

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 Nettinger, Willsire, Ohio. Daimon D. Case farmer, Willsire, to Malinda Mae

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, 4½ 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, 3 yr. old; 1 spotted sow; 5 shotts, about 4 lbs. each.

FEED—50 bushel corn; 9 ton good timothy hay.
IMPLEMENT, Etc.—Turnbull low wheel wagon, good; wagon box; hay ladders; Rudd 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 wacke; float; bob sleds; good buzz saw outfit; 6 in. feed grinder; 4 good hay silos; good top buggy and harness; platform scales; 7 shovel cultivator; 1½ H.P. gas engine; galvanized chicken coops; 2 ten gallon milk cans; fan mill; Anke Holt cream separator; large walnut antique cupboard; lot seasoned lumber; grain body for truck; double hopper elder 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—Auct.

Test Your Knowledge

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

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

- What is a hybrid?
- In law, what is idiocy?
- Who was Henry Havelock Ellis?
- Who composed the opera, "Ernani?"
- In what country was a whipping instrument called the knout used?
- Where is the University of California?
- Who played the principal male role in the motion picture, "The Desert Song?"
- At the mouth of what river is the city of Leningrad?
- Name the joint authors of "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs."
- 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 Alcohol Beverage Control Board of Decatur 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 of Decatur, Indiana, will begin investigation of the application of the following named persons, requesting the issue to the applicants, at the locations hereinafter set out, of the Alcoholic Beverage Permits of the classed herein, to wit, at earliest convenient 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.

Alcoholic Beverage Commission of Indiana, By R. A. SHIRLEY, Secretary

PAUL P. FRY, Excise Administrator, April 27 May 1.

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. "An 'ave 'em 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 wrenched him back.

"Get up, Flaherty," he repeated.

In the stuffy room across the street the men waited. They saw Flaherty suddenly loom up at the window. He raised his hands deprecatingly, 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 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 exploded, 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, screaming as they ricocheted into the 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.

Alcohol Beverage Commission of Indiana, By R. A. SHIRLEY, Secretary

PAUL P. FRY, Excise Administrator, April 27 May 1.

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 Mae 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.

"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. Gains 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 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 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 rods!" He was answered with a defiant volley.

He seized Gordon roughly by the arm, flung him into the hallway, prodded him ahead of him with his automatic. Gordon stumbled down the hall. At a tug from Gordon, 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. Hélène, 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 him. She felt the manacles on his wrist, and recoiled. "Hélène!" he groaned. He raised his arms, put the cuffed hands about her, held her close.

Gabriel ran to the door beyond, unlocked it, curiously 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.

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

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

door 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

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

Corrected May 4

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

Corrected May 4

One Time—Minimum charge 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 for the two times. Three Times—Minimum of 50c for 20 words or less. Over 20 words 2½c per word for the three times.

FOR SALE

Poultry Raise

Save money, raise better chicks.

B E C O Starter

Grower, \$1.98 per

lbs. Burk Elevator

phone 25.

INDIANAPOLIS LIVESTOCK

Indianapolis, Ind., May 4.—(UPI)—Livestock:

Hogs, 4,500; holdovers, 193; mostly steady; 160-225 lbs., \$10.55-\$10.65; 225-250 lbs., \$10.45-\$10.50.

250-300 lbs., \$10.15-\$10.35; 300-400 lbs., \$9.55-\$10.05; 130-160 lbs., \$10.10-\$10.25; 100-