

# Test Your Knowledge

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

1. How long is a generation?
2. Name the winged horse of Greek legend.
3. Is aluminum a conductor of electricity?

4. Who wrote "The Avenging Twins"?
5. Of which U. S. Territory is Juneau the capital?
6. From which country did the U. S. acquire the Virgin Islands?
7. What is a "shavetail"?
8. On what island is the volcano Mont Pelée?

9. In which country is the city of Bologna?
10. When and by whom was the mouth organ invented?

**College Graduate Scores**  
Toledo, O.—(U.P.)—City Manager John N. Edy put a college graduate to work only a few minutes after he had entered city hall. He

**Mules Fall 85 Feet, Live**  
Grants Pass, Wash.—(U.P.)—Two pack mules, frightened when one of their mates fell off a six-foot embankment and was killed, reared and plunged off an 85-foot cliff and escaped unhurt. The animals landed on their backs.

**Kiss Costs \$50**  
Sudbury, Ont.—(U.P.)—It cost Christopher Rowles \$55 and costs of \$15, or one month, to kiss Miss Alice Simard. Miss Simard told the court Rowles stopped her, spoke

**Cougar Lurks Near School**  
Estacada, Ore.—(U.P.)—John Slope, school bus driver, probably saved the lives of Peggy and Earl Goggin when he drove two miles out of his way to take them home. Returning from the children's home he saw a large cougar near the place they would have been, had they walked.

**Martial Puzzle Develops**  
Toledo.—(U.P.)—A Detroit woman gave the marriage license bureau a puzzler. After marrying and divorcing, she married another man.

But she divorced husband No. 2 and re-married husband No. 1. That ended in divorce again, however, so she applied for a license to rewed No. 2.

**"Lost" Boy Snug at Home**  
TIFFIN, Ohio (U.P.)—Mrs. Dalton Fuller called police when she couldn't find her 4-year-old son, Bobby. Officers searched the city. They found Bobby at home, under a roll of blankets.

**Mounties May Tour U. S.**  
Vancouver, B. C.—(U.P.)—Plans to send a mounted troop of Royal Canadian Mounted Police to Los Angeles, to advertise the Golden Jubilee celebrations in Vancouver

this summer, are being considered. Under the proposal, the Mounties would march along the Pacific Highway.

## MARKET REPORTS

### DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

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

Corrected March 21

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

100 to 120 lbs.	\$ 9.60
120 to 140 lbs.	9.80
140 to 160 lbs.	10.30
160 to 230 lbs.	10.70
230 to 270 lbs.	10.20
270 to 300 lbs.	10.00
300 to 350 lbs.	9.50
Roughs	8.50
Stags	6.50
Vealers	9.75
Ewe and wether lambs	9.50
Buck lambs	8.50
Yearling lambs	4.75

### FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK

Hogs steady to 10c higher.	160-180 lbs. \$10.90; 180-200 lbs. 10.50;
200-225 lbs. 10.70; 225-250 lbs. 10.50;	250-275 lbs. 10.45; 275-300 lbs. 10.35;
300-350 lb. 10.10; 140-160 lb. 10.35;	120-140 lb. 10.05; 100-120 lb. 9.80;
Roughs 8.75. Stags 7.00.	Calves \$9.50. Lambs \$9.50.

Corrected March 21

No. 1 New Wheat, 60 lbs. or better	91c
No. 2 New Wheat, 58 lbs. or better	90c
Oats	18 to 20c
Good Dry No. 2 Yellow Soy Beans	65c
New No. 4 Yellow Corn	53 to 65c
100 lbs.	53 to 65c
Rye	45c

### CENTRAL SOYA MARKET

Dry No. 2 Yellow Soy Beans (Delivered to factory)  
Toledo Pupils Immunized  
TOLEDO (U.P.)—More than 44,000 Toledo school children have been immunized against diphtheria. Physicians gave Schick tests as a WPA project.

