

CLASSIFIED
ADVERTISEMENTS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
AND NOTICES

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—CASH SPECIAL: Oil stoves, \$4.95 to \$25; 5-piece oak breakfast set, \$15; chest of drawers, \$8; mattresses, \$4.95 to \$20; bed springs, \$4.95 to \$12; iron beds, \$4.75 to \$10; Radios, mantle style, \$25; 3-piece living room suites, \$45 to \$100; 8-piece dining room suites, \$65; 3-piece bed room suites, \$48.50; refrigerators, 50-lb. ice, \$15, 100-lb. ice, \$20. This is new merchandise. Sprague Furniture Co., Monroe St. Phone 199. (b) 158-5t

FOR SALE—8 full blooded Chester White Sows, Ira Wagoner Monroe, Phone 24. 158-3ixed

FOR SALE—Electric Sewing Machine, White Rotary, like new First \$35 takes it. See it and you will take it. Erie Grocery, phone 965. g160-3ix

FOR SALE—40 acres in Washington township. Nice home can be bought at the right price. 80 acres in Washington twp. 96 acres in Kirkland township. 40 acres in Monroe twp. Three 80-acre tracts in Monroe twp. Well improved, 70 acres in Wells county. Extra well improved. Can be bought at the right price. See the J. A. Harvey Realty Co., Monroe, Ind. (g) 162-2ix—sat-wed

LOST AND FOUND

LOST: Small black 2 compartment purse this morning between Kroger store, south Second street and 422 W. Adams. Contained about \$5. Finder please call 157. (b) 152-4

WANTED

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—7 room modern house 111 South Seventh St. Phone 573-F b160-3ix

FOR RENT—House at 116 North Seventh street, Mrs. Anna Tricker, 328 Oak street. g161-3ix

BOND QUOTATIONS

New York, July 9.—(U.P.)—Closing Liberty bonds:
2½% \$101.11
First 4½s 101.24
Fourth 4½s 102.24
Treasury 4½s 105.18
Treasury 3s 92.31
Treasury 4s 102.15
Treasury 3½s 100.12
Treasury 3½s 94.01
Treasury 3½s of 47 98.17
Treasury of 43 March 98.19
Treasury of 43 June 98.22

Receives Salvaged Relic.
Saratoga Springs N. Y.—(U.P.)—A large section of Benedict Arnold's flag, the Royal Savage has been received by George O. Slingerland, superintendent of the Saratoga battlefield. The relic was presented by Jesse Rock, of Plattsburgh, who salvaged it from Lake Champlain about 30 years ago. It was one of a fleet with which the great leader, who subsequently turned traitor, hoped to prevent the British from advancing up the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Patterson of Berne visited in this city Thursday.

YAGER BROTHERS
Funeral Directors

Ambulance Service, day or night. Lady Attendant Phone 105-44. Funeral Home, 110 So. First St.

J. M. DOAN

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Modern, Dependable. 24 hour service. MRS. DOAN, Lady Attendant. Ambulance Service anywhere. Phone 1041

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Long time
LOANS

QUICK SERVICE—SMALL PAYMENTS.

That's what you get when you come here for a loan. Come in and get up to \$300 the day you apply for a loan. No delays—no red tape—no embarrassing investigation. Repayment terms arranged to suit your convenience. Call, phone or write for full particulars.

Franklin Security Co.
Over Schafer Bldg. Co.
Phone 237 Decatur, Ind.

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

BERNE MARKET
(Corrected July 9)

No commission and no yardage.

Hogs 100-150 pounds \$4.70
150-220 pounds \$5.15
220-250 pounds \$5.00
250-300 pounds \$4.80

Roughs \$3.50.
Stags \$2.00.
Vealers \$6.25.
Spring lambs \$5.50.

EAST BUFFALO LIVESTOCK

East Buffalo, N. Y., July 9.—(U.P.)

