

CITY DOES NOT CLEAN BOULDER PAVED ALLEYS

Superintendent Tells Mr.
Fixit He Can Not Clear
This Type.

BOULDER paved alleys are better than unpaved alleys but they can't be cleaned by equipment of the city street cleaning department.

This was the announcement of John F. Walker, superintendent of street cleaning, today when his attention was called to dirty alleys of boulder construction on the east side.

The street cleaning department cleans alleys several times a year when pavement is of brick, asphalt, or concrete, Walker said.

Send in your complaints to Mr. Fixit of the Times.

Here are letters received today:

DEAR MR. FIXIT:—The first alley west of State Ave. between Ohio and New York Sts. is a boulder paved alley and has not been cleaned for several years. Also, there is a large hole in the asphalt pavement at the Ohio St. entrance. O. A. E., State Ave.

Although your alley was reported to the street cleaning department, it appears against the policy of the department to clean boulder paved alleys. Present equipment is not satisfactory, it was said. Officials at the city yards promise to repair the hole in Ohio St. at the alley entrance.

TO COMPLAINT OF J. MOSS,
2742 N. Gale St.

The board of health will investigate and order a clean-up.

THREE HOLD UP FILLING STATION

Attendant Says Trio Takes
\$38 at Point of Gun.

Three bandits, who Oscar Crider, 1210 Woodland Ave., attendant told police held up and robbed the Big Eagle station of the Great Western Oil Company at Alton and W. Washington Sts., of \$38 Thursday night, were being sought today.

Crider said the men drove up to his station and ordered five gallons of gasoline, and then cutting the order down to two. Then the driver declared he did not have enough money. A third man in the back seat said he'd pay for it and gave Crider a \$1 bill and followed him into the station. Crider said when he turned around to give the man his change, he looked into a gun barrel.

Mrs. Edward Osterie, 1247 S. Capitol Ave., was away Thursday and came home to find the house ransacked. She told police that three watches, a razor and a small bank, valued at \$100 was taken. Police are searching for three boys seen about the house.

BUNDY INVITED TO DEFENSE TEST

Postmaster General New Un-
able to Attend.

Maj. Gen. Omer Bundy, probably will attend the celebration of Defense Test day here Sept. 12. Fred A. Sims, Seventh District chairman, said today. Sims said he had received a telegram from Harry S. New, Postmaster General at Washington, informing him that General Bundy was stationed at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, and that the War Department was agreeable to the visit of General Bundy of Indianapolis. Sims immediately sent an invitation to Bundy.

Postmaster General New said he would not be able to present himself. The executive committee was to meet at the Independent Athletic Club at noon today to make final arrangements.

Alvin H. Owsley, past national commander of the American Legion, is expected.

About 300 Red Cross nurses will take part in the parade, it has been announced.

DEMAND
TANLAC
The
World's Best Tonic

Over 100,000 people have testified that TANLAC has relieved them of:

Stomach Trouble,
Rheumatism,
Mal-Nutrition,
Sleeplessness,
Nervousness,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Weight,
Torpid Liver or
Constipation.

"Ask Anyone Who Has Taken TANLAC"

OVER 40 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

For Sale By All Good Druggists

Today's Best Radio Features

KLX, Oakland (509 M.), 8 to 10:30 P. M. PCST—Concert program, vocal and instrumental solo, orchestra and organ numbers.

WDAF, Philadelphia (395 M.), 7:30 P. M. EST—Emmett Welch Minstrels and Benson's Chicago Orchestra.

WBZ, Springfield (337 M.), 10 P. M. EST—WBZ Trio and soloists; Zoe Elliott, composer-pianist.

KDKA, Pittsburgh (326 M.), 8 P. M. EST—Unique concert program, with musical saw, Jewsharp experts, etc.

WDAF, Kansas City (411 M.), 11:45 P. M. CST—The Merry Old Chief and the Night Hawk Frolickers.

DONALD HAWKINS TO ATTEND FETE

Local Scout Lands in New
York Saturday.

Donald Hawkins, Indianapolis Boy Scout who is returning to the United States with fifty-six other American scouts, who participated in the second international jamboree at Copenhagen, Denmark, will attend a reunion and jubilee party Saturday at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York. Will Rogers, an' perhaps the Prince of Wales, will be among the guests.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt is expected to talk. Colin H. Livingstone, president of the National Council, will preside.

American scouts won athletic events from forty other nations. Great Britain was placed second. A committee headed by Mayor Hylan of New York will greet the delegation when it arrives.

Hoosier Briefs

ELI COVERDALE of Tipton is suing himself. He was made administrator for the estate of Mount Vernon Gappens. He alleges the estate owes him \$1,650 for board and keep and the only way he could get it was to sue.

