

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, BUSINESS CARDS, AND NOTICES

FOR SALE

FOR SALE Michigan apples Grimes Golden, Jonathans, McIntosh, S. E. Haggard, one mile north, 3 1/2 miles east of Monroe. 275-601x

FOR SALE—One 1 year old male hog, full blooded O. I. C. Also 2 full blooded big type Poland China Boars, 7 months old. Marcellus Davison, Route 6, Decatur, 4 miles east of Monroe. 278-gdt

FOR SALE—120 acre farm near Monroe, seven room house, scale house, hog barn, poultry house, 300 rods new fence, barn 40x80, all buildings painted 1934, \$7,500. 160.86 acres near Pleasant Mills, 7 room house with slate roof, poultry house, cattle barn, horse stable and granary combined, 400 rods new fence, all buildings freshly painted, \$7,500. 75 acre farm near New Corydon, good six room house, good barn and other buildings, all freshly painted, \$3,300. 80 acre farm near Monroe and six miles south of Decatur, barn 30x70, five room house, garage, poultry house, all buildings freshly painted, \$5,500. List your farms with us if you desire to sell. See us if you want to buy. Our list is made up of some of the best farms in Adams county. Some of our farms may be purchased by paying 10% down and we finance the remainder at a low rate of interest. The Suttles-Edwards Co., Decatur, Ind. 277k3t

FOR SALE—Old fashioned apple butter like Grand Dad made. 545 West Madison street. W. A. Fonner. 278-431r

FOR SALE—New Furniture—3 piece Bed Room Suite \$32.00; 8 piece Walnut Dining Room Suite \$60.00, 3 piece Velour Living Room Suite \$45.00; Studio Couch \$20.00; Four poster beds, \$10.00. Vanity Dressing Tables, \$12.00. Dressers, \$12.00. Chest of Drawers, \$10.00. Coil bed springs, \$3.00. Mattresses \$6.95. Many other bargains too numerous to mention. Sprague Furniture Co., Phone 199. 278k3t

WANTED

WANTED—You to bring this chip-pling and 29c and get \$1.00 size Thayer's Face Powder and 50c bottle of Jassin or Narcissus Perfume on Friday and Saturday only. Holthouse Drug Store. 278k2x

WANTED—Modern furnished room or room and board. Address Box "K" % Democrat. 278k3x

CASH for all kinds of furs and hides. The Maier Hide & Fur Co., phone 442, Decatur. 277-31

WANTED TO BUY—Furs of all kinds. John Christner, half mile north of Monroe. 274-66

WANTED—For expert radio and electrical repairs call Marcellus Miller, phone 635. Member Radio Manufacturers Service. Miller Radio Service, 226 N. 7th st. 2511f

Trico
Windshield Wiper
exchange for
all cars.

ENGLAND'S
AUTO PARTS
Wholesale and Retail
1st Door So. of Court House
Phone 282

Gillette
Tires
Latex Dipped
Process
now unconditionally
guaranteed
for 18 mo.
Sold on our new retail plan
25 weeks to pay.

Porter Tire Co.
Distributor
341 Winchester Phone 1289

MISCELLANEOUS
Free Hair Cut to any and all
Ministers and Priests. Others 15c.
516-W. Madison st. W. A. Fonner.
275k3

Fort Wayne Man Is
Found Badly Hurt

Fort Wayne, Nov. 22.—(UP)—Bleeding from a bullet wound in his head and clad only in undergarments a man later identified as Harold Stewart, 32, missing from his home here since yesterday, was picked up along the Wabash railroad right of way four miles west of here today.

Conscious, but unable to give police any details of how he was shot, the wounded man was brought to the Methodist hospital, where his condition was reported critical. Stewart mumbled to members of a train crew who found him a story of being robbed of his clothing and between \$30 and \$40 in money.

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

Brady's Market for
Decatur Berne Craigville Hoagland
and Willshire
Corrected November 22
No commission and no yardage.
Veals received Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday.