Hogs: on sale, 600; slow, weak to low; desirable 160-230 lbs. \$5.65-\$5.70; 160 and 250 pounds, \$5.50.

Cattle: Receipts, 50; dry fed steers and yearlings scarce during week; unevenly 25c to 75c higher; mostly 50c higher; grassers and cows steady to 25c higher; bulk dry feds, \$7.50-\$8.25; top, \$8.50; heifers, \$6.50-\$7.25; fleshy grassers, \$5.40-\$6.35; common kinds, \$4.25-\$5; fat cows, \$3.75-\$4.75; springing to \$5.25; cutter grades, \$1.50-\$2.75; medium bulls, \$3-\$3.50.

Calves: Receipts, 100; vealers closing 50c over last week; good to choice, \$7 to mostly \$7.50; common and medium, \$5-\$6.25.

Sheep: Receipts, none; lambs 75c to \$1.50 higher for week; medium and lower grades up most; late trade forced by acute shortage; quality plain; good to near choice, \$7.50-\$8; choice quoted, \$8.25; throwouts, \$5.25-\$6.25; heavy-weight ewes, \$2.50-\$2.75; fat heavies, \$2-\$2.50.

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

Chicago, July 9.—(U.P.)—Cash grain close:

Wheat, 4 red, 48½c.
3 hard, 49-49½c.
4 hard, 48½-48¾c.
3 yellow hard, 50¼c.
Corn, 2 mixed, 31¼c.
Corn, 1 yellow, 30c.
Corn, 2 yellow, 31¼-32c.
Corn, 2 white, 32¼c.
Oats, 2 white, 20¼-21c.
Oats, 3 white, 19-20¼c.
Oats, 3 choice, 21c.
Oats, 4 white, 19c.

Rye, no sales.
Barley, 28-40c.
Timothy, \$2.35-\$2.50.
Cover, none.

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

Chicago, July 9.—(U.P.)—Sept. Dec.

Wheat, old 48 50½%
Wheat, new 48 50½%
Corn 29½ 31½ 31½%
Oats 19½ 20½ 22

FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK

Fort Wayne, Ind., July 9.—(U.P.)

Hog market 15c to 20c higher; pigs \$5.00-\$5.15; lights \$5.25-\$5.40; light lights \$5.15-\$5.25; mediums \$5.15-\$5.25; heavies \$5.00-\$5.15; light roughs \$4.50; heavy roughs \$3.50-\$4; stags \$2.50-\$3; calves \$6.50; ewe and wether lambs \$6-\$6.50; bucks \$5-\$5.50.

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

(Corrected July 9)

No. 2 New Wheat 35c
30 lbs. White Oats 16c
28 lbs. White Oats 15c
Soy Beans 30c
New No. 3 White Corn 29c
New No. 3 Yellow Corn 34c
LOCAL GROCERS EGG MARKET
Eggs, dozen 10c

MARKETS AT A GLANCE

By United Press

Stocks irregular; packing issues active on higher hog prices.

Bonds advance irregularly; German issues soar to new highs.

Curb stocks steady in narrow range; utilities supported.

Chicago stocks quiet and irregular; motors strong.

Foreign exchange easy; sterling and francs dip.

Wheat dips almost a cent; corn and oats easy.

Chicago livestock: hogs steady to weak; cattle steady; sheep nominal.

Cotton drops about fifty cents a bale.

S. E. BLACK

Funeral Director

Efficient, courteous, capable service. Calls answered day and night. Ambulance service. 500—Phones—727

For Better Health See

DR. H. FROHNAPFEL

Licensed

Chiropractor and Naturopath
Office Hours: 10 to 12 a. m.
1 to 5 p. m. 6 to 8 p. m.
Phone 314 104 So. 3rd st.

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

THIMBLE THEATER



Test Your Knowledge

Can you answer seven of these test questions? Turn to Page Four for the answers.

1. Name the capital of South Dakota?
2. Which city in Illinois is the largest?
3. Name the capital and largest city of American Samoa?
4. What is the political status of the Canal Zone?

