

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 beisque?
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 Lill 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 Farmers

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 spendthrifts—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 counterfeiter's 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

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.

Hawaii Air-Minded

Honolulu —(UP)—Inter-island aviation between the Hawaiian islands has increased to such an extent that there is now an average

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

MARKE 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.—(UPI)

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. \$10.00; 100-120 lbs. \$9.75

Roughs, \$8.50; stags, \$8.75.

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 Yel. 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)

Trade in a Good Town — Decatur

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

Note to taxpayers: On the 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 paid by the time will be considered delinquent and an 8% penalty will be added, an additional 5% will be added for each year tax remains unpaid from first Monday in November in the year the delinquency occurs. The treasurer's office will be open to collect 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.

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 again 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' in turkey. We want Gordon, his daughter, 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.

"Kyo, 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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50¢

• A hit! And what a hit... 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!

• You are liable to be alone but should not let that attitude to draw you away from friends.

There is the probability through speculative investments, travel of children, through July, 1936.

Travel by land or sea, expansion should come during February, 1936, doing something to advance your time.

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.

Readers desiring additional information regarding their

Octavine in care of this paper, enclose a 3-cent stamp in a

closed envelope.

"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 his 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.

The frenzied finale began. Gabriel kept his eyes glued on the madly whirling girls. Flaherty chuckled, applauded. The show ended, the girls trooped off. Gabriel grinned at Flaherty.

"Ain't thirsty, are you?" he asked.

"Don't wanna be a hog," said Flaherty.

"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, following the man with his eyes.

"Phone," said Tony.

"What's the matter with the portab?" 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."

"Kyo," 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.

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 in-comin' 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 Ed 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 outa 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."

"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 Cook 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."