250 to 300 lbs. \$5.50
200 to 250 lbs. \$5.40
160 to 200 lbs. \$5.15
140 to 160 lbs. \$5.20
120 to 140 lbs. \$5.10
100 to 120 lbs. \$2.85
Roughs \$4.50
Stags \$2.25 down
Vealers \$5.75
Ewe and wether lambs \$5.60
Buck lambs \$4.50

EAST BUFFALO LIVESTOCK
East Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 22.—(UP)—Livestock:
Hogs, receipts, 900; holdovers, 100; active, 10-15c over Wednesday's average; desirable 225-260 lbs., \$5.35; 200-220 lbs., \$5.46-25; mostly \$6.10 up; 150-180 lbs., \$5.46-55; 130-150 lbs., \$4.50-\$5.25; packing sows, \$5.50-\$5.75.

Cattle receipts, 100; steady; few grass steers and heifers, \$4.46-55; fat cows, \$3; low cutter and cutter, \$1.15-\$2.25.

Calves receipts, 150; vealers slow, weak; good to choice, \$6.50, sparingly, \$7; common and medium, \$4.25-\$5.50.

Sheep, receipts, 400; lambs steady; good to choice, \$6.50; medium kinds and weights around 100 lbs., \$5.50-\$6.

FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK
Fort Wayne, Ind., Nov. 22.—(UP)—Livestock:
Hogs, steady to 15c higher; 250-300 lbs., \$5.50; 225-250 lbs., \$5.65; 200-225 lbs., \$5.50; 180-200 lbs., \$5.35; 160-180 lbs., \$5.10; 140-160 lbs., \$5.35; 150-160 lbs., \$4.40; 140-150 lbs., \$4.15; 130-140 lbs., \$3.65; 120-130 lbs., \$3.15; 100-120 lbs., \$2.65; roughs, \$5; stags, \$3.

Calves, \$6; lambs, \$6.

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE
Dec. May July
Wheat, old, 38 1/2 38 1/2 39 1/2
Wheat, new, 38 38 39 1/2
Corn, old, 35 35 35 1/2
Corn, new, 35 35 35 1/2
Oats, old, 33 33 33 1/2
Oats, new, 32 32 32 1/2

CLEVELAND PRODUCE

Cleveland, Nov. 22.—(UP)—Produce:
Butter market, steady; extras, 33 1/2; standards, 31 1/2.
Egg market, firm; extra white, 33; current receipts, 25; pullets, 22.

Poultry market, steady; fowls, colored, 4 1/2 lbs. and up, 16; ducks, light, 11; geese, heavy, fat, 14; geese, ordinary, 12; turkeys, young, 21-22; old hens, 18; old toms, 16; No. 2 turkeys, 15.

Potatoes, Maine, \$1.10 per 100-lb. bag; Ohio best, mostly 75-85 per 100-lb. bag; Pennsylvania, 75 per 100-lb. bag; Michigan, 80-85 per 100-lb. bag.

NEW YORK PRODUCE

New York, Nov. 22.—(UP)—Produce:
Dressed poultry (cents per lb.) firm; turkeys, 18-20; chickens, 11 1/2-26; broilers, 15-27; capons, 20-30; fowls, 9-19; ducks, 14-17 1/2; Long Island ducks, 16 1/2-17.

Live poultry (cents per lb.) firm; geese 10-13; turkeys, 20-22; roosters, 11; ducks, 9-13; fowls, 12-17; chickens, 11-22; capons, 20-25; broilers, 18-20.

Butter receipts, 12,181 packages; market firmer; creamery higher than extras, 29 1/2-30 1/2; extra 92 score, 29 1/2-29 3/4; first 90 to 91 score 28 1/2-29; first 88 to 89 score, 27 1/2-28; second, 26 1/2-27; centralized 90 score, 27 1/2-28; centralized 88 to 89 score, 27 1/2-28; centralized 84 to 87 score, 26 1/2-27.

Egg receipts, 19,343 cases; market irregular; special packs including unusual hennessy selections, 34-38; standards, 33-35; firsts, 27-28; mediums, 23-24 1/2; dirties, 23-24 1/2; checks, 20 1/2-21.

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

Corrected November 22
No. 1 New Wheat, 60 lbs. or better 89c
No. 2 New Wheat (58 lbs.) 88c
Oats 22 lbs. test 50c
Oats 20 lbs. test 49c
Soy Beans, bushel 75c-90c
Old Yellow Corn \$1.15
New Yellow Corn 80c-81 1/2c

CENTRAL SOYA MARKET
No. 2 yellow beans, bu. \$1.00
Delivered to factory

LOCAL EGG MARKET
Furnished by Fisher and Harris
Dozen Subject to Change

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 145.

