

# COURT HOUSE

**Poor Attorney Appointed**  
State of Indiana vs John Hendricks, petit larceny. The defendant pleaded that he was unable to employ an attorney and the court appointed John L. DeVoss to defend him.

**Motion Filed**  
Emelia A. Tonneller vs Joseph J. Tonneller estate, claim. Motion filed by defendants to require plaintiff to make complaint more specific filed.

**Defendants Default**  
Trusteeship of Adams County Board of Finance et al, trusteeship, all defendants default. Petition submitted. Trusteeship terminated and funds ordered returned to original depositors.

**Demurrer Sustained**  
Sophia Smith vs Richard E. Tonneller and Rose D. Tonneller, damages. Demurrer submitted and sustained as to first paragraph of complaint. Exceptions

## NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT OF ESTATE NO. 2167

Notice is hereby given to the creditors, heirs and legatees of Sarah E. Muller, deceased, to appear in the Adams Circuit Court, held at Decatur, Indiana, on the 4th day of February, 1935, and show cause, if any, why the Final Settlement Accounts with the estate of said decedent should not be approved, and said heirs are notified to then and there make proof of heirship, and receive their distributive shares.

## NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT OF ESTATE NO. 2032

Notice is hereby given to the creditors, heirs and legatees of Albert W. Roseman, deceased, to appear in the Adams Circuit Court, held at Decatur, Indiana, on the 4th day of February, 1935, and show cause, if any, why the Final Settlement Accounts with the estate of said decedent should not be approved, and said heirs are notified to then and there make proof of heirship, and receive their distributive shares.

## NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT OF ESTATE NO. 2070

Notice is hereby given to the creditors, heirs and legatees of George W. Knittle, deceased, to appear in the Adams Circuit Court, held at Decatur, Indiana, on the 4th day of February, 1935, and show cause, if any, why the Final Settlement Accounts with the estate of said decedent should not be approved, and said heirs are notified to then and there make proof of heirship, and receive their distributive shares.

filed by plaintiff and overruled as to second paragraph. Exceptions filed by defendants. Cause set for trial February 27.

**Riding Bailiff Appointed**  
Leo P. Gillig, ex parte. Leo Gillig files application for appointment as riding bailiff of the court. Court appoints Gillig riding bailiff until successor is duly appointed and qualified.

**Petition Filed**  
In the matter of the liquidation of the Old Adams County bank. Petition filed to compromise the claim against Ed P. Miller and Maria Miller. The petition stated that the claim was for a note totaling \$614. It further stated that Maria Miller is now deceased and that her estate is insolvent. At the time of the action there was \$295.20 unpaid on the note. The bank asked permission to credit the amount due to the estate. The court having examined the petition and being fully advised in the premises, ordered the special representative credit the sum to the estate.

**Marriage License**  
Clyde L. Vannati, mechanic, Portland and Pearl L. Becholt, Berne.

## MONROE NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Meyers spent Sunday in Fort Wayne, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Lehman and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Miller moved to their home near Markle Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Davis and sons, Richard and Kermit, returned to Dayton, Ohio, after spending the holidays with Mrs. Davis' parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Laisure.

Allen Valentine has returned to his home in DeWitt, Arkansas, after attending the funeral of his sister, Mrs. J. C. Tritch.

John Lewis Harvey of Angola visited his grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Harvey.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Hendricks returned to their home in Jackson, Michigan, after spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. Jim A. Hendricks and Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Burkhead and family.

Howard Brandyberry returned to Indianapolis after spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Brandyberry.

Mrs. Harriet Graham of Decatur visited friends in Monroe for a few days.

Mrs. Cecil Franklin of Decatur spent Sunday with her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Rayl.

## PUBLIC AUCTION

FRIDAY, January 4, 1935  
Commencing at 1 O'clock sharp.

HORSES, MILCH COWS, HEIFERS, BULLS, SHEEP AND HOGS. 250 Chestnut Fence Posts. 2 Chester White Boar Pigs, 9 months old. DeLaval Cream Separator. Miscellaneous articles. Consign your articles early.

## DECATUR RIVERSIDE SALES

E. J. AHR—MANAGERS—L. W. MURPHY  
Irvin Doehman, auctioneer.

SUNDAY CREEK  
COAL CO'S  
SUN-KING  
"The Pick of the Mines"

COMFORT and ECONOMY.

