

Test Your Knowledge

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

1. What Strait is at the southern tip of South America?
2. At what temperature does water boil at sea level?
3. What is the monetary unit of Denmark?
4. Who replaced Hore-Belisha as War Secretary in Great Britain?
5. What is the unit of weight for precious stones?
6. Name the largest river in Russia.
7. With what sport is Amos Alonzo Stagg associated?
8. One thousand grains make a milligram, cryptogram, or kilogram?
9. What is the correct pronunciation of the word galaxy?
10. Is a naturalized American citizen eligible for the U. S. Senate?

MONROE NEWS

Harley Ehrsam of Peru, spent the weekend here with his son, Rex, and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Ehrsam, his parents.

Clyde Fugate of Bronson, Michigan called on his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter E. Fugate over the weekend. His father has been seriously ill for many months.

Dick Haggard has purchased Albert Hullinger's house and Mr. Hullinger has purchased the Graham property now occupied by Phillip Nussbaum and family.

The local Methodist ladies' choir sang for the Friday night meeting.

of the Salem Methodist church which is holding an evangelistic campaign the past two weeks with their pastor, Rev. Johnson, bringing the messages.

Mrs. John Haggard of near Monroe, who has been seriously ill for some time, has been very low the past few days.

Little Patty Jo Andrews, age three, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Andrews of Sturgis, Michigan, who with her mother has been visiting at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Andrews, here in Monroe for several days, seriously burned her hand and the top of her head when a kettle of hot food was accidentally spilled on her at the home of her grandparents Saturday.

Max Bahner has accepted a position with Remington Rand, Inc., Fort Wayne.

J. J. Longenecker who celebrated his eighty first birthday anniversary Friday received a beautifully decorated cake from his son, Rollie of Fort Wayne, in honor of the occasion.

Ruth Reeder, home economics teacher in the Monroe school, spent the weekend at the home of her parents near Matthews.

Mrs. Ervin Stucky and Ruth Schwartz motored to Montpelier Wednesday afternoon to call on friends.

Calvin Hahnert, student at Purdue University, returned to his studies Monday after spending his mid term vacation at home.

Roger Amstutz, Max Andrews, Donald Trump, and Robert Ray made a house to house canvass Saturday in the interest of the nation wide March of Dimes which is being held to fight infantile paralysis.

The boys received a nice response.

The March of Dimes boxes have not yet been opened and are located in the local stores for any future contributions.

Lester Laughery left Monday for

Olivet, Illinois, where he is enrolling at Olivet College to prepare for the ministry.

The Monroe volunteer fire department was entertained at the

school house with a pot luck supper by their wives Monday night. Valentine decorations were used. Contests and bingo were enjoyed by the group.

"RED EARTH" by TOM GILL

CHAPTER XXVIII

Together Alison and Douglas watched the ranchers quietly mount and ride away, while a sense of comradeship in this last adventure kindled in both their eyes, rendering them silent until at last the girl spoke.

"The old spirit of the border still lives in men like these," "It lives in you too." The words were very low, but something in the man's voice, some resonance, caused her to look quickly up. His eyes were on her, while fixedly, unsmiling, almost as if he had never seen her before, he regarded that slender, boyish figure and the clustering mass of golden hair that framed her head, the head that always bore itself so confidently, and with such quiet courage.

"There is no one quite like you in the world, Alison. I am very proud of you." He said no more, but reached for his gauntlets, yet something had awakened, something that neither of them clearly understood, but that touched them like a human, living contact and brought the blood beating to the girl's throat. It was as if in that quiet room and in that moment of silence a new and precious intimacy sprang into being, enveloping the girl, holding her motionless in a spell she found herself reluctant to destroy. Then the girl snatched and Alison drew a long breath.

"If you're going in the direction of the mission, I'll ride with you." She spoke with an effort. "Antonia, the padre's cook, has a child sick with fever. I'm trying to care for her."

Douglas opened the door. Outside Russell and the ranger were standing by their horses, and together the four rode through the summer morning, up toward the mission.

Less than a mile distant from that little cavalcade a figure kneeling among the mesquite shaded his eyes to watch them pass, then hurrying down to an arroyo, mounted and rode south at full gallop. He was not the only furtive messenger. On the first shoulder of the foothills another horseman sighted those four far-off riders, and keeping back beyond the fringe of pine, rode along the ridge until, certain at last of their direction, he doubled back to a narrow canyon where a dozen of his companions awaited him.

Unconscious of this watchful scrutiny and heedless to this gradual encircling movement going on about them, the four horsemen trotted through sagebrush and cañons. Going down a steep, narrow trail, Douglas saw Alison's horse stumble, recover its footing, then draw up sharply, dead lame.

