

## LOCAL GIRL TELLS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)  
was Valparaiso, Indiana, known in those days as the 'poor man's Harvard.' He stayed two years, sum-

mers included; doubled up on his course and got his bachelor's degree at the age of 18. He became a reporter on the Cripple Creek Morning Times, and before the end of the year had reached the dizzy eminence of managing editor of the Denver

two daily newspapers in the famous gold mining camp.

"He went to the University of Denver for one year, where he got another bachelor's degree and a master's degree. He earned his way as a reporter on the Denver

newspaper staff, and spent the following summer punching cows and pitching alfalfa on the Ute Indian Reservation.

"Then he went East to Chicago to study law, and again worked his way as a newspaper reporter, and also became professor of forensic oratory at the Chicago Kent College of Law.

"During the two following years he led small expeditions into the sub-Arctic, the interior of Alaska and the regions along the Arctic Ocean, where he had his first real training for the years of travel

that followed. It was in Alaska also that he made the final discovery that he didn't intend to practice law.

"The years 1915 and 1916 he spent doing post graduate work at Princeton University in constitutional law. During those two years at Princeton he was a member of the faculty there in the department of English literature. He devoted several nights each week to give illustrated lectures on the Far North.

"Mr. Thomas has been connected with the world news for twenty-six years. The past six years have been devoted to radio news reporting. From childhood Mr. Thomas possessed a keen appetite for knowledge pertaining to the everyday happenings about him. This craving developed and gradually Mr. Thomas embraced it as a profession.

Excitement rings throughout the life of Mr. Thomas, for it is one

of the two times. A great deal of his leisure time is devoted to the hobby of raising horses. He is interested in all types of sports, especially riding, golf, tennis and swimming.

"The most fascinating of all his hobbies is writing. His fiction and editorials have proven to be an endless stream of his acquired knowledge and ability. To the reader they prove a delightful source of reading material rich in food for thought.

"Present educational projects are of great interest to Mr. Thomas. He feels that all students should know and take an active part in world problems today. The newspapers and magazines such as the Reader's Digest, are valuable sources of broadening and enlightening the youth of today, and should be used as regularly as a text book is in the study of a classic.

"Mr. Thomas advocates a course of Current Events in the curriculum of every elementary, secondary and higher institutions of learning. This course should not be haphazard but thorough.

"For the benefit of the students of Georgian Court College, Mr. Thomas is sending several of his most recent novels for their use. It is his desire to some day visit the Court. We assured Mr. Thomas that nothing would give us greater pleasure than to have him as our guest here at the college, and we are looking forward to it with a great deal of pleasure."

## 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 9

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

FOR SALE—Cabbage and plants, 5c per doz. Also potatoes and an ice bin. Strahm, phone 1231.

FOR SALE—109 S.C.W. Choice from flock of 100 laying hens. Six weeks old. Frank S. Johnson in Muncie.

SOLD—THOROUGHLY Chevrolet cars and trucks cause of their power, dependability, economy, strength and Special, a 1933 1 1/2 C. H. 1/2 long wheel base, dual wheel, mileage, new engine and engine guarantee. A real buy for some one. A truck is recommended, moderately priced at the Chevrolet, Inc., call 170. Fred Busch.

FOR SALE—Soy beans and also seed corn. 1 1/2 miles south of Kirtland school, Craigville phone 1231.

FOR SALE—Two day old John Selking, 2 miles south of Hoagland. Hoagland phone 1231.

FOR SALE—Seven feeder hogs, 1 1/2 miles north of Williamsburg. Floyd Hill.

FOR SALE—Chicks from tested flocks culled in production, size and color. White, Buff Leghorns, 1/2 breeds, 7c. Buchanan and Willshire, Ohio, 4 miles from Road 49.

FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK Fort Wayne, Ind., May 9. (U.P.)

Livestock: Hogs, 10c lower.

100 to 120 lbs. \$ 8.50

120 to 140 lbs. 8.60

140 to 160 lbs. 9.10

160 to 230 lbs. 9.50

230 to 270 lbs. 9.10

300 to 350 lbs. 8.90

300 to 350 lbs. 8.70

Roughs 8.00

Stags 6.00

Deers 8.25

Spring lambs 10.50

Clipped lambs 9.00

Yearling lambs 5.00

— FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK

Fort Wayne, Ind., May 9. (U.P.)

Livestock: Hogs, 10c lower.

160 to 180 lbs. \$ 9.75

180 to 200 lbs. 9.65

200 to 225 lbs. 9.55

225 to 250 lbs. 9.40

250 to 275 lbs. 9.30

275 to 300 lbs. 9.20

300 to 350 lbs. 9.00

140 to 160 lbs. 9.40

120 to 140 lbs. 9.10

100 to 120 lbs. 8.90

Roughs, \$8.25; Stags, \$6.50.

Calves, \$8.50; lambs, \$11.00.

WANTED—Cisterns, barrels water saved, washed down. Phone 965. Mr. ...

WANTED—Rug cleaner, reasonable. Phone 965. Huston.

