

What Uncle Sam Is Doing To Help House You

Here is a bulletin every home-owner or person who wants to own a home will want—HOUSING UNDER THE NEW DEAL—a complete list and discussion of the functions of agencies established by the U. S. Government to aid urban and rural home owners and dwellers: six thousand words of information that will set you straight on what YOU can expect from your government in the field of housing. Wrap up a nickel and send for your copy of this bulletin:

CLIP COUPON HERE
Dept. 357, Washington Bureau, DAILY DEMOCRAT,
1013 Thirteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.
I want my copy of the bulletin HOUSING UNDER THE NEW
DEAL, and enclose a nickel (carefully wrapped), for return postage
and handling costs:
NAME _____
STREET and No. _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
I am a reader of the Decatur Daily Democrat, Decatur, Ind.

Test Your Knowledge

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

1. What and where is Crawford
Notch?
2. Which country had the largest
navy at the beginning of the World
War?
3. In what river is the city of
New London, Conn.?
4. What is the popular name for
tetanus?
5. Who was Hippo?
6. When was Theodore Roosevelt
governor of New York?
7. Between what nations was the
famous battle of Crecy fought in
1346?
8. In which ocean is the region
called the Sargasso Sea?
9. Who was John Henry New-
man?
10. Of what material is the India-
napolis speedway built?

1. In what ocean is the British
dominion, New Zealand?
2. What is the plural form of the
word bacterium?
3. Who was William Hogarth?
4. What is centrifugal force?
5. What does the French word
crevasse mean?
6. Of what does the science of
zoology treat?
7. Where is Fort Niagara?

CONCERT TICKETS

The Fort Wayne Community
Concert Assn. announces Lawrence
Tibbitt and Tosca Seidel, Violin-
ist, together with three other artists
on their 1935-36 course.
Memberships are \$5.00, no single
tickets sold at any price. They
may be obtained up to Oct. 25 by
writing Mrs. Christian Lucke,
Secretary, at 1607 North Anthony
Blvd., Fort Wayne. 24113

Shirring Gives Entirely New . . .

Appearance to
This Youthful
Daytime Dress

By ELLEN WORTH

Novelty-wool in ginger-brown
with metal gings, made the stunning
model pictured.

It has shirred shoulders, rather
full sleeves shirred at the wrists
and the skirt gains fulness at the
front through shirring.

There's something very youthful
about this wearable and chic dress.

Satin-back crepe, plain and novelty
crepe silks, velvet, etc., are other
fascinating mediums for today's
model.

Style No. 408 is designed for sizes
14, 16, 18 years, 36-38 and 40-inches
bust. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 39-
inch material with 1/4 yard of 39-
inch contrasting for long sleeve
dress.

Let the new Fall and Winter
Fashion Magazine assist you in as-
sembling your family's fall clothes.
There are designs for every type
and every occasion. And of course
one of our perfect-fitting patterns
is obtainable for every design illus-
trated. Don't delay! Send for your
copy today!

Price of BOOK 10 cents.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents
(coin is preferred). Wrap coin care-
fully.

Pattern Mail Address: N. Y. Pat-
tern Bureau (Decatur Daily Demo-
crat) 23rd St. at Fifth Avenue,
New York City.



408

ACQUITTED IN KIDNAP PLOT

Wife And Father Of Kid-
naper Are Acquitted
Sunday

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 14.—(U.P.)—
Department of justice agents re-
doubled their search for Thomas
H. Robinson, Jr., kidnaper of
Mrs. Alice Speed Stoll, today,
after acquittal of Robinson's father
and wife of charges of complicity.

The federal court jury returned
a not guilty verdict yesterday
under the Lindbergh law. The
Robinsons later in the day returned
to their homes in Nashville.
Berry Stoll, who paid \$50,000 for
the return of his wife, announced
that his family believed "justice
was not done."

The government's case was en-
tirely circumstantial, and against
the father was not entirely defi-
nite. It alleged merely that he
had been in touch with his son
during the time Mrs. Stoll was a
prisoner, but had not told authori-
ties about it. Mrs. Robinson was
accused of helping her husband
collect the ransom and of helping
him escape.

