

Test Your Knowledge

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

1. In which country is the province of Saskatchewan?
2. Who wrote "Nicholas Nickleby"?

MORRIS PLAN LOANS

Comakers
Chattels
Automobiles
\$8.00 per \$100
per year
New Cars financed
\$6.00 per \$100
per year
Repayable monthly.

The
Suttles-Edwards Co.
Representatives.

Public Auction

FRIDAY, February 12 - - 10 A. M.

HORSES - CATTLE - SHEEP and HOGS
Miscellaneous Articles.

DECATUR RIVERSIDE SALES
E. J. Ahr and Fred C. Ahr—Managers

Public Auction

As I have decided to quit farming I will sell at Public Auction on the premises located 2 mile South and 2 mile West of Monroeville; 4 miles East of Hoagland, on

THURSDAY, February 18, 1937

Commencing at 10:30 A. M. Prompt

HORSES

Bay Brood Mare heavy with foal, coming 10 yr. old, wt. 1600 lb., sound and good worker; Sorrel Filly, 8 months old, good one; Black Horse, smooth mouth, good worker.

CATTLE

Jersey Cow, 5 yr. old, giving 5 gal. milk a day; Jersey Cow, 7 yr. old giving 5 gal. milk a day; Jersey Heifer to freshen in May; Jersey Heifer to freshen in May; Jersey Heifer Calf 3 months old.

SHEEP—12 Shropshire Ewes will lamb in April. One full-blooded Shropshire Buck.

POULTRY—55 Mixed Pullets, just starting to lay.
HAY & GRAIN—12 ton Clover Hay in mow, more or less; 15 bushel Manchou Soy Beans more or less.

IMPLEMENTS

Good Wagon & Flat Box Bed; McCormick Deering Corn Planter, like new; P & O 2 Row Corn Cultivator, good one; Bradley 14" Walking Breaking Plow, new one; J-Deere 14" Sulky Plow; 2 Section Spike Tooth Harrow; 5 Shovel Cultivator; Double Shovel Plow; Set of Breaching Harness, practically new; Leather Horse Collar; Good Oil Brooder Stove; and other articles.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS

Practically new Globe Coal Range; Studio Couch, good one; Library Table; 9x12 Axminster Rug; 2 Beds; Bed Springs; Dresser; Dining Room Table and 6 chairs; Kitchen Cabinet; Glass Door Cupboard; 2-9x12 Congoleum Rugs; Drop Leaf Table; Round Oak Heating Stove; 28" Ray Boy Heating Stove.
Practically new McCormick Deering Cream Separator 500 lb. capacity.
TERMS—Cash.

FRED GIBSON

Johnson & Bartlett—Auctioneers
Monroeville State Bank—Clerk.
Ladies Aid of Monroeville M. E. Church will serve lunch.

BUY A

Better Used Cars

— Lowest Terms — Best Trades —

FORD 1936 DELUX FORDOR SEDAN — Looks and runs like new. This car must be seen to be appreciated.

FORD 1936 DELUX TUDOR SEDAN — Beautiful green finish; interior and tires cannot be told from new.

PLYMOUTH 1934 SPECIAL SEDAN — New tires; heater; original paint like new.

WILLYS 1931 4-door SEDAN — This car priced far below market price. An excellent buy.

35 Other Reconditioned Cars and Trucks to choose from. Several Model A Fords as low as \$40.00.

Al D. Schmitt Motor Sales

USED CAR LOT — FIRST STREET

THIMBLE THEATER



"A RAG, A BONE AND A YANK O' HAIR"



mental than that.
"Depression and drought have only accentuated a situation which has been long developing.

"The problem is one of arresting the decline of an agricultural economy not adapted to the climatic conditions because of lack of information and understanding at the time of settlement, and of

readjusting that economy in the light of later experience and of scientific information now available."

MARKETS AT A GLANCE

Stocks: higher; steels and rails strong.
Bonds: irregularly higher.
Curb stocks: irregularly higher.

Utilities strong.
Chicago stocks: irregularly higher.
Foreign exchange: irregularly lower. Holland guilder weak.
Grains: irregular. Wheat up more than a cent.
Chicago livestock: hogs weak, cattle and sheep steady.
Rubber: 8 to 21 points higher.

"LUXURY MODEL" by MAY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER XVI

Mr. Vandaveer was in the lobby of the penthouse as Luana and her escort came in. He greeted her kindly. She presented Jimmy.

"I expect you'll want to come to the bar and join the other young people," said Mr. Vandaveer. He led the way to the bar, and introduced them to several people.

He disappeared to get a champagne cocktail for Luana, Jimmy having been instantly seized upon by a pretty debutante who seemed attracted by his good looks.