WANTED—LADIES NOTICE. Stahlbut of Laura Beatty.

Fort Wayne, will be at beauty shop Tuesday, May 19. Call 1280 for appointment.

WANTED TO RENT—Wm. Strahm, phone 1231.

WANTED—Cisterns, barrels water saved, washed down. Phone 965. Mr. ...

WANTED—Filters built. Saw the painting and odd jobs. Elisha Gause, Belmont Rd.

MISCELLANEOUS

WE GIVE RELIABLE service on any make of car.

Personal interest taken in your job. Butler's Garage, 115 S. First street.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—License plate to Number 18478. Between

and my home. Ed Kohn, southwest of Decatur.

Test Your Knowledge

Can you answer seven of ten questions? Turn to

Four for the answer.

1. For what is Seth Thomas ed?

2. What is a church called?

3. Name the second book of Pentateuch.

4. Who was Francis Ellen

Lemaire?

5. Where is the Chugach M. Forest?

6. What is excommunication?

7. What is the name of a branch of science which is time as measured, computed and recorded?

8. Is Kate Smith the radio singer?

9. What is illiteracy?

10. Who wrote, "The Great

Errors?"

## "Sweepstakes on Love"

by MAY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER I  
DIANA leaned tensely forward in the box at the Horse Show in Madison Square Garden. Roger Dexter had just ridden into the arena in this entry, and she had eyes for no one but the handsome, dark young man on the magnificent Arab gelding.

Had she any chance at all? Was there any meaning in his on-again-off-again attentions?

Asked here, asked there, asked everywhere, he could choose from dozens of girls, for Roger was one of the town's most eligible bachelors.

Not that Diana cared about his wealth, his social prestige. In her sensitive heart she had endowed Roger with all the attributes of a hero. And there was no questioning his virility. He was the most fascinating young man she had met in all her eighteen years, or was ever likely to meet. But could one be permanently safe with a man who was as good-looking as Roger . . . as attractive to women?

Wasn't Regina Hyde, she of the superb self-confidence, the illimitable poise, setting her cap at him?

Predatory Regina, who went right after what she wanted, and usually won out!

Said a member of Diana's party, as though telepathically, at her elbow: "I'm surprised that the Hyde girl isn't here when Roger's riding. You know she's quite crazy about him."

Roger and mount flew over the hurdles like a bird on the wing.

"Or a centaur," thought Diana, who had studied Greek mythology. The clear pallor of her little heart-shaped face was suffused by a bright rose as Roger, sighting her in a lower tier box, saluted her with his riding crop, as he skinned by.

There was a pause in the proceedings as attendants hefted one hurdle in the center of the arena by an extra bar.

"Stiff jump! We may even witness a tumble!" said a man behind Diana, as the contestants waited for the signal.

Roger put his animal at the obstacle. Diana's breath caught in her throat. Up! Clear? Yes! No!

The gelding made a bad landing, pitched heavily forward and threw Roger, and then—merciful heavens!—somersaulted over his prostrate body.

Regina's scream rang above the "oh's" and "oh's" of spectators. She sprang up in the box. Attendants rushed forward to Roger, who lay there without moving. Everything went black before Diana. . . . Something pungent was being held under her nose.

She said, faintly: "Something happened, didn't it? An accident? Roger?"

When she was being assisted from the box and down the passage behind the grand-stands into a room where several people were gathered about a ruefully grinning young man...

It was Roger himself!

He got up at sight of her. A warm and shiny light came into his fine eyes as he told her: "Diana, just before I was knocked out I heard you calling—i swear I did!"

Sympathetic smiles came to the faces of their friends. This was the room reserved for the riders and their guests. No other woman was present at the moment.

Diana held out her hand to Roger. "Aren't you dreadfully hurt? The horse rolled on you. It was terrible to see."

"Oh, I've the nine lives of a cat. Hassan as well. He falls lightly, like an acrobat. I was only out for a couple of minutes, but I'm perfectly okay now, thanks."

Presently they were tête-à-tête over a cocktail apiece. It was heart-warming.

But Roger was more potent than a cocktail. He said to Diana: "You look better now. More color in your cheeks. You mustn't take things so seriously, my dear girl."

Was it a hint that her feeling for him was unreciprocated? Was he trying to let her down gently?

But it couldn't be intentional, for immediately, refilling her glass, he was telling her that he hoped he was going to Regina's weekend party on Long Island.

"It'll be fun, Diana. Shall I see you there?"

"Yes." She had left the invitation unanswered, not at all keen on Regina's brand of parties. But now she knew that Roger had accepted, it put a different aspect on things.

The exclusive Turf and Field Club was crowded. Out on the lawns, in the bright sunlight, gay parties were lunching at little tables under umbrellas like gaudy giant mushrooms. An orchestra played a merry tune. Birds chirped in the tall old trees about the historic mansion that now was the smartest racing clubhouse on Long Island.



"Aren't you dreadfully hurt? The horse rolled on you."

## NOW SHOWING—"AND IT COMES OUT HERE"

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By SEGAR

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