The defense said the elder Rob-
inson had offered his services to
federal agents and had been re-
fused. Mrs. Robinson, it said,
acted with the full authorization

Markets At A Glance

Stocks, firm; automobile shares
in demand.
Bonds steady and quiet.
Curb stocks, irregular and quiet.
Call money, 1/4 of 1 per cent.
Foreign exchange, dollar firm.
Grains, wheat, about 2c lower;
corn lower; cotton about steady.
Rubber easy.

ROY S. JOHNSON

AUCTIONEER
Office, Room 9
Peoples Loan & Trust Bldg.
Phones 104 and 1022
Decatur, Indiana

Oct. 17—Stewart & Kline, Cam-
den, Ohio. Duroc hogs.
Oct. 18—Bruce Pullen, Liberty,
Ind. Duroc hogs.
Oct. 22—Forest Durr, 2 miles
south of Pleasant Mills or 3 miles
west of Wilshire. Slosing out
sale.

"Claim Your Sale Date Early"

My service includes looking
after every detail of your sale and
more dollars for you the day of
your auction.

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

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

Notice is hereby given that Mon-
day, November 4, 1935 will be the
last day to pay your Fall install-
ment of taxes. The county Treas-
urer's office will be open from 8 A. M.
to 4 p. m. during the tax paying ses-
sion. All taxes not paid by that time
will become delinquent and a 3%
penalty will be added. Also interest
at the rate of 8% will be charged
from the date of delinquency until
paid. Those who have bought or sold
property and wish to a division of
taxes are asked to come in at once.
Call on the Auditor for errors and
any reductions. The Treasurer can
make no corrections.

The Treasurer will not be respon-
sible for the penalty of delinquent
taxes resulting from the commission
of tax-payers to state definitely on
what property, they desire to pay,
in whose name it may be found, in
what township or corporation it is
situated.

Persons owing delinquent taxes
should pay them at once, the law is
such that there is no option left for
the Treasurer but enforce the collec-
tion of delinquent taxes.

The annual sale of delinquent
lands and lots will take place on the
second Monday in February 1936 at
10:00 A. M.
County orders will not be paid to
anyone owing delinquent taxes. All
persons are warned against them.
No receipts or checks will be held
after expiration of time, as the new
depository law requires the Treas-
urer to make daily deposit.

Particular attention. If you pay
taxes in more than one township
mention the fact to the Treasurer.
Also see that your receipts call for
all your real estate and personal
property.

In making inquiries of the Treas-
urer regarding taxes to insure reply
do not fail to include return post-
age.

JOHN WECHTER
Treasurer Adams County, Indiana
Oct. 5 to Nov. 4

LOANS

Up to \$300.00
INTEREST COSTS
REDUCED NEARLY

The "LOCAL" always loans
for LESS. All loans made at
less than maximum rate
permitted by law. No in-
dorsers required.

You can borrow amounts
up to \$300 as follows:

\$50.00 now costs only	\$1.00 per month
100.00 now costs only	\$2.00 per month
150.00 now costs only	\$2.50 per month
200.00 now costs only	\$3.00 per month
300.00 now costs only	\$4.00 per month

Costs of other amounts are
strictly in proportion as this
new low interest rate governs
all loans.

Full information gladly
furnished without any cost
or obligation on your part.
Prompt, confidential service.

Come in today—
find out for yourself.
Special Time Plan
for Farmers.

LOCAL LOAN CO

Phone 2-37 Decatur, Indiana
Over Schaefer Hardware Store.

of the Stoll family and her only
part was to aid Mrs. Stoll.
Robinson has been a fugitive

more than a year. He is believed
still to have a large part of the
ransom.

A large number of Decatur peo-
ple attended the Burns suckling colt
show Saturday.

"WIFE IN CUSTODY" by BEATRICE LUBITZ

SYNOPSIS

Helen Schiller, pretty manicurist
in the Forty-fourth Street branch
of the swanky Anastasia Beauty
Salons, so far forgot discipline one
morning as to dance a few steps
before the work-day began—and
was seen by Walter Riley, owner
of the salons. He did not speak
then about this, but returning that
evening to the shop, went to her—
and found himself disarmed by her
smile, and attracted to her. He
asked if he might take her to dance,
and she assented. That led to
other evenings together—evenings
spent with him ever afraid that his
sisters, who managed the Anastasia
Salons for him, might see him.

