

GRADUATE TELLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

variety of vocations from which the students may choose. They are given a chance to try out the different vocations until they are sure which ones they like and want to specialize in. Among them are carpentry, sheetmetal, ornamental concrete, printing, electricity, shorthand and typing for the boys and cooking, cafeteria management, commercial art, sewing, beauty culture, power machine sewing and shoe shop, as secretaries to teach-

business training which covers all the phases of bookkeeping, accounting, shorthand and business methods in general.

"Each high school student should learn to save and realize that the authorities at Mooseheart decided to work out a plan whereby every student be employed during his last two years at Mooseheart. Accordingly, the student is employed wherever needed on the grounds, working in the gardens, parks, in

grocery store, department store, power sewing department, etc.

"The money thus earned is distributed into three accounts, checking, saving and clothing. Most of the money is put in the clothing account because with this the student is to purchase all the clothing that is necessary for his last two years. The money in the saving account is kept until the student graduates. The checking account can be spent for anything

which the student particularly desires. "This plan teaches the student to save his money and to care for his clothing and personal belongings, and gives him an idea of what he will have to face when he leaves Mooseheart.

"In the summer months the students go to Moose Lake to camp. There they spend their time boating, swimming, playing volleyball, baseball, tennis, croquet, and riding ponies.

Following is the regular daily schedule for students:

"Breakfast—6:30.
"School—8:20.
"Dinner—12:00.
"School—1:15.
"Dismissed—3:40.

"The remainder of the day is spent in recreation and in rehearsing in the various activities of school and home life.

"Well, all good times must come to a close and so must my happy times at Mooseheart. But the memories of them will ever be with me."

SYNOPSIS

As Dick Bannister, young explorer, emerges from the exclusive Park Avenue residence hotel of his brother, Hod, the body of a man comes hurtling through the air, followed by a snow leopard. The man, obviously a servant, had fallen about twenty stories. Shortly after, Dick notices a beautiful girl standing in the doorway, order her chow to bring the robe to her. Dick's air, "Bully," fights with the chow for possession of it. When the girl finally retrieves it—in pieces—she hastily runs her fingers over it and exclaims: "The clasp and girdle—gone!" Dick promises to make restitution for the torn leopard skin but the girl says, "That is impossible. The fur is not easily replaced, if at all; much less the clasp and girdle." The hotel manager approaches and begs the girl not to "feel the accident too deeply." The dead man had only been employed the previous day. Never before had Dick been so attracted to any girl. After she goes, it dawns on him that he does not even know her name and he is scheduled to leave town on a long journey that night.

CHAPTER II

Bannister got to his feet. He was moving toward the door when Hod's butler opened it noiselessly from within, revealing a tall blue figure on the threshold. It was the policeman who had taken Bannister's name as a witness to the death of the Filipino boy.

"You'll have to come up to the Sire apartment, Mr. Bannister," said the man, speaking with quiet authority. "Captain Boyle says that the little Filipino was murdered and thrown out of the window."

"Murdered, eh?" Bannister felt a thrill. Here he was to be dragged by an arm of the law to the very place he had expected to enter with apologies. He stepped into the elevator with his blue coated escort.

"Accident—was my report," said the policeman, "but the medical examiner found a little round hole in the kid's back. That's what brought the Homicide Squad here."

They stepped off at the twentieth floor. "It's a duplex apartment," the man explained. "The Sires occupy two floors—the poor kid took his dive from the upper level."

"Anyone with him at the time?"

"Only Miss Sire, as far as we know."

"Who?"

"Miss Karen Sire—the gal who made the fuss over that fur down in the courtyard. I saw her talking to you."

Karen Sire! Bannister had learned her name; it felt musically enough even from the policeman's lips.

She was believed to have been alone on the floor with the Filipino when he was stabbed and thrown from the window. A cold suspicion of murder enveloped her—the man's tone, his manner, his professional leer, left no doubt of that.

Bannister stroked the long, gleaming overhair and plunged his fingers into the thick fur. "Never been worn," he decided, after inspecting it with deeply engrossed interest. "Looks to me as though it had been kept as a curio, prized like an old parchment. The girl was right. It might be difficult, even impossible, to duplicate such a skin as this."

