificates of deposit \$18,830.35

Time Savings Deposits 2,831.44

Due to Banks and

Trust Companies None

Due to Departments None

Bills Payable None

Notes Rediscounted None

Cash Over 8.50

Other Liabilities

(List Below) 2,668.94

Coupon collected for customer \$ 3.53

Bond Premium account 164.51

Special Deposit 2,500.00

TOTAL \$144,242.01

Loans to Affiliated Companies (Sections 226 and 232) None

Shares of Affiliated Companies None

First Lien Trust Funds None

State of Indiana, County of Adams, ss:

I, C. R. SMITH, cashier, of the Farmers State Bank, of Preble, Indiana, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true.

C. R. SMITH.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23 day of March, 1934.

Thurman Fuhrman.

(Seal) Notary Public

My commission expires June 6, 1937.

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

BERNE MARKET

Corrected March 24

No commission and no yardage

Veals received Tuesday Wednesday Friday and Saturday

160 to 210 lbs.	\$4.25
210 to 250 lbs.	\$4.30
250 to 300 lbs.	\$4.15
300 to 350 lbs.	\$3.90
140 to 160 lbs.	\$3.25
120 to 140 lbs.	\$2.30
100 to 120 lbs.	\$2.00
Roughs	\$2.75
Stags	\$1.50
Vealers	\$7.00
Lambs	\$8.50

Fort Wayne Livestock

Hogs steady; 250-300 lbs. \$4.55;	
200-250 lbs. \$4.45; 180-200 lbs. \$4.30;	
160-180 lbs. \$4.20; 300-350 lbs. \$4.05;	
150-160 lbs. \$3.65; 140-150 lbs. \$3.40;	
130-140 lbs. \$3.15; 120-130 lbs. \$2.65;	
100-120 lbs. \$2.15; roughs \$3.25;	
stags \$2.00.	
Calves \$7.50; lambs \$8.75-9.	

EAST BUFFALO LIVESTOCK

East Buffalo, N.Y., March 24—(UP)—

Livestock. Hogs Receipts 500; holdovers none; rather slow; mostly steady; desirable 160-280 lbs. \$4.90-55; 120-150 lbs. quoted \$3.85-4.50; pigs downward to \$3 and below.

Cattle: Receipts none; week's steer and yearling run light; quality plain; market steady to 15c higher; good steers \$6.50-87; bulk medium \$5.60-6.25; few cows around \$5; cows and bulls firm; fat cows \$3.40-3.75; cutter grades \$1.50-2.60; medium bulks \$3.15-3.40.

Calves: receipts none; vealers closed fully 5c overlast week; good to choice mainly \$8; few selections \$8.50; common and medium \$4.50-6.75.

Sheep: receipts none; lambs strong with one week ago; early advance erased; good to choice \$9.75 and springing \$10; early top \$10.25; common and medium \$8.25-9.25; shorn lambs \$5-5.50; few 50-55 lbs. spring lambs \$11.75-12.50.

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

Wheat	May	July	Sept.
.....	87 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2
Corn	50 1/2	52 1/2	54 1/2
Oats	34	34 1/2	34 1/2

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

Corrected March 22

No. 1 New Wheat, 60 lbs or better	79c
No. 2 New Wheat 58 lbs.	78c
Old Oats	31c
New Oats	29c
First Class Yellow Corn	58c
Mixed corn 5c less	
Soy Beans	60c to 90c

Test Your Knowledge

Can you answer seven of these test questions? Turn to page Four for the answers.

1. Name the Austrian ballfit in the legend of William Tell.
2. In what motion picture did John Boles sing "The Song of the Dawn"?
3. What is an epitome?
4. Where does Walt Mason live?
5. Where did the Mountain Meadows Massacre occur?
6. What does eleemosynary mean?
7. What is the body temperature of an average healthy adult?
8. Can the Prince of Wales succeed to the throne if he remains a bachelor?
9. What is the national motto of the United States?
10. What is aleurophobia?

Old Doctors' Bills Paid

Cleveland—(UP)—Another recovery note: People are paying up their old doctor bills, at least in Cleveland. Furthermore, Cleveland hospitals report a decided increase in occupancy. The news is on the authority of Miss Frances Klaus, head of the credit department of the Pythians' and Dentists' Credit Bureau, who says that physicians' accounts which have been dormant for 18 months to three and four years are being brought back to life by payments.

