

Test Your Knowledge

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

1. To which country does the island of St. Pierre belong?

2. Where did the famous "Picnic's charge" occur?

3. How many feet are in a fathom?

4. In law, what is "adverse pos-

session?"
5. Who was Eduard Gerhardt?
6. What dogs were bred originally for bull baiting?
7. In which city are the United States Botanic Gardens?
8. In the church calendar, what is the name for the Friday before Easter?
9. Who wrote, "The Innocents Abroad?"
10. What form of government has Finland?

Ranion against Willard Kelsey.
Real Estate Transfers
Minnie B. Reid to Guy B. Bess, inlot 32 in Decatur for \$1.
Guy B. Bess to Wilbert E. Huge, inlots 7 and 32 in Decatur for \$1.
Wilbert E. Huge et ux to Guy B. Bess, Tr. inlots 7 and 32 in Decatur for \$1.
Clara Hanna, Ex. to Carl T. Hanna, inlets 689 and 690 and part of 917 in Decatur for \$1,000.
Martin L. Smith et ux to Julia Campbell, part of inlot 689 in Berne in Homewood for \$1.

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Julia Campbell to Martin L. Smith, inlot 456 in Berne for \$1.
Jennie A. Smith et vir to Julia Campbell, inlot 356 in Berne for \$1.
Julia Campbell to Jennie A. Smith, inlot 680 in Berne for \$1.
Dept. of Financial Institutions to Lawrence Michael, inlots 916 and 917 in Decatur for \$70.
John W. Tyndall, Tr., to H. L. Nell, inlot 191 and part of 190 in Homewood for \$1.

Venue Criminal Trial
To Jay Circuit Court
The trial of J. Earl Butler, former rural mail carrier, charged with sodomy, has been venued to the Jay circuit court at Portland. The venue was granted Saturday afternoon upon the motion of the defense, supported by a number of affidavits. The case was originally set for October 14 in the local court.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT
OF ESTATE NO. 3320

Notice is hereby given to the creditors, heirs and legatees of Carrie L. Schirmeyer, deceased, to appear in the Adams Circuit Court held at Decatur, Indiana, on the 29th day of October 1937, and show cause if any, why the Final Settlement Accounts, which have been filed, should not be approved; and said heirs are notified to then and there make proof of heirship, and receive their distributive shares.

Uricle Chase, Administratrix
Decatur, Indiana, Sept. 24, 1937.

C. J. Letz, Attorney
Sept. 27 Oct. 4.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT
OF ESTATE NO. 3320

Notice is hereby given to the creditors, heirs and legatees of Albert Shady, deceased, to appear in the Adams Circuit Court, held at Decatur, Indiana, on the 19th day of October, 1937, and show cause if any, why the Final Settlement Accounts, which have been filed, should not be approved; and said heirs are notified to then and there make proof of heirship, and receive their distributive shares.

Julia Shady, Executrix
Decatur, Indiana Sept. 24, 1937.

Fruchte and Litterer, Attorneys
Sept. 27 Oct. 4.

Appointment of Administrator
No. 3428

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Administrator of the estate of James L. Gay late of Adams County, deceased. The estate is probably solvent.

Claude Gay, administrator
E. B. Adams, Attorney
Sept. 18, 1937 Sept. 20-27 Oct. 4

PERSONALS

Arthur (Pat) Hyland of Bloomington, visited his mother, Mrs. Ellen Hyland of Fourth street over Sunday.

A collie dog, the property of the Earl Colter boys, was killed Sunday afternoon on Winchester street, when he ran in front of a car and the driver could not stop in time to avoid the accident.

Fred Elzey of Portland, Ind., was here Saturday to attend the Company A reunion.

Hundreds visited the soy bean car here Saturday and were pleased and surprised at the wonderful display.

Mrs. Philip Obenauer, who is a patient at the Adams county memorial hospital, was reported as being a little better today. Mrs. Obenauer underwent a major operation last week.

Sam Cleland, of Fort Wayne, was a business visitor here Monday.

Men clad in khaki, employees of a company installing a natural gas line from Hoagland to Fort Wayne have swarmed the city with requests for rooms or apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cornall and daughter Sherry of Bluffton spent the weekend visiting Mrs. Cornall's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Colchin.

George Bollinger of Fort Wayne visited here Sunday.

Mrs. Roseli McBennett and Miss Margaret O'Rourke of Fort Wayne visited here Sunday.

Miss Doris Jean Prugh, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Prugh, has returned from a several days' visit in Dayton with her grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Cosner. She was accompanied home by her paternal grandparents, Rev. and Mrs. David R. Prugh, who visited here Sunday.

When I got back to the Montieth place Nola Morin had departed. Howard Griswold had driven over again and he and Mary were out for a ride.

Mrs. Stapleton and I drove over and had a conference with Judge Wentworth. He was quite elderly, a retired judge, and had been Gerard Montieth's lawyer for many years. He, with Simmons of the local bank, and Mrs. Stapleton, had been named as executors of the estate.

"Preposterous!" bellowed Judge Wentworth, when we told him what was in the wind. By the time, however, that I had told him every detail that I knew, the old gentleman was greatly worried.

"Won't believe it! Won't believe it!" he growled. "But, by Godfrey's, if it is true, we can't let it get to court."

"Let me know at once, if you learn anything worth while. I suppose Mary will have to know about this woman's claim, and sign off part of her estate if we are forced to settle?"

"I am sorry about that, she adored her Uncle Gerry. Giving up some of the money won't hurt, but the other will."

"If Nola Morin is your brother's natural daughter, you want her to have some of the fortune, don't you?"

"Within reason, yes."