"Where have you been hiding all the past season?" she chirped up at him, getting as close to him as was possible, under the pretext of the crowded room. "With the dearth of good-looking boys in the tag-line all this past winter, it's been simply devastating for us debs! I can only surmise you're one of the world's workers!"

"I hope I am," Luana heard Jimmy answer, with a laugh.

This on-the-make "deb" was pretty, and beautifully dressed. She had an air of absolute ease that amounted to impudence. Luana imagined she was no more than seventeen years of age.

"Get me a brandy dip, big boy, will you? And come right back. I intend to snaffle the best-looking nan here, so consider yourself lucky."

Jimmy flushed a little. Luana saw it. He went over to the bar. She thought, with a little pang: "I might have known that would be after him, too, and nail!"

How did she like New York by now? How did the work go? Jimmy came back with the brandy dip for the debutante.

She exclaimed loudly: "What? No drink for yourself? Here, waiter, a Scotch for the gentleman," grabbing the glass from a tray, she thrust it at Jimmy. "With that fine shade of hair, don't spring he had news on me that you're on the water wagon?"

Jimmy laughingly denied the impeachment.

They drank together. Presently the orchestra broke into a lightsome tune. The girl grabbed him by the arm. "Come on. Let's dance."

He turned in the direction of Luana, but the girl pulled him off. Through the open doorway, Luana had glimpses of them, the wretched child with her face literally buried in Jimmy's shirt front.

Two new men came into the bar and were presented to Luana. One of them asked her to dance. She agreed.

She pretended to be unaware of Jimmy and his partner. She chatted gaily with her own. Their faces being on a level, talking was easy.

His opening remark was practically the same as that of the girl who was now dancing with Jimmy so rapturously. He said: "Where have you been hiding all this time?"

Luana laughed. Nice that someone appreciated her, since Jimmy was so very much occupied! She flirted a little. Let it teach Jimmy a lesson. "I'm a woman of mystery. I only appear at the cocktail hour. This was her very first cocktail party, but he must not know that."

"I suppose you're fresh from school?" Here a man cut in on them. Her partner relinquished Luana with a humorous: "Line forms to the left."

She was glad that Jimmy saw she was successful. He was still grinning fatuously with the same partner. She told herself: Don't look their way. Pretend you're having a grand time. Give him a little of his own medicine.

A third man cut in on Luana. Jimmy looked longingly over at her. Fervently he wished that someone would remove the incubus from his arms!

He thought: "I must look swell with this snub nose buried in my shirt!"

The music came to an end. He parked her at the bar. Escape now, in search of Luana.

But Luana was surrounded by a bevy of new admirers, so that he could not get anywhere near her. He could only see the top of her hat, hear her musical laugh.

He went back into the bar and ordered himself a second Scotch highball. His recent partner had found a friend at the counter, for which he was duly thankful.

He told himself that cocktail parties were not in his line. Why on earth had he come?

Because Luana had asked him to. Because he found his miri l contin-

ually reverting to Luana, these Spring days that were so magic. A second conservatory lay directly beyond the one in which the musicians were playing. He would go in there and have a cigarette.

He had no wish to watch Luana flirting with other men, as she appeared to be doing, and enjoying it to the full.

He seated himself beside a little fountain that dripped pleasantly. The place was empty.

He lit his cigarette and thought of Luana. Who was he to spoil her fun? Among the rich, important men here, what was he but a detriment?

So lost in thought was he that he failed to hear the footsteps of a tall, beautiful woman who entered the little conservatory. When she spoke, he started abruptly and jumped to his feet.

Her face, was almost on a level with his own. She smiled dazzlingly at him.

"Do please sit down. I'll have a cigarette with you. It's good to escape the crowd for a minute, isn't it?" she remarked in friendly fashion.

She wore no hat. Her hair was burnished copper, framing a pale, fascinating face.

He said, a little breathlessly: "I think you are my hostess, are you not?"

Lorraine Vandaveer was intrigued. She had followed the good-looking unknown in here. Being from the South herself, she at once recognized his Southern accent.

She had always like Southern men. They had a wonderful way with women.

This one was handsome, young and shy. An unusual combination, and worth investigating.

Someone of course had brought him to her party. But why was he sitting alone in here?

Lorraine, without being in the least bit intellectual, knew how to handle men. Indeed, it had become her hobby.

Within a matter of minutes she had learned that he was a new-comer in New York and that he knew very few people.

That his work was everything to him. That he was fired with tremendous ambition.

"Such a contrast to Ramon!" thought she. Only a short half-hour ago she had quarreled with Ramon. He had been sufficiently impertinent and ill-advised to follow her to her boudoir, which infuriated her, considering how many people were in the house, and the tongue of gossip ready as always to strike at one whom beauty and fortune favored.

