

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 bourne no traveller re-

- turns?"
7. In which South American country is the city of Capiapo?
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 Cop-
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 Davenport?

COURT HOUSE

Estate Canses
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 \$1.

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.

New Action Taken In D. C. Stephenson Case

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 2.—(UP)—A motion to quash a temporary writ of prohibition which halts action on D. C. Stephenson's fight for freedom from the state prison was filed in the state supreme court today by Judge Wirt C. Worden of La Porte circuit court.

It was Judge Worden's answer to charges of attorney general Philip Lutz, Jr. and Warden Louis Kunkel of the state prison that the La Porte circuit court has no jurisdiction in the Stephenson appeal.

Lutz, acting for Kunkel obtained a temporary writ of prohibition on the allegation Judge Worden would be infringing on the supreme court's jurisdiction if he continued on

Markets At A Glance

Stocks: irregular in quiet trading.
Bonds: irregular.
Curb stocks: slightly higher.
Chicago stocks: quiet and firm.
Grains: wheat 3/4 to 1/2 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: 3/4 to 1%.
Rubber: off 15 to 18 points.
Cotton: steady.

Trade in a Good Town — Decatur

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

Brady's Market for Decatur, Berne, Craigville, Hoagland and Willshire. Close at 12 Noon.

Corrected December 2.

No commission and no yardage. Veals received Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

100 to 120 lbs.	8.70
120 to 140 lbs.	8.80
140 to 160 lbs.	9.40
160 to 190 lbs.	9.60
190 to 230 lbs.	9.50
230 to 270 lbs.	9.30
270 to 300 lbs.	9.00
300 to 350 lbs.	8.90
Roughs	7.75
Stags	6.25
Vealers	11.00
Ewe and wether lambs	10.50
Buck lambs	9.50
Yearling lambs	4.00

4 INDIANAPOLIS LIVESTOCK

Indianapolis, Dec. 2.—(UP)—Livestock:
Hogs, 8,000; holdovers, 38; mostly 10c lower; 160-300 lbs., \$9.80-\$9.90; top, \$9.95; 300 lbs., up, \$9.50-\$9.70; 100-150 lbs., \$9.25-\$9.75; packing sows, \$8.20-\$9.25.
Cattle, 900; calves, 400; slaughter classes, active; strong to higher choice grades, absent and most steers eligible under \$10; few heifers, \$8-\$9.50; bulk, \$5.25-\$7.50; beef cows, \$4.50-\$6; low cutters and cutters, \$3-\$4.25; vealers steady, \$11.50 down.
Sheep, 2,500; few native lambs early steady to 25c lower, \$11.25 down; supply fed westerns unsold; slaughter sheep, \$3.25-\$5.25.

EAST BUFFALO LIVESTOCK

East Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 2.—(UP)—Livestock:
Hogs, 2,500; lower bulk desirable; 150-250 lbs., \$10.35; 140-150 lbs., \$10.40; odd lots, 260-250 lbs., butchers, \$10.25.
Cattle, 1,150; higher; good to choice, \$11.50-\$13.25; three loads, 1,135-lb. steers at outside figure; medium and shortfords, \$8.25-\$10.60.
Calves, 450; 50c higher; good to choice, \$12; common and medium, \$8.75-\$11.
Sheep, 6,500; lambs steady; good to choice ewes and wethers including fed westerns, \$11.75.

FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK

Hogs 5c lower; 150-180 lbs., 9.85; 180-200 lbs., 9.80; 200-220 lbs., 9.75; 220-240 lbs., 9.70; 240-250 lbs., 9.60; 250-300 lbs., 9.50; 300-350 lbs., 9.45; 140-160 lbs., 9.60; 120-140 lbs., 9.35; 100-120 lbs., 9.10; roughs 8.25; stags 6.50.
Calves 11.50.
Lambs 11.00.

NEW YORK PRODUCE

New York, Dec. 2.—(UP)—Produce:
Dressed poultry (cents per lb.): arm: turkeys, 22-31c; chickens, 16-24c; broilers, 19-24c; capons, 25-34c; fowls, 14-25c; geese, 18-21c; Long Island ducks, frozen, 20c.
Live poultry (cents per lb.): July: geese, 13-17c; turkeys, 18-28c; 14-22c; chickens, 17-25c; broilers, 22-24c.
Butter, receipts, 9,017 packages; market firm; creamery higher than extras, 33 3/4-34 1/4c; extra 92 score, 33 1/4c; first 88 to 91 score, 32 3/4-33 1/4c; first 88 to 90 score, 32 1/4c; centralized 89 score, 32 1/4c; centralized 89 score, 31 1/4c.
Eggs, receipts, 16,773 cases; market firm; special packs, including unusual henry selections 31-35 1/4c; standards, 30-30 1/4c; first 26-27c; dirties, 23 1/4-24c; checks, 22-22 1/4c; refrigerated special, 24 1/2-25c; refrigerated standard, 24c; refrigerated first, 22 1/2-23 1/4c; refrigerated medium, 21 1/2-22 1/4c; refrigerated checks, 18-19c.

