

Test Your Knowledge

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

1. Name the instrument used in determining the specific gravity of liquids.
2. What is bezique?
3. Who invented the sewing machine?
4. In which South American country is the city of Valparaiso?
5. Who wrote, "A Child's History of England?"
6. In chemistry, what are hydrocarbons?
7. Who was Lilli Lehmann?
8. Where in the Holy Land was the village of Bethany, referred to in the New Testament?
9. Name the planetoid that approaches nearest to the earth.
10. Of which country is Cairo the capital?

Household Scrapbook
By Roberta Lee

Polishing Furniture
Add a little gasoline to the furniture polish and the result will be genuine.

a surface that will not show finger marks so readily.

Pastry

Put a small amount of lemon juice in the water used for mixing your pastry, and it will not only remove all taste of fat but will make the pastry lighter.

Greasy Faints

When a garment is very greasy, put about one pint of ammonia in enough suds to cover, and soak the garment over night before laundering.

Co-eds Called Thrifty

Salt Lake City —(UP)—College girls today—far from being spend-thrifts—have become scrupulously careful in spending their money. Mrs. Joseph B. Hubbard, Cambridge Mass., national president of Alpha Delta Pi sorority told a University of Utah audience.

Children Find 327 Nickels

Seattle —(UP)—Children playing in a vacant garage here found a sack containing 327 nickels. The money was turned over to police, officers who thought a counterfeiters' cache had been found but secret service men said the money was genuine.

STATE PERSONALITIES

Elective And Appointive Officers of Indiana.

Executive Secretary of Teachers' Pension



ROBERT B. HOUGHAM

Executive Secretary Teachers' Pension

Indiana's state teachers' retirement fund is one of five among the states of the Nation which is actually sound. That could not be said in regard to investment of reserves before Robert B. Hougham of Franklin was appointed executive secretary of the fund by Governor Paul V. McNutt early in 1933. The previous administration left this fund in a bit of scandal and a former board member was convicted of bond thefts.

Reflecting the better brand of business management introduced by Governor McNutt and the general improvement of the investment market under the program of the New Deal in Indiana, the fund today has redeemed \$2,000,000 of its defaulted investments. A few weeks ago at the national conference of teachers' retirement fund secretaries it was reported in St. Louis, Mo., that the Indiana fund stands along with those of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio in security of investments and adequacy of pension benefits. Altogether Mr. Hougham has between 15 and 16 million dollars of teachers' fund investments to supervise. The department is now having a survey made in order to guide future supervision of the

fund for the best benefit of the teachers who are members. Mr. Hougham says the improvement in collections on municipal bonds in the past year has been the greatest in many years.

Mr. Hougham is a former president of the Indiana State Teachers Association. He was superintendent

of schools in Johnson County for eight years and before that principal of the Franklin High school. He represented Johnson county in the Indiana General Assembly in 1917 and in 1921. During the World War he was with the Army Intelligence Service at Washington, D. C. He is a graduate of Franklin Col-

lege, Indiana Law School and took post graduate work at Chicago University.

"THERE'S MURDER IN THE AIR"
by ROY CHANSLOR

CHAPTER XXXI

Gabriel sat at his table at the rear of the cafe, his eyes on the performers in the floor show. "Plenty hot!" the critics had said. Gabriel glanced at his watch, then back at the show.

Then he saw the broad-shouldered figure of Flaherty, making its way across the room. Deliberately, Gabriel did not look at him until he loomed over the table. Flaherty grinned.

"How's it, Jim?" Flaherty boomed. "Fine as silk," said Gabriel. "Sit down."

Flaherty sat beside him. Gabriel nodded toward the floor.

"Get a load of this finale," he said. Flaherty grinned. "Read about it," he said.

"A right guy's always welcome here," said Gabriel. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Tony signaling.

"Be right with you," he said, rising. He walked toward the waiter. Flaherty eased over in his seat, followed the man with his eyes.

