

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, BUSINESS CARDS, AND NOTICES

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Cabbage plants, 5c a dozen. First house south of hospital on east side of road on mud pike Victor Amacher. 119-3t

For Sale—Today, started chicks. Pinedale Hatchery, corner Second and Jackson streets.

G. 2t — X

FOR SALE — Grand Piano. Like new, 1934 model, in this vicinity. Must sell at once. Very low balance at easy terms. Write Finance Manager, 812 Main Street, Anderson, Indiana. 120-a3t

FOR SALE — Manchou soy beans. Harry Edgell, quarter mile north of Hobbs. 121-6tx

FOR SALE—A high grade Guernsey calf, just a few days old, cheap if taken soon. J. W. Anderson, 200 Doctor Beavers' farm, R. R. 2, rural phone J-367. 120-3tx

FOR SALE—Gold Seal and Quaker Armstrong rugs—\$5 to \$8.50. 9x 12 Axminsters, \$25 to \$35. New kitchen cabinets, \$22.50 to \$25.00. Sprague Furniture Co., phone 199. 120-2t

HAT SALE — Reduced prices on hats: \$2.50 value go at \$1.95; \$2 value go at \$1.50; \$1.50 value go at \$1; 25 hats to go at 25c each. Mrs. Maude A. Merriman, 222 S. Fourth St. 121-2t

FOR SALE — Received new ship model living room suites, \$35 and up; bedroom suites \$40 and up; oil stoves, \$4.90 and up; mattresses, bed springs and congolesum rugs at very reasonable prices. Stucky & Co., Monroe, Ind. 121-7t

FOR SALE—1 used 1932 Fordson and 3 used Fordson tractors. 1 2-yr. old work horse, 2 tractor plows, 2 air compressors, 5 electric motors. Plow points at a reduction. See the new Fordson before you buy. Craigville Garage. 119-4txed

FOR SALE OR RENT—Used pianos —We will rent these pianos to responsible parties very reasonable. Sprague Furniture Co. Phone 199. 120-2t

WANTED

WANTED—Radio or electric work. Call Phone 625. Miller Radio Service, 226 No. 7th St. Apr 9tf

MALE HELP WANTED — Man wanted 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, 625 Standard Bank Building, Cleveland, Ohio. 1tx

AGENTS Wanted—LePrince Perumers operating from Coast to Coast have entered Indiana. Exclusive Agents will be appointed in every locality. If interested in a fast selling proposition write "Distributor" 515 Madison Ave. Anderson, Ind. altx

WANTED TO BUY—We buy Indiana head pennies, all dates wanted. We pay up to \$47 each. Send 10c for catalog. Numismatic Co. of Chicago, Box 1213, Chicago. 1tx

Wanted—Two or three furnished light housekeeping rooms. Box KM. % Democrat Office. 120-4tx

WE WANT Rags, Paper, Metal, Scrap Iron and Wool. The Maier Hfde & Fur Co., 710 W. Monroe St. Phone 412. 97 tf eod

Wanted To Rent —Modern or semi-modern house, possession by June 1. Harry King, 822 N. 3rd St. 120 3 t x

WANTED — Paper hanging and painting. Satisfactory work. H. A. "Peck" Templin, phone 5655. 119a-3tx

WANTED—1,000 farmers to raise pullets for us. Come and see us for further information. Model Hatchery, Monroe, phone 44. 117G5t

DISTRICT MEET HERE TUESDAY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
water. Riley Chrisman, S. E. Shamp, M. E. Hower and Giles Porter of this city and Laura D. Shatto of Van Buren.

Mrs. James Bain will give the welcome address at the Tuesday morning session and the response will be given by Cora Hood of Bluffton. Business matters will be transacted during the morning and at the noon hour a luncheon will be served at the Methodist church.

The afternoon session will open at 1:30 o'clock, and addresses will be given by Clara Gilmore, grand senior and by Ocie V. Jellison, grand chief.

Mrs. John Falk of Peru, formerly of Decatur, is reported to be seriously ill at her home. Her condition is regarded critical and relatives have been called to the Falk home.