Yet the thought of his impetuous promise to replace the fur persisted. A trip to Asia would be a mere errand for him, the shooting of a wild beast an accustomed chore that often had been an incident to his labors as a geologist. An incident? More accurately, it was his ruling passion. But never before had his sportsmanship been fired by the impulse he felt now—the desire to do some chivalrous service for a girl.

A sudden fear smote him; he was going away that night—going to Nova Scotia to prospect for gypsum on the steep shores of the Bay of Fundy—and yet he had not even learned her name!

(To Be Continued)

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NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY

STATE OF INDIANA
ADAMS COUNTY SS.
In the matter of the estate of Henrietta Ray, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executor of the estate of Henrietta Ray, deceased, will offer for sale at Public Auction at the late residence of said decedent in Monroe Township, Adams County, State of Indiana on August 12, 1935.

The personal property of said estate consisting of one garden plow, 2 tubs, 2 buckets, one sprinkling can, one fork and shovel, one wringer, one oil pump, one garden rake, one copper kettle, one iron bed, one set of chairs, three rocking chairs, two stands, one bureau, one sewing machine, one electric carpet sweeper, one porch swing, one day bed, one iron bed, two corner cupboards, one pedestal, two clocks, one heating stove, one cook stove, one oil cook stove, one kitchen cabinet, one table, 2 linoleums, two small rugs one electric and flat iron, and miscellaneous articles. Terms cash, in hand no property to be removed till settled for.
Thomas D. Kern, Executor
Fred Engle, auctioneer.
July 20-27 A-3.

into chaos. In a vague way Bannister had heard of Sire as an occasional market raider, as a plotter of revolutions, as a White House guest, as a hospital visitor, as a giver of great gifts to science. This rumor, he concluded, could hardly be associated with any of the great Sire doings. It looked more like a killing done by a common hotel thief, trapped in his operations.

But the policeman was waiting. Together they moved to the elevator and ascended. Tall, bronzed and as his escort, Bannister stepped into the Sire apartment, fumbling at the pieces of leopard skin to which he had clung in the ascent. The policeman led the way through an expansive foyer; as they moved upstairs the vistas every-



"We find," the detective continued, "that the Filipino boy was stabbed in the back."

where presented luxurious settings. It was one of those town homes of recent development which have so rapidly decimated the stately individual mansions of New York.

"Here you are," said the policeman, pausing at the open door of a large room and stepping back into the shadows.

There was nothing dramatic in the grouping within—nothing to suggest the presence of tragedy. A heavy-set, commonplace man with a derby tilted back on his head was seated at a telephone; another, hairless, gray, alert and smoothly groomed, stood near an ornate aquarium, conversing quietly with Miss Sire. The window through which the servant had gone to his death was still open, its heavy drapery flapping a requiem.

The smooth gray man turned to the newcomer. "Mr. Bannister? I am the detective in charge—Captain Boyle."

Bannister nodded, sending a reassuring smile toward the girl. She did not smile in return.

"We find," the detective continued, "that the Filipino boy, whose body has just been examined, was stabbed in the back before he left this room—that way." He pointed to the open window.

Bannister nodded again, omitting the smile.

"The body, I am told, fell almost at your feet in the courtyard."

"Yes."

"Did you see anything of a knife—a stiletto or dirk?"

"No."

"Sure of that?"

"Quite sure!"

"Sit down, please."

Bannister dropped into a chair and threw the ragged bits of fur

SOCIETY.

MOOSE WOMEN ENJOY WEINER ROAST

The Women of the Moose were entertained Thursday night with a weiner roast at the home of Mrs. William Noll at Pleasant Mills. Following the supper, the members formed tables at bunco in the entertaining rooms of the Noll home and prizes were won by Mrs. Bob August and Betty Hoffman. Home made ice cream and cake were served and music was furnished by the washboard band comprising George and Glen Clark.

