

Test Your Knowledge

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

1. What is the name for the period of life extending from puberty to adulthood?
2. Name the capital of Egypt, throughout most of its early history.
3. Are penguins most likely to be seen in the Antarctic or Arctic regions?
4. What is the product of $\frac{1}{2}$ multiplied by $\frac{1}{2}$?
5. Who was recently appointed Secretary of the Navy?
6. What is the name for the science of the phenomena of sound?
7. What is the correct pronunciation of the word "disputative"?
8. In Poker, with the deuces wild, does a royal flush beat five of a kind?
9. What is the political affiliation of Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio?
10. Does an alien man become an American citizen by marrying a woman citizen of the United States?

REPORTS SHIP

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

tinued one week for disposition. Meanwhile, no trace of a ship "sinking with 147 persons aboard" had been found.

A widespread search by coast guard and naval craft of the ice-choked waters of Vineyard Sound whence the call supposedly came had been called off early today after state police seized Brown.

"I was listening in on the short-wave on my home radio—as I do practically every night—when suddenly I picked up the distress call," Brown said. "That was at 7:02 last night."

"My wife was in the house but she was out of the room so she did not hear the call, which was an indistinct voice. I called to her and told her about it. She said, 'you'd better report it.' Then I called the coast guard."

Five coast guard boats and the destroyer Breckenridge still were searching the location in icy Vineyard Sound from which Brown said the distress call had come, at the time of his arrest. They had sped out late last night and the first of them to reach the scene, the coast guard cutter General Greene, reported that the sea was calm, visibility unlimited and that no ship or wreckage was in sight. Nevertheless, the search continued all night.

Police said this was the second "ship in distress" Brown had reported to the coast guard in two weeks. The other time he said he had heard a call from a schooner aground off Block Island. Nothing came of that incident.

The charge against Brown was "simple drunkenness" and state police said they could take no further action than that, but that the coast guard might want to do something about it.

It was 5:30 a. m. before the coast guard finally called off the search for the "sinking ship."

Brown first called the coast guard station at Gay Head last night and reported that while sitting at home by his short wave radio he had heard a distress call in code saying "SOS—send help—we are sinking." He said he had not been able to catch the ship's name or the name of its officers and radio operator, which had been broadcast, but he said he got the position—between Crosslight and Nantuxet, 25 miles out in the harbor for Woods Hole, and he also heard the operator say that 147 persons were on the sinking ship.

Tulare, Cal. (UP)—The much advertised California climate keeps

at least one apple tree belonging to C. R. Baker working overtime. It is bearing its third crop of apples for this year.

OBITUARY

On Aug. 9, 1851 there came to bless the home of Henry and Martha Earhart Heller of near Pittsburgh, Ohio, a son, whom his happy parents chose to call Jacob. He was one of a family of nine all of whom have preceded him to the glory world. On Saturday morning, Jan. 20, 1940, the Lord, in His infinite wisdom said, "It is enough, come home thou good and faithful servant." Bro. Heller had prayed earnestly that he might be prepared and ready for his crossing to the other shore. He had reached the ripe age of 88 years, 5 months, and 11 days.

His early life was spent on the farm near Pittsburgh, Ohio, and he received his education in the rural school near. While a young man in his late teens he united with the Church of the Brethren at Pittsburgh and for more than seventy years he was loyal to his early profession.

In the spring of 1875 he was united in marriage to Miss Angeline Elzey. To this union were born six children, Mr. Wm. H. Heller of Decatur, Mrs. Margaret Jones of Fort Wayne, Mrs. Martha Murphy of Monroeville, Mr. Orville Heller of Preble, Ind., Mrs. Pearl Brown of Grand Rapids, Michigan, Roy Heller of Decatur. All survive. A great sorrow came into his home when in 1889 the mother was called home. In 1891, Bro. Heller was united in marriage to Mary Landis, who passed to her reward in 1911. On Oct. 20, 1915 he was married to Mrs. Sarah Grafmiller, who survives.

Soon after his first marriage he moved to a farm near Decatur, Ind. He was one of the charter members of the Pleasant Dale church. In the early days he served this church as trustee and deacon. He was active in the construction of the present church edifice. Forty two years ago he was installed in the ministry. In this capacity he served faithfully during the rest of his active life. 17 years at Pleasant Dale and 25 at Portland, besides preaching at other points, conducting Love Feasts, etc. He did much to help keep the Portland Church active during the days when they had no pastor. He was blind during the last five years of his life but he preached many sermons during his blindness. He never received pay for his preaching, first earning a livelihood for his family by farming and later by following the profession of tree surgeon.

