

## 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 disputation?

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)

timed 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 some thing 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 Crossrip Light and Nantucket, 28 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. 26, 1940, the Lord, in His infinite wisdom said, "It is enough, come now 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 was 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.

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

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

The thin, whirring trembled on the air, a glittering are flashed downward, and with a tinkle of quivering steel a knife struck the table at Bodine's side. faintly ringing, the keen blade sunk deep into the polished surface not an inch from the man's arm, and quivered there like the tail of an angry snake. A cry of terror as Lola started back, then the eyes of both rose to the balcony above, where in the half light Douglas' face looked down at them.

"Dios — how careless!" Douglas' soft voice, with its studied accent broke the silence. "One should never peel an orange in the dark. Just a little nearer, *amigo*, and that knife of mine might have been buried in your neck." Sentimentally he sighed. "It shows how terribly close each one of us may be to danger."

He ceased, his dark eyes steadily regarding Bodine, and slowly over the artist's features passed a look that told Douglas his thinly veiled

ported 11 below and Kansas City minus two. The temperature at St. Louis was 8 above and dropping for Chicago Wednesday night and 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 foot-hill 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 raiders. 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 ranch 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 shtant on you. I only know I'm not

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

A rising hum of approval followed the Texan's words, and now they gathered about Douglas, claming 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 blew the dam. Let that be the answer the men of 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 tiptoeing back to the railing, he looked down into the patio below.

"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?"

"Blew?" For once Bodine was taken aback. He only stared, and indifferently Douglas added, "Oh, it was just a thought."

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

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 deaden 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-sabah a rifle was held in readiness. 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 band rode out across the desert, then through the valley, speaking no word, the thoughts of each fixed on the work ahead.

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"Close to the canyon's mouth Douglas stopped, then rode to where Paxton sat at 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 will be comin' together again," he answered through swollen lips, then turned away into the night.

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