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

LOCAL MARKET

Decatur, Berne, Craigville, Hoagland

Willshire, Ohio

Corrected May 17

No commission and no yardage

Veals received Tuesday Wednesday Friday and Saturday

160 to 200 lbs.	\$3.40
210 to 250 lbs.	\$3.45
250 to 300 lbs.	\$3.40
300 to 350 lbs.	\$3.25
140 to 160 lbs.	\$3.00
120 to 140 lbs.	\$2.20
100 to 120 lbs.	\$1.80
Roughs	\$2.25
Stags	\$1.25
Vealers	\$5.50
Wool lambs	\$8.00

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

	May	July	Sept.
Wheat	30 3/4	30 1/2	30
Corn	49 1/2	52	53 1/2
Oats	35	35 1/2	35 3/4

East Buffalo Livestock

Hog receipts 400; weights above 220 lbs. strong to shade higher; lighter averages unsold; quoted steady; desirable 220 to 260 lbs. \$4.15.

Cattle receipts 0; week's steer and yearling \$4.00 light; market active, steady to weak; good offerings mostly 1,000 lbs. down \$6.75 to \$7.25; few \$7.50; medium \$5.85 to \$6.50; mixed yearlings, \$6.75.

Calf receipts 0; vealers closed steady with last week; early loss retained; good to choice \$6.50 to largely \$7 late.

Sheep receipts 0; lambs scarce; around 25c under last week; good to choice \$8.75 to \$8.85; top \$9.

Fort Wayne Livestock

Hogs steady to 15c higher; 250-300 lbs. \$2.70; 200-250 lbs. \$2.65; 160-200 lbs. \$2.55; 300-350 lbs. \$2.35; 150-160 lbs. \$3.10; 140-150 lbs. \$2.85; 130-140 lbs. \$2.60; 120-150 lbs. \$2.25; 100-120 lbs. \$2; roughs \$2.75; stags \$1.25.

Calves \$6; Lambs \$9.

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

Corrected May 17

No. 1 New Wheat, 60 lbs or better	77c
No. 2 New Wheat, 58 lbs.	76c
Oats	29c
First class Yellow Corn	60c
Mixed corn 5c less	

Test Your Knowledge

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

1. Name the founder of the colony of Georgia.
2. Who wrote the novel "Hard Cash"?
3. What country is known as the "Land of Chrysanthemums"?
4. Where is Brown University?
5. Who wrote the "Vallonia letters"?
6. Where is the watering place named Biarritz?
7. Into what river does the Ohio River flow?
8. What was the nickname of Lilly Langtry, the actress?
9. In which borough of Greater New York is the village of Flushing, L. I.?
10. Who wrote the poem "The Ring and the Brook"?

Columbus Man Is Named Representative

Washington, May 19.—(U.P.)—Appointment of George G. Whitehead, Columbus, O., as special representative of the National Recovery Administration in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, was announced today by Charles F. Horner, special assistant to NRA Administrator Hugh S. Johnson.

NOTICE

Call phone 713 for clear artificial ice. Prompt deliveries.

Ed. Whitright

Learn Beauty Culture Earn while you learn.

Write M. Prall, 220 Broadway St. Ft. Wayne, Ind.

FARR-WAY
Cleaning
SUITS, HATS
TOP COATS
75c
DECATUR LAUNDRY

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.

WHEAT CROP IS NEAR AVERAGE

Indiana's Winter Wheat Crop 80 Per Cent Normal May 1

Lafayette, Ind., May 1.—(U.P.)—

Indiana's winter wheat crop was 80 per cent of normal, approximately equal to the 10-year average, when

the severe drought began to cause apprehension May 1, the Purdue University agricultural experiment station reported today.

With little actual damage apparent at that time, there was an indicated yield of 16 bushels per acre with total state production of 26,128,000 bushels, the report said.

The average wheat crop in the state between 1927 and 1931 was 37,401,000 bushels.

Rye was 83 per cent of normal, three points below average, with an indicated yield of 12 bushels per

acre or 1,332,000 bushels.

Stocks of hay were reported low, with only 16 per cent of last year's crop of 182,000 tons, on hand, as compared to the average carryover from 1923-33 of 342,000 tons.

Hay meadows were reported 72 per cent of normal, eight points below average, prolonged dry weather resulted in slow growth and pasture condition was reported at 67 per cent normal.

Seventy-two per cent of the cows were being milked, as compared with 73.8 per cent last year and approximately 58 per cent of hens

were laying, the same as a year ago.

Get the Habit — Trade at Home

BIDS FOR FURNISHING LINES

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Trustees for the Adams County Memorial Hospital will receive bids at the office of the Hospital in Decatur, Indiana, until 7:00 o'clock P. M. on the 1st day of June 1934 for the furnishing of Household Linens, according to the itemized list and specifications for the same now on file in the office of said Hospital and also at the office of the County Auditor.

