

COURT HOUSE

Marriage Licenses
Arthur Hartmann, employee of International Harvester, route 1, Suman, clerk, Decatur.

Ossian, to Alma Witte, sewer, route 1, Decatur. Erwin Springer, armer, route 2, to Gladys Nottinger, Willshire, Ohio. Daimon D. Case farmer, Willshire, to Malinda Mae Suman, clerk, Decatur.

ATTENTION

FORMER RESIDENTS

The executive committee of the Decatur Centennial celebration, August 2 to 8, desires the names and addresses of all former residents of Decatur and Adams county, in order that these former residents may receive invitations and publicity regarding the Centennial celebration.

Former residents, relatives and friends of former residents knowing the latter's addresses, are asked to fill out the following coupon. If you know the address of any former resident, mail the coupon to the committee.

Name
Street
City State
Sent By

Send the above coupon to
Mrs. R. D. Myers, 337 Winchester Street,
Decatur, Indiana.

Public Sale

As I am unable to farm will sell at public auction at my farm, 6 miles Northwest of Decatur, 4 1/2 miles Southeast of Poe on the Winchester road, on

THURSDAY, MAY 7th

Commencing at 12 noon

LIVESTOCK—1 Sorrel horse, wt. about 1400 lbs., smooth mouth; 1 Guernsey cow, 5 yr. old, calf by side; 1 Jersey cow, 8 yr. old, he fresh in 2 weeks; 1 Guernsey cow, 9 yr. old; 1 spotted sow; 5 shoats, about 45 lbs. each.

FEED—50 bushel corn; 9 ton good timothy hay.

IMPLEMENTS, Etc.—Turnbull low wheel wagon, good; wagon box; hay ladders; Ridd manure spreader; Blackhawk corn planter, good; 5 section steel bar roller; riding cultivator; steel frame spring tooth harrow; good 2 section spike tooth harrow; Oliver 14 in. riding plow, first class; 12 inch walking plow; good 5 ft. mower; 2-horse walking cultivator; Buckeye 8 disc grain drill; good single disc 7 on side; Thomas hay loader, tedder; dump rake; float; bob sleds; good buzz saw outfit; 6 in. feed grinder; 4 good hay slings; good top buggy and harness; platform scales; 7 shovel cultivator; 1 1/2 H.P. gas engine; galvanized chicken coops; 2 ten gallon milk cans; fan mill; Anker Holt cream separator; large walnut antique cupboard; lot seasoned lumber; grain body for truck; double hopper cider press; copper kettle; double set work harness; blacksmith forge; anvil; vise; oil drums; some Household goods and many articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS—CASH.

HENRY A. FUHRMAN, Owner

Roy S. Johnson—Auctioneer.

Test Your Knowledge

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

1. What part of a ship is said to be "between wind and water?"
2. Who discovered the gaseous element, hydrogen?
3. Where is Antioch College?
4. Who wrote the novel, "Bad Girl?"
5. What is betel?
6. Name the most representative English poet of Queen Victoria's reign.
7. Where is the famous Hyde Park?
8. How is 1935 written in Roman numerals?
9. Name the judge who presided at the Sacco-Vanzetti trials.
10. Where is the island of Trinidad?

1. What is a hybrid?
2. In law, what is idiosyncrasy?
3. Who was Henry Havelock Ellis?
4. Who composed the opera, "Ernani?"
5. In what country was a whipping instrument called the knout used?
6. Where is the University of California?
7. Who played the principal male role in the motion picture, "The Desert Song?"
8. At the mouth of what river is the city of Leningrad?
9. Name the joint authors of "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs."
10. What is the medical name for Saint Vitus's Dance?