Lump Coal \$6.75

Cash Delivered.

Burk Elevator Co

Telephone No. 25.

## Test Your Knowledge

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

1. Who was John Ruskin?
2. Do stones grow?
3. Where is Horseshoe Falls?
4. What is the nationality of a child born to American parents on the high seas?
5. On what river is the city of Baltimore, Md.?
6. Are bats blind?
7. What is another name for a sage hare?
8. Is a whale a fish?
9. Where do the Hottentots live?
10. Will pure tin rust?

## Divorced by Eraser

Springfield, Mo. —(UP)—Mary Thomas Keyer wanted to change husbands, so she chose the easiest way. She used some ink remover to obliterate the name of Frank Keyer from her marriage license and inserted that of Everett Baker, also changing the date of the marriage from 1932 to 1934. An observant city detective broke up the romance by placing Mrs. Keyer and her second husband in jail.

## SCHOOLBOYS BUILD PLANE TO ENTER NATIONAL RACES

CLEVELAND (UP)—A racing plane built by schoolboys and flown by a school teacher, will be one of the entries in the 1935 National Air Races, according to information reaching L. W. Greve, president of the races.

Students in the Delgado Trade School, New Orleans, have constructed a high-wing monoplane, with monocoque fuselage and powered with a Monasco engine.

Pilot of the students' entry will be Byron Armstrong, an instructor in the Louisiana school and former navy flier.

Though no definite announcement has been made as to where



Solid neck construction... No Seams... No joints... No wire

BEFORE you buy a hot water bag or syringe learn about Kanteek. Learn how it means money in your pocket to buy Kanteek rubber goods. Kanteek water bags are molded in one piece... guaranteed for five years. Come in today and we will show you.

KANTEEEK water bottle \$1.50  
B. J. SMITH DRUG CO.

SAVE with SAFETY at your favorite DRUG STORE

## HORSE SALE

AT ZANESVILLE, IND.  
13 miles south of Fort Wayne on State Road 3

Tuesday, Jan. 8, 1935

Commencing at 12 o'clock sharp

50 HEAD OF HORSES  
25 head of 2 to 4 years old  
10 head of Mares in foal  
Some Good Broke  
May Have Some Mules.  
Few Head of Cattle.  
6 Head of Spotted Horses.

Arthur Merriman  
Ellenberger & Johnson, aucts.

the 1935 races will be held, air race officials here hope the events will be returned to the sixth city.

## BABY'S BIRTH PAID FOR WITH 3,000 PENNIES

AUSTIN, Tex. (UP)—A baby is worth slightly more than twice its weight in copper, a local physician has discovered.

The physician, who had delivered an infant for a young couple, was surprised one morning to find a sack containing 3,000 pennies on his desk.

A note explained that the pennies were in payment for the child. The couple evidently had been saving them for a long time.

When born the baby weighed

just seven pounds. The pennies weighed sixteen and a half pounds.

## Canadian Fliers Plan Air Service To London

Winnipeg, Man. (UP)—A regular 48-hour air service between Winnipeg and London is being planned by a group of prominent Canadian fliers, it is learned here.

The sponsors of the plan are Roy Brown, Ted Stull, Milton Ashton and Jack Moar, all well-known northern Canadian fliers.

They believe that such a project is feasible and are convinced that a regular service between England and Canada will be in

operation within two years. The route they have under consideration lies on almost a direct west to east line from Winnipeg, across Hudson Bay, Baffin Land, Greenland and Iceland, to the Faroe Islands, and then south to the northern-most tip of Scotland—a distance of 3,790 miles. The longest flight across water would be 495 miles.

## Biggest Horse Sale

Billings, Mont. —(UP)—The nation's largest one-day horse sale was believed to have been recorded here recently. The Billings Livestock Commission Company sold 1,004 horses at auction one and two at a time.

# "BEACH BEAUTY" by ARTHUR SHUMWAY

## CHAPTER XLIV

She managed at last to find her way into the city and to the neighborhood in which lay the address Pete had given her. It was an out-of-the-way section, the external character of which was a bit forbidding but absolutely without a clue as to Pete's situation. What he had been doing in such a part of New York when he was supposed to be on his way back to Florida or to New Orleans she had no idea.

