

COURT HOUSE

Case Dismissed

The ejectment suit of Alvin Anderson against Homer Fisher was dismissed and the cost paid.

Appearance Filed

In the suit of the Old National Bank and Trust company for the collection of a note from the American Security Co., an appearance was filed for the plaintiff by A. D. Unversaw, attorney.

Found for Plaintiff

In the suit of Frank Mann for a quiet title against John Allbaugh, and others, the proof of the publication of the notice of non-residence was filed. All defendants called and defaulted. The court found for the plaintiff and ordered his title to real estate quieted from all defendants.

Appearance Filed

In the foreclosure suit of the Department of Financial Institutions, in the liquidation of the Old Adams County bank, against Mary C. Holthous, and others, appearance was filed by Nathan Nelson for Louis

A. and Mary C. Holthous. Ruled to answer. Appearance was filed by John L. DeVoss for Yager Bros. Ruled to answer.

Estate Cases

In the estate of John M. Frieinger Wm. N. Ballou, special judge, declined further jurisdiction.

The will of Arabell Sipe was probated and ordered placed on record. In the estate of Peter Baumgartner a petition was filed by the administrator for authority to settle the estate as insolvent. So ordered and the notice ordered.

A petition was filed by Rufus Hirschy in the estate of Susanna Hirschy to determine the inheritance tax. Referred to the county assessor.

Final Report Filed

The guardian of Francis, Wayne, Ruth, Marguerite, Harland and Theodore Burger filed the final report. The report was examined and approved, and the guardian discharged and the trust terminated.

Application Filed

In the petition for partition suit of Eva Hedging, and others, against Lawrence Johnson and others, an

application was filed by Mary Ann Johnson for an order directing the county clerk to pay her money on deposit, and the court ordered the clerk to pay her in the sum of \$35.57, held by the clerk.

Case Dismissed

The suit of W. S. Smith against Adolph Bauman to set aside fraudulent mortgage and conveyance was dismissed and the costs paid.

More Specific Complaint

In the claim of Sam Whitright against the estate of Albe; Mutschler a motion was filed to make the complaint more specific. The claim against the estate was for \$1,500 as owing to the plaintiff for carpenter and cement work, plastering, etc.

In Loving Memory

In memory of my beloved sister Merle Lee Robinson who entered into eternal rest February 28, 1935. Sad and sudden was the call. Of one we dearly loved. It was a bitter grief, a shock severe. To part with one we loved so dear, Merle little thought when leaving home. She would return no more. That she alone in death would sleep. And leave us here to mourn. Sadly missed by her sister. —Stella Lee Meyer

Test Your Knowledge

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

1. What is metaphysics?
2. Who was Henry Austin Dobson?
3. What is another name for a sage hare?
4. Who invented the phonograph?
5. Name the oldest city in the

ROY S. JOHNSON AUCTIONEER

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

Feb. 26—R. W. Hovarter, 4 mi. north of Decatur. Closing out sale.

Feb. 27—Bert Marquardt, 4 mi. north of Monroeville, Chester White Hogs.

Feb. 27—Bert Marquardt, north of Monroeville on Lincoln highway. Hog sale.

Feb. 28—Decatur Riverside Stock Sale.

Feb. 29—Wm. Steva, Wapakoneta, Ohio, Fair Grounds, Short Horn Cattle.

Mar. 2—Wm. Eichenauer, 5 1/2 mile south of Rockford, O., closing out sale.

Mar. 2—Henry Yake, 5 mi. west, 2 1/2 mile south of Decatur, 3/4 mile north of Kirkland high school.

Mar. 3—D. J. Barkley, 2 1/2 mile south of Monroeville.

Mar. 4—David Bollinger, 1 1/2 mi. south of Monroe on No. 27.

Mar. 5—Shaadt and Yahn, 1 mi. west of Ohio City.

Mar. 6—Decatur Riverside Sale.