SPECIAL—

Meet Me At The

WHITE SPOT CAFE,

116 Monroe St.

71-11x

MONEY
For personal and household needs. When in need of a loan, see us. Full details without obligation.
FRANKLIN SECURITY CO
Over Schafer Bldg. Co.
Phone 237 Decatur, Ind.

N. A. BIXLER
OPTOMETRIST
Eyes Examined, Glasses Fitted
HOURS:
8:30 to 11:30 12:30 to 5:00
Saturdays, 8:00 p. m.
Telephone 135.

Red Players Get Chance At Attendance Bonus

Cincinnati.—(UP)—A profit sharing system has been initiated by Leland Stanford (Larry) MacPhail, the red-haired Moses who proposes to lead the Cincinnati Reds out of the baseball wilderness.

The proposal, a variation of the bonus system which has been used and discarded by several major league clubs, provides that players may benefit from increased attendance, if any, at home.

MacPhail has set the home attendance goal at 275,100 paid ad-

missions. If the Reds reach that goal each player will receive a five per cent increase in pay. If the attendance reaches 325,000 the increase will be 10 per cent, and if it reaches 350,000 the players will receive 15 per cent increases.

Would Execute Unfit

Ashland, O.—(UP)—Elimination of all definitely feeble-minded persons by gas or other humanitarian means and compulsory sterilization of all persons of subnormal intelligence are "planks" of an Ashland college professor's platform for a new marriage and divorce code for

the United States. Dr. M. G. Caldwell, who is professor of social sciences in the college, advocates also the control of all marriages by the state and creation of state bureaus on marriage and divorce.

Sow Spurns New Deal

Dalhousie, Tex.—(UP)—A Chester White brood sow owned by J. G. Jenkins seemingly has no regard whatsoever for the New Deal administration. She recently farrowed 20 pigs, all normal. Jenkins had to give part of the pigs away to be raised via the bottle route.

British Parachute Jumper To Broadcast 5-Mile Fall

London.—(UP)—A British parachutist, John Trunum, is to broadcast his experiences over the radio while actually falling five miles from an airplane.

Some time this month Trunum will ascend over Southport Beach, near Liverpool, and jump out of the plane, when it is five miles high. After pulling the ripcord of his parachute he will broadcast his impressions while falling at the rate of 20 miles an hour. A special amplifying microphone will be fitted inside his oxygen mask, and the running—or rather falling—commentary will be picked up by the wireless station at Moorside Edge and transmitted through a nation-wide hook-up.

Her Third Set of Twins

Medford, Ore.—(UP)—Mrs. Thomas Smith, of Gold Hill, recently gave birth to her third pair of twins, boys weighing 7 1/2 and 7 1/4 pounds. The arrival brought the number of children in the Smith family to 13. The other twins, each with one boy and one girl, are five and seven years old.

Willows Aid Flood Control

Colorado Springs, Colo.—(UP)—Millions of willow trees are being planted in the Pike's Peak region west of here by CCC workers as part of the government's extensive flood control problem. The willow tree is most satisfactory for this type of flood control because slips can be used, thus making the expense low.

Services For Deaf

Lynn, Mass.—(UP)—Weekly special services of deaf mutes are held

CHAPTER II

"But about yourself, please! I have often thought of you, who have so much in the way of kindness to remember you by."

"What do you mean, 'kindness'?" Crane snorted. "Good will, if you like—always did have a soft side for a sportsman. But I'll be jiggered if I can lay my mind to any time when the Lone Wolf asked odds of man or devil."

"For all that, there were occasions when I would have been put to it to remain at large, if you hadn't seen to it—how do you say it—that I 'got the breaks'."

"No more than I've done for any man—have, like a sap, too often with others."

"One has more than once thought you were too just a genius, and too good-hearted, to round out your days as a policeman," Lanyard saluted with his glass and laughed as he drained it: "If it's a fair question—"

"I've been out of the P. D. a good many years now," Crane confessed, grinning, "by request more than by choice, if you must know. It seemed to be the consensus of the mugs higher up that a dick who believed in giving a crook a break didn't belong. Shouldn't wonder if they were right, at that."

"But you were too much in love with your profession, surely," Crane grinned again, wryly. "You can't teach an old flatfoot to do toe-dancing, that's a fact."

"Then it is Crane's Private Detective Agency today, no doubt?" "Nothing so grand. No, no," Crane vaguely professed. "I just do odd jobs as they turn up. Friends send me clients and the ones I satisfy pass the word along to others. The racket will never make me rich, but it's a good enough life—I like it."