Bids to be made out on form 36 accompanied by affidavit and bond as required by law.

The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Board of Trustees

By E. C. Christ, R. N. Supt. May 12-19

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"MA CINDERELLA" by Harold Bell Wright

SYNOPSIS

Diane Carroll—young artist and wealthy orphan, more interested in her work than society—visits the little village of Pine Knob in the Ozarks. Her sunny disposition melts the usual frigidity of the mountaineers towards strangers and they accept her as one of the "home folks"—all except Ann Haskel, whose word is law in Pine Knob. Diane, nevertheless, is fascinated by Ann about whom she has heard conflicting stories of generosity and hardness. The mountain woman seems to be avoiding Diane, but her good-fortune stepson, Jeff Todd, follows the artist everywhere. Ann has a son of her own, John Herbert Haskel, whom she sent away years ago, following the death of her first husband. Diane's best friends among the mountaineers are "Uncle Jimmie" and "Aunt Josie" Cartwright who have promised to protect her from the annoying Jeff. One day, Ann comes upon Diane painting in Shady Creek Valley and brusquely asks: "What be you a-doin' hyeah?" Diane apologizes for trespassing. Ann's demeanor changes immediately and she says: "You're welcome. I got sense to see you ain't a-hurtin' nobody." Seemingly to relax and grow more friendly, Ann confides in Diane that, while the people of the woods are better than the society folk at the Lodge, still the backwoods would be no place to raise young folks who could be something if given a chance. Diane realizes that the mountain woman was revealing more of her life than she intended and the girl's heart went out to her.

CHAPTER VIII.

Presently Diane said with quiet enthusiasm: "I'm awfully glad you happened to find me here this morning, Mrs. Haskel."

The mountain woman looked at her sharply before answering. Then again the artist saw the shadow of a smile.

"What is that 'bout me a-happenin' to ketch you hyeah that makes you glad?"

"I have been wanting to know you ever since I came," smiled Diane. "I've heard so much about you."

"Jimmie Cartwright is a gabby old fool. She's another. So's Pappy Giles. Talk their dad-burned heads off, give 'em half a chance. We uns in the backwoods air mostly a triflin', no-count, come-day-go-day. Gave-sund-day, lot. This hyeah country's all right—natchally. Hit's the folks what's a-spoilin' hit. Her face softened and her voice was not so harsh. "These hyeah woods air mountains an' valleys an' streams an' springs they ain't no ways like we uns what's a-livin' among 'em. Hit would sure be a Gawd-a-mighty's blessin' if folks could only be an' live like the trees, now wouldn't hit?"

The many tales she had heard about Ann Haskel raced through Diane's mind: Her despotic rule over the countryside; the rescue of Pappy Giles and his invalid wife; the night-riders; the newcomers she had forced to move on; the poor people she had driven out; her boy, the last of the Haskels, whom she had put so completely out of the backwoods life, and out of her own life as well. When she had first discovered the artist in that place, and had made her presence known to Diane, she had been so Lodge people described her—suspicious, hard, dangerous even. But now, as the woman sat there on the ground in the very heart of her mountain wilderness, she seemed to relax—to lower her guard, as it were. It was as if she felt that she might safely snatch a moment's rest. And Diane, with the true artist's vision, saw all at once something wonderfully fine and strong in that hard, uncompromising, weather-beaten face. The woman must have been beautiful in her youth, with a strong, wild, free sort of beauty. If the boy, John Herbert, was anything like his mother, thought Diane, the world would surely hear of the last of the Haskels.

Aloud, she said, gently: "But God created human beings as truly as He made the trees, didn't He?"

"Not like they be, He didn't. He only give 'em their start. Folks mostly make themselves. What a body makes of himself depends a lot on the chance he gets. Sometimes hit depends on somethin' else—somethin' nobody can't no ways help; like, for instance, what hit's jest natchally in the breed. You all at the Lodge down yonder, you're a heap more triffin' an' worthless even than we uns what was borned an' raised right hyeah in the backwoods. An' look at the chance you-

all got! We uns don't know nothin' but get less; you uns know everythin' an' get everythin'. We uns air mostly a-doin' the best we know; you uns air a-givin' a doggone. You should take shame to yourselves, bein' like you be with all the chance you've had."

Diane flushed. "Evidently you haven't a very good opinion of us."