Earl Brown doesn't feel one bit proud at Marion, despite the fact that he was the first man to be arrested for violating the stop order at boulevards. City judge is the reason.

Logansport authorities are searching the thief who took the 300-pound bell from the steeple of the Bell River chapel near here, with vengeance. There's a \$100 reward offered for its recovery.

All traffic records were broken at Gary when 160,000 cars passed through in seventy-two hours.

HERSHEL ROBBINS, Bluffton boy, is a victim of a poor swap. He left his new bicycle parked downtown. Some one left an old one in its place.

W. C. Wilson, Pennsylvania conductor for forty years, passed through Frankfort several thousand times, but never stopped off. He broke his record when he visited Dr. E. Rinehart.

Back to the farm movement is on in earnest in Kokomo. The State employment agency there reports thousands of factory workers have hired out to farmers.

Herb Veale in jail at Washington, awaiting trial on charges of cruelty to his two daughters, is writing a story of his life. Expects large proceeds when it's published. Jail officials say the judge will give him plenty of time to write it.

William Seothorn, 24, Ft. Wayne was buried in his wedding garments. He was to marry Miss Theresa Sliker of Ohio when he was seized with fatal sickness.

Kokomo may revive an old city ordinance prohibiting planting of willows and poplars within the city limits. The trees are destroying sewers and conduits, the board of works says.

Scarlet ribbons on canes for blind residents is what the Woman's College Club at Ft. Wayne has proposed to the Indiana Workers for the Blind.

CHURCH MUST ADVERTISE

Cleveland Man Addresses Ministers
and Advertising Club Members.

"The Church has the biggest message of the world to put over, and it should avail itself of every good modern method possible, including newspaper advertising," William N. Bayless of Cleveland, Ohio, told Indianapolis ministers and Advertising Club members at luncheon at Chamber of Commerce Thursday.

Harry Calland, tenor soloist at SS. Peter and Paul Cathedral, accompanied by Mrs. Mary Traub Busch, sang.

TWO MOTORISTS HELD

Both Arrested at Downtown Corners
on Liquor Charges.

George Davis, 32, of 937 N. Meridian St., today faced charges of driving a vehicle while intoxicated, and Harley Lang, 38, same address, with intoxication. Traffic Officers Toile and Lang arrested the men at Meridian and Washington Sts. Tim Galloway, 2435 Station St., was arrested at Meridian and Ohio Sts., when Traffic Officer McCormick said he found liquor in his car.