5. Where is Singapore?
6. Who is President of Mexico?
7. Which is the smallest Republic in the world?
8. Where is the Amazon River?
9. Who governs Hong Kong?
10. Who presides over the United States Senate?

1. Name the lower body of the British Parliament?
2. Name the official publication of the U. S. Congress?
3. Name the capital of Canada?
4. For whom was Pennsylvania named?

5. What is the motto of the United States?
6. Where are the Everglades?
7. Which state is nicknamed "Pine Tree"?
8. In which country is the Nile the principal river?
9. Who is king of the Belgians?
10. Who is Governor of Pennsylvania?

Park Plan Dance, Saturday and Sunday, SUNSET.

TWENTY YEARS
AGO TODAY

From the Daily Democrat File

Miss Ireta Erwin and Frances Cole return to school work at Valparaiso.

Clyde Death, night operator at Cloverleaf, is held up by thugs.

Showers of meteors fall in Northern Indiana, one gives brilliant light here.

Mrs. B. P. Rice goes to Oklahoma. Herman Ehinger succeeds Will Dowling as collector for Citizens Telephone Co.

Mrs. Frank Carroll entertains Miss Vera Hofstetter and Mrs. Frank Duell of Frankfort at dinner.

Mrs. P. B. Thomas and son, Bryce, return from three week's visit at Indianapolis.

E. A. Ehinger leaves for St. Louis Mo., on business.

Otto Wemhoff entertains friends at 6 o'clock dinner at Murray Hotel.

Abraham Spunger celebrates

71st birthday with large gathering.

Missouri Without a Race.

Columbia Mo., — (U.P.) —

the University of Missouri its fall term it will be a member of the Roach family the first time since 1908.

llyn and Catherine Elmer twins, graduated this spring the eleventh and twelfth of the family to leave the since an older sister years ago.

"MURDER of the NIGHT CLUB LADY"

THE NEW THATCHER COLT DETECTIVE MYSTERY

SYNOPSIS

Lola Carewe, "The Night Club Lady", is mysteriously murdered in her penthouse apartment at three o'clock New Year's morning. An hour later, the body of Lola's guest, Christine Quires, is found in Lola's room. Christine had been killed first and her body hidden. Dr. Hugh Baldwin attributes both deaths due to heart failure. Guy Everett, Christine's New Year's Eve escort, claims he brought her home at 12:15 and then went riding, alone, on the Motor Parkway. Mrs. Carewe, Lola's mother, denies seeing Christine return. Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt discounts District Attorney Dougherty's theory that Lola was killed by a jewel thief ring she headed and that Christine met the same fate for knowing too much. Vincent Rowland, Lola's lawyer, discloses that Everett loved Lola and was jealous of Dr. Baldwin. The Commissioner telephones a picture of a young man, named Basil, found on Lola's dresser, to the Paris Prefect of Police requesting that he identify it and investigate Lola's past. The police are on the trail of Christine's brother, Edgar, who left his Rochester home for New York after receiving a telegram New Year's Eve. Christine was to have inherited wealth shortly. Dr. Multooler, the medical examiner, contradicts Dr. Baldwin's statement that heart failure caused the deaths.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

THERE was no indication of a history of old heart trouble? In either girl?"

"None whatever. The girls' hearts were sound as a dollar."

"But Doctor Baldwin told us Lola had suffered from a weak heart."

"Something wrong there, Mr. Colt. I know damn well that her heart could not have suddenly gone haywire and caused the condition I found. The heart muscle constrictions in both girls were simply unbelievable."

"Have you no theory at all as to what caused the constriction of the heart muscles?" asked Colt.