"That makes me happy for you," Lanyard forbore to follow up a line toward which, it was plain, Crane preferred to maintain a noncommittal attitude. "For myself, no less, I shall not feel so much a skeleton at the feast, amongst all these gay folk, with you on board to gossip with." A bugle, silver-throated, just then sang on the night-swept deck, and Lanyard confirmed by the clock a dark surmise. "It doesn't seem possible that can be the second call for dinner."

"Dressing," Crane inquired, without offering a budget of "Oh, if one will travel first-class on express steamers."

"I suppose so. Especially the heavy swell you've turned out to be. It's different here. Nobody cares how a journeyman dick dresses, not so long as he delivers the goods. Mind my saying again you make me tired?"

"Anyone our age that's got as much ambition as you have, moaning about his 'lost youth'! Not only that, but I never knew you except when there was something doing, something lively, and the old Lone Wolf in the thick of it. What odds will you lay your precious 'lost youth' ain't waiting for you just around the corner?"

"Ah, no, my friend! Lanyard protested, laughing. "No such luck!"

If Winter Comes, Can Spring Be Far Behind

How about that garden of yours? Are you getting ready to spring work on it? Want a budget of practical suggestions in phases of gardening? Our Washington Bureau has ready for you a packet of eight of its informative and authoritative bulletins on the subject. The titles are:

- BEAUTIFYING HOME GROUNDS
- BULBS
- CHRYSANTHEMUM
- HOME GROWN DAHLIAS
- FLOWER GARDENS
- GARDENING
- ROSE GARDENS
- SHRUBBERY & HEDGES

If you wish this packet of eight bulletins, fill out the coupon below and mail as directed:

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1322 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C.

I want a packet of eight bulletins on all phases of gardening and enclose herewith twenty-five cents in coin (carefully wrapped or postage stamps, to cover return postage and handling costs)

N A M E _____

STREET & No. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

I am a reader of the Decatur Daily Democrat, Decatur, Ind.

at St. Mary's Catholic church here by the Rev. John Joseph Watson, a curate who learned the sign language from one of his parishioners. A feature of the services is a "silent choir" composed of seven women deaf mutes who sing hymns in sign language, such as "Tantum Ergo" and "Holy God We Praise Thy Name."

Vase Represents 27 Nations

Boston.—(UP)—A vase, made from clay, rock, stone and other

materials gathered from 27 different nations and localities, was presented to the World's Fair by the German Emperor.

Ducks Carried Gold Dust

Portland, Ore.—(UP)—Mrs. Tikhin is seeking home address two ducks she dressed for in their gizzards were gold and nuggets worth \$4. She took them at a poultry market.

And went below to meet it face to face.

His stateroom was far forward on the starboard side of A Deck, at the head of a long passageway which was empty at the instant when Lanyard first viewed it from the after end. In the next, however, he discovered in a start that its vista held another figure, a man who had appeared so abruptly at a point about amidships that Lanyard could by no means have said which door he had emerged from, or for that matter that he actually had emerged from any, the effect being that of a shape all at once materialized out of thin air—a quite young man, point-device in evening dress, who was sauntering at a pace all his own, precisely as if it were his common practice to pop up out of nowhere like an imp in a pantomime.

Now Lanyard hadn't forgotten any of the dodges at which the Lone Wolf had been adept, and was hardly to be dumfounded by one which he could readily have duplicated. It was recoil from a violent psychic shock that sent him on, to bring up with disconcerted eyes questioning the portrait of himself at middle-age which the glass above his cabin washstand pictured. All a-tremble, he whose unshakable nerves had been his secret boast!

For it had been for a space his lot to look upon himself in the pride of his youth, upon a revenant of the Lone Wolf at the zenith of a career that stood still unparalleled in criminal annals.

As if in entering that passageway he had crossed unawares a forbidden threshold and in the mad perspectives of a realm where Time stood still had met his own lost youth again.

The stare that searched and searched again the lineaments of the mirrored Lanyard saw them, everyone, a prototype of the younger man's. Yet Lanyard questioned whether any vision unbiased by his memories would see the resemblance that in his sight was so bold. If both had the same firm yet mobile mouth, his had grown sad and cynical while the other's was generous still and gay; if both could boast the same dark eyes deeply recessed, one pair was a little weary, the other quick with unquenched verve. And so with every other feature—his hair thinned out and dusted with snow, the other's lush and darkly lustrous, his face graven with deep lines, its temples hollowed, the other's rounded and innocent of crow's-feet.