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSURE

	Dec.	May	July
Wheat	87 1/2	96 1/2	58 1/2
Corn	57 1/2	58 1/2	58 1/2
Oats	25 1/2	26 1/2	27 1/2

CLEVELAND PRODUCE

Cleveland, Dec. 2.—(UP)—Produce:
Butter, steady; extras, 37c; standards, 36 1/4c.
Eggs, steady; extra white, 32c; current receipts, 25c; pullets, 23c.
Live poultry, firm; turkeys, young toms, 25c; fowls, 25c; old toms, 20c; No. 2, 18c; heavy fowls, 4 1/2 lbs. and up, 20c; ducks, 5 lbs., 18c; geese, ordinary, 16c; fat, 17-18c.
Potatoes, (100-lb. bags), Maine, \$1.35-\$1.40; Ohio, \$1.41-1.45; Idaho, \$2.20-\$2.25.

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

Corrected December 2.
No. 1 New Wheat, 60 lbs. or better 88c
No. 2 New Wheat, 58 lbs. 87c
Oats 18 to 20c
Dry No. 2 yellow soy beans 68c
New No. 4 yellow corn, 100 lbs. 55c
Rye 45c

CENTRAL SOYA MARKET

Dry No. 2 yellow soy beans 68c (Delivered to factory)

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"HIGH SCHOOL TRAGEDY"

by MAXINE CANTY

CHAPTER I

ABOUT the only thing Mother was ever really stuffy about was her reading mystery stories. She said they were not for girls seventeen years old, that they gave them a weird idea and excited the nerves, whatever she meant 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 meant 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 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 sensibly."

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 boothblack 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. Sardonni who managed the apartment house had given the police a list of people who had called

there that day, the paper had said. At 8:50, 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 8:40 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—can I 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 her apartment and I returned the pen to her."

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

thought. A young teacher, I was told, was a little too friendly about that; I know some of the boys had crushes on her.

She lived alone in a four-room apartment, another thing which most of the teachers thought funny, for if they didn't live with their families, they lived with one or two other teachers. A couple of them lived across the hall from Miss Sinclair. I had seen them the day before.

I was almost crying by the time Dicky honked his horn as I told my folks about the last time I had seen her. He was all agog about it, of course, and he wondered if we would be questioned about our visit

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 to be called 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 sure 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 merely thought I should be able to type my own stories if I was going to write after I grew a little older.

I realized that one had to know something about life before beginning. But believe me, I've learned a lot about life since those days!

That afternoon, however, did not seem to be very exciting. The regular stenographers whispered that Mr. Perkins had been upset all day, of course, and there had been lots of telephone calls. But they really did not know any more than I did.

At 4:00 o'clock a big man with gray hair and a red face came in and asked for Mr. Perkins. (He is the principal, in case I did not tell you.) He went into his office and was gone some time. Then suddenly the door opened. Mr. Perkins stood there, looking very white and serious.

"Julie," he said, "Inspector O'Brien wants to speak to you."

(To Be Continued)

SYNOPSIS

Julie Martin, she's all of 17, is relating what happened after her French teacher, pretty Constance (Connie) Sinclair, was found shot dead at a desk in her (Miss Sinclair's) apartment. Julie has startled her mother and interests her father, a lawyer, by telling that she and her boy friend, Dicky Ward, had visited the apartment the previous afternoon, a few hours before the murder. She had returned a fountain pen which she had borrowed from Miss Sinclair. Newspaper reports make known that the teacher was slain about 10 o'clock that night. The police went to the apartment upon receipt of a mysterious telephone call informing that Miss Sinclair had been slain. Julie's young brother, Allen, also a high school pupil, leaves the breakfast table soon after the family starts discussing the tragic news. Classes did not amount to much that day. Julie, an assistant after hours in Principal Perkins' office, is summoned by him to meet Police Inspector O'Brien who is beginning the investigation. This is Julie's account of their first interview:

CHAPTER II

Inspector O'Brien was rather nice, awfully gentle and quite unlike a detective while he was talking to me. He asked me to sit down. Mr. Perkins coughed nervously. He said, "I'm sorry, Julie, that you must go through this. I did not suppose any students would be questioned."

"Every angle is worth investigating in a case like this," said Mr. O'Brien pleasantly.

"I don't mind," I hastened to assure him. He smiled. "Suppose you tell us all you know about Miss Sinclair, Julie," the inspector suggested. He took a paper from his pocket, a sheet of writing paper in pale green covered with fine, web-like lines in black ink. It was very peculiar penmanship, almost like engraving. Somehow it seemed familiar.

"I believe you visited Miss Sinclair with a friend about 4:30 yesterday afternoon," he stated, consulting the paper. "This time I saw the signature, Anna Sardonni. It was evidently a signed statement from her."

"Yes," I said, and then I told him about the pen, blushing a little in front of Mr. Perkins. He didn't seem to be listening. So I went on without much embarrassment.