Kay found the street, then the building. It was, like those surrounding it, a grimy old stone flat building, undistinguished, inhospitable. She parked the car, hurried up the steps and in the hall searched for the name, Haggberg, on one of the plates. Finding it, she pushed the bell beside it. There was a short wait when suddenly a door opened almost by her elbow and a woman's voice called her through the dim hall: "Miss Owen?"

"Yes," Kay replied eagerly. "Oh my," said the voice sadly. "Come in."

"What's the matter?" Kay demanded anxiously, as she stepped through the door.

"Nothing," the woman snapped as quickly, strong hands seized Kay by the arms and shoulders; other hands thrust a gag into her mouth and a bandage over her eyes while she could do no more than groan and struggle vainly. The next she knew she was being borne by at least two men, through doors, up and down stairs, and finally into the cool night air. She heard an automobile door open, felt herself thrust into the tonneau and upon the floor, then heard the door slam shut and felt the car start.

How far or in which direction the car went she had no idea, but at last it stopped and once more arms lifted her and she felt the cool, fresh air, a welcome sensation after lying gagged and blindfolded in the bottom of the stuffy sedan.

When the men finally put her down she knew that she was in a chain. Hands fumbled behind her and the gag came off, then the blindfold. She looked up quickly and saw that she was in a well-furnished room. She could not see who was behind her, but sitting across the room was a dark, heavy-eyed young man who reminded her of a dapper villain in the movies.

There was obvious vulgarity about him. He smiled at her, showing extraordinarily white teeth, and puffed slowly on a cigarette which dangled precariously from the corner of his mouth. He had his hat on, a light-gray hat, almost white, tipped far back on his head of glossy black hair, and his ankles were snugly clad in gray spats to match the hat. His suit was brilliant blue.

Kay waited for him to speak. He was a long time about it, studying her with unconcealed amusement as if savoring her helplessness and perplexity, until finally he said, "Howzit, kid?"

Kay made no answer. He chuckled to himself. "Put together, ain't you?" he said unctiously. There was evil in his very voice. Something about it made her think of a lizard.

"I suppose you're going to keep me here?" she asked.

"How'd you guess it? How'd you guess it?"

"Where's Pete Ryan?" she demanded.

"Pete Ryan?" the man said. He began to chuckle again. "She wants to know where Pete Ryan is. You're a dumb twist, ain't yuh?"

"It won't hurt you to tell me," she remarked bitterly. "Is he hurt? Is he in danger?"

He laughed again. "Yuh say me, kid," he said. "Why don't you just button up your lip and sit there before you get me burned up enough to walk over and hang one on yuh? If there's anything I can't stand it's a talky twist."

He rose languidly and hitched up his high-waisted trousers. His eyes on hers, he began to come toward her, chuckling a little under his breath. She began to draw back instinctively and wished she could vanish within the chair. She could not tell what he intended to do, but as each step brought him nearer

her fear and loathing of him increased. She tugged at the cords binding her wrists but without success. The movement didn't escape him; it made him grin broadly.

When he was standing directly in front of her, he leaned over and touched her hair.

"Looks like the McCoy," he said. "No henna, huh?"

His hand stole down to her throat and his long, moist fingers moved over her skin as if they were so many cold worms. Cupping his hand under her chin, he lifted her face to the light.

"Tasty little dish. Well, kid, me and you are going to get along, ain't we?"

At Harrow's Long Island house the party was going on gayly. For a long time no one noticed Kay's absence, until Boris began to hunt for her again and failed to find her. He ran upstairs, taking the steps three at a time with an easy lope, and went to her room. The door was open and the room was dark.

"Kay?" he called.

There was no answer.

He went downstairs, puzzled and began another search when he passed a servant.

"What do you tell me where Mr. Harrow is, Mr. Warren?"

Boris helped locate Harrow. "Telephone, Mr. Harrow," said the servant.

Harrow went to the telephone. "Harrow speaking."

"Well, Harrow, get a lead of this. We got the Owen kid where nobody's going to find her and if you want to see her again all in one piece you better listen to what we got to say."

Harrow's teeth clicked together and he gripped the telephone viciously. But, as usual, he had himself under stern control.

"Spill it!" he snapped.

"That's the way. Okay then. There'll be a letter for you in a can behind the white stone where the road turns to the right up above your place. Get it and read it. Then do what it says."