### Scout Chief Tests Memory

TOLEDO (U.P.)—Walter W. Head, national head of the Boy Scouts of America, surprised his 21 hosts at a luncheon party here. Introduced to them before lunch, he called each by name in a talk at the close.

## ROY S. JOHNSON AUCTIONEER

Office, Room 9  
Peoples Loan & Trust Bldg.  
Phones 104 and 1022  
Decatur, Indiana

Mar. 21—Harvey Stevens, Adm. sale of household goods, 1109 Elm street, Decatur.  
Mar. 23—H. P. Schmitt, 2 miles southeast of Decatur on Road 527, sale of pure bred registered Belgium horses.  
Mar. 24—J. B. McNamara, 13 mi. east of Auburn, 120 acre farm and all personal property.

**"Claim Your Sale Date Early"**  
My service includes looking after every detail of your sale and more dollars for you the day of your auction.

### NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT OF ESTATE NO. 372

Notice is hereby given to the creditors, heirs and legatees of James M. Rice, deceased, to appear in the Adams Circuit Court, held at Decatur, Indiana, on the 13th day of April, 1936, and show cause, if any, why the Final Settlement Accounts with the estate of said decedent should not be approved; and said heirs are notified to then and there make proof of heirship, and receive their distributive shares.  
B. Burr Lehnart, Administrator  
Decatur, Indiana, March 18, 1936.  
Attorney Heller and Schaefer

### Appointment of Administrator No. 3200

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Administrator of the estate of Orval Tinkham late of Adams County, deceased. The estate is probably solvent.  
Myrtle Tinkham Administrator  
Hubert R. McClannahan, Atty.  
March 5, 1936. March 7-11-21

**BUILDERS AND REBUILDERS OF Mattresses**—Have your used mattresses made into a good innerspring mattress. Prices reasonable. Borne Bedding Co. 669-21x

## 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.

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS BUSINESS CARDS AND NOTICES

### FOR SALE

FOR RENT—Steady, east of Decatur, plumbing, majestic furnace, en, orchard and pasture land. D. Suttles, agent.

**JUST RECEIVED**—Large ment of Congoleum Gold rugs, \$12; the worlds best selling at \$5.95 while they Sprague Furniture Co. 152 Second St. Phone 199.

**FOR SALE**—Fresh cow and fa hay. One and one-half west of Pleasant Mills. Feasel.

**FOR SALE**—1934 Yellow Corn. Germination guaranteed. Suitable for seed. Call for Rusch County Mills, Rushville.

**FOR SALE**—Five months type Poland China. Weight about 150 pounds. Three day old calf. H. J. Hulse, mile north of Decatur. Probable price.

**FOR SALE**—One 2 year old blooded Poland China male 1 coming yearling fall. Hampshire male hog. Yearling, to be put out on shares. Rodenbeck, Route 1.

**FOR SALE**—Manchu and soy beans, combined early; grass seed; Alfalfa hay; ewes to lamb April 1. Orville, Craigville phone 4. north and 3/4 mile east of north.

**FOR SALE**—3 Fordson 1 10-20 McCormick Deering Farm-All 12, like new; 2 horses. Craigville Garage.

**FOR SALE**—Eight room house. Can be moved or torn. Elmo Smith.

**FOR SALE**—Ice box. Best catur. Enquire 248 West St. E. D. Colter.

**FOR SALE**—G. E. washer, five washings at one-third price. Also used Speedo Thor Washer and Ironer. Other used washers. See Hatcher, Phone 497, at Maytag Dealer.

## WANTED

Forty year old company opening for representative rural territory. Permanent position. Commission basis. Have car. Allowance for gas oil. See Mr. Strassmeyer, Hotel, Fort Wayne, Ind. March 23, 8:30 a.m. to 12.

