

## Test Your Knowledge

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

1. What does the word gospel mean?

2. What is the name for the ancient religion and mythology of the Japanese?

3. What is ozone?

4. Name the largest island in the Baltic Sea.

5. Who wrote "A Study in Scarlet?"

6. What is the source of the quotation: "The undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller re-

turns?"

7. In which South American country is the city of Capiaop?

8. Who was Richard Mansfield?

9. Through which two states does the Cumberland River flow?

10. In the law of contract, what is an instalment purchase?

1. Who invented the air-brake for railroad cars?

2. When was the Military Academy at West Point established?

3. Name the island in the Pacific on which the mutineers of H. M. S. "Bounty" settled, with their Polynesian wives.

4. Who was John Singleton Copley?

5. What is the most ancient Greek

version of the Old Testament called?

6. What is a paca?

7. Where did the game of curling originate?

8. In electricity, what is an insulator?

9. Who wrote "Salmagundi?"

10. Who was Fannie Davesport?

## COURT HOUSE

## Estate Causes

The report of the inheritance tax appraiser was filed in the estate of Katy Biberstein. The notice was ordered returnable, December 23.

The proof of posting of the notice

of the sale of real estate was filed in the estate of Paul H. Graham. It was examined and approved. The deed was ordered, reported, examined and approved.

## Real Estate Transfers

Alpha Elbey et ux to Claude A. Harvey et ux, sixteen acres of land in Monroe township for \$1.

Chester C. Coddington et ux to John Scheiman et ux, one hundred acres of land in Preble township for La Porte Circuit court.

## Marriage Licenses

Martha V. Liechty, telephone operator, Berne, to Lawrence W. Eicher, truck driver, Berne.

**FREE 1936 LICENSE PLATES.**  
**BuY A USED CAR THIS WEEK.**  
**From Your Chevrolet Dealer.**

"HIGH SCHOOL TRAGEDY"  
by MAXINE CANTY

## CHAPTER I

**A**BOUT the only thing Mother was ever really stuffy about was my reading mystery stories. She said they were not for girls seventeen years old, that they gave them exotic ideas and excited by that. So while the other girls read "The Door" and "The Thin Man," I had to be satisfied with occasional peeks at their copies and with tame love stories.

But when my very own French teacher was murdered last year, and I was right in the midst of it, and the whole family practically so involved in it, and the papers publishing nothing else for weeks, there wasn't much she could do about it, was there? I know she was awfully worried about it, about my being right in it, and she was afraid I might develop like Allen. Allen is my older brother. He is only a year ahead of me at school because he had to stay out a year on account of his health. He is awfully nervous and sort of moody. I heard Dad call him "neurotic" once, but I haven't found out yet just what he means by that. "Peculiar" is what the kids call him; perhaps Dad wanted to say the same thing. I am awfully fond of Allen in spite of his being neurotic or peculiar, and that is why I felt so upset when I found out about him. But that comes later.

Dad had lots more sympathy about things one wants to do when one is young. He is always telling Mother not to fuss, especially over me. He said once, "Frederica, don't worry over Julie. She is about as healthy an animal as I know, from the tip of her curly black head to the toes on her little feet."

That was when I was so worried over the evidence I was concealing, and Mother thought I was brooding on Miss Sinclair's death. Had she only known!

It all happened last fall. Our town is a small one across the bay from San Francisco, and even though it is so near a big city, it is pretty much like all small towns. So when a murder happened there, not down over the railroad tracks where the foreign workmen live, but right in a good apartment house, and when the victim was a teacher from the town's only high school, business was practically paralyzed. No one talked about anything else and the papers did not publish anything else, at least not on the front page.

I will never get over the shock of those first headlines: HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER MURDERED, they shrieked, and underneath, "Miss Constance Sinclair Shot to Death." I almost fainted at the breakfast table.

"Now, Julie," cautioned Mother, "you must not get excited. We know how fond you were of Miss Sinclair and it is a terrible thing, but we must take it seriously."

Allen got up and left the room.

"Oh, dear," worried Mother some more. "Allen is so sensitive. I do hope—"

I broke in to Dad. "Will there be any school today?"

"I think so, Julie," then he turned to Mother. "I should not worry over Julie's nerves, Mother."

I didn't get what he meant then, but I saw afterward that he was teasing even at that moment. He thought I was concerned about a vacation. I was really afraid we would have one. We all read parts of the story and told each other the details, even Mother joining the excitement.

It seemed that she was shot to death while she sat at her desk writing a letter to someone whose name the police had not disclosed, if they knew it in full. The police themselves had discovered her after a mysterious telephone call from San Francisco, had informed them she had been killed. The call had been traced to the Ferry Building public booths, but as neither the booth-keepers nor the checking clerk who had stands near them could remember the many persons who had stopped at the booth that night, the trail seemed to end there.