The receiver clicked.

Harrow jiggled the signal frantically until the operator answered.

"Get me the supervisor. Have that call traced."

He jumped up and began to hurry about the house, issuing orders. Within a few minutes he and Spike, with three of the bodyguards, were at the whitewashed stone which marked the turn in the road. Spike jumped out of the car, ran forward and found the tin can.

"It's here," he said.

Harrow opened the envelope, ripped it open and read the typed message:

GET FIFTY GRAND CASH AND NO PHONEYONES OR FAST ONES AND HAVE IT READY WHEN PHONE CALL COMES TO YOU AT HOME TOMORROW AT NOON IF YOU WANT TO SEE THE OWEN KID ALIVE.

Pete Ryan had no knowledge of the time. It was day and he was awake again. That was all he really knew: he was awake and therefore still alive. In a few minutes, he supposed, he would see the lily-faced boy again, sitting there silent, liquid-eyed but cautious and suspicious as a cat. Funny about that boy. He was slight, pale, with an unwholesomely sweet face, yet Pete sensed a definite impression of deadliness when he first saw him. Somewhere, under that tight little gray double-breasted coat, would be a gun, maybe two, and it was a safe bet that the kid could shoot a fellow's teeth out with them, one by one.

What day was it? Pete thought it ought to be Friday, maybe Saturday. By now they had Kay. The thought made him set his jaws and tighten his fists until the nails gouged the palms painfully. Kay in a trap, held for ransom, probably, and him the Judas! The fierce resentment, the hatred and rage born of futility, was making him reckless. And he was afraid of this. Not that he minded taking a chance now. He hated himself enough to die for what he had done. The trou-

ble was that recklessness might overcome caution and strategy and, dead or wounded, he would be even less use to Kay than he had been. What he feared was that he would rush the kid next time he came in, getting at least one smack at that pale, angelic face before the guns started to talk. His hate had to have a concrete object and the kid was becoming just that.

Pete heard a knob turn, a lock click; then slow, soft steps, that would be the kid, coming to visit him, for what reason no one seemed to know. Certainly there was nothing in this stuffy little bedroom that could be used to defeat their purposes, unless the sheets as a rope to hang one's self, and even so, where could it be fastened, and why should they care? There was no way of getting out unless by breaking the window, and even then it would be a long drop into a cement-paved court. Most of the time the door was kept locked and what lay beyond it was a mystery to Pete.

The door lock clicked, the knob turned and the kid came in to take his vigil on the window sill. Pete sat up on the bed and rubbed his face. His fingers encountered the stubble of a neglected beard. He must look just swell, not having had his clothes off in three days. He thought. Three days? Two days? Or four? How long had they had him? He smiled grimly to himself at the thought that he might be going just a little "seniorly." It all started in with his desire to toss the lily-faced kid around a little.

Well, the kid came in. No expression, as usual; just the soft liquid eyes, like a calf's, the easy, quiet walk. He went over and sat gingerly as usual on the window sill, stopping, as usual, to give it a flick of dust with a large white silk handkerchief.

The mere sight of him made Pete begin to feel perverse.

"Why do you come before breakfast?" he asked.

The youth was a long time answering. That, too, was as usual. Pondering the kid's habits when Pete first had seen him, he wondered if it wasn't because he was trying to decide whether it would take more energy to put a slug through you than answer your questions. Yet always his face was as beatific as if he were an altar boy during high mass.

Finally the kid said: "Why?"

His voice was thin, uncertain, not at all the smooth instrument one would expect in such a sly, cat-like creature.

"Because I could eat better if I didn't see you first," Pete said with a cool pleasantness, a saccharine smile.

The boy's long lashes fell; rose. He made no sound, no further movement.

"I suppose you mugs have got what you were after," Pete suggested. "You did, didn't you? You got the girl, didn't you?"

Another of the kid's pauses, until he said: "It don't matter to you. You want to know too much."

"I do, do I? Well, all I want to know is how long I'm going to have to camp in this louse-infested dive. If you've got the girl, what are you keeping me for?"

This time the boy answered promptly.

"I don't know!"

That was all Pete needed to know. Accidentally he had come upon the stratagem that told him his answer. They did have Kay. That being the case, there was nothing he could do here without needless risk to himself. But he gave no sign of having understood.