Had he, then, come blindly upon a younger brother—or, possibly, some collateral of his untraceable paternity? Or might the likeness by any chance conceivably be owing to a closer kinship still.

It demanded an effort of will to put that wild thought by and get on with his dressing. It was a shaken man and one who felt himself measurably older who tardily presented himself in the dining-saloon to claim a place at the Captain's table and find it between two ladies, one whose becomingly bobbed white hair marked her at sight as the most interesting woman of his acquaintance, and one with hair of ashen gold and sedate brown eyes who was to prove in his esteem, the most winsome of her generation.

The look alike which the first—Mrs. Innes Crozier of New York—turned upon Lanyard promptly kindled with the kindest spirit.

"How perfectly splendid! And here I've been sitting all over goose-flesh, monsieur, for fear you'd turn out to be either a junior executive of big business or some old dodo-bird winging back to his roost in a Fifth Avenue club window or— heaven save us!—what have you?"

"But surely you're going to me—"

"Don't think to draw all my crotchets at once with those merry eyes. Some day, perhaps, when I have time to mulch it over."

"If you don't, I shall never give you."

"What have you two found out about so earnestly?" Fennel's earnest put in.

"Secrets. Thus far, however, remain locked up in monsigner's chest. Maybe you'll have more to do with the man; but as a rule I'm a wash-out."

The Captain, on her left, clapped Fennel's attention.

"Well?" Fay Crozier queried.

But Lanyard made believe to understand and merely answered: "She is exquisite."

"Penny? Of course she is. Do you wonder how I, with my rough-house background, made out in the world such a daughter?"

"In a word—no. And what a rough-house background!"

"Don't be a fraud. You know perfectly well—at all events, I think somebody must have told me—I arrived on Park Avenue by the way of Weber and Fields. But daughter is a lady."

"But naturally, madame!"

(To Be Continued)

THE LONE WOLF'S SON
by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

CHAPTER I

LANYARD found his lost youth again less than an hour after he had fondly bade it a last farewell. At pause by the port rail he watched the dusk blur out the dusty loom of France and saw the last small shine of longshore lights washed under; and lifting a hand in salute to one of the temples that already were well veiled, "Pays de ma jeunesse perdue," the man said in a muted voice—"land of my lost youth—adieu!" As if by describing this sentimental gesture he had discharged a duty of the soul, he turned to go below to his lonely cabin.

The door to the smoking-room was the nearest. Most of the congregation in there were Americans getting off to a fast start in their race against time—with only five days to go ere the breath of their native desert would dry up the bar—and nothing tempted the man to tarry till his eye lighted haphazard on another solitary figure.

This was one who sat by himself, in a corner, minding his pipe, and, to all appearance, nothing else but his thoughts; a long lean body, loose-jointed, with the carved head mask and almost the complexion of the aboriginal American—that type of fine Anglo-Saxon stock gone native which New England and the Midlands turn out in greater numbers every generation.

Coming to a halt before him Lanyard politely remarked: "Mr. Crane, I believe, sometime of Police Headquarters, New York, and—who knows?—perhaps still."

The man with the pipe lifted a cool gray stare, scrutinizing his one-time quarry.

"I don't believe it," he declared with a touch of testiness but no change of muscular expression whatever. "Ain't no such animal. The Lone Wolf shed his felonious hide and showed himself up for nothing but a dumb law-abiding sheep while I was still kicking around in short pants. Go 'way. Quit trying to kid me. You don't exist."

A raw-boned hand at the same time shot out and nipped Lanyard's wrist.

"Maybe I'm wrong at that; you feel like flesh and blood, all right. Sit down, *hombre*, and don't resist. If you do, I'll tell the Captain on you. Maybe I ought to, at that, instead of buying us a heap of drinks."

"Who am I to oppose you?" The show of resignation, while quite in Crane's humor, was touched by some real feeling, too. "You have reason, my friend: I am a shade indeed, revisiting these glimpses of the moon, but too substantial for all that to care about finishing the voyage in irons. Set aside the inconsistency of a ghost's refusing spirituous consolation."

A steward hovered to serve their pleasure.

"But you, my friend, you have not changed. I mean, of course, outwardly. One would say the years have not been unkind to you. How many is it? No matter!"—a shadow darkened Lanyard's gaze—"I have too good reason to remember."