Mar. 7—Dewey Plumley, 1 1/4 mi. south, 1 1/4 mile east of Dixon.

Mar. 10—B. F. Barfell, 3 mile west of Monroeville on cement road.

"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.

PUBLIC SALE

40 Head of Pure Bred Chester White Sows and Gilts

Thursday, Feb. 27
At 1 P. M.

This is our 15th annual sale. Will be held under cover on the Bert Marquardt farm, 3 miles north of Monroeville, Ind., 19 miles west of Van Wert, 16 miles east of Fort Wayne, on U. S. No. 30. Offering consists of 5 tried sows and 35 bred gilts.

Monroeville Chester White Breeders Assn.

Roy S. Johnson, Auct.
Levi P. Moore, Field Man.

United States.

6. Which is the highest mountain peak on the North American continent?

7. In which state was Franklin Pierce, fourteenth President of the United States, born?

8. What is the Pentateuch?

9. In what year did Robert Fulton first steamboat navigate the Hudson to Albany?

10. Who invented the sewing machine?

HOCHMUTH SURE
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
validate Whitte's testimony the extradition and subsequent trial

"More Money"
by CHARLES GRANT

SYNOPSIS
Success crowned every venture of Jasper Ingram, wealthy promoter. Millions were at his disposal much to the envy of Homer Alsbaugh, his confidential secretary, who has all he can do to meet mortgage payments and the gold-digging demands of his flirtatious wife, Marian. Cathleen McCarthy, beautiful young stenographer, substitutes for Ingram's secretary while the latter is on vacation. Visiting her husband's office, Alsbaugh meets Marian Alsbaugh who asks Marian to be cigarette girl at a charity garden party. Laura had been a middle-class girl and marriage to Ingram represented security; to Ingram, his wife was the coolly selected instrument for a purpose he had at heart.

CHAPTER IV
Turning into their own drive, Jasper and Laura saw their son walking across the lawn accompanied by a girl whom Laura identified as "the little acting person named Martin, or something like that."

"He seems interested," Ingram said.

The way Seward walked, the way he tilted his face to the girl, it would not have been plainer, had he worn a collar and chain, that he was Arline Martin's captive.

"I do hope everything will go off well," Arline was saying. "It will mean so much to me if I can have a real success."

"Of course you'll be a success. I thought you were perfectly great in your rehearsal just now. It's a fine play, and I think the whole thing is going to be a knockout. I know it!"

"It's sweet of you to be so encouraging," she murmured. "Anyway it's helped a lot to see the grounds and all the arrangements. But having you the only member of the family at home, was a bit of luck for me. It's a wonderful spot for an outdoor performance, a sort of natural amphitheater, isn't it?"

"I don't know about the natural part of it. I believe this whole place has been landscaped within an inch of its life. I was awfully glad to show you around, Miss Martin. I wish there was something else I could do—anything I could do, really. You'll let me know if there is, won't you?"

She nodded her lovely head. She was almost as pretty as she appeared to Seward's dazzled eyes. Beyond the harmony of delicate, well modeled features and appealing curves, beyond the charm of youthful coloring heightened to brilliance by the skillful use of make-up, was the almost startling beauty of her eyes, gray-blue as the depth of Arctic water and the low sun shining through it.

"You can clap, tomorrow," she told him. Their progress, slow as Seward had tried to make it, had brought them to her waiting car. "I shall rely on you to be my personal claquer. You know how it's done, don't you? Wait till the rest of the audience is letting up a little and then come in strong—you can nearly always start them up all over again."

"I sure will," Seward promised. "But it won't be necessary. You'll wow 'em, without any help from me!"

Arline gave the handsome boy her best smile as she slid behind the wheel of her roadster. He was Jasper Ingram's son and therefore a conquest of some importance. For Arline Martin was on the make. Beneath the softness and grace of her exterior, she was as ruthlessly ambitious as Ingram himself. Whoever served her purposes was made use of, whoever was not useful, she discarded.