After one evening at the theatre,
Helen fell asleep as he drove her
to her home in Bay Ridge—and he
awakened her with a light kiss. She
pushed him away, but he would not
be denied, and he kissed her again.
"You are the first girl I have ever
kissed," he told her soberly, realiz-
ing that he loved her. Events in
the Riley family followed fast—
with Irene becoming engaged to
the socially-elect Dirk Terhune.
Irene managed the luxurious and
exclusive Fifty-seventh Street
branch—and tried to manage her
sisters as well. Walter spent much
of his time with Irene, who told
him that she thought he would
make the best match of all the
Rileys. He, loving Helen, turned
the subject, and Irene talked about
her coming honeymoon with Dirk
at Havana. She seemed im-
pressed by the fact that Dirk was a
gentleman.

CHAPTER IX

Walt laughed. "You are clever,
Irene."

"Yes, I mustn't forget to thank
the Lord for that, too! Oh, we are
having a military flavor to the nup-
tials. Dirk's best man and three of
his friends will form a sword arch
for us to stand under, Dirk having
been a major."

"He had a good war record, didn't
he?" Walter's face turned brick
red.

"Is that still a tender spot with
you, darling?"

"Oh, no." He lighted a cigarette
indifferently.

"You did your bit. After all, the
farmers did have to carry on."

"Please save the soft soap for the
shampoos," he told her bitterly.

"You know perfectly well I was a
slacker."

"Oh, Walter, Walter! I thought
better of you! Forget it—if you
had gone to war, where would you
be now?" she demanded impatiently,
the frown between her eyes deep-
ening to a ridge. "You'd have missed
the sale of the Seventy-fourth Street
branch, and we'd never have had all
this." She waved her hand to in-
clude the stifling luxury about them.

He patted the thick shining hair
that she wore so oddly wound in
bands about her head like a turban.

"Goodbye."

"Fare you well," she laughed
brightly, "and don't forget what you
learned at my knee today!"

Alone in his car, stemming his
way through the thick midtown
traffic, Walter thought rapidly.
Irene's words came back to plague
him. Her driving ambition! Her
plans for him! Well, he was sorry.
His women had planned his life and
ruled it long enough. But his wife
was someone he himself would
choose.

"I've got to see her tonight if
only for a minute." He gnawed at
his mustache with his teeth. He
remembered the taste of her kisses
and his limbs began to tremble.

He drew up to the curb. "I'll
call her up," he thought. And then
he remembered. The Anastasia
rigid rule was no phone calls dur-
ing hours for the operators. Bit-
terly he cursed the Anastasia rule.
He might say it was urgent. No,
that damn wench at the phone
would know his voice. She always
recognized it. He thought rapidly.

A telegram! Ha. He'd get around
the damn fool Anastasia rules. He
went into a booth and phoned a tele-
gram. He hesitated over the word
"love," and then let it stand. "Sign
it Doubleyou. D-O-U-B-L-E-Y-O-U.
Yeah. It's a name," he added lacon-
ically.

Helen had just switched off her
table light prior to going out for
lunch when Miss Vera handed her
a telegram. Since telegrams came
frequently for the girls no one paid
any special attention. But it was
the first telegram Helen had ever
received. She still associated tele-
grams with bad news.

"Can you meet me at library
tonight at seven? Love. Double-
you."

She had to read the name sev-
eral times before she understood.
Then her face lit up wonderfully.
Guiltily she thrust the telegram
into her bosom. She walked out of
the salon on wings. She hid her-
self in one of the closets to regain her
composure.

Love. He had written love on a

telegram for all the telegraph
clerks and messengers to see. He
loved her. And yet Helen was sick
at her wedding you'd put on some-
thing conservative."

"You didn't even come to my wed-
ding. At least I do you the honor
of attending."

"Your wedding!" Irene snorted,
"to that sign painter, that would be
an artist."