The hour of her death had been fixed as around ten o'clock from this call. Mrs. Sardoni who managed the apartment house had given the police a list of people who had called

there that day, the paper was still visitor had been there until 8:30, she said. The call had come to the police at 10:45. If the person who made the call had just arrived on the 10:43 boat, and if this person were the murderer, then Miss Sinclair must have been killed not later than 9:40 p. m.

"And to think," I almost moaned out loud, "that I was there yesterday afternoon and she was alive and happy!"

"You were there!" exclaimed Mother.

"Yes, I was working after school in the office." (I took a course in typewriting, and our principal made me an assistant in the office for an



The police discovered the body after a mysterious phone call informed them that she had been killed . . .

hour after school.) "Mr. Perkins wanted some reports ready in time for his superintendent's meeting at 4:00 o'clock. I only had a half hour to finish them. I had done the typing but I had to fill in each copy with some figures. Just as I was hurrying the most, my pen broke— I can have another, Dad!"

Dad just nodded and I hurried on. "I tried to use a regular pen, but the darn—the mean thing wouldn't work. I only had ten minutes and I was almost ready to cry. Just then Miss Sinclair came in to leave her absence report, and she asked me what the trouble was. I told her. She laughed and said, "Here, youngster, take my pen. Bring it back to me when you are through with it, and be sure you take good care of it, because I never use any other pen. It's sort of a pet of mine!"

"So you used her pen?" asked Dad.

"Yes, I was a little late after all. By the time I was ready to go, she had left the building. So Dicky—he is my boy friend—took me out to his apartment and I returned the pen to him."

As I told the story to my parents, it seemed to me that I could see her as she was the afternoon before, small and lively and gay. The kids were all pretty fond of her, more fond of her than the other teachers were. She was about 25, I imagine, almost as short as I am, with reddish hair and brilliant green eyes, and she had marvelous clothes. I think myself the other teachers were jealous of her. Her family had evidently been wealthy once; she had a different background from the rest of them. She had even studied French in a convent in Switzerland. She was friendly with the students, too, a little too friendly, some of us

there. That hadn't occurred to me but it seemed quite probable, and I wished I had worn the green knit suit that is so much more becoming than the dark blue one I had on.

Classes did not amount to much that day. I don't know who were more upset, the pupils or the teachers. As for me, I just sat waiting for the bell to call to confer with the police. But when 3:30 came and no one had phoned for me, I relaxed. I'll admit I was a bit disappointed. I went down to the office to work, hoping something might happen there. I was surely glad that I had taken that typewriting prize which had got me this job after school. I never dreamed of ever using it for what you might call commercial purposes when I enrolled for the course. I really thought I should be able to type my own stories if I was going to write after I grew a little older.

"Easy there for anyone to enter," said Mr. Perkins.

"Well," I hesitated.

"Yes?" prompted the Inspector.

"Not so easy, at least it wasn't for us."

"Why not?"

"Because Mrs. Sardoni popped out her door as we were going up the stairs. She scared me. Miss Sinclair laughed and said that she always did that. She said she was used to it now, but that it bothered her at first. I guess that is the way an apartment house manager has to do to know what is going on."

The Inspector smiled, but Mr. Perkins just looked out of the window. I thought I'd better hurry on to the important things.

Miss Sinclair said, too, that she herself had always lived in a house, and that she could never remember to lock her own door, even at night.

"It would be interesting," mused the Inspector, "to know how many people knew of that careless habit of hers."

"Oh, I imagine a good many," I chimed in, for which I had some regrets later, "for Dicky said she laughed about it in class one day."

"And what class is he in?" inquired the officer.

I told him. He asked Mr. Perkins for the enrollment list of that group, and the Principal got it from the

police discovered the body after a mysterious phone call informed them that she had been killed . . .

(To Be Continued)

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New Action Taken In  
D. C. Stephenson Case

Stephenson's habeas corpus petition.

## Markets At A Glance

Stocks: irregular in quiet trading.

Bonds: irregular.

Curb stocks: slightly higher.

Chicago stocks: quiet and firm.

Grains: wheat 2% to 3% lower;

corn unchanged to 1/2 lower; other grains firm.

Chicago livestock: hogs steady; cattle and sheep steady to weak.

Foreign exchange: francs about gold point.

Call money: 3% to 1%.

Rubber: off 15 to 18 points.

Cotton: steady.

Trade in a Good Town — Decatur

## MARKET REPORTS

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS BUSINESS CLASS AND NOTICE

## FOR SALE

Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

Factory prices, 1/2 to 1/4 off.

Sprague Furniture Co., 111 W. Main Street.

42 Young Horses at auction.

Bred Mares, All in foal.

including the two-year-olds.

Demonstration colls. \$10.00.

Dec. 11, 12:30 p. m. at the County Fair Grounds.

Foundation.

JUST RECEIVED — Large

men's Bed Room suites.

Sprague Furniture Co., 111 W. Main Street.

FOR SALE — One large

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FOR SALE — Two parlor

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