Those present were Miss Doris Durbin, Mrs. Albert Miller and Joan, Mrs. Edna Roop and Donnette, Mrs. J. M. Breiner, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Haler, Mr. and Mrs. Bob

CLUB CALENDAR

Society Deadline, 11 A. M.
Miss Mary Macy
Phones 1000—1001

Saturday

Monroe M. E. Epworth League ice cream social, before hatchery building.

Christian Ladies Aid Society supper, church basement, 5 to 7 p. m.

Party Dance, North Room of Elks Home, 9:30 p. m.

Members dance, B. P. O. Elks home, 9:30 p. m.

Sunday

Young Peoples Society of Faithful Church, ice cream social.

Tuesday

Root Township Home Economics Club, Mrs. Charles Johnson.

Thursday

M. E. Ladies Aid Society, Mrs. B. J. Rice home, 2:30 p. m.

August and son Bob, Mr. and Mrs. C. Troutner and sons Verle and Bill, Mrs. Huffman and daughters Betty and Rosemary, Mrs. William Lister, Beulah and Treva, Mrs. Mary Keller, Grace and Florence Lichtensteiger, Mrs. D. Dietkes, Mrs. Ole Mae Portney, Miss Mildred Forke and Glen and George Clark.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Church will meet Thursday afternoon at two-thirty o'clock at the home of Mrs. B. J. Rice, 237 North Fifth street. Miss Kate Mangold and Mrs. P. G. Riker will be the hostesses. All members are urged to be present as plans will be made for stand for dairy day.

Y. M. C. CLASS ENJOYS WEINER ROAST

The members of the Young Married Couples class of the Methodist Sunday school, their families and guests enjoyed a hamburger fry and weiner roast at Sunset park Friday evening.

Following the supper the regular routine of business was conducted and a social time was enjoyed.

HAPPY HOME MAKERS ENTERTAIN MOTHERS

The Root township Happy Home Makers met at the Mounmouth school recently, and at this meeting the girls entertained their mothers. The roll call was answered by naming the most unpleasant household task.

Mary Louise Rabbitt and Margaret Moses gave a sewing demonstration on how to make seams. Sanna Kunkel gave a demonstration in food preparation, "making dish washing more pleasant."

Nine of the club girls presented a play, "Work and Win." A reading, "Jimmy's Resolution" was given by Mary Louise McCoy. Delicious refreshments were served by the hostesses, Vera and Avonol Beindol, Elma Wynn and Mrs. R. O. Wynn. Guests at the meeting were Mrs. Ernest Tumbleson, Mrs. Charles Johnson, Mrs. Dales Moses and Mrs. Sherman Kunkel, and the club leader, Mrs. Wynn.

INTERESTING MEETING OF PHILATHAE CLASS

Thirty-one members and guests of the Baptist Philathae class attended the interesting meeting held Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Gettys Farmer near Ossian.

Mrs. Clarence Hilyard, president of the class, had charge of the business session and Miss Jessie Winnes had charge of the devotion and program. She used as her subject, "Foundations and Anchors."

Miss Gracie Miller of Royal Oaks, Michigan, read a poem, "The Road of Life." Bible games were enjoyed and awards were given Mrs. C. E. Bell, Mrs. J. Strickler, Mrs. Zimmermann, and Mrs. Clarence Hilyard.

The members responded to the roll call by naming women of the Bible. Mrs. Ford Russell was welcomed into the class as a new member. The hostess and her daughter, Mabel, served refreshments of home made ice cream and cake.

ENTERTAINS WITH LAWN PARTY

Mrs. Arnold Gerberding of Mercer avenue entertained the members of her bridge club with a lawn party at her home Friday evening.

Mrs. Gerberding's sister, Miss Ethel Lapp of Fort Wayne, was a guest at the party other than the regular club members.

Following the dinner, bridge was

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played and prizes were won Mrs. Clifford Saylor and Mrs. Linn. Among the club members a gift was presented to Miss L.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, BUSINESS CARDS, AND NOTICES

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Fresh and spotless cows for sale or trade. C. Burrell, 1/2-mile east of Dent, Ind. Phone 690-C.

FOR SALE—Five-foot Bald Grand piano. Floor demerit or. Will sacrifice for cash. 60, care Democrat.