**WANTED**—Room, board and use. South side preferred. Box 666, care Democrat.

**WANTED TO BUY**—Small edge of town preferred. down payment, remainder rent. Address Box H, care Democrat.

**WANTED**—Organ, piano and lin pupils, price 25 and 30. son. Phone 1171. Mrs. Don J. 6-25

**WANTED**—Salesman to sell ric floor mats. Five counties work. For information call Porter Tire Co. 341 Winchester.

**WANTED**—Girl to do house in small good home in Ft. Wayne. Three in family. No washing. ply by mail or phone A-3543. dress 1697 Kensington Blvd., Wayne.

## FOR RENT

**FOR RENT**—Sleeping modern home. 304 N. Fifth. Phone 711.

Attention Farmers! I will this spring resume my work castrating horses, and castrating cattle. Work guaranteed. S. J. Lysse, Decatur Route Craigville Phone.

Trade in a Good Town—Decatur

# More Money

by CHARLES GRANT

## CHAPTER XXIX

As the days passed, Seward became more and more bewildered at Cathleen's action in returning his bracelet. No girl had ever returned a gift of his before. What he wished most fervently was to forget the whole episode—the girl along with the bracelet. But he was even more puzzled when he received a brief note from her, enclosing a money order for thirty dollars:

"You will please credit me with thirty dollars against the three hundred you put me to redeem the bracelet. I will send you the balance as soon as possible."

Now what could he make of this? He longed to see her, to talk to her. He could not get her out of his mind. Evidently she thought he was in the wrong in redeeming the bracelet and sending it to her. He had meant only to be kind. She had been in some difficulty of which he knew nothing and he had offended her grievously by simply doing what he thought was a good deed.

Finally he decided he could, at least, call her up, and accordingly he got her on the phone at his father's office.

"Perhaps I owe you an apology," he began.

Her voice was cold when she answered. "Perhaps you do, indeed, Mr. Ingram."

"I thought you undertook to call me Seward."

"That was when we were friends!"

"Listen, Cathleen, can't we go on being friends? I'm sorry I offended you. I realize that no matter what it was all about it was none of my business and I'm apologizing now. Can't we forget the whole incident and won't you come out to lunch with me today?"

"No, I couldn't do that," she said. "Won't you let me come to your house to see you, then?" he pleaded.

"Seward—Mr. Ingram—" she corrected herself, her voice suddenly agitated, "you must not come to my house. I ask you not to come—please promise me that you won't!"

"Of course, I won't come if you don't want me to. But, after all, I've said I'm sorry, and everything—"

Her voice once more in his ears, bringing back the strongest suggestion of her personality, revived all his memories of her. She was again Cathleen, the girl he had kissed on that railway platform, the only girl he had ever loved. He listened with anxious intensity for her reply. It did not come immediately, and he said, more warmly, "Please forgive me, Cathleen—dear..."

"Of course, I forgive you, Seward..." But it was a mistake to think we could be friends. Rich and poor can never understand each other—"

She rang off. But the buzzer began to sound again. When she answered it was to hear Seward's pleading voice.

"That was all," Cathleen said distinctly. "I had finished what I had to say."

"But I hadn't finished—by several paragraphs! I—" he began.

"It's all settled, I think," she said a little sadly. "Goodbye!"

This time, when she hung up the receiver, there were tears in her eyes. "Oh, Seward," she cried.

Ingram came back from Washington, grim and determined, and drove ahead with new plans for raising the funds necessary to meet maturing obligations. He conceived a comprehensive scheme of recapitalization and laid the groundwork for vast bond-refunding operations.

Other men, while Ingram was planning and building, were beginning to ask themselves if it was worth while any more to plan and build? Discouragement paralyzed them, and the stock market sagged lower and lower.

Every click of the ticker was one more small nibble from the value of the Ingram securities. Again he had to find more collateral, but as in the recent past, no sooner was a satisfactory adjustment reached than the support on which it rested began to sag away, like earth relentlessly sucked at by a flood.

