

Test Your Knowledge

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

TODAY'S COMMON ERROR

Never say, "A mirage is an optical delusion;" say, "illusion."

1. Who was Christopher Polhem?

2. In which island group is Molokai?

3. In which state is the city of Kalama?

4. Who were the locofocos?

5. What is the General Land Office of the United States?
6. Into what body of water does the River Jordan flow?
7. What is a fire of brimstone?
8. Who was Anthony J. Drexel?
9. What is a dwarf?
10. What is the name for plants whose duration is more than two years?

1. Which state does William E. Borah represent in Congress?
2. What name is generally applied to the native German shepherd dog, which strongly resembles the wolf in appearance?

3. Where is the island of Mohe-

gan?
4. Who was Hermann Landois?
5. How many points has a Maltese cross?
6. What is the past tense of the verb light?
7. What is a dynamite?
8. Name the country that produces the largest amount of silver.
9. Do all the Channel Islands belong to Great Britain?
10. What is a hedge?

Calvary Evangelical

The revival service at Calvary Evangelical church was continued indefinitely last night. There was an unusual interest manifested all

day Sunday. Last night there was a capacity house, when Rev. M. W. Sundermann preached upon "The Spiritual Meaning of the Cross." Ernest Foreman had charge of the music.

On Sunday morning Rev. Sundermann placed the new pulpit Bible upon the pulpit. This Bible was recently ordered by the Sunday School. The cost of the Bible was \$14 and the Sunday School offering was to pay for the sacred book yesterday morning. When the offering was announced, it was \$17.44.

The school was greatly delighted at the results and at once proceeded to refinish the pulpit and pulpit chairs. The board of trustees is just about completing the new roof of the church.

Evangelistic services tonight at 7:30 o'clock. Sermon theme, "The Secret of Christ's Happiness."

Bicycle Inventor Honored

Bordeaux (UP)—Georges Juau, credited by the French as being the inventor of the modern bicycle.

SYNOPSIS

Ruth Tyler, blind daughter of former District Attorney Daniel Tyler, is psychic. She foretells murders at the exact time they are being committed but is powerless to give sufficient information to prevent them. These weird visitations come upon Ruth while she plays her violin and always at night. Mr. Tyler sees the aid of Dr. Jan Karasek, celebrated psychiatrist, but the latter must go to Baltimore on another case. Tyler expresses his disappointment that Karasek is not interested.

CHAPTER II

"Interested!" exclaimed Dr. Karasek. "But certainly I am interested, my dear fellow! I would give almost anything—why, this is a fascinating case, sir, fascinating. I'm not one to exaggerate; so you will believe me when I tell you this case may prove to be one of incomparable—yes, incomparable importance to the study of mental phenomena!"

"Then why?" Tyler was bewildered.

"The case to which I am committed involves the sanity of a dear friend," said Dr. Karasek. "Perhaps the lives of his wife and children. If it were anything else—any other case at all, I could turn it over to my assistant. But this is a personal responsibility."

"You spoke of an assistant," said Tyler hopefully.

"Yes," said Dr. Karasek thoughtfully. "But he is young—and not himself a psychiatrist."

"Oh," said Dr. Tyler, disappointedly. "I can't you even give me advice, Dr. Karasek?"

Again the little man turned his look of mild astonishment upon Tyler.

"Advice?" he said reproachfully.

"In a case of this importance, without a personal investigation? My dear sir!"

"But what shall I do?" cried Tyler desperately. "If your assistant is not qualified—"

"I did not say he was not qualified," said Dr. Karasek mildly. "I merely said he was young, and not a psychiatrist."

"Then do you think—" Tyler began, his hope rising.

"He is extremely competent," said Dr. Karasek. "He has been my confidential assistant for four years, understands my—ah—methods. He has a good education, comes of excellent family, and has a very keen, observing mind. I have known him fifteen years. He is entirely trustworthy. But I would not urge—"

"I rely upon your judgment, Dr. Karasek," said Tyler earnestly. "If you wish."

"If you think this young fellow qualified—"

"I think him qualified," said Dr. Karasek. "But you—"

"If you say he's all right, then he is all right," said Tyler.

"Wait," said Dr. Karasek. "I shall tell you more about him. His name is Nathaniel Hawthorne Benson, 2nd. I first met him during the war. At sixteen, unable to get into the American forces, he ran away to Canada, joined the Canadians. Though a mere boy, he became a flyer, a gallant one. He was brought down in a fight with two German planes, and cracked up inside our lines."