"Phone," said Tony. "What's the matter with the portable?" said Gabriel.

Tony's eyes flicked toward Flaherty. Gabriel nodded grimly. He glanced back at Flaherty. Then he walked quickly toward the door, watching the detective out of the corner of his eye. Flaherty rose slowly. Gabriel swerved just before reaching the door, and stepped into a phone-booth beside the cigar counter. He saw Flaherty sit down again, his eyes on the booth.

Gabriel spoke into the transmitter. His face tightened; the cords on his neck stood out. But he kept his voice low, gave staccato orders. He emerged from the booth with a smile, and returned to the table but did not sit down.

"How about that little snifter?" he said. "Could use one myself," said Flaherty, rising. "I'm right behind you."

Gabriel led the way upstairs, walked beside Flaherty, chatting pleasantly as they went down the long hallway. At the door to the apartment he paused, opened the door and waved Flaherty inside. Flaherty entered; Gabriel followed. As Flaherty turned, an automatic was jammed forcibly into his stomach.

Flaherty grunted and tried to look surprised. Gabriel swiftly relieved him of his gun and his handcuffs. He snapped one of them on the detective's left wrist, prodded him with the automatic, nodding toward the radiator in the far corner of the room. Flaherty backed up to the radiator.

"Lie down," Gabriel. Flaherty lay down. Gabriel slipped the other cuff about the steam-pipe, snapped it onto Flaherty's right wrist. Then he took out a handkerchief and gagged him securely.

Up the back street, proceeding at a conventional speed, came a nondescript car. Two men sat in the front seat. At the rear driveway of the Palm Gardens the car turned, proceeded to the service entrance. Three men who lurked in the darkness behind the building turned inquiringly toward a detective sergeant. He shook his head.

"They didn't say nothin' about incomin' cars," he whispered. The two men got out of the car, entered the kitchen door.

Gabriel, finished with gagging the detective, glanced up as the house phone rang. Carefully avoiding the windows, he went to it.

"Hello," said Nicky's voice. "I got this guy here. Open up, will you?"

A smile spread across Gabriel's taut face. "Sure," he said. "Just push him in, tell him to walk straight up the steps and then you close the door behind him."

"Say, ain't I in on this?" demanded Nicky. "Sure, you are," said Gabriel. "But we got plenty of time. Want you to do a little chore first. This party's got to be staged right. All the fixin's. You know, the last-supper stuff. Well, I'm fresh outta champagne. That'll never do. Take the car and run over to Louie's, and get me five bottles. Yeh, five. I'll be seein' you."

Nicky looked puzzled as he hung up. Then he shrugged and grinned. What a gag! Champagne—and then the old business! He motioned to Gordon, led him through the refrigerator room. The door on the other side clicked. Jim had released the automatic lock.

"Go ahead, pal," said Nicky. "Right up them stairs. Be with you in a couple minutes."

He locked the door on the outside, strode through the kitchen, He climbed into the car, started it and drove slowly to the street. He turned right and started to shift gears.

Two men stepped out of the shadows. Gabriel reached for the gun in his shoulder holster, then thought better of it as he saw the grim service revolver snap out. A big man motioned him out of the car, clapped a huge palm over his mouth.

Gabriel was at the house phone. "Sam," he said, "has Nicky gone?" "Yeh," said Sam.

"Good," said Gabriel. "Wanted him outta this. Sam, the bulls're here!"

At the sharp exclamation from the man on the wire, Gabriel cut in sharply.

"Wait a minute—listen! This is my show—a one-man show. They won't take me alive. It's a murder charge, anyhow. That old Chicago rap. They'll give you guys a chance to walk out. Take it. No, there ain't a chance in a million. I was tipped off. The joint's surrounded. They're waitin' for Flaherty to give 'em the office. He won't be givin' it. That gives me time for a little job. Tell the boys good-by."

"Nuts!" said Sam. "We're all in, Jim."

"Don't be a Joe Grimm!" said Gabriel. "It'd be the chair for all of you, Sam. . . . Because I'm takin' plenty of them with me!"