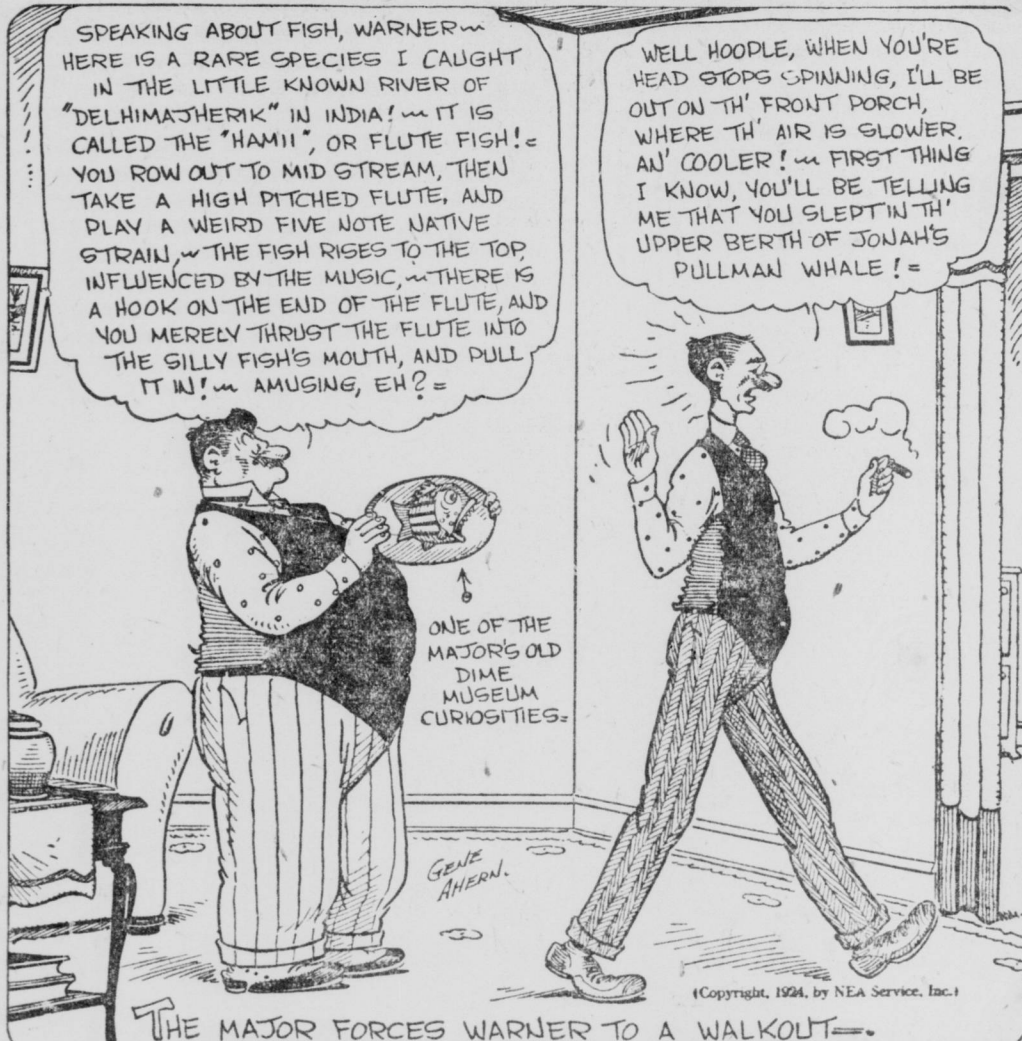
\$500 Fire in Restaurant

Fire starting from defective wiring caused \$500 damage at the Davenport restaurant, 1334 N. Senate Ave., early today, according to firemen.

Tabor Meeting Closes

The annual State convention of the Order of Twelve, the Knights and Daughters of Tabor, Temples and Tabernacles, closed today at Victor Hall, Twelfth and West Sts.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



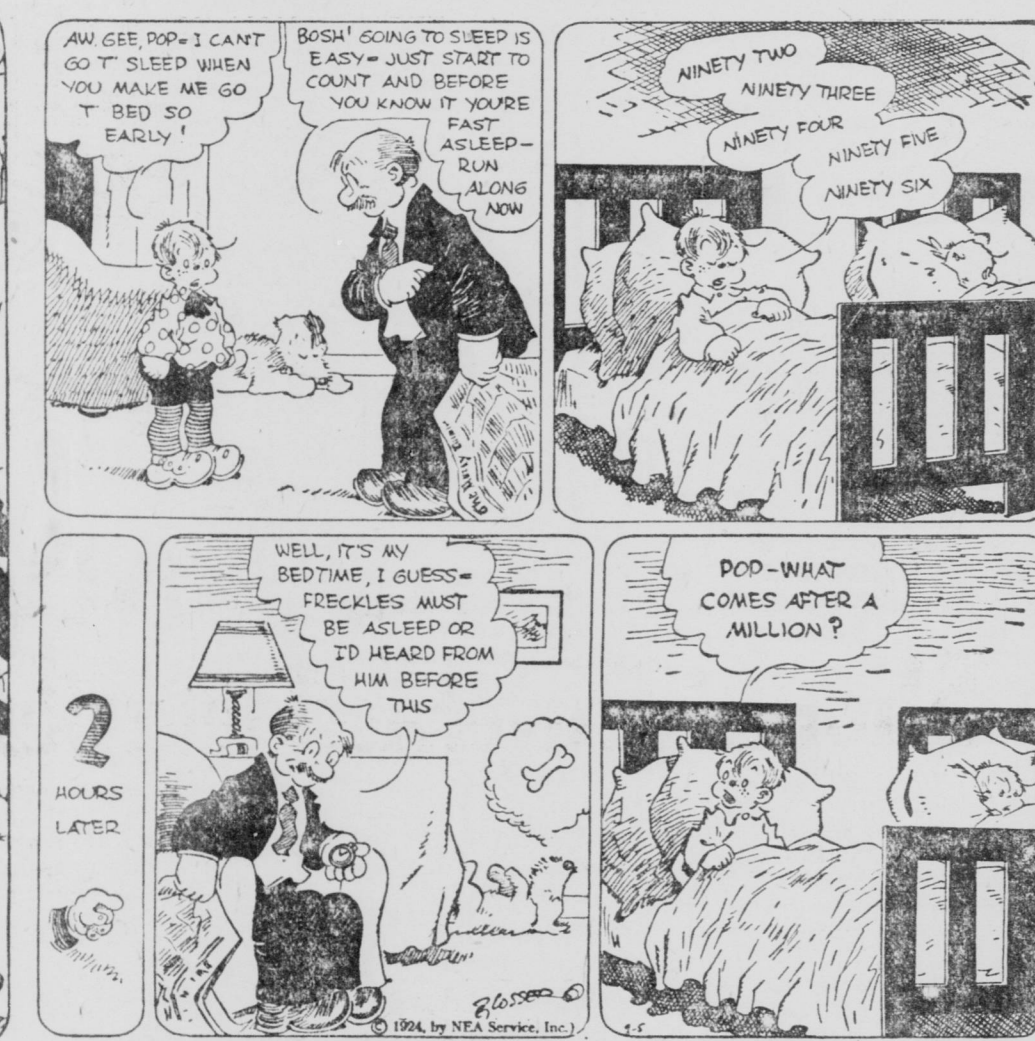
THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