NEW LOCATION MASONIC LODGE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

The lodge was organized in Decatur in about 1860. The first meeting place of the lodge was in a hall over the old Number's furniture store on the east side of Second street. This was on the site of the present Schafer building.

In 1870 the lodge rented the hall in the third story of the Dorwin Drug Company building on the west side of Second street. The first floor of this building is now occupied by the Dixie Queen Market.

Twenty years ago the lodge moved into the large hall on the third floor of the Schafer building. It has used these rooms since that time.

Set the Habit—Trade at Home

"BEACH BEAUTY" by ARTHUR SHUMWAY

SYNOPSIS

Kay Owen, ambitious Daytona Beach girl, is starred in a Community Players amateur show. Earl Harrow, New York theatrical producer, sees her, and thinks she has possibilities. Kay explains that financial reverses prevented her from studying art seriously. Harrow offers Kay a secretarial position during his stay in Florida. One night, he entertains Kay and her friends on his yacht, "Commander III." Ida Campbell, Daytona Beach socialite who dabbles in the Players' performances, makes a play for Harrow and wins his interest. Later she invites him to a party at her home, but does not ask Kay. "Spike" Winch, Harrow's press agent and body-guard, invites Kay as his partner, knowing it will please Ida. Kay accepts. Ida and Harrow leave the party to go for ice cream. They return at four in the morning with the old story of running out of gas. "Spike" takes Kay aside and tells her he must get Harrow out of town before the big showman gets too involved. "It would be bad enough if he tripped up on just one dame, but two's too much," "Spike" says.

CHAPTER VIII

"It seems to me, you're practically a guardian angel. You're very versatile—prizefighter, press agent, body-guard, and duenna."

"And what?"

"Duenna."

"I get it, I get it," Spike slipped his arm around Kay's shoulder. "Listen, sister," he said. "That isn't friendship, exactly, because I like being a body-guard; that's just business; that's his prosperity and my job which go right together. That ought to be pretty plain. Now, me personally, I'm human."

"Oh, I can see your point, I suppose."

"One of them, you can. I said I was human."

Spike was looking candidly into her eyes.

"Yes?"

"Being human, I think you're the nearest number that ever crossed my path."

"—that's a compliment, Spike."

"Never mind about it; it's being a compliment. I'm leveling; it's the straight. Now, listen, women get bad for Earl. He can't take it. But I can. I've got nothing to lose. I'm just a mug, working for a salary and my rep doesn't matter a bit. Now, look—am I poison to you?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Am I?"

The pressure of his arm around her shoulders was tightening and his body was close to hers. This was getting to be a situation.

"No, you're not," she said, edging away a little, but without much success. "I like you, Spike. You seem to be honest with yourself and everybody else and you've got good sense. Why should you be poison to me?"

"Oke," he said. He leaned forward as if to kiss her. "How about you and me getting together, then?" he asked.

Kay tried to push away. What would have happened she had no idea. What did happen was that the door behind her opened and she heard Harrow's voice, smooth, polite, very calm:

"Oh, I'm sorry."

And the door closed and he was gone.

The sound of his employer's voice seemed to have sobered Spike. He sat up and looked at the door, then back at Kay.

"Baby," he said, "now I'm probably in a jam. But that's all right with me. It's worth it."

Kay had risen. "Don't you think we'd better go in?"

"No," Spike said. "And yes."

"Come on, then."

Spike rose, straightened his tie and followed her to the door. He patted her back fondly and said, "Don't mind me, sister. I'm for you right from the gong. But I won't be satisfied till you give me a break. You can drink your coffee at my table any a. m."

She smiled at him over her shoulder as she entered the house. Her eyes went swiftly about the room looking for Harrow—and found him, sitting in a big chair, a glass poised in his hand, Ida Campbell sitting crosswise on the chair-arms, her slim arm draped lightly around his shoulder. Harrow grinned at Kay when he saw her with Spike at her heels. It was a small, urbane grin, but one she didn't like.