Bro. Heller was always an inspiration to those among whom he worked. He always felt that it was his duty to lead folks to better ways of living. Within the year your servant has seen him giving pennies to children who did not have so that they might be able to give when the Sunday School collection was taken.

Besides his children and his companion he leaves to mourn his passing, three stepsons, Harley Grafmiller of Fort Wayne, Oren Grafmiller of Sherwood, Michigan, Oliver Grafmiller of Floral ave., 23 grandchildren, and 29 great grand children. One grand child, two great grand children, and one step son are deceased. He will be greatly missed by his church and his community.

NEW COLD WAVE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

inches delayed traffic. In the middle west temperatures dropped sharply and threatened to go even lower than the near record depth of last week.

The new cold wave plunged the mercury to 16 below zero at Spirit Lake, Iowa, Caspar, Wyoming re-

ported 11 below and Kansas City, Louis was 8 above and dropping for Chicago Wednesday night and minus two. The temperature at St. fast. Zero or below was forecast even colder Thursday.

"RED EARTH" by TOM GILL

CHAPTER XXII

A long sigh shuddered through the room while, fists clenched and watchful, Douglas waited, expecting the man to rise, but motionless and grotesque Paxton lay there, his shadow huddled beneath him in the lamplight. Paxton was done.

Douglas straightened. About him on every side the drawn, unsmiling faces of his vaqueros looked out at him as through a shifting mist. No man moved.

Douglas took a step forward. "Who is next?" Curiously, he heard his own voice speaking and he wondered at the fury that held him. His black eyes, still burning with battle, glared about the room, and one by one the faces of his vaqueros turned aside. Their very silence seemed to goad him.

"Well, why don't you come on? Aren't there any among you who want to take the place of this leader of yours?"

Still no one answered. Here and there a vaquero shifted uneasily, while like children caught in some unworthy act they stood perplexed and ill at ease before a man they had not dreamed existed. Then little by little the anger faded from Douglas' eyes, the rage of battle cooled, and a wave of understanding flowed in upon him. For among those puzzled faces, tanned and seamed by the desert sun, were men he had known since earliest boyhood, grizzled veterans who in other days had prided themselves on being vaqueros of Miracle Mesa Rancho, and for that reason carried themselves as men set apart. Yes, he had given them little cause for pride since his return, pride either in himself or in the rancho, and watching their faces, he knew the time had come to declare himself. With that realization he raised his voice.

"For over two hundred years Miracle Mesa has boasted that its riders were the best vaqueros in the world. Tonight that ends. Men who take Ed Paxton for their leader have no place here. It is your choice, not mine, and you make it at a good time, on the very day when the foothill dam is blown up by raiders and by men of the Brotherhood."

The quiet voice ceased, drowned by a growl of angry amazement that rose and rolled through the room, then again Douglas raised his hand. "Within a month my cattle will be dying of thirst in every canyon. It may be that this rancho is done. If so, you who were once its vaqueros are wise to leave before the end comes. But I think there are still men on the border who do not take orders from a drunken liar, or bow their heads to a band of night riders. It is those men I want. If I can find them, I start tomorrow to build up again from the very ground. I may fail. I would rather fail than change as you have changed. This rancho is my life, just as it has been your life, and I will fight for it."

At those words the faces of more than one vaquero lighted, and Pedro, the old Mexican, spoke.

"Don Juan, my roots are deep here, and as you know I have grown old in the service of your rancho. I would no longer know how to pick up what remains of my life elsewhere. Neither would I leave you if you intend to fight. Let me stay, Don Juan, and in this fight let me ride with you."

He stopped, and a tall, lanky Texan stepped forward. Douglas could remember the day when this man first came riding over the mesa to seek a place with Miracle Mesa Rancho. Years had passed since then—years of drought and plenty—but through them all he had served and fought with absolute devotion for his adopted home.

"What Pedro says goes for me," he began, in the drawl that he had never lost. "Life's been mighty funny around here. Jack Douglas, and maybe we all got the wrong slant on you. I only know I'm not

going to let you down if there's a scrap ahead. We've knuckled in to these damned raiders until I'm ashamed to pack a six-gun, and if you're really aimin' to put up a fight, you better count on Bob Russell."

A rising hum of approval followed the Texan's words, and now they gathered about Douglas, clamoring their willingness to fight, urging him to test their loyalty until in spite of him a mist gathered before his eyes.