"I admit it would look like some foreign cause—poison—something external that had just got into the system either the minute before you found her, or sometime afterward," declared the Assistant Medical Examiner stoutly. "But I went all over them again—even shaved their heads—there was no trace of poison, and furthermore there was no skin puncture anywhere except on Lola Carewe's arm, the tiny hole made by Doctor Baldwin's hypodermic needle. And that's been analyzed down here. It was absolutely innocent—the solution of adrenalin was absolutely harmless!"

Colt cleared his throat unhappily.

"Now, Doctor Multooler," he said, "please don't take what I am going to say as a criticism. And I am sorry to ask you to work any more, after the pace you've been going. But this much I know—unless I am making the biggest blunder of my life, there has to be a puncture somewhere on the body of Christine Quires. Will you look again?"

"Mr. Commissioner!"

The voice of Doctor J. L. Multooler rang with injury and reproach.

"You know you can count on me!" he cried earnestly. "Of course I'll look again. Maybe I'll find something this time. And I'm all the more willing, Mr. Colt, because—even though I have failed to find anything—I know this is murder!"

"What makes you say that?"

"That belt you found!"

"Belt?"

"Strap, I mean—the strap with the buckle on it!"

"What did they find?" urged Colt, his voice charged with eagerness.

"Mr. Colt, they found on the leather of that strap a number of microscopic pieces of human skin."



"Mr. Colt," he declared, "I have come here, hounded by my conscience, to make a confession."

"There is no doubt that the strap was around the throat of Christine Quires!"

So—this explained the diabolical markings on the dead girl's throat! But what did that make clear?

"Could she have been choked to death?" asked Thatcher Colt.

"Absolutely not!" declared Doctor Multooler, emphatically.

"You will try again?" begged Colt.

"At once, Mr. Colt."

"Thank you," said Thatcher Colt crisply.

"Happy New Year," caroled the autopsist as he hung up.

There was a baffled glint in the eyes of Thatcher Colt as he turned from the telephone and repeated what he had heard to District Attorney Dougherty.

"How was the thing done?" he demanded aloud, as he sat back and filled his pipe. "There are no really new methods in crime. But I can't remember a single case that resembles this one!"

Then, with a philosophical sigh, he added:

"However, we have only started."

Further comment was held up by entrance of the black Arthur pushing a breakfast table on wheels. The sight and smell of that meal suddenly made me realize that we had been working all night and that I, for one, was ravenous.

In silence we began to eat. There was creamed chicken on toast, hot rolls and marmalade, and the exquisite coffee which Colt's butler grinds and boils with such loving artistry; the smell of that coffee is like an incense in my memory. After his third cup of that priceless beverage, and a voracious attack on the chicken, Dougherty leaned back, beaming brightly. When at last he spoke, his conversation had nothing to do with the crime. Instead, Dougherty began to talk of his shooting lodge in the Adirondacks of the ways of wild game in fog and sunshine, and the joys of living the hermit's life, which Dougherty, who had been married three times and had eleven children, could hymn with gusto. Colt responded in kind, enthusing over the fishing near the shores of Cape Cod, where he has his summer home. In the vein the talk rolled on, until Arthur interrupted us with an announcement:

"What speaksay?" asked Colt.

"A blankness came into the actor's eyes and then as quickly disappeared."

"It was the North Star, on West Fifty-eighth Street, near Sixth Avenue."

I made a note of this, as Thatcher Colt motioned for Everett to proceed.

(To Be Continued)

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"Who was it that she found out meant to kill Lola?" cut in Colt anxiously.

"Ah, she wouldn't tell me that," groaned Guy Everett, gracefully flexing his silken handkerchief against his brow. "I begged, I entreated, I pleaded, I pleaded, I pleaded the poor girl, until she claimed she felt ill and made me bring her home. I offered to take her to a hotel. No, she wouldn't hear of it. She finally said the best thing to do was to go back to the apartment and have the whole thing out. But she wouldn't give in one inch and tell me anything about the matter that had worried her so. And that was all!"

"Did you ever threaten Lola?" asked Dougherty, recalling the story we had heard in the penthouse.

"Yes. We had several violent scenes. But I meant her no real harm!"