Despite the fact that she had been out until almost dawn, Kay awoke at the usual time, sleepy, weak and bewildered. It had been a night of dreams, one following desperately

upon the heels of another, all of them moving in a dizzying circle. There had been dreams of Earl Harrow, Ida Campbell, Pete, and of Spike Winch. Harrow had grinned at her, the dly, polite grin she remembered from the party and she had tried to answer him somehow, but her voice had failed her, and then Spike's arm had slipped around her shoulders, and Spike had grinned, too, his candid, shrewd grin. And another dream had been of Ida Campbell and Earl Harrow riding on the beach in the station-wagon. Kay seemed to be there, too, and the tide was rising, closing in upon them, and they refused to notice it. She tried to scream, to reason with them, but they paid no attention. And it was then she had found herself awake.

She rose, took a shower, slipped into a pair of red-checked cotton beach pajamas, and started downstairs, trying to remember all she had learned the night before and fit it into the picture that represented her uncertain future.

Winch was after her. That had been a surprise. And, obviously, he meant to get her. Ida Campbell meant to get Harrow and certainly had made progress. Winch meanwhile was standing guard over his employer. He meant to see that the producer lost his head over neither of the girls. To accomplish this purpose he would see that the Commander III left town at once. But, then, where did that fit? How could Winch pursue his intended conquest of her? And how could she now have the job Harrow had discussed?

Perplexed with these problems, she entered the rear porch and found her mother and Bud at breakfast. "Good morning, dear," her mother said. Bud said, "You must be sick, up at this hour."

"Good morning," Kay said. She sat down with them.

"Did you get in very late, Kay?" her mother asked. "I'm afraid I didn't hear you."

"Nearly five o'clock," Bud muttered into his coffee cup.

"Kay shot an angry glance at him. Usually they got on rather well, but Bud could be so stuffy and so old-fashioned."

"That was what working in a bank seemed to have done to him. Of course, he never had been as gay and reckless as his sister, but until he dropped out of the state university at Gainesville and came home to assume the responsibility of being the head of the family and an employee of the bank, he had seemed to Kay more human."

"Now, children," Mrs. Owen said, "no use quarrelling. I'm sure there's nothing to bother about. Five o'clock is a bit late, though, Kay. It isn't good for you is what I'm thinking of. I know you can take care of yourself and behave as you should, but it puts such a strain on you, dear. I'm sure that's what Bud's thinking of, too."

"Oh, no, he isn't," Kay said. "I know you are, mother. And you're perfectly right. It isn't the best time in the world to go to bed, but I can take care of myself, and I don't need any big brother to run my life for me. If I had wanted to go out with Mr. Harrow that's what I'd have done, no matter what our dear Buddy boy would say; but it so happens, I wasn't out with Mr. Harrow."

"Then you weren't very far away from him," Bud said.

"Never mind, Bud. Can't you see you're annoying her? To a child's frenzy and ought to go back and finish her sleep. Where were you, Kay, on a party somewhere?"

"Ida Campbell gave a party after the show," Kay said. "I went, but I didn't go with Mr. Harrow. I didn't even go with anybody in particular. Mr. Winch was going and I was asked to take me over and I went. It didn't break up for all hours, but I didn't want to be a wet blanket and insist on somebody taking me home all the time—and it is a little far to walk," she said, looking wistfully at Bud.

"Harrow was there, wasn't he?" Bud asked.

"What difference does that make?" Kay asked archly.

"Hm," Bud said, sipping his coffee.

"Well, there doesn't seem to be any great harm done, I'm sure," Mrs. Owen said. "Now when you've finished breakfast why don't you run back up and sleep a while longer and then go to the beach and take a nice long sunbath?"

"I'd like to, mother, but I'm supposed to go to work today, you know."

"You mean Mr. Harrow's?"

"Yes, what I told you yesterday. He has dictation and typing for me for a while and I'm supposed to start today."

"Huh," Bud muttered.

Kay turned upon him furiously. "You keep your nose out of this!" she said. "I've taken all I need from you."

Bud glared back at her. "Fat lot of job Harrow's got for you," he said. "I declare, I don't know why I even bother to worry about anybody as scatterbrained and dumb as you are. You poor little freak, can't you see that that job is only a gag? He wants you around where he can paw at you. Listen, I wasn't born yesterday, and I know plenty about people like that bird. Plenty about him, too!"

Mrs. Owen looked curiously at Bud.

"What about Mr. Harrow?" she asked quietly.

"Why, he's notorious. He's one of those big shot Broadway playboys with a lot of money and power and thinks he can get anything or anybody he wants. I suppose you've never heard the scandal about him and that Vestra woman. They had a big piece about it in the Sunday papers not so long ago. And that's just one thing."

