

CLASSIFIED  
ADVERTISEMENTS,  
BUSINESS CARDS,  
AND NOTICES

## MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL  
AND FOREIGN MARKETS

## FOR SALE

FOR SALE—14 sheets, weight 70 lbs. Fred Bittner, Route 5, Decatur. 7 miles northeast of Decatur. 173-G3t

FOR SALE—Northern Michigan Cherries, Thursday morning, July 26. Texaco Service Station, Preble. 17512x

FOR SALE—Ice box and cornet. Phone 765, Mrs. A. R. Ashbaucher. 175-g3t

FOR SALE—Transparent Apples, 70¢ bushel, Glen Marshall, 1285 10th St. Phone 1012. 174-3t

FOR SALE—Fine city dwelling, excellent location. A bargain and investment for right party. For information call Fruchte and Litterer, phone 242. 175t3

FOR SALE—Last load far northern Michigan sweet and sour cherries, Thursday morning, July 26. Manhan store, Monmouth; C. S. Bryan and Thomas Griffith, Kirkland Twp. Priced \$1.20 up. Berries brought if ordered by Tuesday evening. 174-2t4

## WANTED

For RADIO or ELECTRICAL repairs call MARCELLUS MILLER, phone 625. I specialize in auto radio installation and repairs. Miller Radio Service, 226 No. 7th st. 172t4

## FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished house, 438 Mercer Ave. 175t3

FOR RENT—Furnished light housekeeping apartment. Ground floor porch, basement, rent reasonable. Inquire 1127 W. Monroe St. 167-1t4

## LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Eye glasses at Adams Theatre Friday night. Reward. Bring to Democrat. 174-2t4

## LAMPS

Lamp Plugs  
and Sockets  
for All Cars.

ENGLAND'S  
AUTO PARTS

1st Door So. of Court House  
Phone 282

## Electrocuted By Fan

Glouster, O.—(U.P.)—Death by electrocution while she was using an electric fan, came to Mrs. Fred Householder, 32. Coroner L. F. Jones said the current was induced through her body because her feet were wet from sprinkling the lawn.

## Cat Captured Carrier Pigeon

Ashtabula, O.—(U.P.)—“See what the cat caught in it” exclaimed Vic Engren when the family feline tugged heavily at something on the front steps. The Engren family looked, found carrier pigeon, elevated. The cat had not injured the weakened bird.

## Fingers Worth \$280.50 Each

New Orleans.—(U.P.)—Four fingers of John Calhoun were worth \$280.50 each the Louisiana Supreme Court decided here. He accidentally chopped them off while working for a lumber company.

## MAGICLEAN

“SUPER-CLEANING THAT RESTORES BEAUTY TO CLOTHES”

Sheets Bros. Cleaners  
N. 2nd st. Phone 359

See me for Federal Loans  
and Abstracts of Title.

French Quinn.  
Schirmeyer Abstract Co.

High in Energy.

CLOVERLEAF  
ICE CREAM  
Approved by Good Housekeeping

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 125.

Occasional and  
Pull-up Chairs  
\$4.50 to \$19.50

Odd Chairs of Drawers  
\$9.95

Sprague Furn. Co.  
152 S. Second St. Phone 199

## THEY CALL IT GASTRONOMY

It's the art of preparing and serving appetizing food. Yes, it's a real art. There's as much difference between good cookery and just cookery as there is between a "kitchen mechanic" and an "artist."

Our Washington Bureau has ready for you a bulletin on LEARNING TO COOK. It will repay the few minutes study that you will need to give to it. And it will remain a valuable reference source for future consultation. Fill out the coupon below and send for:

CLIP COUPON HERE

Dept. 295, Washington Bureau, DAILY DEMOCRAT,  
1322 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C.

I want a copy of the bulletin LEARNING TO COOK, and enclose herewith five cents in coin (carefully wrapped), to cover return postage and handling costs:

N A M E \_\_\_\_\_

STREET & No. \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

I am a reader of the Decatur Daily Democrat, Decatur, Ind.