Employment, Payrolls In Indiana Increase

Indianapolis, May 4.—Manufacturing establishments, totaling 744 and employing 128,971 persons, increased employment 1.0% pay rolls 2.7, and man hours 3.3 over a month ago. These gains are especially significant in view of the fact that

LEGAL NOTICE OF PUBLIC HEARING FORM NO. 109
Notice is hereby given that the Local Alcoholic Beverage Board of Adams County, Indiana, will at 9:00 A. M. on the 14th day of May 1936, at the County Commissioners Room in Auditor's Office, Court House, in the City (or Town) of Decatur, in said County, begin investigation of the applications of the following named persons, requesting the issue of the permits, at the locations hereinafter set out, of the Alcoholic Beverage Permits of the classes hereinafter designated and will, at said time and place, receive information concerning the fitness of said applicants, and the propriety of issuing the permits applied for to such applicants at the premises named.
Holthaus, Drug Company, 14335, 167 North 3rd Street, Decatur, — Liquor Dealer.
B. J. Smith Drug Company, 14412, 119 North 2nd Street, Decatur — Liquor Dealer.
Said investigation will be open to the Public, and Public participation is requested.
Alcoholic Beverage Commission of Indiana, By R. A. SHIRLEY, Secretary.
PAUL P. FRY, Excise Administrator April 27, May 4.

there has been an average seasonal employment loss in Indiana manufacturing industries during the past four years of 8% from March to April.

Employment during April in Indiana manufacturing industries was 5.4% above April, 1935. Pay rolls were 18.7% above a year ago. Of the fourteen major groups of

manufacturing industries studied, eight showed employment gains and six recorded employment losses. Pay rolls were increased in six of the fourteen groups.

"THERE'S MURDER IN THE AIR"

by ROY CHANSLOR

CHAPTER XXXII

Jim slammed the phone down and looked at Gordon. Despair and hope were in the man's eyes, but his face was completely blank. Gabriel laughed. Bending low, he hurried to the side of the helpless detective, quickly unlocked the cuffs, removed the gag.

"Get up, Flaherty," he said softly. "I'll give you the old signal." Flaherty lay where he was, staring at Gabriel pleadingly. With his automatic Gabriel motioned the detective to rise. Gordon gave an exclamation of horror and started toward the man with the gun. Grimly Gabriel waved him back.

"Get up, Flaherty," he repeated. In the stuffy room across the street the men waited. They saw Flaherty suddenly lurch up at the window. He raised his hands despairingly, gave a hoarse shout. Then there was one shot. Flaherty toppled forward out of the window. His body struck the electric sign, rolled, crashed into the street.

Across the open shutters of Gabriel's apartment steel shutters clashed. The shutters rang with the hail of police machine-gun bullets. In a corner Gordon, manacled with the handcuffs taken from Flaherty, crouched, dazed by the rush of events, still shocked at the fate of the detective, his mind numb. The gunfire increased to a fantastic crescendo.

Above this devil's tattoo Gabriel was shouting staccato orders. He was like a man possessed. Gordon, as if slowly coming out from under an anesthetic, saw hard-faced men crowding into the room. Firearms appeared, sawed-off shotguns, sub-machine-guns, automatics.

Men sprang to prepared slots in the armored shutters, began to return the police fire. Others were running down the hallway to protect the rear.

Outside the Palm Gardens, giant searchlights flooded the night. The outline of the building was etched against the sky. Men and women, guests interrupted at their tables, minor employees hovered, terrified in the foyer, just inside the door.

The police ceased their fire. Shouts were flung to the besieged gangsters to let the people out. But if they heard, they paid no attention. The rain of bullets continued from both front and rear. Those in the foyer shrank back as far as they could. The police resumed fire, concentrating on the closed shutters. But their bullets glanced off, screamed as they ricocheted into air.

In the street, directly beneath the still-blinking electric sign, sharply visible in the reflected glare of the searchlights, sprawled an inert figure, the body of Detective Flaherty. Behind each police gun a face was set stonily.

A block away, behind the restaurant, Commissioner Kilrane stood beside an armored truck, the sort of truck used to transport money. He faced a line of grimed men, the men of Flaherty's precinct. Two of them carried sub-machine-guns, two sawed-off shotguns, two giant sledge-hammers, the others service-automatics.