Pete remarked sullenly: "You don't need to get sore. The least you can do is answer a fellow's questions. I only asked you if you'd got the girl. Naturally, I want to know that. For one thing, she was my girl for a while, and for another, I do want to get out of this camp."

But evidently the kid had realized his slip and was making no more of them. Talking, obviously, wasn't one of his accomplishments, or pleasures, and he knew it only too well.

(To Be Continued)

Copyright, 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

## BY SEGAR



## MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

Brady's Market For Decatur, Berne, Craigville, Hoagland and Willshire

Corrected January 3  
No commission and no yardage  
Veals received Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday.

250 to 300 lbs.	.....	\$7.25
200 to 250 lbs.	.....	\$7.10
300 to 350 lbs.	.....	\$7.10
180 to 200 lbs.	.....	\$6.95
160 to 180 lbs.	.....	\$6.85
140 to 160 lbs.	.....	\$6.55
120 to 140 lbs.	.....	\$6.10
100 to 120 lbs.	.....	\$4.60
Roughs	.....	\$5.75
Stags	.....	\$3.75 down
Vealers	.....	\$7.75
Ewes and wether lambs	.....	\$8.25
Buck lambs	.....	\$7.25

## CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

Wheat	May	July	Sept.
.....	99%	93%	91%
Corn	.....	89	85
Oats	.....	53%	47%

## East Buffalo Livestock

Hog receipts 300; unevenly 15-20c under Wednesday's average; weights below 200 lbs. showing maximum downturn; desirable 200-250 lbs. \$8.15 and sparingly \$8.25; plainer kinds \$7.75; 160-180 lbs. quoted \$7.25-7.90; 140-160 lbs. sold \$7.

Cattle 75 market strong to higher; few good steers \$8.25; common kinds downward to \$4.75; fat cows \$4.25; low cutter and cutters \$1.75-2.50.

Calves 50; vealers unchanged, \$9 down.

Sheep 400; not enough lambs here to test market; all grades steady, \$9.25 down.

## FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK

Fort Wayne, Ind. Jan. 3.—(UP)—250-300 lbs. \$7.65; 225-250 lbs. \$7.50; 200-225 lbs. \$7.35; 170-180 lbs. \$7.25; 160 to 170 lbs. \$7.15; 300-350 lbs. \$7.25; 150-160 lbs. \$6.50; 140-150 lbs. \$6.25; 130-140 lbs. \$5.75; 120-130 lbs. \$5.50; 100-120 lbs. \$5; Roughs \$6.25; Stags \$4.25. Calves \$7.50; Lambs \$8.50.

## NEW YORK PRODUCE

Dressed poultry, firm; turkeys, 19-24c; chickens, 11 1/2-27c; broilers, 17-25c; capons, 22-30c; fowls, 14-19c; ducks, 16-18c; Long Island ducks, 18-18 1/2c.

Live poultry, firm; geese, 11-22c; turkeys, 20-27c; roosters, 11c; ducks, 11-17c; fowls, 14-21c; chickens, 13-21c; capons, 18-27c; broilers, 18-20c.

Butter, receipts, 20,152 packages; market firm; creamery higher than extras, 34 1/2-35 1/2c; extra 92 score, 32 1/2c; first 90 to 91 score, 31-32 1/2c; first 88 to 89 score, 28 1/2-29 1/2c; seconds, 27 1/2-28c; centralized 90 score, 31c; centralized 88 to 89 score, 28 1/2-29 1/2c; centralized 84 to 87 score 27 1/2-28c.

Eggs, receipts, 22,385 cases; market firm; special packs, including unusual hennessy selections, 34-36c; standards, 32-33c; firsts, 29 1/2-30c; dirties, 26-26 1/2c.

## CLEVELAND PRODUCE

Cleveland, Jan. 3.—(UP)—Produce: Butter, market firm; extras, 35c; standards, 34c.

Eggs, market steady; extra white, 29c; current receipts, 26 1/2c. Poultry, market steady; fowls colored, 4 1/2 lbs. and up, 17c; ducks light, 16c; ducks, 5 lbs. and up, 19c; geese, heavy, fat, 15-16c; geese, ordinary, 14c; turkeys, young, 21-23c; old hens, 18c; old toms, 5c; No.