FOR SALE—Michigan Chevrolet Tuesday morning, C. S. Kirland twp. or Lloyd Bryan, month, phone 7182.

FOR SALE—I am pleased to announce I have the agency for entire Baldwin line of Pianos. M. Sellenmeyer.

FOR SALE—Three city lots will trade for livestock. W. M. Kitson.

FOR SALE—50 lb. capacity Refrigerator. Call phone 171.

FOR SALE—Lot, inside good location. Can be made reasonable. Address Box "V", Democrat.

I HAVE FOR SALE one of the best homes in Decatur; practically new; priced right. If interested address Box "G" care Democrat.

FOR SALE—3-day old calf, man Keeneman, route 2, tur, Indiana.

FOR SALE—2 good Hampshire sows, will farrow Aug. 1. A good Short Horn stock bulls. 5422. L. W. Murphy.

WANTED

WANTED—Salesman—We are opening for a man in Decatur. Must be capable and able to sell the best of references. Salary and commission. Address Box P. C., care of Democrat.

MARKET REPORT

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

Brady's Market for Decatur, Beaverville, Hoagland and Williams. Close at 12 Noon

Corrected July 20.
No commission and no yardage. Veals received Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday.

100 to 120 lbs. _____
120 to 140 lbs. _____
140 to 160 lbs. _____
160 to 210 lbs. _____
210 to 250 lbs. _____
250 to 300 lbs. _____
300 to 350 lbs. _____
Roughs _____
Stags _____
Vealers _____
Ewe and wether lambs _____
Buck lambs _____
Yearling lambs _____

Fort Wayne Livestock
Hogs steady, 160 to 200
\$10.50; 200 to 225 lbs. \$10.75
to 250 lbs. \$10.20; 250 to 275
\$10; 275 to 300 lbs. \$9.90; 300
350 lbs. \$9.70; 350 to 400
\$10.10; 400 to 450 lbs. \$9.90;
to 450 lbs. \$9.60; 450 to 500
\$9.40; 500 to 600 lbs. \$8.90.
\$8.25; Stags \$6.25.
Calves, \$8.00. Lambs \$7.50.

East Buffalo Livestock
Hogs 100, firm, desirable
lbs. \$11; general trade 50c to
over week ago.
Cattle, 150; good light
\$9.50 to \$10.75; few loads
\$11.15; bulk grass steers
heifers, \$5.50 to \$7.
Vealers, \$8.50 down.
Sheep, 100; lambs 25c
during week; good to choice
and wethers \$8.40 to \$8.55.

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET
Corrected July 20.

No. 1 New Wheat, 60 lbs. or
better _____
No. 2 New Wheat, 58 lbs. _____
Oats, 32 lbs. test. _____
Oats, 30 lbs. test. _____
Soy Beans, bushel _____
No. 2 Yellow Corn, 100 lbs. _____

CENTRAL SOYA MARKET
No. 2 Yellow Soy Beans _____
Delivered to factory _____

Rare Flower Grown
Gantley, Que (U.P.)—T. B.
amateur gardener, has a white
lily that has 22 petals instead
the usual three.

N. A. BIXLER
OPTOMETRIST
Eyes Examined, Glasses
HOURS:
8:30 to 11:30 12:30 to 5
Saturdays, 8:00 p. m.
Telephone 135.

THE SNOW LEOPARD by Chris Hawthorne

CHAPTER I

ALTHOUGH Bannister had snapped a leash on Bully's collar merely as a grudging gesture of obedience to the law, he was conscious of reproach in the averted eyes, for Bully never quarreled with anything less formidable than a tree puma or a cornered badger. A dog of the woods and the hills, he had a marked inferiority complex on crowded pavements. When automobiles came at him more than two at a time he was licked—scared stiff under his wire-haired pelt.

Dick Bannister himself partook much of this awe and terror of city life. He had not accumulated his groups of big game in the Museum of Natural History by wallowing in divans at the Explorers' Club, nor yet by "giving the little girls a hand" in New York night clubs.