The tall red-haired sergeant stood stiffly at attention. "You're in charge, Mac," said Kilrane quietly. "Run the truck through the rear gate. Bang her back up against the porch. Then make a dash for it. Got to smack down that rear door. Don't blow her unless you have to. Remember, there's two women in there."

Red Mac nodded. "Hop to it," said Kilrane huskily. "Take 'em alive if you can. But if you can't—remember Flaherty! God bless you—and give 'em hell!"

"Okay, Chief," said the Sergeant grimly. He barked orders. Men climbed into the truck. Red Mac vaulted in beside them. Suddenly Nat sprang from beside Tyler and Kilrane, clawed his way past two surprised detectives, jumped into the truck beside the Sergeant. Hands started to force him out. He flung an appeal to Kilrane. The Commissioner hesitated, then nodded. The door closed. Through the bullet-proof glass Nat saw the small group recede as the car gathered momentum. Tyler flung up one hand in a salute.

As the armored car plunged into the rear yard, bullets rained against its steel sides, then down upon its top. The car swerved swiftly, stopped, then backed until it struck the porch with a crash. The doors opened. The police, Nat with them, rushed across the narrow open porch.

Two of them fell, clutching at their bodies. A third stumbled, and Nat pulled him to his feet with a mighty heave. Then they were under the wall. Heavy sledges struck the barred door, once, twice, three times. It gave, and they tumbled into the kitchen.

Red Mac looked about him quickly, his eyes going to a door on the right. "From Flaherty's story, that would be the door," he said. Again the sledges went to work. Strong arms crashed them against the door. He held stonily, but they kept after it, until after an agonizing delay it gave.

They were then inside the narrow room, facing the steel door which led to the stairs. The Sergeant motioned two men to the door. They fell to work with their sledges. But they bounced off ineffectively.

"Get to blow it down," he said crisply. "Stand by with a drill, Jensen."

The man he had called Jensen produced a heavy drill, held it firm. The two other men alternated with lusty blows with their sledges. Slowly the drill bit into the steel, began to prepare the charge of nitroglycerin. The precious seconds raced past.

Upstairs, a man ran into the apartment from the hallway, and reported to Gabriel: "The bulls got through the rear in an armored car! They're downstairs now, hammering at the steel door!"

Gabriel wheeled, clenching his fist.

"Stand by at the top of the stairs!" he cried. He seized Gordon roughly by the arm, flung him into the hallway, prodded him ahead of him with his automatic. Gordon half stumbled, down the hall. At a tug from Gabriel, he stopped in front of a door. Men with guns were running past them, toward the rear. He could hear the ring of hammers against the heavy door.

Gabriel opened the door in front of them, pushed him inside, stepped back quickly, slammed and locked the door. Helene, starting up from her couch, heard the crash of gunfire, the wail of sirens for the first time. Then it was blotted out, and she was looking into the gray face of her father.

"Dad!" she cried, and ran to him, clutching for his arm. She felt the manacles on his wrist, and recoiled. "Helene!" he groaned. He raised his arms, put the cuffed hands about her, held her close.

Gabriel ran to the door beyond, unlocked it, curtly motioned David Gordon into the hallway. "We got company," he said significantly.

"The police!" David cried, his face lighting with hope. Gabriel laughed, and prodded him in the ribs with his automatic. "And papa!" he said, chuckling.

David groaned. At a low command he stopped before the next door. Gabriel opened it, and Carlotta sprang up.

"Come out and join the party," said Gabriel. She saw David then, and turned, staring wildly at Gabriel.

He jerked her by the arm, pulled her into the hallway. She began to struggle. "No, no!" she moaned. "No, no, you can't—you can't!" "Shut up!" Gabriel barked. "I ain't got all night."

He pushed them ahead of him, to the door leading to Kiciene's room. This he unlocked. He motioned them inside. David entered. As if dazed, Carlotta followed.

"It's a family reunion," said Gabriel, grinning. He closed and locked the door. Carlotta suddenly flung herself against it, sobbing. He hurled her from it. She shrank back under his hard glare.