"I can promise you a fight the border will never forget. And I promise you more. If you are with me—heart and soul—we will strike now, tonight. Ride with me to the morada, blow it high as they blow the dam. Let that be the answer the men of the Miracle Mesa make to the Brotherhood!"

A shout, a deep, exultant shout bore witness that they were with him to a man.

"Get axes and a crowbar from the tool house—we may have to do a little handwork on the door of the morada. Take rifles, every one of you. Go to the stables and saddle your horses and meet me at the edge of the mesa. Move quietly as you pass the hacienda—I want no noise of this to reach inside. Saddle Coronado for me, Pedro, and leave him just outside the office door. Bob, bring six sticks of dynamite in your saddle bags. And remember, no noise."

Hurrying to the hacienda, Douglas ran up the stairs to the balcony that surrounded the patio. He had turned down the long hall toward his room when a voice from below brought him to an instant stop, and tipping back to the railing, he looked down into the patio itself.

A low light was burning there, etching in faint outline the heavy leaves of plantain, and beneath it, on the deep couch, sat Lola and Paul Bodine.

"Yes, you are very lovely, as always," Bodine was saying, and his voice held that indefinable quality of adoration that made him so attractive to the women of the border.

"It is just as you are now I shall always remember you. And yet—the low, intrusive voice went on, 'yet I sometimes find it in me to regret that all this loveliness should be lost here in the desert while the great world—the world that would gladly worship just such loveliness as yours—must know nothing of you. It is a good world too, Lola—one worth tending while you are young. And you will bring to it an unspoiled beauty the world greatly needs.' Gently, with both hands he pushed from her shoulders the loose straps of her dress. 'It is so you shall pose for me someday—you with that glorious ivory skin.'"

The door closed, and Douglas knew that this time it closed on an enemy.

Impatient to join the vaqueros, he waited until the other's footsteps had died back into silence, then running down the stairs, made his way out through the office wing. There in the shadow of the wall, Coronado waited, ready saddled, and mounting, he rode across the lawn to the head of the sound of his horse's hoofs, then circled through the open gate.

Just where the road dipped down over the edge of the mesa eighteen horsemen sat, silent and expectant, and with satisfaction Douglas saw that in each saddle-cabard a rifle had been thrust. Eighteen men that he could count on—enough for the work ahead.

Raising his hand to caution silence, he rode among them, then another horse moved among the shadows and Douglas saw Paxton slumped forward in his saddle.

"Bring him with us," he ordered, and led the way down over the mesa's edge. Loping easily, the hand rode out across the desert, then through the valley, speaking no word, the thoughts of each fixed on the distant morada.

Close to the canyon's mouth Douglas stopped, then rode to where Paxton sat his horse.

"Our trails divide here, Ed." A world of hatred glowed in the other's eyes—hatred and something like the birth of fear. "Our trails'll be comin' together again." He answered through swollen lips, then turned away into the night.

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warning had struck home. Turning, he went up the stairs.

In his room, Douglas buckled on a shoulder holster, and thrust his automatic inside. He was just slipping an extra clip of cartridges in the his coat when a light footfall in the hall made him face the door. The sound ceased, but now the knob itself began turning, the door swung slowly open and Paul Bodine stood in the entrance. For a second he stood thoughtfully looking up at Douglas, then held out his hand.

"I come to return this—trinket."

In his palm lay Douglas' knife. Eyes a little narrowed, they stood at gaze, alert and watchful.

"A thousand thanks," Douglas smiled. "But you give it to me blade forward. Among my mother's people that has always been the symbol of a threat." Still smiling, he replaced the knife in his belt.

Bodine nodded. "And a knife dropped within a few inches of one's throat—might that too not be a threat?"

Negligently Douglas leaned back against a chair. "It might only be a suggestion. Why should I threaten you?"

"Because you are jealous of Lola. And you are not being very intelligent about it. Most men are clumsy with women, yet you should not be. For you it should be easy to see that cattle and vaqueros and this remote part of the border are not Lola's destiny. You know what I would do, provided, of course, she loved me?"

"What would you do?"

"I would take her away from here. Lola is young and beautiful, but you may have discovered that neither youth nor beauty is imperishable in this changing world. Here she is bored, and who can blame her?"

"You may be right." A little pause. "Certainly we must not let Lola become bored. I shall think up diversions. I wonder—" As if inspired, Douglas looked quickly up. "Do you suppose it might amuse her if I blew up the morada?"