"I wonder," Mrs. Owen said slowly, "if Bud isn't about right."

"Oh, mother, don't be so Victorian. I told you about Mr. Harrow. It's just business. He liked my work with the Players and he wants to help me."

"He wants to help you all right," Bud said.

"I wonder, you know . . . Mrs. Owen said. "I've been doing a little thinking on the subject myself."

Kay looked at her mother with dismay. "You're not going to be that way, too, are you, mother?"

"I hate to seem old-fashioned, and I do hate to see you not get what you want in life," Mrs. Owen said, "but you know, my dear, that there is a lot of truth in what Bud has said. What do you know of this Mr. Harrow's intentions? He has women all over the country, and don't forget he's a show producer. He's probably not used to your kind of girls, Kay. He's used to the sort that belong in a life like his, but I'm thankful you're not that kind. You've had better training and advantages—as far as we've been able to give them to you, and you're a girl who by nature is really quite fine and decent. No one has to tell me that. . . Well, I don't know, Mr. Harrow is nice, you say. He would be, of course. But manners aren't everything."

"Oh, mother, I know why you look at it—"

"I wonder if you do, darling? You met Mr. Harrow quite by accident. He flattered you—praised you, at least. You've always been ambitious to go on the stage and you told him so. And what did he do but hint that he might be able to help you? He began to suggest a 'job' for you. And yet he is here on a vacation, trying to rest, so he says."

Mrs. Owen shook her head slowly, and smiled.

"I know it may be disappointing, and it may hurt to look at it that way, but I think you must see Bud is right, Kay."

"What are you asking me to do, then?" Kay asked dully.

"Not to have too much to do with Mr. Harrow," her mother said.

"You mean—that I should refuse the job?"

"Of course," Bud said.

Mrs. Owen nodded.

"At best, it's only a week or two, and much as the money would be welcome, I think we can afford to let it go."

Kay rose slowly and looked from one to the other.

"Then this is the way you two are trying to help me?" she said. "By standing in the way of my making probably the only connection I'll ever find to do the thing I most want to do in all the world?"

"We're only thinking of your own good, Kay."

"My own good? My own good!" Kay turned and strode out of the room before they could see that she was about to break down and sob.

(To Be Continued)

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THIMBLE THEATER

I'VE GOT AN OLD DANCE GAL OUTFIT—HOW'D YOU LIKE A JOB DANCIN' IN MY SALOON?

SWELL

MY GOSH—LOOK AT THAT!

I'LL BET YOU CAN'T KICK MY HAT OFF

IT'S OFF, AIN'T IT?

HERE'S A GOOD DANCE AN' IT ALWAYS WORKS SWELL EXCEPT WHEN THEY SPLINTER IN THE FLOOR

Copyright, 1934, King Feature Syndicate, Inc.

NOW SHOWING—'WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE'

BY SEGAR

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Test Your Knowledge

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

1. In which state is Mount Rainier?

2. Give the meaning of A. W. O. L. in the military and naval service.

3. Which English queen granted a charter to the famous Harrow School?

4. How many Justices compose the U. S. Supreme Court?

5. What fruit is intermediate in appearance and taste between the peach and the plum?

6. Name the largest city in the world not located on navigable water.

7. Who was Jean Philippe Rameau?

8. Where is the U. S. Coast Guard Academy?

9. What species of animal is the hart?

10. How are seedless oranges propagated?

COURT HOUSE

Real Estate Transfers

Osie J. Zerkel et al to John L. Drogemeyer lots 9 and 10 in Decatur cemetery for \$70.

First Joint Stock Land Bank to Frederick A. Amos et ux 86 acres of land in St. Mary's township for \$4,990.80.

Nelson E. Helmer to Victor H. Eichler, part of lots 495, 516, and 406 in Geneva for \$1.00.

FEW FASCIST GROUPS FOUND

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

shown promise of reaching large proportions, today gave every indication of dying. One was the khaki shirts which seemed completely moribund following the conviction of its leader, Art Smith, on a charge of perjury.

The other was that of the silver

Roy S. Johnson

Auctioneer

P. L. & T. Co. B1
Phone 104
and 1022.

Claim your date early as I sell every day.

SALE CALENDAR

Nov. 22—John F. Sidle estate, 2 mile west of Van Wert on road 224

Nov. 23—Decatur and Chattanooga sales.