

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 Columbus?
2. In which island group is Molokai?
3. In which state is the city of Kalamazoo?
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 Moho-

- gan?
4. Who was Hermann Landolt?
5. How many points has a Maltese cross?
6. What is the past tense of the verb light?
7. What is a dynameter?
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 kedgie?

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 Juhan, credited by the French as being the inventor of the modern bicycle, is being honored by the citizens of Bordeaux, who have named a street after him. Jujan constructed the first bicycle in France, which had two wheels of the same dimensions and which was motivated by a chain from a cogwheel.

Dentists Visit Shrine

Nice — (UP) — Three hundred dentists came to this small town recently to pay homage at the shrine of St. Apollonia, the patron saint of dentists. Although the patron saint dates back more than 1,700 years, modern dentists still visit the shrine. Apollonia was tortured to death in the 3rd Century.

Ancient Skeleton Found

Les Eyzies, France — (UP) — A human skeleton believed to date from the 11th to the 12th Century has been unearthed in the fields outside of Les Eyzies in the Dordogne department. The discovery dates back to the Stone Age and

has been placed in the prehistoric museum of Les Eyzies.

NOTICE OF INSOLVENCY
In the Matter of the estate of Ida M. Everhart, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that upon petition filed in said court by Lawrence L. Yager as administrator de bonis non of said estate, setting up the insufficiency of the estate of said decedent to pay the debts and liabilities thereof, the Judge of said Court did, on the 21st day of March 1936, 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 such insolvency, and required to file their claims against said estate for allowance in the Court of said day of March, 1936.
Witness, the Clerk and seal of said Court, at Decatur, Indiana this 29th day of March, 1936.
G. Remy Bierly, Clerk.
March 29-36

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 awakened 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, fished in 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 dreading happened. 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, wonderingly: "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 her! 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 turning 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 call.

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

He listened, leaning 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

first scream at four-twenty o'clock—the exact moment that Ruth began to play.

Tyler stopped. Dr. Karasc read on, still making little clucking sounds with his lips. When he had finished, the psychiatrist peered up at Tyler with his curious little eyes, blue and oddly incongruous in his swarthy face.

"But yes," he said, in the fluent, precise English of a highly cultured foreigner. "Interesting, very interesting, no?"

He darted a searching look at Tyler's face, and began to drum a vigorous tattoo on the arm of the chair with his spatulate fingers.

"How long," he asked, softly, "has your daughter been blind?"

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"I think him qualified," said Dr. Karasc. "But you—" "If you say he's all right, then he is all right," said Tyler. "I shall tell you 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 had run 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. Karasc 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, but he had suffered a terrific shock. In short, he was 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 'troubleshooter'—I took him along. He has

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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 seeks the aid of Dr. Jan Karasc, celebrated psychiatrist, but the latter must go to Baltimore on another case. Tyler expresses his disappointment that Karasc is not interested.

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