Walking out into the quadrangular courtyard of the great Park Avenue apartment hotel, Dick and Bully looked furtively around for some breach in the canyon through which they might reach the street without being honked and harried by motor cars. At that hour—about ten in the morning—the place was simply a vast, roofless garage with a few shrubs miraculously clinging to life without gas masks.

Bannister grew profanely eloquent. "Damn such a place, anyhow," he said, addressing the monoxide air, "I'd rather ride out of town in a carload of wet mules than stay here another day. Poor Hod!"

Hod was Dick's elder brother, an indurated New Yorker and an occasional host to the wanderer. The more youthful Richard spent most of his time breaking new trails in hill countries, prospecting for minerals useful in industry, yet perversely finding more use for a gun than for his geologist's kit.

Dick was about to step off the curbing of the courtyard when something happened—a skirl, a swish and a terrific tread right before his eyes. A moment later he was bending over the limp, broken body of a man bedded in the debris.

At almost the same instant Bully plunged toward an object that looked like a fur rug which had fluttered down in the wake of the body.

The man was dead. The softened impact had spared that slight figure with little brass buttons—from outward mutilation; yet the velocity with which it had reached the ground told of a long fall.

Bannister looked upward. Near the very top of that sheer wall he saw something flapping from a window—a shade or a drapery that broke the perfect geometric figures of a hundred casements.

"Poor little devil—twenty stories—must have been shaking that rug out the window. Looks like a Filipino boy."

A white faced chauffeur was the first to join him in staring down at the grotesque huddle in the shrubbery. Then a porter, more chauffeurs, a maid servant with a baby cab, more and more chauffeurs, more porters—a mob!

Sibilant whistles, murmurs of pity and excited rumblings had risen to a clamor when a policeman thrust himself through with a crisp "Git back there, all o' yuh!"

A sergeant next bounded to the scene, followed by a chattering hotel manager who wanted to have the body removed—taken outside, inside, anywhere. It was not good for a house when this sort of thing happened; unfortunate to have a servant killed in that manner—to die on the premises.

But the sergeant waved the manager away. Formalities had to be observed—the medical examiner and all that. The body would stay where it was for a time, the mob cleared away and the courtyard closed.

All of which Bannister heard with approval, freeing himself from jostling elbows and moving out through the crowd. He had dropped the leash and now looked about him to find Bully. At the door that gave out upon the courtyard he saw a girl's figure. She stood motionless for an instant; then, at her quick sharp order, a magnificent red chow bounded out from behind her and seized an edge of the fur that had fallen with the body. Dick's own dog, snatching with the air of a guardian on top of the fur, was suddenly dispossessed.

"You saw the man fall?"

Dick hastily gave his name and

his brother's apartment number to the policeman who was making a list of witnesses. When he turned again Bully and the chow were tearing and worrying the fur. The fight seemed to be for possession of the biggest piece; at least, after each trial in a tug-of-war, the holder of the smaller fragment would quickly relinquish it and go to grips for the larger one.

"Bully!"

Bannister weighted the word with rebuke. The airlede crept apologetically toward him, dragging the victor's share of the trophy with him.

"Napoleon!"

The chow ran to his mistress with a small remnant of the fur in his mouth. She disengaged it mechanically, turned and picked up Bully's piece, over which she ran her fingers with feverish haste. A little gasp that seemed to carry a note of ter-

ror escaped her; she dropped the mangled fur, ran to the spot where the battle for its possession had been fought, fell to her knees and scanned the thin grass with dilated eyes.

"The clasp and girdle—gone!"

Her words brought Bannister out of a stupor. He had been gazing in the kid's back. That's what brought the Homicide Squad here."

They stepped off at the twentieth floor. "It's a duplex apartment," the man explained. "The Sires occupy two floors—the poor kid took his dive from the upper level."

"Anyone with him at the time?"

"Only Miss Sire, as far as we know."

"Who?"

"Miss Karen Sire—the gal who made the fuss over that fur down in the courtyard. I saw her talking to you."

Karen Sire! Bannister had learned her name; it felt musically enough even from the policeman's lips.

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NOW SHOWING—"DEAR OLD PAL"

THIMBLE THEATER

POPEYE NO WORRY—TAKE CARE OF THINGS FOR HIS SWEET PAL

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