Twice, at least, in previous cases, he had thrown all that he owned into a critical struggle, because he believed in his own ventures, he believed, essentially, in himself. He had won out before and been richer than ever. He would win now. But he needed every dollar he could lay his hands on.

Alpaugh, watching and assisting his chief's activities, took courage. He felt better after his night out; his sick nerves were calmer.

He was a man who, in a little while, was most likely going to be rich. He was a man whose lovely wife had been spared to him in a dangerous accident. All he need do was to fix his thoughts on the future, and keep tranquilly busy in the present. He called up Marian and inquired tenderly after her health. She was always charming over the telephone. She flirted archly, sprinkled her side of the conversation with "darlings" and "sweeties," and made kissing noises into the mouth-piece for good-bye. Homer hung up, feeling at peace with the world.

But his dream of peace and security was rudely shattered when Jasper Ingram sent for him and said, "I may want to draw on that money in your name. I suppose it's around the usual figure, isn't it?"

Homer's heart stopped. He looked absent for a moment, as if calculating, and then managed to say that he thought it was.

"All right," said Ingram. "Just get it for me in cash, and have it here tomorrow."

Though Ingram had every reason to believe there was at least a hundred thousand in the account, there was actually less than twenty thousand dollars remaining.

And Ingram wanted the cash! What could save me now, thought Homer despairingly. Only a sudden upturn in the market. But the way things were going there was no hope of this.

Homer left the office, stumbling a little, like a man on his way to the death chamber.

He came into town the following morning revolving plans for flight. Suppose he drew the rest of the money, borrowed to the full value on his life insurance policy, made a clean breast to Marian, and caught a train for Canada or Mexico...

He couldn't imagine how Marian would take such a revelation, and such a program. Most likely she would refuse to go with him. That's the sort of wife she was!

When Alpaugh answered his chief's buzzer, the first question that Ingram shot at him was, "Have you got that hundred thousand in cash for me?"

"I don't know," Homer stammered. "I didn't know you wanted the money so early. I thought I'd get it for you during my lunch hour."

"It just happens that I have use for that cash before noon," said Ingram. "Take a taxi and go up for it right away, will you?"

Homer's face was now so white that even Ingram who saw him so often, began to wonder what he was telling him. "I mean, I was going to put the money back. It isn't there now, so you see—a cackling laugh broke from him suddenly. 'It wouldn't do any good for us to go together and try to draw it out!'"

"So, you've stolen it, eh? Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

"No, Mr. Ingram. I didn't steal it. I borrowed it—I can put it back in a little while if—I took some before and put it right back. A sort of accommodation—" Homer made a convulsive effort to recover himself.

"If you'd let me explain the transaction to you. I have a big block of stock in the Intercity Light and Power Company, and knowing you planned to take it over, I couldn't let that go, could I? I never dreamed of defrauding you, Mr. Ingram. I am sure I can put that money back soon..."

Ingram was staring at him with such baleful eyes that Homer broke off, scared and stuttering.

"And I didn't see it," Jasper mused aloud. "I've had you right here at my elbow, and knew you had money troubles of your own, yet I trusted you to keep your hands off my money. You're a rat, Alpaugh, but I was a fool. And I've prided myself on my judgment of men!"

Homer leaned over the broad desk with hands stretched imploringly towards his chief. His breath came sobbingly and his eyes showed a rim of frightened white over the lower lids. "Mr. Ingram, for God's sake don't be hard on me! I've

served you faithfully. Just lately, I seem to have gone crazy... I've admired you, sir, more than any man on earth. I didn't mean to defraud you! I was so harried for money, and I thought I could put this back... I did it for my wife, Mr. Ingram. You know my wife; you know what a beautiful woman she is and how a woman like that has to have money spent on her—"

Jasper motioned impatiently for silence. That private bank account, a small anchor to windward, was doing—playing for the big stakes, taking long chances, snatching at any opportunity he was capable of recognizing or creating, to get hold of money, more money, always more and more, in a kind of obsessive madness...