Dr. Karasek paused and smiled:

"The American lines, you understand? He had a piece of steel in his skull, touching the brain. I was with the base hospital. The steel was removed. In short, he had a mental case. I had charge of it. I was fortunate enough to cure him. After the war he went to college at the University of Pennsylvania, and we kept in touch with each other. He was an accomplished, even famous athlete as well as a fine student. His own case had made him keenly interested in my work. After college, when I was head of an institution in Philadelphia, he came to me, asked to work with me. I soon made him my assistant. When I left to become a private psychologist—what he calls 'trouble-shooter,' I took him along. He has

been a great help."

Dr. Karasek, without a word, took the paper, began to read, nodding rapidly, making odd little clucking sounds with his lips.

"You will notice," Tyler said,

"that in his confession Ralph Erik says that he waited for his wife in the apartment, for hours, seething with a jealous rage, determined to kill her when she returned. My daughter knew that."

Dr. Karasek appeared not to notice. He kept his eyes on the paper.

"You will also notice," Tyler persisted, "that the people in the adjacent penthouse heard the woman's

cycle, is being honored by the citizens of Bordeaux, who have named a street after him. Juzan constructed the first bicycle in France, which had two wheels of the same dimensions and which was motivated by a chain from a cogwheel.

has been placed in the prehistoric museum of Les Eyzies.

NOTICE OF INSOLVENCY

In the Adams Circuit Court No. 2, 283 In the Matter of the estate of Ida M. Everhart, deceased. A petition has been filed in said court by Lawrence L. Yager as administrator de bonis non of said estate, setting up the insufficiency of the assets and decedent to pay the debts and liabilities thereof. The Judge of said Court has appointed a liquidator for the estate, to be appointed on the 1st day of March 1936, to find said estate to be probably insolvent, and order the same to be settled accordingly. The creditors of said estate are therefore hereby notified of said insolvency, and required to file their claims against said estate for all debts.

Witness, the Clerk and seal of said Court, at Decatur, Indiana this 20 day of March, 1936.

G. Remy Bierly, Clerk, March 23-30

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.

"THERE'S MURDER IN THE AIR"

by ROY CHANSLOR

CHAPTER I
In a dark and silent old house in East Seventy-ninth Street, two people, a middle-aged man and a young girl, sleeplessly counted the hours. They were waiting, waiting: the man tossing restlessly in the bed in his room at the front of the house; the girl lying quiet in her room at the end of the long hallway.

The man—Daniel Tyler, retired lawyer and one-time District Attorney of New York County—was listening, in fascinated dread, straining his ears for a sound expected and feared. The girl, his motherless daughter, was merely waiting, with an almost fatalistic resignation, for that strange compulsion, the compulsion which she did not understand but could not disobey.

Since shortly before midnight both had known that it would come during the night. And after what had happened a week ago, when her terrified screams had wakened him, brought him running to her room, there was no question of sleep for Tyler. As for the girl, on her part there was no desire for it.

He had tried to persuade her to let him keep vigil by her side, wrapped in a blanket in her big chair. But she had refused; and when he had tried to argue, had pleaded with him to leave her alone. So now he waited in agony, listening. If only it were some tangible thing from which he could guard her!

The girl lay quite still, her body relaxed, trying not to think at all, fighting her nameless terror. And presently she had conquered it, her mind was composed, serene. After perhaps fifteen minutes, perhaps twenty, she threw the covers back, fitted her feet into the little mules by her bedside.

Swiftly, surely, she walked across the dark room. Her hands encountered the violin-case, opened it, took out the mellow old violin. In the darkness she placed it to her shoulder, and very softly, tentatively, drew the bow across the strings. Then she began to play, firmly, the Moonlight Sonata.

At the first strains Tyler sat up in bed, fumbled for the reading lamp. The clock told him that it was twenty minutes past four. He sprang out of bed, seized his dressing-gown. Then what he was dreadfully happening. In the middle of a bar the music stopped!

Tyler strode across the room toward his door, flung it open. Down the hallway, the violin clutched closely to her breast, the girl was already running. He hurried toward her. She stopped, swaying, pale, her breath coming quickly.