Carlotta said Gordon gently. She stared at him, then back at Gabriel, wildly. He was standing with legs wide apart, caressing the automatic in his hand lovingly. The grin was gone from his face, and his eyes were narrowed to mere slits. Carlotta clenched her hands until the knuckles stood out.

"Well," said Gabriel softly, "so here we all are at last! Just us—and a million coppers."

"Gaudio, I swear I kept faith with you!" said Gordon. "I didn't tell the police!"

"So what?" said Gabriel, shrugging. "We're here, and they're here; and this is the old pay-off."

"This is suicide for you!" said Gordon. "By God's sake, let us go! I give my word. I'll never prosecute you. The whole thing will be forgotten. I swear it!"

"Don't be that way, Moridon," said Gabriel. "Nobody can save me now—or any of you. I tell you this is the pay-off."

There was the sound of a muffled explosion, barely distinguishable through the heavy walls. The building rocked. Gabriel flung open the door, glanced briefly down the hallway, slammed it again, and locked it, turned and faced the four people.

"Here they come," he said quietly. "We just got time for the party."

Nat, Red Mac and the raiding party were crouching against the far wall of the kitchen when the heavy charge went off, hurling the

steel door crashing against the wall. Guns ready, they leaped forward, led by the tall sergeant. Nat tried to follow Red Mac, but heavy bodies pushed him aside. He fought his way through them, saw the sergeant and three men plunge through the wreck of the door.

There was a sudden rattle of gunfire from above. Red Mac plunged up on the stairs, but the three men dropped. Nat, in a surge of other men, jumped over them, lunged up the stairs behind the sergeant, stumbling, shouting.

Another man went down, cursing. The dark stairs were illuminated by the flashes of the guns. At the top men struggled, hand to hand. The defenders began to give way. In a moment they were running down the hall, firing back sporadically.

Nat stumbled over a still body, regained his footing, fired down the hallway at the sudden flood of light from an open door. It closed. Men were flinging themselves against it. It gave, and Nat saw half a dozen detectives, led by the berserk Red Mac, sprawl into the room.

Nat saw a man on the floor fling up a sawed-off shotgun at the sergeant. Nat fired, saw the shotgun explode harmlessly in the air, felt a strange sensation, half-sickening, half-exultant; he had killed a man!

He ran into the room. Backed against the wall, all of them apparently wounded, were half a dozen gangsters. The sergeant, a red streak across his forehead, one arm dangling, brandished his automatic, shouted: "Drop those guns!"

He was answered with a defiant volley, clutched at the air, pitched forward. Then, close beside him, Nat heard the crashing roar of a "Tommy" gun. The men against the wall toppled over, grotesquely, as if hewn down by a giant scythe. Nat turned, saw the police machine-gunner slow the lower his piece, giving a low sigh.

The red-haired sergeant was pulling himself to one knee, swaying drunkenly. He stared at the row of bodies, and wiped the blood from his head with his one good arm.

"Okay, Flaherty," said Red Mac. . . .

In the locked, soundproof room, his back to the door, Gaudio slowly swung the automatic back and forth, from Gordon to Helene, to David, to Carlotta, and then from Carlotta to David, to Helene, to Gordon, as if trying to make up his mind just where to begin. The two women and the two men followed the black muzzle of the gun with their eyes, back and forth, back and forth.

Finally it stopped on a line with Gordon's breast. Gaudio, making the most of his final secret drama, tizing it, smiled. He spoke slowly, almost in a drawl: "A long time ago, Moridon, I told you what would happen if you squealed to the police. You did squeal. So I'm going to keep my word."

He paused and smiled again, showing his even white teeth. Gordon drew himself up, stood waiting. But Gaudio slowly shook his head. "No, no," he said. "I'm not making it so easy for you. I'm saving you, Moridon, for the last."

He laughed, suddenly, harshly, and moved the gun in a swift arc until it covered Carlotta. She gave a gasp, then, of terror. "You can't, you can't, you can't!" she moaned. Then she flung herself forward, desperately, clutching for the gun in his hand. With his left he struck her in the mouth, and she fell sprawling, her lips running red.