"So what?" said Sam. "When I ring, open the door!"

He hung up. Gabriel replaced the receiver, smiled grimly, shrugged. Then he went swiftly down the hall. Paul Gordon stood on the first step, just inside the door staring up into the semi-darkness, listening. He heard the soft pad of approaching footsteps. Then he squared his shoulders and firmly began to mount the stairs, to meet Gaudio face to face at long last—to keep his rendezvous with death.

The men who crouched in the darkness of the stuffy room kept their eyes fixed on the lighted windows directly across the street, the windows above the blinking electric sign of Jim Gabriel's Palm Gardens. With growing disquiet they awaited the signal of Detective Flaherty.

Now and again Commissioner Kilrane glanced at the luminous dial of his wrist-watch. No word was spoken. To Tyler and Nat, beside Kilrane, the minutes dragged interminably. Why didn't the signal come? Fear and a growing cold rage fought within Nat's mind, fear for the fate of Gabriel's prisoners, rage at their captor.

A row of sub-machine-guns lay in front of the closed windows, and a detective hovered over each of them. Nat could see them lying there so ominously every time the sign flashed.

Kilrane glanced once more at his watch, and shook his head worriedly. "Looks like Flaherty's failed," he whispered. "We'll give him five minutes more. If he doesn't give us a sign by then—we've got to strike. It's the only chance."

Tyler nodded slowly. By the flash of the electric sign, Nat saw his grimly tightened jaw. The younger man shivered. Again he felt the cold steel of the automatic; it steadied his nerves. Rage began to predominate over fear. The fate of the prisoners was in the lap of the gods now. If they were too late—at least the victims could be avenged.

There was a quick low knock at the door. Some one opened it slightly, masking the thin shaft of light with his body. A tall figure with red hair. Behind him Nat saw Cooke, from the Gordon estate. They slipped into the room.

"Well, Mac?" said Kilrane to the red-haired giant. "This guy says Gordon's inside Gabriel's joint," said Detective Sergeant MacDonald. Kilrane gave a low exclamation. Tyler said something to Cooke in a low voice.

"He's in there, all right," Cooke said. At Kilrane's quick, "Quiet, man!" he dropped his voice and went on: "I followed 'em on Nelson's orders. A guy in a sedan

picked Gordon up a mile east of the estate. They drove here, by the back way. I seen 'em go in. Then the guy who'd picked Gordon up drove out again. The bulls grabbed him."

"It was Nicky Gabriel, Jim's younger brother," said Red Mac. "Gosh, chief, nobody said anything about keepin' people out of the joint!"

Kilrane cursed helplessly. The Sergeant began to apologize. The Commissioner silenced him.

"Where's Nicky?" he demanded. "We got him down the road a piece," said MacDonald. "He don't know nothin', of course. But my hunch is Jim's been tipped off. He gave the kid an out, see?"

"Afraid you're right, Mac," said Kilrane. "Back to your station now. Pass the word that nobody's to go in or come out of the Palm Gardens. Grab everybody—and hold 'em!"

"Right, Chief," said Red Mac. He slipped from the room quietly.

"Time's up," said Kilrane suddenly. "Gabriel's wise to us, all right. I've got one more angle. I'll try to make a deal with him. If he won't play ball, we shoot the works!"

From the darkened hallway the two men stepped into the lighted apartment and faced each other after eighteen years. Jim Gabriel grinned, scrutinized Paul Gordon's expressionless face, gave an admiring chuckle.

"Ain't science wonderful!" he said. "You got away with that dead pan for years, Moridon. I got to hand it to you. Plastic surgery! What a gag!"

The man who had been James Moridon stared into the eyes of the kidnaper-killer who had been Joe Gaudio—eyes that grew hard and cold as the grin faded from his face. Then Gordon shrugged, threw out his hands, said quietly:

"Here I am, Gaudio. I've kept my bargain. Now—keep yours."