Woman Is Railroad President in the United States, is president Birmingham, Ala.—(U.P.)—Miss of the Tolberton Railroad. The Virginia Persons, thought to be the railroad operates through central only woman holding such position Alabama.

## DEATH SONG!

by JOAN CLAYTON AND MALCOLM LOGAN

## CHAPTER XXIV

The two quarrelsome inseparables, Clendening and Cross, were among the witnesses summoned. Cross, looking very healthy, sought my sympathy at once.

“It's absolutely inconsiderate, making me come all the way up here!” he complained. “They should have held the inquest at the cottage, if they had to hold one at all, don't you think so, Mr. Fowler?”

“They probably won't keep you more than a few minutes,” I said.

Clendening interrupted with a short, sardonic laugh.

“It won't hurt a big fat hulk like you,” he said. “I wish my heart was as good as yours.”

“If yours were as bad as mine, you'd probably be dead!” Cross retorted angrily. “Why, the specialist in New York told me—”

“I know what he told you, Milton. My lord, I've heard it often enough! He probably told you you had a bad heart just to get rid of you.”

A deputy sheriff stepped through the door of the manager's office and called, “Mr. Cross! Mr. Cross!”

“You don't have to yell at me,” Cross replied with great dignity. “I'm coming.”

The crowd made way for him and he walked to the door at his usual slow, timorous gait. Clendening sat down in a chair. He was pale and his respiration was rapid.

“What's the news of Lakeside?” I asked.

Clendening grinned. He took off his glasses and began to polish them. His eyes looked strange and unseeing without the spectacles.

“Milton got in a temper last night and smashed my record of ‘Waiting For You.’ I'm afraid I annoyed the poor sick fellow, playing it so much.”

“You seem very interested in that record,” I remarked.

He replaced his glasses and looked at me. “I hear your friend Hillyer's a buddy of Finn's now,” he said. “If he's trying to solve Vail's murder, it might pay him to listen to that record.”

“What do you mean?”

He leaned closer and whispered. “That record means something! I don't know what yet, but there's some reason that particular record was on the phonograph when we found Vail. I've been studying the words. I copied them all before Cross got sore and smashed it.”

“You think there's some significance to that?”

He nodded solemnly. “It's there, all right. Sometimes I seem just about to understand it,” he sighed. “But it always gets away from me.”

Cross came out of the room then and Clendening's name was called. “Tell Hillyer to look into it,” he said and then he went to give his testimony. Cross went directly to the portico in back of the building, got in the waiting bus and was driven back to his cottage, looking as though he expected to be fatally stricken. I saw Ruxton on the other side of the foyer and went to join him.

“How are you?” I asked.

“Very well, thank you,” he replied. He did not look ill, but it was one of the conventions of the sanatorium that most patients never admitted to feeling badly. Ruxton sat with his chin in the palm of his hand, and he glanced away from me the moment he had spoken. Apparently he did not want to talk. I respected his wish and left him.

I smiled as I thought of Clendening's rather childish belief that the banal words of Vail's favorite song had some hidden and significant meaning. But, as no news was too trivial for Mark, I decided to repeat it to him. Presently I went outside, lit a cigarette and began to stroll around the grounds. As I passed Anderson's office I could see the several reporters sitting by the window. They were all leaning forward, looking very alert, and I wondered how much of the story they were hearing. Later I learned that

Finn and the district attorney had conspired to present the case very cleverly, stressing Joe's tenuous connection with it and passing very lightly over the inexplicable circumstance of the phonograph. The exchange of rooms between Vail and Ruxton was not even mentioned, but much was made of Joe Barker's acquaintance with Felipe and Felipe's flight.

The verdict of the jury, returned late in the afternoon, was that Vail died at the hands of some person or persons unknown and that Joe Barker had died by his own hands.

The implication was exactly what Anderson had wanted: that the evidence against Joe was not legally conclusive, but that there was little reason to doubt that he was the murderer. That evening we learned that Finn considered the case closed and was leaving the sanatorium the next day.

Dave Finn was not the shrewdest man, but he had the shrewdest, the talent for survival, common to politicians. The management of Sherwood Forest Sanatorium had wanted the investigation of Vail's murder closed as quickly as possible. Recognizing the political importance of that wealthy community, Finn had been most anxious to oblige, and Joe's death had given him his opportunity.