"So you returned the pen to her later?"

"Yes, sir, Dicky—Richard Ward—and I met Miss Sinclair on the steps of the apartment house and we all went in together."

"Did Miss Sinclair unlock the apartment house door?"

"No, nor the one to her apartment either."

"The Inspector made a note. 'Rather strange,' he commented. 'She said the apartment door was always open. There are only four apartments, and whoever comes in at 11:00 o'clock at night turns the latch on. After that she said one had to have a key.'"

"Easy then 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?"

outer office. The

He asked me some more questions. I told him that while we were there, Miss Sasse and Miss Whelton, who lived across the hall, came in to invite Miss Sinclair to a movie, but that she refused because she had some letters to write. The Inspector nodded and told Mr. Perkins that she had called again on their way out, but that she had refused again for the same reason. I read more in the evening paper about the letter she was writing.

"The teachers stopped at about 7:00 o'clock. There was another caller about 8:00 who left at 8:30," he consulted Mrs. Sardonni's paper



The boys kidded Melvin about having a crush on the teacher, until he blackened Jack Gibson's eye one day.

again as he made this statement. "As far as we know, this person was the last to see her alive, if this person happened to be the murderer."

I was all trembly with the thought of hearing about the case direct like this, so to speak. But the Inspector turned to me again. "Just two more questions, Miss Julie."

I was disappointed. I would have liked to know who that person who left at 8:30 was. Evidently Mrs. Sardonni had told him.

"First," he was saying, "suppose you describe to us the pen you borrowed from Miss Sinclair."

"Well," I answered, "it was a sort of mottled green, giving the effect of glass. I am not sure of the make; it was a lady's pen with a green gold band around it."

The Inspector was making some notes. He continued to write as he asked, "Any identifying marks you noticed?"

"Nothing. Oh, yes, her monogram was on it, CBS, engraved on the gold band."

"Good. You are sure you returned it?"

"Oh, positive." (Dicky later confirmed this. Little did I ever dream how important that pen was going to be to me!)

"That is a strange thing, Miss Julie," for it has now disappeared. The letter was written in ink, yet there was not a pen of any description to be found in the place. If you are sure, I realized then how keen and hard his eyes could be, "you returned it."

"I know I did!" I exclaimed, "why she had it in her hand and sort of waved it when she told Miss Sasse she had letters to write."

from the book Shop; they

rent books out, you know. It was a biography of the man who wrote 'Moby Dick.'

"Herman Melville," said Mr. Perkins. "I found that book on her desk this morning. If you don't want it, Inspector, I'll return it to the Shop."

"No, I don't believe it would be of any use to us. Well, Miss Julie, I guess that's all. You have been very helpful, and I may need you again. Now, if Melvin Wright is waiting outside, send him in, will you?"

"Yes, sir, Goodbye. Do call me if I can help any more."

As I went through the door, In-

spector O'Brien said to Mr. Perkins, "This Wright boy was the caller who left last night at 8:30."

I told Melvin to go in, but I shuddered when he passed me. Could he have killed anyone? I knew the story of his relation to Miss Sinclair, as did everyone else in school. He was a moss to begin with, rather good-looking, but considering himself a hard guy, as Dicky calls it, and always in trouble. Miss Sinclair was sympathetic. Most of the teachers had the policy of setting their lips when Melvin entered class, keeping on the alert, and starting things first; I mean they hopped on him at the slightest thing he did or said, and kicked him out on any pretext, glad to be rid of him. Miss Sinclair was different. She had lots of patience; she talked to him, and she tried to reform him.

He behaved pretty well in her class, and all the boys kidded him about having a crush on her, until he blackened Jack Gibson's eye. Then she found out he had stolen some money from another teacher's desk, and had spent it on some girl down town. She reported him, and after that he seemed to hate her as much as he had adored her. He was on probation now, and Miss Sinclair had to sign his parole blank each week.

As he opened the door, Mr. Perkins was saying, "O'Brien, this chap Wright is the school's problem boy, I'll admit. He has caused every teacher here a lot of trouble at one time or another, but I hardly think he would go so far as to shoot one of them!"

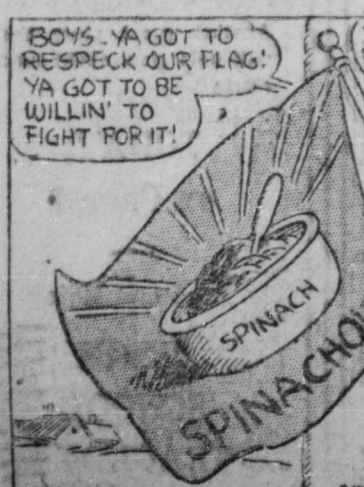
Melvin stood in the doorway. As the principal finished speaking, he laughed that hard, sneering laugh of his.

"No, I've felt like it often enough, but I didn't do this job."

I have never heard a harder, more rasping voice than the Inspector's suddenly became. He said: "Young man, this is no time for your wise-cracking. Close the door!"

(To Be Continued)

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