Gordon gave a hoarse cry, raised his manacled arms high and sprang at the man with the gun. Gaudio laughed, the automatic raked across Gordon's face; a livid welt stood out. Gabriel swung the gun on David as he hurled himself forward.

With the gun in the pit of his stomach, David stopped, fell back, raging impotently. Gaudio followed him with the gun, his eyes cold. David stared into them; then he stiffened himself, prepared to die fighting.

There was a loud crash at the door. Gaudio's eyes flickered toward it. There was another crash, and another, the sound of heavy sledges hammering on steel. Gaudio cursed; his eyes went back to David; the gun jumped forward in his hand. There was one shot then; but not from Gaudio.

It came from a gun in the hand of the wild-eyed woman on the floor. Gaudio seemed to buckle up; he clutched at his middle, lurched forward, fired wildly, but missed. A second shot struck him high in the chest. He gave a dreadful cry and fell heavily on his back.

From the floor Carlotta, her lips flecked with blood, fired again and again, emptying the small automatic in her hand into Gaudio's motionless body.

(To Be Continued)
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MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

Corrected May 4

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

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

100 to 120 lbs.	\$ 9.10
120 to 140 lbs.	9.20
140 to 160 lbs.	9.70
160 to 230 lbs.	10.10
230 to 270 lbs.	9.70
270 to 300 lbs.	9.50
300 to 350 lbs.	9.30
Roughs	8.50
Stags	6.50
Vealers	9.00
Ewe and wether lambs	10.50
Clipped lambs	9.25
Yearling lambs	5.00

INDIANAPOLIS LIVESTOCK

Indianapolis, Ind., May 4.—(U.P.)—Livestock:
Hogs, 4,500; holdovers, 193; mostly steady; 160-225 lbs., \$10.55; 140-165; 225-250 lbs., \$10.45-\$10.50; 250-300 lbs., \$10.15-\$10.35; 300-400 lbs., \$9.85-\$10.05; 130-160 lbs., \$10.10-\$10.50; 100-130 lbs., \$9.25-\$9.75; packing sows around \$8.50-\$9.25.
Cattle, 1,200; calves, 600; mostly steady on all slaughter classes; load good steers, \$8.40; bulk of steers mostly \$7-\$8; part load good to choice heifers, \$8; others around \$7-\$7.75; beef cows, \$5-\$6.25; culler grades \$3.75-\$5; vealers steady to 50c lower than last Friday; bulk other grades, \$9-\$9.50.
Sheep, 1,000; mostly 25c higher on clipped lambs; good to choice \$3 to \$7-lb. averages, \$10.25-\$10.50; small lots choice 9-lb. spring lambs, \$14.

EAST BUFFALO LIVESTOCK

East Buffalo, N. Y., May 4.—(U.P.)—Livestock:
Hogs, 2,700; steady; better grade 160-240 lbs., \$10.90-\$11; outside price on weights around 200 lbs., and less; 250-250-lb. butchers, \$10.35-\$10.80.
Cattle, 2,500; steady; good steers \$8.25-\$9; few \$9.25; yearling heifers \$8.75; medium to good steers and heifers largely Canadian, \$7-\$8; medium bulk, \$5.75-\$6.15; low cutter and culler cows, \$4-\$5.
Calves, 1,000; dealers lower; good to choice, \$10; odd heads to \$10.25; and better.
Sheep, receipts, 4,700; lambs weak; fairly active, good to choice shorn lambs mainly \$10.50; medium and mixed grades, \$8.50-\$10; better lot wool skins, \$11.60-\$12.

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

	May	July	Sept.
Wheat	.95	.87	.85%
Corn	.62%	.60%	.59%
Oats	.25%	.25%	.26%

FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK

Fort Wayne, Ind., May 4.—(U.P.)—Livestock:
Hogs, steady to 10c lower; 160-180 lbs., \$10.55; 180-200 lbs., \$10.45; 200-225 lbs., \$10.35; 225-250 lbs., \$10.25; 250-275 lbs., \$10.95; 275-300 lbs., \$9.95; 300-350 lbs., \$9.70; 140-160 lbs., \$10.15; 120-140 lbs., \$9.90; 100-120 lbs., \$9.65.
Roughs, \$8.50; stags, \$6.75.
Calves, \$9.50; lambs, \$11.50.