No; he, Ingram, couldn't sit in judgment on this poor rat for his imitative rascality. He looked at Alpaugh, sprawled half across his desk, snivelling like a whipped school-boy, and a last flare of disgusted anger burned up in him. Alpaugh was a thief who had made a bad matter worse by his betrayal of confidence.

Ingram got to his feet abruptly. He hooked his big powerful hands around Alpaugh's throat and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. Then he released the man, and wiping his hands, said contemptuously, "I shan't prosecute you. You can walk out of here and not come back. Just a moment," said Ingram. "Get the bank on the 'phone for me."

When Alpaugh was connected with the cashier, Ingram took the phone from him and asked the balance in the account. Then he turned to Alpaugh. "Write me a check for eighteen thousand five hundred dollars," he said.

Homer had to make several attempts before his trembling fingers could fill in the check and produce a passable signature.

"Now get the hell out of here!" said Jasper Ingram.

Homer Alpaugh's personal humiliation did not engage his thoughts for long. Only he and J. H. Ingram, whom he would never see again, knew what had happened. Of late he had feared worse things. Well, he wouldn't go to prison. He was safe from that nightmare.

Now fears rose before him. It would not be easy for him to find another job. Even if he did there was scarcely a chance that his salary would be half what Ingram paid him. The necessity of telling Marian that he had lost his position was so alarming that he did not know how to face it. Probably it would be better not to tell her until he had found something else, but as long as she remained in ignorance she would, of course, go on spending at a fatal rate.

Homer had a drink or two and then went into a picture house and sat through the program until it was time to take his usual train to Marian's room at the Hotel. He met her, but a commuting neighbor saved him the price of a taxi home. "You're not looking well, Mr. Alpaugh," the man said. "You're working too hard."

Marian wasn't downstairs when he let himself into the pink villa. She was glad that. He wanted to lie down in to Jasper Ingram's office bringing the last batch of the day's mail.

"I don't know if there's anything here you'll want to take care of tonight, Mr. Ingram," she said. "I suppose Mr. Alpaugh would have known, but I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to look through it yourself. And here's one letter addressed to Mrs. Ingram."

Jasper shuffled the letters hastily, and dropped them on his desk. The one addressed to his wife, however, he scrutinized briefly. The envelope bore the name of the bank headed by Patrick Higgins, and the address was typewritten: "Mrs. Laura Seward Ingram, in care of J. H. Ingram, The Ingram Building."

He wondered idly what the letter was about. Perhaps a solicitation for her account. Banks were active these days in seeking new customers. He smiled to think of the absurdity of circular lists, but, of course, Higgins would not know how these lists were made up. To

think of Higgins soliciting Laura's account! As the envelope bore Laura's name, he put it scrupulously into his pocket for delivery to her. Then, to add to the annoyances of an aggravating day, a smallish excited man stopped him as he left the building.

Jasper merely looked through him at d would have passed him, but the small man danced in front, barring his way.

"I get no satisfaction from your lawyers, Mr. Ingram. I have visited them and I can not make them see the seriousness of this case. So I come to headquarters, Mr. Ingram. Now I ask you if you wouldn't rather make us a fair settlement than see us go ahead with our suit? Believe me, if we sue, we'll ask for plenty and we'll get it!"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Ingram said. "Kindly get out of my way."

"Didn't you promise to put my client, Miss Arline Martin, on the stage—star her in a big Broadway production, and didn't you take advantage of her under those pretences—"

Good Lord, so this cheap shyster represented Arline Martin, was threatening to sue him—and he was supposed to have taken advantage of her!

"My attorneys talk to people like you," he said. "Go to them. If you molest me again, I'll have you arrested."

But Arline's representative had a speed of enunciation that amazed Ingram. Keeping abreast of Jasper as he strode on out of the building, crossed the pavement, and got into the waiting car, he delivered himself of an impassioned harangue.