The inquiry was officially closed. Nevertheless, Finn was not at all convinced that Joe had murdered Seifert Vail, and though he concealed these doubts from the sanatorium officials, he did not want to leave without providing against possible unexpected developments.

It was natural that he should go to Mark for assistance. The day after the inquest, before he and his deputies went back to town, he made a quiet and hurried visit to Mark's room. Mark told me about it, imitating the sheriff's heavy voice and slyly exaggerating Finn's important official manner.

“I'm a minister without portfolio,” he said. “I'm an unofficial ambassador. I'm the sheriff's eyes and ears and brain here, and if you ask me, I'm a great improvement on the original. Finn has made a strategic retreat, but he's keeping his rear well covered. If anything happens while he's away, I'm to let him know, so he won't be caught napping.”

“He didn't have much trouble persuading you to accept the job, did he?” I asked.

Mark laughed. “No,” he said. “I'm not bashful, you know.” His laughter increased. “Finn was in a spot. He wanted to use me, but he was scared to death I'd go poking around digging up a lot of embarrassing information. He couldn't ask me not to in so many words, and Finn isn't very good at it.”

“I hope the trail's not too cold now. But last week there were so many other things that for a while I forgot the mysterious visitor.” He opened the time-table. “The afternoon train that arrives at Cold Valley at 3:02 gets to the station below, Echoville, at 2:49. It arrives at the station above Cold Valley at 3:18.”

“That would be too late,” I said. “If you wanted to get to the sanatorium just at 3:30 you'd have to get off either at Cold Valley or Echoville.”

Mark nodded. “Smart boy, By a process of elimination, it appears that Echoville's the place. I want you to go there this afternoon, right after lunch. Don't drive down, take a taxi. See if you can find any taxi driver there who brought anyone to the san last Thursday afternoon.”

Immediately after lunch I set out on my mission. My taxi was summoned from Cold Valley. As I drove down the long road through the woods that led to the entrance of the sanatorium, I wondered how I could make my inquiries without seeming too officious. I regretted that I had not discussed it with Mark, but after some hard thinking I found a way. I settled into my seat, very much pleased with my ingenuity.

We rolled through the gates of the sanatorium and out on the smooth state highway. It was fairly cool riding, but the country showed the effects of the long heat wave. The grass was sere and the leaves of the trees were drooping and listless. We passed a few poor, scattered farms, a golf course, and several frame summer houses on whose verandas women rocked and fanned themselves and gossiped. It took us about twenty minutes to reach Echoville, and there at the railroad station I dismissed the taxi.

He became himself again, and, reaching over, pulled a photograph from under some magazines on his bedside table.

“Here's an enlargement of the photograph of the murderer he gave me for a souvenir. When I've solved the case, I'm going to ask him to break. Just take it easy and let things ride, but let me know if anything happens.”

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## Test Your Knowledge

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

1. When was the World's Columbian Exposition held in Chicago?

2. Where was Adolf Hitler born?

3. By what sobriquet was Edmond Charles Edward Genet known?

4. What school uses the initials V. P. I.?

5. Does slitting a parrot's tongue make it talk better?

6. Who is the author of “Drift Fence?”

7. Which woman's temperance organization was organized in 1883?

8. Give the source of the quotation: “As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.”

9. On what lake is the city of Geneva, Switzerland?

10. Was George Washington on a

## Gov. McNutt Is Honored Fair Visitor



When Gov. McNutt paid his official visit to the new World's Fair in Chicago, Thursday, July 19, he was given a military reception in the Court of Honor, including the salute of 19 guns accorded governors, and then proceeded to inspect the troops from Camp Roosevelt, the Fair's military camp. Here he is seen with Capt. James Brown, left, and Major Morris M.

Keck, as they pass before the colors in review, that ceremony the governor and his official party were received by Rufus C. Dawes, president of A Century of Progress, and were guests at a formal luncheon in the Trustees' room in the Administration building with Capt. James Brown, left, and Major Morris M.

at the Hall of States.

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