"It's a nasty sprain," Record pronounced. "You won't be able to move now. Walk him for the next two weeks, Miss."

In desperation the girl looked up about them, the four horsemen trotted through sagebrush and cañons. Going down a steep, narrow trail, Douglas saw Alison's horse stumble, recover its footing, then draw up sharply, dead lame.

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edge of this that Douglas drew rein. Something was wrong. It may have been a new alertness in the movements of Coronado; it may have been his own response to some sight or sound too elusive to detect, but something was signaling a vague warning of danger, and leaning forward in the saddle, Douglas searched the horizon with questioning eyes.

Up on the ridge, outlined against the sky, four riders walked their horses in single file, keeping pace with Alison and himself.

Douglas watched them—too far away to recognize. He shook his head. "I don't like it. They see us—look—now they've stopped." Signaling the girl to follow, he lifted the reins, and turning sharply to the right, made at a quick trot for the edge of the mesquite.

Standing in his stirrups as he rode, he looked behind him, then with a low exclamation halted once more. There, emerging from an arroyo less than a mile away another group of mounted men was closing in. This time all doubt vanished—the deadly net of the raiders was beginning to spread about him.

Up on the ridge to the left the first group of horsemen had halted for a brief moment, then four abreast began slowly to descend. Time for the skill. Still Douglas hesitated. One way alone might lie open—within that thick growth of oak and mesquite he and Alison might find safety.

"Follow me," He wheeled as he spoke.

Without a word the girl obeyed, and leaving a yellow cloud of dust behind them, both horses swerved into the mesquite. A warning call from the foothills above, an answering shout from the desert, and now, heads bent, spurs biting their horses' flanks, the Killer's band plunged after them. The race was on.

Beneath him Douglas felt the great muscles of Coronado tighten in swift response, and making sure the girl was close behind, gave the stallion his head. Branches lashed by them, tearing at their shirts, stinging their faces, but frantically the two horses battled their way deeper and deeper into the densest of the mesquite. It was hot and stifling in this shadowy place, and coming upon a dim game trail, Douglas followed its winding way. Soon he lost it and found himself entangled in a clump of thorny locust, but with lowered head he urged Coronado on. With one powerful lunge the great stallion plunged through, then suddenly without warning they burst from behind a screen of branches into a sunny open space, where in the center a band of horsemen sat with drawn guns. For the space of a heartbeat amazement held them all, then rifles leaped to shoulders and bullets hissed among the leaves.

Whirling in his tracks, Douglas waved the girl back. Another volley. He felt a tug, a stab of pain in his shoulder, and turning, he fired three times into the thick of that crushing horde. They broke, making for the opposite side of the open glade, leaving one of their companions on the ground.

He knew it would be a matter of short moments before they were on his trail like a wolf pack, but he only said, "Follow me," and struck off directly north. Twisting in and out among the low-branched caks, they rode without a word or a glance behind. His rifle barrel felt hot to his grasp, and stinging shafts of pain were beginning to dart through his shoulder. Before he had gone half a mile his shirt was wet to the waist, and close behind him he heard Alison's gasp of dismay. "Jack, you're hurt!"

"Only a little."

"But you're bleeding. You can't ride like that."

"Only a little."

"But you're bleeding. You can't ride like that."

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Even as he turned to reassure her he knew she was right. Before long he would be too weak to keep the saddle; the only hope now lay in finding some hiding-place among the mesquite, or failing that to throw himself down behind Coronado and answer shot with shot until the end came.

Again he heard Alison's voice. "We can't be far from the mission. You can hide there in the old cell behind the wall."

He shook his head. "The horses' tracks will tell."

"I'll take the horses and draw the raiders away."

"They'd shoot you down. It won't do, Alison. The best way is to separate. You go—"

"Is that your idea of a comrade at arms?" Her eyes were blazing. "What do you think life means to me if they kill you?" In a very agony of desperation she forced her horse to his side. "Jack, it's our only chance," she said, brushed by him, leading the way up the slope.

On they climbed—the maze of underbrush above them growing thinner. Once from the top of a little rise Alison caught sight of the mission spire gleaming in the sun, and with that brief glimpse to guide her, she quickened her pace until soon they saw the red adobe walls that marked the cloister-like patio of the mission. Keeping well back within the shelter of the mesquite, she skirted the place, then turned down an overgrown path.

In spite of an overpowering sense of weariness, Douglas was following close behind, and now as Alison stopped he drew up sharply behind her. Beyond them, across a narrow clearing, stood a low structure of stone and adobe, faded and crumbling with the years.