"Blow—?" For once Bodine's poise left him. He only stared, and indifferently Douglas added, "Oh, it was just a thought."

"Not a very cautious one, I should say."

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WANT-ADS

RATES

One Time—Minimum charge of 25c for 20 words or less. Over 20 words, 1¢ per word.
Two Times—Minimum charge of 40c for 20 words or less. Over 20 words 2c per word for the two times.
Three Times—Minimum charge of 50c for 20 words or less. Over 20 words 2½c per word for the three times.
Card of Thanks 35c
Obituaries and verses \$1.00
Open rate—display advertising 35c per column inch.

"BLIND" ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements appearing in this column without names signed are "blind." They are to be answered by letters, addressed to the box number in care of the Daily Democrat. We can give no information concerning the parties advertising.

FOR SALE

ALWAYS—New, used washers, all makes; ironers; sweepers; heating, gas stoves; Delco plant; small payments. Decatur Hatchery, dealer. Kitchen, salesman. 245-ft

FOR SALE—Decatur Quality chicks now hatching every week. Get early chicks, greater profits. Jamesway & Kozzy Brooder Houses, stoves and equipment. See Decatur Hatchery. Phone 497. 15-ft

FOR SALE—One bu. alfalfa seed and some millet seed. Claude Hilton, 1109 Elm St. Phone 1444. 20 g 2-c

FOR SALE—Zenith, Philco, RCA, radios. Also some good used radios. Uhrick Bros. 20-k3t

FOR SALE—Hocking Valley coal, \$6.25 ton. V. D. McClure, Phone 6744. 16-ft

FOR SALE—89 acre farm, one mile north, ¼ mile west Kirkland high school; 40x70 barn, 8 room house, hen house, outside cellar, other buildings, all in good shape, 90% black ground. Selling to settle estate of Herman Yake. Immediate possession. Terms cash. See Gust or Lewis Yake, Craigville phone. Decatur, route two. 13-k3t

FOR SALE—Duroc gilts, double littered; 20 good sows, 75 or 80 lbs. J. N. Burkhead, 1½ mile west of Monroe. 13-k3x

FOR SALE—Announcing the new 1940 Frigidaire and Crosley Refrigerators. See them at Uhrick Bros. 20-k3t

WILL SELL—1939 Convertible Coupe V-8, A-1 condition. Considerable trade. Phone 757, between 4-7 p. m. 20-k3x

FOR SALE—Laying White Wyandotte pullets. South Bend mall-cottle steel range, Turkey gobbler, Homer Ginter, one-half mile east of Peterson. 20-k3x

FOR SALE—10 acres close to Monroe, house, barn, poultry house. On state road. 18 acres close to Monroe. Two houses and lots in Monroe. See J. A. Harvey Realty Co., Monroe. 20-k2

FOR SALE—Used Furniture, Stoves and Pianos. 1 5-piece dining room suite, A-1 condition, \$25.00; 1 2-piece living room suite, new cover, \$18.50; 1 day bed, good condition, \$7.00; 1 dining room table, \$7.00; 1 set of dining room chairs, \$10.00; 2 cabinet heaters, \$15 & \$20; 1 range, small size, A-1 condition, \$15.00; 1 cook stove, \$25.00; 1 A-1 shape, \$12.00; 3 Pianos, \$20.00, \$25.00, \$50.00. Large number of used mattresses, \$1.00 up. This merchandise all came out of good homes, was traded in on new. Easy terms. Sprague Furniture Co., 152 So. Second St., Phone 159. 21-k2

FOR SALE—Property, North Twelfth St. Cheap if sold at once. E. Gause, Twelfth and Home-stead. 21-k6

Trade in a Good Town—Decatur

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

Watch Your Disposition!

A WINTER MOTOR TUNE-UP

—will make your car start easily—save you gas—make you Happy.

WHITE - ZESER

3rd at Monroe Phone 344

Public Auction

FRIDAY, Jan. 26 12:00 Noon

Decatur Sale Barn

CATTLE, HORSES, HOGS, SHEEP, and Miscellaneous Articles.

Decatur Sales Co.