"Do you want it told on the front page of every newspaper in New York, what happened on a certain afternoon in my client's apartment? When a beautiful, sensitive, virtuous girl is subjected to be treated like you treated Arline Martin, she has to have damages. Mr. Ingram—big damages. You're lucky we don't sue for a million! We'll get it, believe me, if we take our case into court. Men that have exploited the common people and the common resources of the country to make as much money as you have, public sympathy is against them, and when a beautiful, sensitive, talented and virtuous girl comes on the stand and tells how you took advantage of her innocence, why you know the answer yourself, Mr. Ingram! Now it would be so much better all around if you'd accede to our reasonable demands right away, save you money and save me time, and save the feelings of this sensitive, virtuous girl, who naturally don't want to have to stand up and tell her pitiful story in public! Do you see the point, Mr. Ingram? Do you—"

"Here's a point for you to get!" Jasper said leaning forward as his car was moving away. "I'll not pay that crooked little gold digger one cent. She's talented all right—give her that one out of your bunch of adjectives. I don't doubt she'd put on a great show on the stand. She can act all right. But she can lie better! Sue and be damned to you!"

Joe McCarthy rang the bell at the Ingram town house in Sixty-ninth Street. He was admitted and shown into a small drawing-room by a butler whose appearance and manner made Joe throw out his chest truculently to avoid cringing.

He wasn't afraid of the man he had come to see, but he was certainly glad he didn't have to do business with that bozo...

He stood in self-conscious embarrassment in these rich surroundings until Seward came in. The flat black and white of evening dress made young Ingram look clean and fair and elegant, and Joe respected this. He was rather taken aback by the warm cordiality of Seward's greeting.

"Good evening, Mr. McCarthy! You're Cathleen's brother, aren't you? How is she? Let's sit down over here by the fire. Smoke?"

Joe hadn't had the presence of mind to avoid shaking hands with Seward, but he refused the offered cigarette.

"Don't you be making so free with my sister's name!" he admonished roughly.

Seward stared. "Why, she said I could call her Cathleen. She and I are friends! That is, she's mad with me now, but I am certainly her friend still. When she told me you were here, I hoped you were

## CHAPTER XXX

Homer sank onto the Chesterfield and read the letter again. Then he began to laugh.

Once he had begun to laugh, he found it hard to stop, for the more he thought about the whole situation, the funnier it seemed. Doubling up on the sofa, Homer emitted cackles and snorts for some moments, while Marian's letter drifted to the floor.

He stopped laughing as suddenly as he had begun. A mood of gray lucidity followed his self-protective hysteria. He saw the wreck of his life as the inevitable retribution of his two mis-steps, though he wondered dully why he should be punished so immediately, when other men could be successfully crooked in business for years, just as they could deceive their wives and never be found out.

Not that Marian could possibly know about the evening he spent with Dot Whiting... Yet if she had no suspicions about that, why should she be leaving him? And leaving him at a time like this when he needed her most. When he needed some one to soothe him, stroke his hair, comfort him.

All right, he knew where to find some one who would do these things—make him feel he was a person of importance. He thought of the evening he had spent with Dot Whiting as the only pleasant interlude in his months of harassment. He took a couple of stiff drinks, called her, and found her sweetly agreeable.

Alpaugh was a great man to Dot Whiting, or at least she made him feel that he was. He had plenty of ready cash, which he spent recklessly that night, when he would better have saved it. They got happily tight in a round of speakeasies and night clubs and from the last of these they went to an obscure uptown hotel.

The evening had been good with its carefree gaiety. It had helped him to forget his troubles. But this was better being alone with this complainant girl. Both were now sentimental and a little tearful with drink.

"Nobody loves me!" Homer hiccuped after he had held her in his arms and received her caresses.

"Sa lie! I love you!" she cried, kissing him again