"Now listen to me, Irene, you lay
off Eddie, do you hear?" Ethel's
voice trembled.

"Shut up, Ethel." Walter was in
the doorway. "Irene's upset enough.
Hold your tongue. Come on, Irene,
don't get upset on your wedding



"You're right; they're not worth fussing over. Thank heavens,
I'm getting married."

and irritability. She was the tallest
of the Riley girls—almost five feet
eight, and she accentuated her
height and slimmness with an erect
posture. Her rather wide
Polish cast of countenance lent it-
self to drooping eyebrows and the
bland sophisticated manner she
affected. Irene Riley was the type
of woman one turned around to
stare at. She was exotic and allur-
ing before allure became a mass
product.

That awful hour before the
Rileys, awed and subdued, arrived
at the vast book-lined living room
of the Terhune apartment! Walter
stared at her from the bottom
of his soul. He was glad she was
getting married, getting out of the
apartment that, for all its size, was
too small for her and her mother.

There was Anastasia in black vel-
vet, large glittering diamonds in
her ears and on her fingers—the
cause of the first of a series of
quarrels that morning. Anastasia
refused to take them off even though
Irene pleaded, cried and raged.
Anastasia was the only one who
dared cross Irene and she did it,
Walter often suspected, out of sheer
malicious delight in goading her
eldest daughter to fury.

"Why not I shouldn't wear my
diamonds?" Anastasia's black eyes,
pruned in her leathery face,
snapped. "They're mine. They're
paid for!"

"That isn't the point. Cultured
people don't blaze with diamonds
like an electric sign at noon."

"Oh, let her alone, Irene. Get
dressed, yourself. They'll think
she's an eccentric." Ethel who had
dressed at her own apartment, sat
stiffly on the chaise longue watch-
ing. The youngest of the girls, she
had gone in for artiness, now that
she was married to an artist. Her
hair was cut short in a bob after
the fashion set by Irene Castle, still
a daring thing in those days, and
across her wide, low forehead ran
a bang. She, too, wore heavy silver
earrings, a batik dress that looked
like a kimono, and Grecian sandals.

Irene turned her exasperated at-
tention to her. "Good lord, did you
have to wear that mess of a dress!"

"Listen, Irene, don't you start
picking on me. I paid a hundred
and a quarter for this gown. Every
stitch is handmade."

"Well, if that's a handmade

gown, thank heaven for machines!
You look like Greenwich Village—
how I loathe the place! You'd think
at my wedding you'd put on some-
thing conservative."

"You didn't even come to my wed-
ding. At least I do you the honor
of attending."

"Your wedding!" Irene snorted,
"to that sign painter, that would be
an artist."

"Now listen to me, Irene, you lay
off Eddie, do you hear?" Ethel's
voice trembled.

"Shut up, Ethel." Walter was in
the doorway. "Irene's upset enough.
Hold your tongue. Come on, Irene,
don't get upset on your wedding

day, thank heaven for machines!
You look like Greenwich Village—
how I loathe the place! You'd think
at my wedding you'd put on some-
thing conservative."

"You didn't even come to my wed-
ding. At least I do you the honor
of attending."

"Your wedding!" Irene snorted,
"to that sign painter, that would be
an artist."

"Now listen to me, Irene, you lay
off Eddie, do you hear?" Ethel's
voice trembled.

"Shut up, Ethel." Walter was in
the doorway. "Irene's upset enough.
Hold your tongue. Come on, Irene,
don't get upset on your wedding

day, thank heaven for machines!
You look like Greenwich Village—
how I loathe the place! You'd think
at my wedding you'd put on some-
thing conservative."

"You didn't even come to my wed-
ding. At least I do you the honor
of attending."

"Your wedding!" Irene snorted,
"to that sign painter, that would be
an artist."

"Now listen to me, Irene, you lay
off Eddie, do you hear?" Ethel's
voice trembled.

"Shut up, Ethel." Walter was in
the doorway. "Irene's upset enough.
Hold your tongue. Come on, Irene,
don't get upset on your wedding

day, thank heaven for machines!
You look like Greenwich Village—
how I loathe the place! You'd think
at my wedding you'd put on some-
thing conservative."