"Ruth!" he said, going to her swiftly. "Ruth!"

She gave a little shuddering moan. He drew an arm about her shoulders. They were shaking. Quickly he led her into his room, seated her on the edge of his bed. She dropped the violin and covered her face with her hands.

"Murder!" she half-whispered.

"Murder has been done!"

His face gray and haggard, the man bent over her, took both her hands in his. She lifted her face. With the greatest effort he controlled his voice.

"Where, Ruth? Who?" he asked. "I don't know where! Oh! I don't know!" she said. Then, slowly, wondertoing: "Martha... Martha... That is her name! Martha! He was strangling her! He has killed her!"

Tyler stared down into her face. "I couldn't stop him! I couldn't!" she said.

"Who, Ruth, who?" Tyler cried, his voice rising. "Who is Martha?"

But the girl shook her head miserably, and dropped her face against his arm. He caressed her dark hair. Then his eyes went to the short-wave radio cabinet beside the bed. With an exclamation he leaned over it, swiftly turned the dials, tuned in on Police Headquarters. If murder had been done...

He straightened up, listening. Then his face showed keen disappointment. Police Headquarters was on the air, but it was a mere routine.

"... Twenty-nine," he heard. "Calling Car Thirteen. Proceed to Seventh Avenue and Christopher Street. Automobile wreck. Twenty-nine. Calling Car Thirteen. Proceed."

The girl stared dully at him. Tyler, with a little gesture of impa-

tience, leaned over to turn off the radio. Then the announcer's voice, from Headquarters, broke off its droning call.

The voice raised, sharply: "Thirty!" it said. "Calling Car Forty-six! Proceed at once to Eighty-sixth Street and Park Avenue! Thirty! Calling Car Forty-six!"

Tyler switched off the radio and reached for the telephone.

"Thirty!" the new police radio code for crimes of violence—for murder! The code adopted to keep departmental details from the curious ears of listeners—in on the increasingly popular short-wave sets!

The girl's white face stared at him as he dialed the number of the



"Murder!" she half-whispered. "Murder has been done!"

reporters' room at Police Headquarters. "Doc" Crandall, for twenty years night Headquarters reporter for the Star, and an old acquaintance, was the man he wanted. He got him on the phone.

"Dan," Tyler speaking, "Doc," he said. "Just picked up a 'thirty' on the short wave. Park and Eighty-sixth. Got a slip on it yet?"

"Yeh," said Crandall. "It's just come down. It's a moidah. Guy strangled his wife in a penthouse. How you been, Mr. Tyler? Ain't seen you in a coon's age."

"Strangled?" said Tyler, his heart racing. "What's the name, Doc?"

"She was born blind," said Tyler. "And you say that she knew, merely, that a woman named Martha had been strangled?" Dr. Karasek pursued thoughtfully.

"That is all," said Tyler. "The unusual part of it is that this was the first time she had ever been able to get a name."

"Ah, yes," said Dr. Karasek. "And the—ah—last time?"

"Was last week," said Tyler. "I woke to hear her screaming, ran to her room. She knew that some one had been shot—who, she did not know. You recall the newspaper stories of the murder of Augie Klaus, the beer baron?"

"I never read newspapers," said Dr. Karasek.

"This man was shot at one-thirty-five A. M. in a night-club in West Fifty-fourth Street," said Tyler.

"The exact time that Ruth's scream aroused me. I am convinced that she knew about this murder."

"I dare say," said Dr. Karasek.

"And the—ah—the other times?"

"She was terrified," said Tyler, but never knew of what."

"I see," said Dr. Karasek. "Most interesting."

"You'll take the case?" asked Tyler.

"If I only could!" said Dr. Karasek. His little eyes were shining.

Then he shook his head, slowly, regretfully. "But it is impossible. Tonight I must go to Baltimore. I am committed to an important case there. A pity!"

"But Dr. Karasek!" Tyler cried.

He stopped, hesitated and went on:

"It's a question of money—"

"But no," said Dr. Karasek, turning upon him a look of mild astonishment. "Do you think that a mere matter of money—Have I not told you that I am committed?"

"I can't tell you how disappointed I am," said Tyler heavily. "I'd set my heart on you, as the one man in your field... I—I certainly thought you'd be interested."

(To Be Continued)

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OKAY!

SURE!

OH, MY!

YES!

FOR HIM

5-30

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