"Get out of here, you fool! Have you gone mad?" she had exclaimed. "Do you want to get me into a scandal?"

Cruel Lorraine! You do not understand how much I love you!" She could have willingly slapped his sleek face. How dare he display such a lack of discretion!

"Get out, I say! Do you want to have me call Simes and have you ejected bodily?"

"Lorraine, be kind to me—" But she had fairly shoved him out into the passage.

He had stood there protesting, whining. She had been terrified that at any moment some of her guests might take it into their heads to come upstairs, and see the two of them in the middle of a scene. That would be a grand bit of gossip.

Losing her temper, she had said more to Ramon than was wise. His face had darkened ominously. "You choose to insult me, you who once said you loved me—who have proved to me you loved me—"

"That's all over and done with! Can't you see I'm sick and tired of you? Don't you know when it's time to bring a thing to an end? Have you no sense of proportion? Have you gone perfectly mad with conceit?"

Ramon scowled at her. "If he is the man? Who it is who has taken my place? If I find him, I'll kill him!"

She had broken into a hysterical laugh. A taunting laugh. Fool that he was, to be thinking of sex, and nothing but sex! How could she ever have endured the creature?

"If you don't go down those stairs, I'll call Simes," she said again.

Simes was the butler. "That, Madame, is the final insult," said Ramon, with a peculiar smile that he considered deadly—indeed, he had often practised it for just such occasions. "I shall no more trouble you. I have been mistaken in you. You are like all Anglo-Saxons—cold—cold—think-

ing only of themselves—so selfish. Now I go. I do not come back again. You may telephone me, you may come to me on your bended knees, but never dare I see you again!"

With that, he had flung open the door leading from the inside of the boudoir down to the terrace via a flight of stairs. It was the most indiscreet exit possible. The wretch, she thought, was doing it on purpose!

She prayed Joel might not be on the terrace nor any of the avid gossips! Thank heaven for the busy bar!

She went into the bedroom, locked the door and went over to the mirror.

A flush was on her cheeks. That hair and green eyes and exotic type. She picked up a lipstick and accentuated the flowerlike effect of her mouth.

She sprayed scent on her hair. She searched in her bureau for an embroidered jade handkerchief that was the exact color of her eyes.

Ramon had today started her feeling of irritation with him by annexing a similar handkerchief. She thought you are my hostess, are you not?"

Like a policeman flirting with the cook," she had said, not caring how much she insulted him.

Forget about it now. Go down and mingle with her guests and enjoy herself.

But first—a sip of brandy, to pull her together. Lorraine seldom drank in public, beyond an occasional cocktail—for three good reasons.

It was bad for her figure and looks, and inevitably aged one. On the principle that one drink usually led to another, and then one was apt to make a fool of oneself, or give some secret away, when one drank, better avoid it in public. Thirdly, in this town, one achieved a certain cachet by having the reputation of not drinking.

But Lorraine kept brandy in a locked drawer in her bedroom.

She had a stiff one now, followed by a scented cachou before going down to the drawingroom.

Passing the bar, she saw a handsome but unknown young man go past the musicians to the outer conservatory. She followed him.

She noticed the fine set of his shoulders, his sure tread, his bronze hair. She thought whimsically: "I've never had a beau with hair that is practically the color of my own, although his is darker."

Presently, with the Hawaiian music drifting in on them, they were sitting side by side, and talking together.

He was unspoiled. How long would he remain that way in this city of predatory females, she wondered ironically.

She tried out of him his architectural ambitions and hopes in connection with the forthcoming Exposition.

"Now isn't that interesting!" she exclaimed. "It's quite a coincidence, for I happen to be president of a society I organized for making New York more beautiful!"

"That's splendid of you. Please tell me about it."

There was little to tell, since Lorraine had never once attended a meeting. Skilfully, she turned the subject back to beauty.

"I love beauty," she said softly, conscious that becoming green light was streaming on her through the glass roof of the conservatory. "My husband often tells me I could have been an artist. As a young girl in Virginia it was my dream to be one. But I married directly I got out of boarding-school—which was a fib—I knew nothing of life or of the world or of careers. I was only sixteen years old when I married."

He swallowed that. He said enthusiastically while watching the beautiful pale face that was unlike any other he had ever seen: "But you've all your life ahead of you!"

She gave a clever mingle of smile and sigh.

"One has so many—duties." She dropped her eyes so that he might get the full sweep of her lashes. Art had aided Nature here, but so skilfully one would never suspect it.

"You have a duty to yourself—to your own abilities—to your God-given talents, Mrs. Vandaveer," said Jimmy Randolph earnestly.

She thought: "What an old-fashioned dear he is!" She was enjoying herself hugely. She hoped no one would come in to interrupt them.