The NERVOUS WRECK by E. J. Rath ©1924—By NEA Service Inc.

The "Nervous Wreck," an eccentric young easterner is driving Sally Morgan from her father's ranch to the station when they run out of gasoline. At the point of a gun the Wreck takes five dollars from a passing car. Later Charlie McQueen, foreman of a ranch along the route, makes them captives because he wants Sally for a cook. It develops that Mr. Underwood, the owner of the ranch, was in the car which they held up. The Wreck finally escapes from the ranch, run into a camp of real bandits, are captured a second time, and then escape again. Fleeing from the bandit camp they are rescued by Sheriff Bob Wells and a companion. Wells is Sally's fiancee and is leading a search for the "bandit" who held up Underwood. He thinks the Wreck has kidnapped Sally, and says so.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

AND don't finger that gun," added Sally. "Kidnaped? Do I look like a person who could be kidnaped?"

"You never took the train," muttered Bob Wells, staring at her. Again he turned to the Wreck.

"If you've kept her a prisoner," he said, "you'll never get out of the State alive."

"Maybe," agreed the Wreck. Sally turned a look of amazement toward him.

"Henry Williams!" she cried. "Don't you be a fool. And you, Bob Wells, put that gun away."

"I—I don't get it at all," said the sheriff, helplessly.

"Well, you'd better get it!" Sally exclaimed.

"What do you mean by chasing me all over the country?" Bob Wells stared.

"You heard me. I said chasing me. Do you think I'm a criminal?" The sheriff was dazed.

"I wasn't pursuing you," he faltered.

"Yes, you were. You pursued me up here, didn't you? I won't have it, Bob Wells. You wait till I tell Dad Morgan."

"I was out after a gang," said the sheriff. "How did I know—"

"It's your business to know."

"I didn't know it was my girl. I didn't know it was any girl."

"Your girl!" said Sally. "Bob Wells, you're a whole lot stupider than I thought you were."

The sheriff shook his head in a weary way.

"I'm all mixed up."

I heard everything you said to Mr. Underwood, while you were eating supper. "When you get a good cook the thing to do is rope her and brand her and don't let her get outside the corral." Remember that? I do. "I'm going to marry one." Remember that? "When it comes to cooking I don't have to take off my hat to anybody." Perhaps you remember that one, too. You told him all about the wonderful wife you were marrying—it was a cook. Do you deny it?"

"You listen," commanded Sally. She told it, from the very beginning. She told it with gestures and high inflections, but she kept it all in orderly sequence.

"So that's what happened and that's why I'm here," concluded Sally.

Bob Wells considered it for a minute.

"Why didn't you telephone home?" he asked.

"If you can't understand, it's not worth while trying to make you."

"It's mighty queer. I don't see how you can explain—"

"What?" cried Sally.

"A lot of things. You go running around the country with this man—God knows what kind of a record he's got—and you seem to think it's nothing at all."

"Stop!"

But the sheriff was recovering poise. He was a man whose rights had been trifled with. His bewilderment was giving way to resentment.

"What kind of a position does it leave you in?" he demanded.

Sally rested her hand on the Wreck's arm and regarded Bob Wells with a blistering stare.

"And you are engaged to me," said the sheriff, with a grim finality.

"Am I?" Sally was holding herself steady.

"Well, aren't you?"

"I think you've said so several times, Bob Wells."

The sheriff was becoming uneasy again.

"Haven't I a right to an explanation?"

"Possibly—if we were engaged. But we're not."

She waved the protest aside.

"Oh, it's not just because you don't trust me," she said. "I've decided, for instance, that I don't want to be somebody's cook."

Bob Wells made a sign of bewilderment.

"You reckon you know what I mean," said Sally.

"But I don't."

"Well, if you want an explanation,

"Wait till your old man gets the news," said the sheriff.

"When dad gets it, he'll get it all," declared Sally. "What's more, he'll know if I'm engaged to anybody. I'll tell him 'Yes.' I'm engaged to Henry Williams."