CLEVELAND PRODUCE

Butter, steady, extras 30 1/2; standards 30 1/2.
Eggs, steady, extra firsts 20 1/2; current receipts 19 1/2.

Live poultry steady. Spring hens 5 1/2 lbs. up 21. Ducks spring 5 lb. up 22. Ducks spring small 20. Ducks, old 17.

Potatoes, 100 lb. bags Ohio \$2.25; 60 lb. bags \$1.20-\$1.25; Maine \$2.65; Idaho \$2.65-\$2.85; 15 lb. box 55c; Michigan \$1.65-\$1.75; No. 2 seed \$1.35. New York \$2.40. New Florida white, 55lb., No. 1 \$5.75-\$6. No. 2 \$3.50; crate \$1.50. Texas 50 lb. bag \$1.75-\$1.85. Louisiana \$3. 100 lb. bag Alabama \$3 100 lb. bag.

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

Corrected May 4

No. 1 New Wheat, 60 lbs. or better	90c
No. 2 New Wheat, 58 lbs.	89c
Oats	18 to 20c
Good dry No. 2 Yel. Soy Beans 72c	
New No. 4 Yellow Corn, 100 lbs.	50 to 78c
Rye	45c

CENTRAL SOYA MARKET

Dry No. 2 Yellow Soy Beans—72c (Delivered to factory)

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted us during the illness and death of our wife and mother. We appreciate the many acts of kindness shown us.

Bernard Ulman and children.

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.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS BUSINESS CARDS AND NOTICES

RATES
One Time—Minimum 25c for 20 words or less. 20 words, 1/4c per word. Two Times—Minimum of 40c for 20 words or less. Over 20 words 2c per word the two times. Three Times—Minimum of 50c for 20 words or less. Over 20 words 2 1/2c per word for the three times.

FOR SALE

Poultry Raiser Save money, better chicks. B.E.C.O. Starter Grower, \$1.98 per lb. Burk Elevator phone 25.

FOR SALE—Chickadees tested flocks called for reduction; size and color White, Buff Leghorns, breeds, 7c. Buchanan's Willshire, Ohio, 4 miles Road 49.

FOR SALE—6 bred chicks. Cramer, 3 miles east Decatur.

FOR SALE—Payson to 20 acres, with buildings, black ground, court house, Huntington, Blom, City Lunch Bldg. Indiana.

FOR SALE—Chester hog, year and half old, Schults, phone 5724, half miles southwest.

FOR SALE—\$400 piano, like new; 100 Would like to contact reliable party to take over balance due. Only \$200 per month. Write Carl, 812 Main Street, Anderson.

FOR SALE—Seed potatoes; No. two, 5c lb. Fox, 3 miles west, 1/2 mile of Monroe.

FOR SALE—Early and late totes for seed and seedling. Frauniger, R. 2 1/2 miles Magley on 224.

FOR SALE—Cabbage; doz. for 15c. L. E. S. Walnut st.

FOR SALE—Four Prunus and tubers, balloons, new, cheap. 1 Buick motor 31-96, 31,000 miles, new heavy truck, 1 Reifling condition. Floyd Adams, nut st., Decatur, Ind.

FOR SALE—Sow with Walter Thime, telephone.

FOR SALE—1350 yds. Germination good. Shoaf, 4 miles east of

For Sale—Lawn and lawn fertilizer. Burk Elevator phone 25.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Two rooms for light house. Box 62 in care of Democrat.

FOR RENT—Furnished apartment over Main street. Julius Haug, phone.

WANTED

MAN for coffee route. opportunity. Automobile as bonus. Write Albert Monmouth, Cincinnati.

WANTED—Experienced lady, 25 to 35 years of age. Address Box H. R. Decatur.

M