"Oh, sure!" said the dark man. He laughed shortly, and turned his eyes to the floor by the radiator. Gordon's followed. He gave a start, stared at the figure of the man handcuffed to the pipes. Gabriel bent over Flaherty, flipped his coat back, looked up at Gordon significantly. Gordon saw the detective's badge. Its meaning struck him like a blow.

"Remember what I said about ringin' in the bulls, Mister?" asked Gabriel. Gordon recoiled.

"But—God, man, I didn't—he began. Gabriel cut him short.

"What the hell's the difference now?" he demanded, rising. The phone jangled. Gabriel glared at it, hesitated. Then he drew an automatic, covered Gordon, and went to the phone swiftly, his eyes never leaving the man across the room, who was standing as if stupefied, his eyes agape on the gagged and manacled Flaherty.

Gabriel lifted the receiver. "This is Kilrane," a voice said. "We've got you sewed up, Gabriel. You haven't got a chance. I'm talkin' turkey. We want Gordon, his daughter, his son, his wife and Flaherty, unharmed—and you. We've got the kid—I mean Nicky. We'll lay off him and all your boys if you play ball. If you don't—it'll be just too bad."

At mention of his brother, Gabriel's eyes flickered; he held the phone tighter.

Kilrane paused, then went on: "My word on it, Gabriel. We'll forget the kidnaping rap on Nicky—and all the rest. And you'll get a fair trial on those old Chicago charges. I've notified your boys downstairs they can come out—with their hands in the air. I'm givin' you the same out. What say?"

The house-phone buzzed. Gabriel stared at it.

"Gimme a minute to think," he said huskily.

He covered the mouthpiece of the phone with one hand, lifted the receiver of the house-phone with the other.

"It's Sam," said a voice. "They just give us our chance, Jim. The answer is nuts! Open up!"

Gabriel grinned suddenly. "Kayo, Sam," he said. "We'll give 'em hell."

He hung up the house-phone. His hand darted to the switch on the wall. He pressed it, listened a moment, heard Sam and the boys crowding up the steps. Then he pressed the button again, locked the downstairs door, turned back to the other phone.

"Okay, Kilrane," he said. "I'll play ball."

(To Be Continued)

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of 60 passengers daily. A fleet of six Sikorsky amphibians is kept constantly in operation.

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

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

Corrected May 2.

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

100 to 120 lbs.	\$ 9.15
120 to 140 lbs.	9.25
140 to 160 lbs.	9.75
160 to 230 lbs.	10.15
230 to 270 lbs.	9.75
270 to 300 lbs.	9.55
300 to 350 lbs.	9.35
Roughs	8.50
Stags	6.50
Vealers	9.00
Ewe and wether lambs	10.00
Clipped lambs	8.00
Yearling lambs	5.00

FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK

Fort Wayne, Ind., May 2.—(UP)—Livestock:
Hogs, steady; 160-180 lbs., \$10.55; 180-200 lbs., \$10.45; 200-225 lbs., \$10.35; 225-250 lbs., \$10.25; 250-275 lbs., \$10.05; 275-300 lbs., \$9.95; 300-350 lbs., \$9.70; 140-160 lbs., \$10.15; 120-140 lbs., \$10; 100-120 lbs., \$9.75. Roughs, \$8.50; stags, \$6.75. Calves, \$9.50; lambs, \$11.50.

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

Corrected May 2.

No. 1 New Wheat, 60 lbs. or better 90c
No. 2 New Wheat, 58 lbs. 89c
Oats 18 to 20c
Good dry No. 2 Yellow Soy Beans 72c
New No. 4 Yellow Corn, 100 lbs. 50 to 78c
Rye 45c

CENTRAL SOYA MARKET

Dry No. 2 Yellow Soy Beans... 72c (Delivered to factory)

Traded in a Good Town — Decatur

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

Notice is hereby given that Monday, May 4, 1936 will be the last day to pay your Spring installment of taxes. The county treasurer's office will be open from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. during the tax paying season. All taxes not paid by that time will become delinquent and an 8% penalty will be added, an additional 2% will be added for each year tax remains unpaid from first Monday in November in the year the delinquency occurred. Those who have bought or sold property and wish a division of taxes are asked to come in at once. Call on the Auditor for errors and any reductions. The Treasurer can make no corrections.