The sheriff's jaw dropped. The Wreck almost swallowed his tongue.

"I am engaged to Henry Williams," repeated Sally, in a clear voice.

"Is—that true?" demanded the sheriff, looking at the Wreck.

It seemed to Henry Williams that the universe was crashing about his ears. But he rallied gamely.

"She said it, didn't she?" he cried. "Yes, she said it," admitted Bob Wells.

The sheriff could not think of anything more for half a minute. He was stunned. He was angry, too.

"I feel sorry for you, Sally," he said. "You won't marry him very soon, anyhow."

"You mean you're going to take him to jail?"

"Um, the sheriff," Bob Wells reminded her.

She was incredulous for an instant. "Then, of course, that means you're going to take me to jail, too," she said.

He shook his head.

"You don't belong in this case," he said.

"Well, you'll not take him without me, Bob Wells."

It seemed to the Wreck that he was merely a bystander.

"As soon as I get to a telephone, I'll send for your father," said Bob Wells.

Sally flared.

"I'm no child; I know what I'm doing," she cried.

"Where's the rest of Williams' gang?" inquired the sheriff.

"Henry Williams hasn't any gang at all, unless it's me," declared Sally.

"Why don't you go out and find Nosey and Lefty and Denver?"

"Who?" asked the sheriff.

"Nosey and Lefty and Denver, I said. Do you mean to tell me you never heard of them?"

Sally looked at the Wreck and laughed.

"What do you think of that, Henry? Here's a sheriff with a real gang in his county and he never heard of them."

She turned to Bob Wells.

"Maybe you can't find them, but Henry and I did. We spent all day yesterday and part of last night with them. But it's a fact, although I don't suppose you'll find it out until Henry and I are in jail and the hold-ups keep right on happening."

"Maybe you can show me this gang," remarked the sheriff.

"Maybe we can," said Sally. "Henry, shall we show him the gang?"

The Wreck shrugged.

"What's the use?" he asked. "What would he do with 'em if he got 'em?"

"Still, we might point them out," said Sally. "he might want to scold them."

"They might talk back," objected the Wreck.

"Not if he was polite to them," said Sally.

The sheriff decided it had gone far enough.

"It may look funny to you two," he said, "but if there's any gang around here that I haven't met up with, I figure it might be healthy for Henry Williams, so called, to produce the evidence."

"Well, we don't guarantee they're going to wait for you," observed Sally, "but we'll try to show you the place, anyhow."

"Come on, then."

The sheriff turned to his companion.

"Keep your eye on this man," he said.

They started down hill toward the horses, Sally walking beside the Wreck. She gave him arm a reassuring squeeze.

**CHAPTER XXIV
The Wreck Commands**

In single file the sheriff's cavalcade rode across the meadow back toward the broken woods from which Sally and the Wreck had emerged at dawn. Sally was in the lead, because she was supposed to remember the trail. Bob Wells took the rear place, mounted again on his own horse.

Sally had carried a bold, contemptuous front in her colloquy with the sheriff.

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with the sheriff, but she was not light-hearted. On the surface of things, the Wreck's case presented unpleasant possibilities. If Jerome Underwood wanted to push matters, as she was afraid he would, the Wreck might find difficulty in getting himself clear.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

Clears Complexion



"Oh! how clear and beautiful your complexion is today, my dear!"

THERE is a certain joy—a certain pride—in knowing you are admired, whether it be from father, brother, husband or sweetheart. And back of that joy is the satisfaction of knowing all is well.

Men are fascinated by the charms of beauty. Women gaze with envy, secretly jealous, perhaps, wondering—hoping—praying for that attractiveness which is not theirs. But why the wondering—the hoping—the praying for that clear skin—that beauty. A clear skin—is the barometer of one's condition. A healthy skin radiates beauty. Pure, clear blood means a clear skin.

S.S.S. is waiting to help you. It will rid your blood of its impurities and give you that clear complexion. Since 1826 S.S.S. has been ridding people of blood impurities, from pimples, from blackheads, boils, eczema and from rheumatism, too. Because S.S.S. is made from fresh herbs and barks, it may be taken with perfect safety. Try it yourself. You will not only look better, but you will feel better, too.

S.S.S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.

S.S.S. The World's Best Blood Medicine

**Relief
in One
Minute**

CORNS

Now!—get relief in one minute from corns, callouses and bunions with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They remove the cause—friction and pressure. Thin, easy to apply, antiseptic, healing. Three sizes. Nothing so quick and sure. At your druggist or shoe dealer.

**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**

"Put one on—the pain is gone"