"You're durned right I ain't! I sure like folks what's got somethin' to 'em. I'd a sight rather have 'em right down bad than have 'em jest plum' nothin', like you uns. Take your funny little drinks. Now, what do they amount to? If I war a-wantin' to drink, I'd h'ist me a good hefty snort of real licker. An' I'd take her straight. Look at them cigarets you're all the time a-suckin'—jest paper an' fancy store tobaccor. Me, I smoke a real pipe an' real tobaccor—long green what I raise an' cure myself. Fishin' with little poles no bigger'n a willer switch, an' make-believe flies! If a body wants fish, let him git to work an' set him a trot-line, or take him a gig an' kill hissef a real mess. An' nothin' to make-believe fishin'—a-ketchin' poor little minnies what ain't big'nough to smell up the skillet even. You uns ain't a-livin' real; you're jest playin' at livin'; hit's all jest make-believe to you. You don't even dress real. Go 'round half the time a-wearin' funny man-clothes—the balance of the time you ain't got on 'nough to ward a shotgun."

"But, Mrs. Haskel, don't you think—"

"You hush till I've done said my say. You uns can't even take keer of your menfolks. They're poor critters, them Lodge men. Menfolks mostly air. Four out of five husbands ain't worth keepin'; 'tother one wouldn't be if hit warn't fer some woman a-lookin' after him. Every woman's jest natchally got to take keer of some man, soon or late. Seems like that's what Gawd-a-mighty made 'em females fer. Hit mostly happens, too, that the man a woman's takin' keer of ain't the one she's a-thinkin' most about."

"Very good, Mrs. Haskel," Diane returned, with spirit. "But I certainly object to your putting me in the do-nothing-but-pretend class. I work, and I work hard. My father was a worker, too. No one ever accused Bill Carroll of not living real, as you call it. And he taught me to live the same way. My friends are all people who work for everything they have and who value above everything else the realities of life."

The mountain woman looked at her sharply. "Be you a-takin' keer of one of them Lodge men?"

"Indeed I am not!"

"Bet you're a-thinkin' 'bout some man you'd like to be a-takin' keer of?"

"I am not; I am too interested in my work."

"Meanin' them pitchers you're all the time a-paintin'?"

"Meanin' exactly that," Diane retorted sharply.

"Huh! Don't 'pear to be much work 'bout hit 'cordin' to my way of thinkin'."

"I suppose not. But perhaps that is because you know so little about it."

"I reckon you done said hit," admitted Ann Haskel, with an odd smile; and there was a curious, wistful look on her rugged face and a strange eagerness in her voice as she added: "I'd sure admire to have you tell me 'bout hit—'bout what you call your work, I mean."

Partly in the spirit of defending herself against the charge of uselessness, and partly with a desire to help this backwoods woman to understand a little that real living was not wholly material and utilitarian as she saw it, Diane talked of art and of those who labored and sacrificed in its service. Ann Haskel listened intently.

"So you see," the artist concluded, "one must work, and work hard, to accomplish anything worth while in the arts. 'Dabblin' simply counts for nothin' at all."

"Uncle Jimmie 'lows you make a right smart of money with your pitchers. Do you?"

"I make enough," Diane answered, shortly. "But if the money I make was my only interest in painting, I would never again touch a brush."

And that—considering the size of

the fortune which Diane Carroll inherited from her father—was so literally true that the artist smiled at the thought. It would be quite useless, she reflected, to explain that she was a very wealthy young woman and, therefore, could not be reasonably charged with painting pictures for money. And besides, Bill Carroll's daughter preferred always to stand on her own feet. With her it was a matter of pride—pride not understandable to many, perhaps, but well—as those who knew her best sometimes remarked. "That was Diane."

"You're a likely-lookin' young woman," said Ann. "How come you ain't got no man to be a-lookin' after?"

"It is all I can do to take care of myself," Diane returned, with a shade of bitterness, meaning far more than the mountain woman knew. With her knowledge of life every summer them Lodge folks the heiress of the Carroll fortune had long since faced the truth that her pride in being valued for herself alone would quite likely result in her remaining single to the end of her days.

"Pears like you got some sense," admitted the other. "But hit'd be right smart more decent, 'cordin' to my way of thinkin', if you was to git yourself married regular 'stead of playin' 'round with the men like you young city wimmen do these days."

Diane was furious. "Are you deliberately trying to insult me, Mrs. Haskel?" she demanded.

"You can take hit or leave hit," retorted the mountain woman, harshly. "I know what I've seed here ever summer them Lodge folks has been a-hellin' 'round this neighborhood. I ain't a plum' fool jest 'cause I've lived my life in the woods."