The Treasurer will not be responsible for the penalty of delinquent taxes resulting from the omission of tax-payers to state definitely on what property they desire to pay, in whose name it may be found, in what township or corporation it is situated.

Persons owing delinquent taxes should pay them at once, the law is such that there is no option left for the Treasurer but enforce the collection of delinquent taxes.

County orders will not be paid to anyone owing delinquent taxes. All persons are warned against them. Particular attention, if you pay taxes in more than one township mention the fact to the Treasurer also see that your receipts call for all your real estate and personal property.

In making inquiries of the Treasurer regarding taxes to insure repayment do not fail to include return postage.

JEFF LECHEY
Treasurer Adams County, Indiana.
April 6 to May 2.

HOLEPROOF SOCK of the MONTH

Diamond Checks

Special VALUE FOR 50¢

● A hint and what a hint . . . this new Sock of the Month by Holeproof. Look at it one way, you see checks; another way, diamonds; a third, fine vertical stripes . . . but, in every way, an exceptionally good-looking sock. In the colors you'll want for all summer wear. A very special value!

VANCE & LINN

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 ADVERTISING BUSINESS CARDS AND NOTICES

RATES
One Time—Minimum 25c for 20 words or less. Two Times—Minimum 40c for 20 words or less. Three Times—Minimum 50c for 20 words or less. Over 20 words 25c per line for the three times.

FOR SALE

Poultry Raisers Save money, better chicks. B.E.C.O. Starter Grower, \$1.98 per lb. Burk Elevator phone 25.

FOR SALE—Plants, ant cabbage, marigolds, yams, pimentos, Bulbs and flower plants. Meibers, 1127 West

FOR SALE—Five room two baths. Inquire at 3601 Logan Ave. Phone 26642.

FOR SALE—Chickadees, tested flocks called by name; size and color White, Buff, Lighthouse breeds, 7c. Burman, Willshire, Ohio, 4 miles Road 49.

FOR SALE—6 bed room, Cramer, 3 miles east of Decatur.

FOR SALE—Cabbage plants, Henry Road 10th. Phone 677.

FOR SALE—Payson to 20 acres, with buildings, black ground, court house, Huntington, Bloom, City Larch, Indiana.

FOR SALE—\$980 piano, like new; \$150. Would like to contact music party to take over balance due. Only \$100 per month. Write Olen \$12 Main Street, Adams

FOR SALE—Sewer pipe, Walter Thiene, telephone

FOR SALE—1935 Plymouth, 4 miles east of

For Sale—Lawn and lawn fertilizer. Burk Elevator phone 25.

FOR RENT—Furnished apartment over Main Street. Julius Hauck, phone

FOR RENT—Five room modern apartment, Suttles, agent.

FOR RENT—Residence east of Monroe, Indiana, agent.

MISCELLANEOUS

MODERN REPAIR SHOP. We have spared no expense in our shop and our equipment. Come in and see. Butler's Garage, 125 S.

STAR SIGN BY OCTAVINE

For persons who believe in the daily horoscope, a noted astrologer will give information of general lines of information of persons born on the dates.

May 1

The general influence of the morning are unimportant. Early afternoon looks good. Son should benefit through matters of conditions of exclusive subjects.

Today's Birthdays

You are liable to be a solitude but should not be attitude to draw you away from friends.

There is the probability through speculative mania, travel or children through July, 1936.

Travel by land or by sea expansion should come during February, 1937. Nothing to advance your time.

Readers desiring additional information regarding their horoscope are invited to communicate Octavine in care of this newspaper. Enclose a 3-cent stamped addressed envelope.

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