"You didn't even come to my wed-
ding. At least I do you the honor
of attending."

"Your wedding!" Irene snorted,
"to that sign painter, that would be
an artist."

"Now listen to me, Irene, you lay
off Eddie, do you hear?" Ethel's
voice trembled.

"Shut up, Ethel." Walter was in
the doorway. "Irene's upset enough.
Hold your tongue. Come on, Irene,
don't get upset on your wedding

day, thank heaven for machines!
You look like Greenwich Village—
how I loathe the place! You'd think
at my wedding you'd put on some-
thing conservative."

"You didn't even come to my wed-
ding. At least I do you the honor
of attending."

"Your wedding!" Irene snorted,
"to that sign painter, that would be
an artist."

"Now listen to me, Irene, you lay
off Eddie, do you hear?" Ethel's
voice trembled.

"Shut up, Ethel." Walter was in
the doorway. "Irene's upset enough.
Hold your tongue. Come on, Irene,
don't get upset on your wedding

day, thank heaven for machines!
You look like Greenwich Village—
how I loathe the place! You'd think
at my wedding you'd put on some-
thing conservative."

"You didn't even come to my wed-
ding. At least I do you the honor
of attending."

"Your wedding!" Irene snorted,
"to that sign painter, that would be
an artist."

"Now listen to me, Irene, you lay
off Eddie, do you hear?" Ethel's
voice trembled.

"Shut up, Ethel." Walter was in
the doorway. "Irene's upset enough.
Hold your tongue. Come on, Irene,
don't get upset on your wedding

day, thank heaven for machines!
You look like Greenwich Village—
how I loathe the place! You'd think
at my wedding you'd put on some-
thing conservative."

"You didn't even come to my wed-
ding. At least I do you the honor
of attending."

"Your wedding!" Irene snorted,
"to that sign painter, that would be
an artist."

"Now listen to me, Irene, you lay
off Eddie, do you hear?" Ethel's
voice trembled.

"Shut up, Ethel." Walter was in
the doorway. "Irene's upset enough.
Hold your tongue. Come on, Irene,
don't get upset on your wedding

day, thank heaven for machines!
You look like Greenwich Village—
how I loathe the place! You'd think
at my wedding you'd put on some-
thing conservative."

"You didn't even come to my wed-
ding. At least I do you the honor
of attending."

"Your wedding!" Irene snorted,
"to that sign painter, that would be
an artist."

"Now listen to me, Irene, you lay
off Eddie, do you hear?" Ethel's
voice trembled.

"Shut up, Ethel." Walter was in
the doorway. "Irene's upset enough.
Hold your tongue. Come on, Irene,
don't get upset on your wedding

day, thank heaven for machines!
You look like Greenwich Village—
how I loathe the place! You'd think
at my wedding you'd put on some-
thing conservative."

"You didn't even come to my wed-
ding. At least I do you the honor
of attending."

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL
AND FOREIGN MARKETS

Brady's Market for Decatur, Berne,
Craigville, Hoagland and Willshire.
Close at 12 Noon.

Corrected October 14.

No commission and no yardage.
Veals received Tuesday, Wed-
nesday, Friday, and Saturday.

100 to 120 lbs.	\$ 8.35
120 to 140 lbs.	8.60
140 to 160 lbs.	9.45
160 to 190 lbs.	10.10
190 to 230 lbs.	10.40
230 to 270 lbs.	10.20
270 to 300 lbs.	10.10
300 to 350 lbs.	10.00
Roughs	9.00
Stags	7.25
Vealers	10.50
Ewe and wether lambs	8.25
Buck lambs	7.00
Yearling lambs	4.25

INDIANAPOLIS LIVESTOCK

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 14.—(U.P.)—
Livestock:

Hogs, 5,000; holdovers, 133; 20-
25c lower than Friday's average,
underweights 15c lower; 160-250
lbs., \$10.80-\$11; 250-350 lbs., \$10.40-
\$10.75; 130-160 lbs., \$10.25-\$10.75;
100-130 lbs., \$9.50-\$10; packing
sows, \$9-\$9.75.
Cattle, 800; calves, 700