"We'd better go no nearer with the horses," she cautioned. "Hide in there and wait."

Knowing the riders would be on his track perilously soon, Douglas pulled the rifle from out the scabbard and dismounted. Dizzy and weak, he leaned for a moment on his horse, but before taking a step he broke a low branch from a locust tree and with it brushed out every footprint behind him as he walked toward the crumbling cell. It seemed an interminable distance. Once he swayed, but at last he stumbled inside and looked back across the clearing. Alison and the horses had already disappeared.

In the shadowy gloom Douglas peered about him. The tiny room was empty, and behind him a narrow passageway opened into an even smaller space. The dust of long disuse lay thick on the floor, and a faint scent of mold and damp earth hung in the air about him.

But those sharp throbs of pain were mounting to his shoulder, and suddenly dizzy, Douglas reeled, then taking out his revolver, cocked it, laid it beside his rifle and sat down, back against the wall.

More comfortable that way. The stone felt gratefully cool to his fevered body, his eyes were becoming drowsy. If only—From far away rose the confused shouts of men, and steadying himself, Douglas reached for the rifle. His fingers seemed curiously awkward, the rifle so heavy. Men were calling to each other out there, horses were crashing about the mesquite, coming nearer—if only his right hand wouldn't shake so. Eyes fixed on the narrow entrance, he waited. Fire low, fire low, the words raced through his mind. Wait until they reach the door and fire low. A shout from the lower end of the clearing. That might mean they had picked up Alison's trail. A chorus of answering shouts and the stamp of horses' hoofs. Fitfully the sounds of the chase grew more distant, disappeared.

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WANT-ADS

RATES

One Time—Minimum charge of 25c for 20 words or less. Over 20 words, 1/4c 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 2 1/2c 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 appliances. Decatur Hatchery, dealer. Kitchen, salesman. 245-4f

FOR SALE—Good 2 wheel trailer, good tires. Electric washing machine, good shape. Phone 929. 26-3ix

FOR SALE—Good alfalfa hay, \$19 per ton. N. N. Schrock, Berne Phone 2044. 26-3ix

FOR SALE—Decatur Quality chicks now hatching every week, get early chicks, greater profits. Jamesway & Kozy Brooder Houses, stoves and equipment. See Decatur Hatchery. Phone 497. 15-4f

FOR SALE—Six girls, factory about three weeks. Also 50 Leghorn pullets, 50c each. J. R. Gage, 2 miles east, 1 1/2 south of Monroe. 27-3ix

FOR SALE—Four row John Deere beet cultivator. Superior beet drill. Both in good condition. Henry Rumpel, Berne route two. 25-3ix

FOR SALE—Nice dressed beef. Quarters or chunks. For canning. M. F. Sprunger, Phone 986-0. 26-2f

FOR SALE—Rubber tired wagon with flat bottom bed. Parlor heater, like new. Edward Seare, 4 1/2 east Willshire, Ohio. 27-3ix

FOR SALE—205 acre farm, well titled, good buildings, small down payment, balance financed. Payment of interest and principal each year on balance equal to annual cash rental. A. D. Suttles. 27-3f

FOR SALE—One typewriter desk. Six drawers. Price \$15. A. D. Suttles. 27-3f

FOR SALE—Seven-year-old gray gelding, wt. 2030; five-year-old iron gray mare; two fresh Guernsey cows, Victor Iyerly, 1 1/2 mile east of Kirkland high school. 27-2ix

8 1/2 x 11 - 20 lb. white unwatermarked mimeograph, adaptable for all kinds of mimeograph work and suitable for ink signature. 75c. The Decatur Democrat Co.

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

I AM NOW BOOKING AUCTION SALES

JEFF LIECHTY
128 So. Third Phone 256

PUBLIC AUCTION

FRIDAY, Feb. 2
12:00 Noon

Decatur Sale Barn

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

Decatur Sales Co.

COLD MORNINGS

---don't worry the motorist who has his motor checked by our experts---They will save you future costly repair bills.