"Frankly, my interest in the Morin claim is only to the extent that it may help to solve this mystery. The big thing with me, as it is with the authorities, is to get our hands on the man—or woman—who knew that the silver rood was a stiletto, and used it to kill your brother."

"That must be solved," Mrs. Stapleton agreed.

As I was leaving, an hour later, Mary and Griswold returned. He came to me at once for a talk. Mary was with him.

Back at the Montieth house Mrs. Stapleton discussed the situation at great length.

"One thing that makes me suspicious, Mrs. Stapleton," I pointed out, "is that I do not believe Mr. Montieth would be so unwise as not to provide for a child of his."

"Right. Gerard never would have done that."

"That is why."

"But, after all, many young women are peculiar about that. This poor little Mrs. Lutzmann practically worshipped him because he rescued her from her brutal husband and unhappy life. It is quite possible that she wouldn't tell him he may have been away and she couldn't find him."

"She could have found you?"

"That is true. Oh, dear—this is getting worse and worse."

"And you said that your brother told you he saw her, as a bad check girl, a couple years later."

"Yes. Surely, she would have managed to tell him, then."

"Unless he had already provided for her and her baby. He may have settled a lump sum on her—either back at the time she discovered what was to happen, or at this time, two years later. Don't you see, Mrs. Stapleton, she might have told him of the child at the time he found her as a bad check girl—the first opportunity she had to tell him. He would, without the least doubt, have settled money on her. But twenty-four or five years later, when she had been dead ten years, her grown

daughter makes the discovery as to her father."

"I am afraid, Mr. Stevenson, that is the situation. What do you think she will demand?"

"Perhaps half, perhaps just a million. There is no telling."

"Well." She sighed heavily and I added:

"We cannot do much until this girl, who says she is Gerard Montieth's daughter, comes forward with her proofs, or her alleged proofs. It is another case of marking time."

"Another case?"

"Yes, Mrs. Stapleton. We are marking time until we can get our hands on this Professor Henri Lardau, who, unquestionably, stole that Van Dyck copy."

"Down at the Forrests. He came yesterday for a short visit."

I went in and found Mrs. Johnson, learning that Nola Morin was to leave just before noon. I took the short cut down through the stile and found Phil and Dave playing tennis. He had heard much of what I was doing, trying to help the authorities clear up the mystery, and he quickly jumped at this opportunity.

I had him get ready and took him to Greatport where Wally Foxcroft, who knew Phil quite well, arranged to point out Nola Morin to him. Phil was to take the same train and never lose her, if he could follow my instructions.

When I got back to the Montieth place Nola Morin had departed. Howard Griswold had driven over again and he and Mary were out for a ride.

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"Let me know at once, if you learn anything worth while. I suppose Mary will have to know about this woman's claim, and sign off part of her estate if we are forced to settle?"

"I am sorry about that, she adored her Uncle Gerry. Giving up some of the money won't hurt, but the other will."

"And let you permit the party to drop out of sight? What sort of—"

"Wait a minute. The party is right where I can keep in touch. Need you?"

That was enough. I got up at an unearthly hour and had one of my father-in-law's chauffeurs drive me over to the Meadowville airport where I flew to Newark and met Phil at the appointed place, or, rather, I was at the appointed place. He was an hour late.

It was nearly ten o'clock that night when a telephone call came through from my brother, Phil.

"Nearly lost that party," he reported, "dropped off in Jersey City and took a taxi to Hoboken. I think you had better meet me tomorrow noon in New York."

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When I got to this hotel there was a wire from my wife asking me to telephone Sergeant Harper. I did so.

"Mrs. Stevenson said you would be in New York at this time and was good enough to help me get in touch with you. Everything's gone flooey. Two of our best men lost her, some place before the train reached New York—she certainly wasn't on the train." Sergeant Harper was greatly worried.

"That can be fixed up, Sergeant," I told him. "I won't talk yet because I haven't anything to say, but I can practically assure you that we can put our hands on the party any time. I'll call you back later."

I felt rather proud of my brother. He had been sharp enough to see Nola Morin slip from the train, and clever enough to follow her to Hoboken. But why the devil she should go there I couldn't guess. She had told us she was going to New York.

When Phil arrived, an hour late, I was glad to see that he wasn't worrying. In fact, he was smiling rather confidently.

"How about it?" I asked.

He told me where, in Hoboken, she was living.

"But that doesn't mean anything, Phil. She can slip out to some other place."

"Not likely. The place is a little two-family brick house and it belongs to her."

"If there is no solution by then, I believe we can arrange all that for you."

"But I want it cleared up!" Griswold cried, with strange emphasis for so quiet a man.

"We aren't working on this merely to kill time, Mr. Griswold."

"But that isn't it. I cannot marry Mary until I am cleared—"

"Howard! As if—"

"I'll leave it to Mr. Stevenson," he said.

"Married?"

"At least she brought a man there she said was her husband, a Mr. Fellows!"

"I have to agree, Mary. If I were in his place I certainly wouldn't

marry until I was cleared of the suspicion that I might have been the one to kill your uncle."

"But he didn't!" Mary cried.

"Unfortunately, that isn't proven yet."

I left them in their unhappiness, more convinced than ever, however, that Howard Griswold had told only the truth. He had unfortunately walked into a situation almost literally, that placed him among the leading suspects.

After dinner we sat around outside, enjoyed the sunset and a little family conversation.

"It seems good to have my Sherlock Holmes back again," Sally said.

"Cut that, Old Girl—I'm a poor sleuth, not getting anywhere," I declared.

"Or everywhere," she said, with greater meaning than the others understood.

I explained to my father-in-law that Oliver Barnes and his wife could return from the Pinedale bungalow next morning, unless the men they were watching came back there. We did not name many names when we discussed the Montieth murder, because servants have been ears, talk much and distort amazingly.

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