"Of course not," purred Dougherty, folding his hands over his vest.

"She gave you not even a hint?" asked Colt in a low tone.

"I have told you all that I know. And I ask your pardon for having lied in the first place. I don't know what it all means—but perhaps what I have told you will help you!"

Colt gave the exhausted Thatchplan a drink. For more than half an hour the Commissioner and the District Attorney pried at Everett with questions, but they learned nothing more than he had already told them. He gave his promise that he would remain at the Axtion Club for the rest of the day, subject to call. With his face warmed with his whiskey and soda, and a light of belief in his eye, Guy Everett bowed himself through the door. As soon as he was gone, I telephoned to Headquarters, assigning a man to the North Star speakeasy, to confirm, if possible, Everett's story that he was there.

"If that isn't substantiation of my theory, I don't know what it is," exclaimed Dougherty. "Christine had found out something."

"About Lola's life being in danger—not about jewels," said Colt. "And don't forget Christine's unreasonable fear of Chung."

"That's Mrs. Carewe's story," demurred Dougherty. "Somehow, I don't put much stock in that."

"This dramatic confession of Everett's doesn't clear him, either," continued Colt. "He made it only after he knew we had punctured his alibi. And he took time to think up a careful story. But it is remarkable that he drags in Doctor Baldwin's name again. I am afraid we shall have to look carefully into Doctor Baldwin and his connections!"

Arthur had poured fresh coffee and we needed it. Now he returned,

bearing a sealed police department envelope on a silver tray, seized it instantly, remarking, "Dougherty that it was undoubtedly the report from the eminent chemist on Doctor Baldwin's hypodermic solution. It says that Multooler had told us: 'As for the hypodermic solution, administered by the hypodermic needle. There was no drug administered. There was a moderate harmless quantity of alcohol which Doctor Baldwin had fully administered.'"

It was now the full bright morning. We bathed and shaved. The Commissioner's variously tinted bath and then in the Commissioner's we rode downtown. Very little said on that hasty journey—talked and thought the long through and for this brief rest we rested. On the sidewalk of the old Georgian Headquarters building—in bright sunshine we had inherited New York from storm of the night before—ranged to lunch together at District Attorney's club and Chrysler Building, and then Dougherty hastened on to his office.

It was just eight o'clock on morning of January first, that Thatcher Colt and I returned to the Commissioner's private office at the north end of the floor of the building at 240 City Street.

On the chief's desk lay the tabloids screaming out the double murders. In a nest beside them was stacked a pile of reports on various angles of case, and Colt prepared to pick directly into them, as Flynn, eyed and remorseless, came in luted, and slouched on a chair side the Commissioner.

"I can summarize most of for you, chief," proposed the spectator, amiably closing one eye.

"Shoot!"

"I've had fifty men working night long, yanking people out of bed and our information is complete. It doesn't help us. I had a talk with Lola's last morning. He says she has enemies that he knows of."

"A man with a positive record for misinformation!" commended Colt.

"Right, chief. Anyway, he's filthy rich; he has the key her safe-deposit boxes but give them up without a counter. I left word with the District office."

"Right. We'll get the keys this hour. What next?"

"Well, chief—you were right about that hair you found in penthouse—"

"It did come from Christine Quire's head?"

"No doubt about that. It's the property clerk now—"

"Leave it there until I need it!"

"We've looked up the profiles of everybody in the pretty near, Lowell Courtleigh, elevator boy, is okay. His station's all right and he has an apartment house full of witless Courtleigh is eliminated."

"Chung?"

"Not so hot. He got in the Exclusion Act. Comes of well-to-do family—all Chinese, course, but plenty of jack. The sulate in New York say he's a good man, but the Legation in Washington say he is too with some radical Chinese political movements. He is well acquainted with an Italian married wife of an artichoke dealer in Harlem, and a tattooed lady museum on Fourteenth Street."

(To Be Continued)

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