WHITE-ZESER

3rd at Monroe Phone 344

MISCELLANEOUS

FARMERS ATTENTION—Call 569-A at our expense for dead stock removal. The Stadler Products Co., Frank Burger, agent. 12-4f

NOTICE—Upholstering, refinishing and repair work of all kinds. We buy and sell good furniture. Decatur Upholstery Shop, South Second St., Phone 429. 4-30f

We do custom curing on sides, hams and shoulders. Gerber's Meat Market, 150 So. Second St., Phone 97. 11k24f

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. 7-24ix

NOTICE—We thaw out frozen water lines with electricity. In city and on farms. Reasonable prices. Yake Welding Co., Decatur. Home phone, Craigville. 25-10f

NOTICE—We are buying all fresh caught furs until January 31. We have five days after the season closes to dispose of any fur you have in your possession. Highest cash prices paid for beaver, sheep pelts and tallow. Maier Hide & Fur Co., 719 West Monroe Street, Phone 442. Jan. 25-26-30-31

WANTED

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

WANTED TO RENT—Three room apartment, unfurnished. Reliable party. Can give references. Phone 645-H in evenings. 27-2ix

WANTED TO RENT—5 or 6 room house, modern or semi-modern. In or near Decatur. Call 5422 evenings. 27-3ix

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

WANTED—Men not over 35 to train for Diesel-aviation mechanics. Write at once. Full information. Box 96, care of Democrat. 24k5ix

WANTED—4 room furnished apartment with hot water and private bath. Phone 972. 26-3ix

WANTED TO RENT—Furnished apartment. Assistant manager, Morris 5 & 10. See Ernest Girod at store. 26-2ix

WELDING SPARKS

Thirteen students attended the course in metals and welding school conducted at Johnson repair shop last Monday night. They were Homer Reppert, Forest Baker, Albert Hollinger, Virgil Fleming, Lewis Sipe, Victory McBurnes, Paul York, Hubert Keller, Walter Peck, Joe Schultz, Glen Woodruff, Rufus Kirchhofer and Glen Schadt.

Samples of commonly used metals were placed before them and they were then shown how to distinguish one from the other. A cast iron welding rod ground and shaped like a cold chisel seemed to puzzle them most. A short talk was given on the structure of plow points and how to tell them apart.

Following that, Wayne and Bill Johnson set up and brazed a large cast chain drive gear explaining each step as they proceeded. The interest was shown on each student's face while they were repairing this gear and many questions were asked afterwards concerning it. They were next shown how to light and regulate an acetylene torch to get highest flame temperature and greatest economy.

The rest of the time was used in practice. Each student tried his hand on the electric arc and acetylene torch. All of them thought it would be an easy thing to do. They all know now that it takes much patience and practice to become a good welder.

Next Friday evening at seven o'clock the second lesson will be presented. Sample welding will be a feature of the evening. Next week some daytime practice will be allowed. Students may then come in and practice at such times as are allotted them. On Monday next we will have with us Mr. Wilhelm of the National Cylinder Gas Co., who will conduct that lesson.

MARKETS AT A GLANCE
Stocks: irregular in quiet trade. Bonds: irregular.
Chicago stocks: mixed.
Call money: one percent.
Foreign exchange: about steady in dollar terms.
Cotton: mixed.
Grains: wheat and corn fractionally lower.
Chicago livestock: hogs steady to weak, cattle steady to strong, sheep strong.

MARKET REPORT

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS
Corrected Jan. 31
No commission and no yardage
Veals received every day

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

100 to 120 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 580 lbs. 580 to 600 lbs. 600 to 620 lbs. 620 to 640 lbs. 640 to 660 lbs. 660 to 680 lbs. 680 to 700 lbs. 700 to 720 lbs. 720 to 740 lbs. 740 to 760 lbs. 760 to 780 lbs. 780 to 800 lbs. 800 to 820 lbs. 820 to 840 lbs. 840 to 860 lbs. 860 to 880 lbs. 880 to 900 lbs. 900 to 920 lbs. 920 to 940 lbs. 940 to 960 lbs. 960 to 980 lbs. 980 to 1000 lbs. 1000 to 1020 lbs. 1020 to 1040 lbs. 1040 to 1060 lbs. 1060 to 1080 lbs. 1080 to 1100 lbs. 1100 to 1120 lbs. 1120 to 1140 lbs. 1140 to 1160 lbs. 1160 to 1180 lbs. 1180 to 1200 lbs. 1200 to 1220 lbs. 1220 to 1240 lbs. 1240 to 1260 lbs. 1260 to 1280 lbs. 1280 to 1300 lbs. 1300 to 1320 lbs. 1320 to 1340 lbs. 1340 to 1360 lbs. 1360 to 1380 lbs. 1380 to 1400 lbs. 1400 to 1420 lbs. 1420 to 1440 lbs. 1440 to 1460 lbs. 1460 to 1480 lbs. 1480 to 1500 lbs. 1500 to 1520 lbs. 1520 to 1540 lbs. 1540 to 1560 lbs. 1560 to 1580 lbs. 1580 to 1600 lbs. 1600 to 1620 lbs. 1620 to 1640