MISCELLANEOUS

FARMERS ATTENTION—Call 569-A at our expense for dead stock removal. The Stadler Products Co., Frank Burger, agent. 13-k1

NOTICE—Upholstering, refinishing and repair work of all kinds. We buy and sell good furniture. Decatur Upholstery Shop, South Second St., Phone 420. 4-30t

We do custom curing on sides, hams and shoulders. Gerber's Meat Market, 150 So. Second St., Phone 97. 11-k24t

NOTICE—We are canning meat every Wednesday. All work guaranteed. Liechty Custom Canning, Berne, Indiana. Residence phone 316. 14-k11x

SINGER SEWING Machine Agency at England's Auto Parts Store, Phone 282 Daytime, 411 Evenings. Bargains, new or used machines. All makes repaired Sewing taught free. 7-241x

NOTICE—Cisterns, furnaces, chimneys cleaned, repaired. Filters built. Phone 663, E. Gause. 8-18t

WANTED

WANTED—Loans on farms. Eastern money. Low rates. Very liberal terms. See me for abstracts of title. French Quinn. 33-m-w4

Man who can live on \$125 first month for Landscape Service work; handle orders for old, new customers; experience unnecessary. Stuart's Nurseries, 259 Union Street, Newark, N. Y. 11x

WANTED TO RENT—Typewriter for home use for two or three months. Phone 633 between 8 a.m. and 4:30 p. m. 21-k31x

MEN WANTED

Several honest, reliable men of good character wanted by feed company manufacturing protein feeds, for work in this locality. Livestock and poultry feeding knowledge desirable, car necessary. 25 to 50 years of age. You will be trained to handle a permanent business of your own, with good earnings. Write Box 93, care Democrat. 11x

FINANCIAL

Filling Station Operators—Present or prospective—will assist right man in financing equipment and inventories in best paying independent gasoline set-up. Good location desirable but not necessary. Write, Transit Petroleum Corp., 3295 N. Clinton St., Fort Wayne, Ind. 21-k3x

WANTED—Salesmen to sell electrical appliances in and around Decatur. Phone 7573. Uhrick Bros. 20-k3t

WANTED—A good reliable mechanic. Call 306 for particulars. Ask for Ed. 731 Mercer Ave. 20-k2x

WANTED—Married man wants work on farm. Experience with all kinds of farm work. Can move any place. Box 94 Daily Democrat. 19-31x

WANTED—Good, clean, big Rags, suitable for cleaning machinery. Cannot use underwear, stockings, pants, coats, overalls, or any similar material. Will pay 4¢ lb. Decatur Daily Democrat. 19-31x

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Front room in modern home. Also garage. 115 E. Rugg street. 21-31x

FOR RENT—Semi-modern, eight room house, inquire 918 High St. 21-21

24 Millions Loaned On Corn In 1939

Washington, Jan. 24—(UP)—The commodity credit corporation announced today it had loaned \$24,785,676 on 53,446,363 bushels of 1939 corn under the government loan program through Jan. 19.

Indiana farmers received \$1,582,564. Five other states received in excess of \$1,000,000.

Appointments of Administrators. Estate No. 5629

Notice is hereby given, That the undersigned has been appointed Administrator of the estate of Lawrence H. Kleinberg late of Adams County, deceased. The estate is probably solvent.

Vera F. Kleinberg, Administratrix Henry H. Heller, Attorney Jan. 6, 1940. Jan. 19-17-24

PUBLIC AUCTION

FRIDAY, Jan. 26 12:00 Noon

Decatur Sale Barn

CATTLE, HORSES, HOGS, SHEEP, and Miscellaneous Articles.

Decatur Sales Co.

Markets at a glance

Stocks: higher and active.

Bonds: irregular, U. S. bonds irregularly higher.

Curb stocks: irregular. Chicago stocks: higher. Call money: one per cent. Foreign exchange: firm. Cotton: up more than 1¢. Grains: firm. Wheat up 1/4¢. Corn up 1/4¢. % out.

Chicago livestock: high cattle and sheep steady. Rubber: firm. Silver bar in New York changed at 24 1/2 cents a gram.

MARKET REPORT

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

Brady's Market for Decatur, Craigville, Hoagland and West. Closed at 12 Noon.

Corrected Jan. 24. No commission and no yard. Veals received every day.

100 to 120 lbs. 120 to 140 lbs. 140 to 160 lbs. 160 to 180 lbs. 180 to 200 lbs. 200 to 220 lbs. 220 to 240 lbs. 240 to 260 lbs. 260 to 280 lbs. 280 to 300 lbs. 300 to 320 lbs. 320 to 340 lbs. 340 to 360 lbs. 360 to 380 lbs. 380 to 400 lbs. 400 to 420 lbs. 420 to 440 lbs. 440 to 460 lbs. 460 to 480 lbs. 480 to 500 lbs. 500 to 520 lbs. 520 to 540 lbs. 540 to 560 lbs. 560 to