(To Be Continued)

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

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

Corrected February 10.

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

100 to 120 lbs.	\$7.95
120 to 140 lbs.	8.05
140 to 160 lbs.	9.15
160 to 180 lbs.	9.70
180 to 200 lbs.	9.75
200 to 220 lbs.	9.75
220 to 240 lbs.	9.45
240 to 260 lbs.	9.25
260 to 280 lbs.	8.95
280 to 300 lbs.	8.50
300 to 320 lbs.	8.50
320 to 340 lbs.	8.50
340 to 360 lbs.	8.50
360 to 380 lbs.	8.50
380 to 400 lbs.	8.50
400 lbs. and up	8.50
Roughs	7.00
Stags	10.00
Vealers	10.00
Ewe and wether lambs	10.00
Buck lambs	9.00
Yearling lambs	4.50

CLEVELAND PRODUCE

Butter: steady; extra 37 1/2, standards 37 1/2.	
Eggs: steady; extra grade 23 1/2, extra firsts 22; current receipts 21 1/2.	
Live poultry: firm. Hens: heavy 19; ducks 6 and up 17, small 14.	
Potatoes: 100 lb. bags, U. S. No. 1, Idaho, large sizes \$3.75-4; Ohio No. 1 mostly \$2.25-2.50, few \$2.35; Pennsylvania \$2.25-2.50; Florida \$2.15-2.25 bu. crate; Maine \$3-	

SALE CALENDAR

Roy S. Johnson
Auctioneer
Decatur, Ind.
Claim your sale date early as I am booking sales every day.

Feb. 11—Martin Reinking 3/4 mile West and 1/2 mile North of Friedheim church, closing out.

Feb. 12—Decatur Riverside Stock Sale.

Feb. 13—C. W. Allen, 2 miles West and 1/2 mile South of Oseian, closing out.

Feb. 15—Frank Morton, 1 mile East of Poe on Winchester road, closing out.

Feb. 16—Mrs. Clara Weir, 1 mile North of Haviland, Ohio on No. 127, closing out.

Feb. 17—Clint Hart, 1/2 mile East of Jefferson high school, closing out.

Feb. 17—William Bradley, 1 mi. West of Tipton, Ohio on State road No. 114, Carl Bartlett, auct.

Feb. 18—Otto Kuhn, 3 1/2 miles South and 1 mile East of Convo, Ohio, closing out.

Feb. 19—Decatur Riverside Stock Sale.

Feb. 20—Ralph Etzler 2 1/2 mile South of Monroeville, closing out.

Feb. 22—Louis Vorrel 1 1/2 mile East of Zulu, closing out.

Feb. 23—Frank Orr, 3 mile North of Celina on No. 127, closing out.

Feb. 24—Herbert Bultemeier, 3 mile Southeast of Poe, closing out.

Feb. 25—Homer Mills, 3 miles North and 1/2 mile East of Bluffton, large stock sale.

Feb. 26—Decatur Riverside Stock Sale.

Feb. 27—Bert Marquardt on Lincoln Highway, North of Monroeville. Registered Chester White Brod Sow sale.

Mar. 1—Jim Dutton, Mendon, O. Farm Implements.

Mar. 2—Joe McDaffee, 1 mile South of LaOtto on No. 3.

Mar. 4—Paul Bobay & Son, 1 mile West and 1 mile North Nine Mile House, closing out.

Mar. 5—Decatur Riverside Stock Sale.

Mar. 6—Otto Huebner, Monroeville, closing out Dairy Herd.

Mar. 8—Austin McMichaels and William Maulier, 5 miles east of Decatur on the Piqua road.

N. A. BIXLER

OPTOMETRIST

Eyes Examined - Glasses Fitted

HOURS

8:30 to 11:30 12:30 to 5:00

Saturday 9:00 a. m.

Telephone 135.

3.25 100 lb. bag, 58c 15 lb. carton; Texas \$2.15-2.25 bu. crate.

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

May July Sept.

Wheat \$1.35% \$1.17% \$1.13%

Corn, New 1.09% 1.03% .96%

Old 1.07% 1.01%

Oats .51 .45 .42%

INDIANAPOLIS LIVESTOCK

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 10.—(U.P.)

—Livestock:

Hogs, 8,000; holdovers, 71; market opened 10c lower on weights above 160 lbs., light lights and pigs, 25c lower; early top, \$10.40 on choice 200-210 lbs.; bulk 160.

180 lbs., \$10.30; 180-200 lbs., \$10.35; 200-210 lbs., \$10.40; 215-225 lbs., \$10.35; 225-235 lbs., \$10.30; 235-250 lbs., \$10.25; 250-260 lbs., \$10.20; 260-2