Her temperament made her honestly nervous about her success in the chief clou of a society vaudeville. A clever young actress, not long a professional, she was used to the exaggerated acclaim of her friends—and shrewd enough to discount their enthusiasm. Yet, if even half of what they said was true, there ought to be a future for her.

would be thrown into court. Then the main hope of new extradition proceedings would rest on Hochmuth as the witness best able to place the German carpenter at the scene.

"I identified Hauptmann at the trial and I am prepared to do so again at any time or place, Hochmuth told his son in law. "He was the man who stopped in the ditch at the side of the house here. He had a ladder strapped on his automobile."

Plump pointed from the gate of the two story brown shingled house to the roadside less than 30 feet away.

"Hauptmann got stuck in that ditch, right where those rabbit

tracks are on the snow—about one in every 10 motorists do. You see the culvert was built six feet too far to this side. Pop (Hochmuth) asked him if he wanted any help—he helped so many in there. But Hauptmann blushed and stepped on the gas. That pulled him out all right."

Hochmuth, peering through his glasses, said he had no inclination to discuss the case further.

"I'm all done," he said. "I said what I had to say at the trial."

"And what if the governor invites you to submit to re-examination as he did Whitte?"

The old man stroked his white beard. For a moment he appeared to be ready to answer. Then

he shrugged his shoulders, scooped away a shovelful of slush and walked into the house.

But tonight as she drove the car into the garage she was almost cheerful. Even if she did live on the wrong side of the village, it wouldn't be easy for the Country Club crowd to ignore her after it met her at Mrs. Jasper H. Ingram's!

She went into the pink house and into the living-room where Homer relaxed in one of the over-stuffed chairs, sat listening to the radio. All the furniture in the room was dressed in summer covers of flowered cretonne. On a refectory table, back of the davenport, were scattered papers and magazines dealing with talking pictures. Copies of Vogue and Harper's Bazaar added an intellectual note. Other furniture included occasional tables and chairs, two bridge lamps, and a bowl of flowers—that

she drove home in high spirits.

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On the other side of the village, the unfashionable side, lived the Alsbaughs. Marian had known no better when she urged Homer to buy that house. She had supposed that, since the town was smart, any part of it must be all right. Now she was dissatisfied. They should have bought a place on the water front or at least near the Country Club.

"And what would be the point in that, seeing we've never been asked to join the Club?" her husband would inquire.

Marian raved at the dumbness of men. "Don't you see, that's exactly why we've never been asked? We live in the wrong section. If we haven't enough money to live where the real people live, it's up to you to make more money! You didn't marry a hausfrau, satisfied to dig in a garden and meet with you come out on the 517. I could be somebody in this town if you'd give me a chance."

needed to be changed. The room was exactly like a million other rooms in American homes. Except for a couple of bright-jacketed novels from a rental library, there was not a book in evidence, nor indeed, barring the cook-book in the kitchen, was there another in the house.

Marian switched off the radio and dropped down on the davenport. "What shall I wear tomorrow?" she demanded. "That Dutch outfit I had last year?"

"That was cute, though. . . . Sort of test-runs, though. . . . Maybe, I could get a Columbine costume, have the skirt mostly ribbons and short, show my legs as we used to. . . ." She said, "it would be all right to wear a summer dress. If I could run into town first thing in the morning and find something terribly chic and really good, maybe all those rich women would think more of me."

Mindful of his pocket-book, Alsbaugh again voted for the Dutch costume.

"No, the more I think of it, the more I feel a grande dame effect is what I should try for—meeting all those Country Club people for the first time at Mrs. Ingram's. . . . I guess you'll have to let me have some more money, Homer! I saw a dress in a Fifth Avenue Store the other day, perfectly plain georgette in dull pink, with the new sleeves and a high neckline."

(To Be Continued)

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