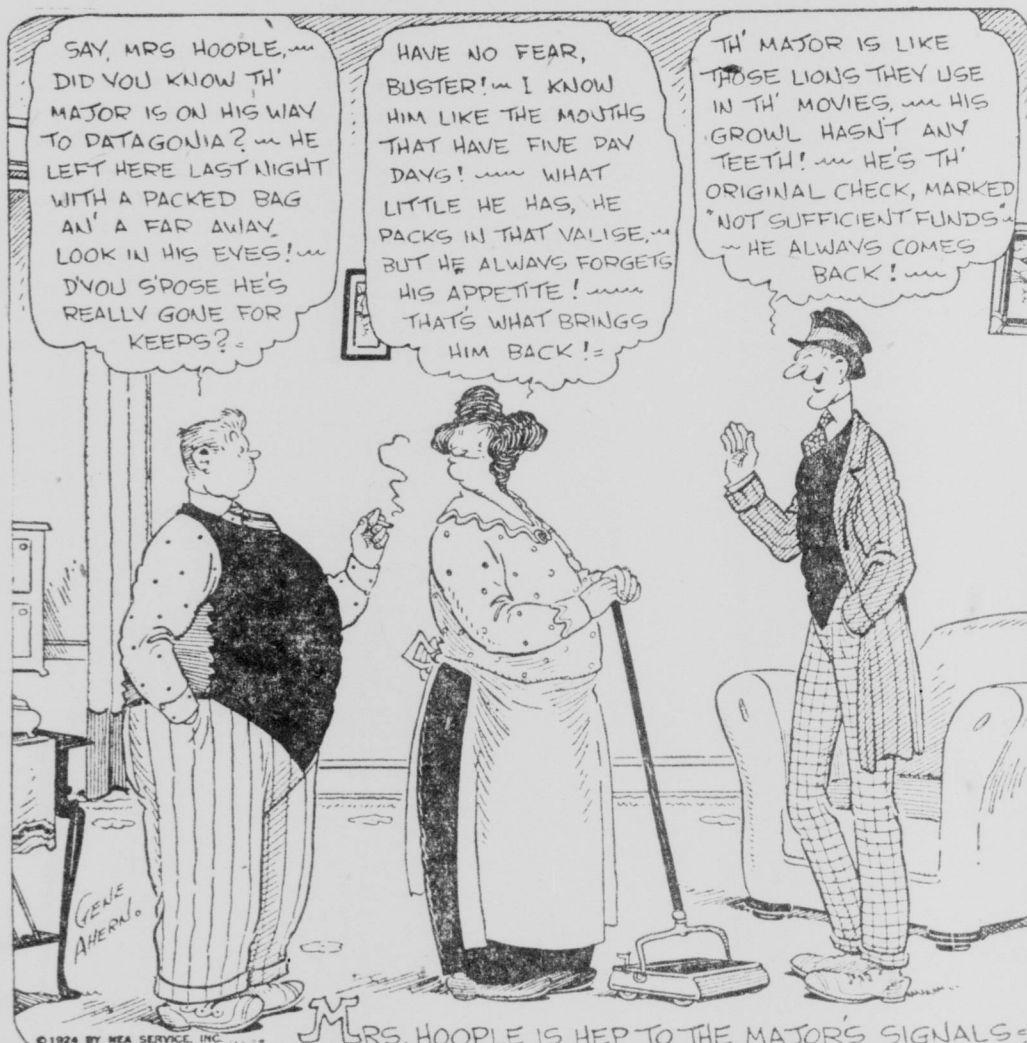


OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



Today's Best Radio Features

Copyright, 1924, by United Press
WJZ, New York (455 M), 8:30 P. M. EST—Harp ensemble, direct from Carnegie Hall.

WIP, Philadelphia (509 M), 8 P. M. EST—Program of negro music.

WEAF, New York (492 M), 11 P. M. EST—Lopez Orchestra.

KGO, Oakland (312 M), 8 P. M. PST—Stanford Orchestra night.

KSD, St. Louis (546 M), 8 P. M. CST—St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.

SUNDAY

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WEAF, New York (492 M) and WEEL, Boston (303 M), 3:45 P. M. EST—Dr. Cadman and the Sunday men's conference.

WEAF, New York (492 M), WCAP, Washington (453 M), and WJAR, Providence (334 M), 7:20 P. M. EST—Boxy and his gang.

WEEL, Boston (303 M), 7:15 P. M. EST—Musical program from the New York Strand Theater.

WCBD, Zion (345 M), 8 P. M. CST—Semi-monthly sacred concert.

WLW, Cincinnati (423 M), 8:45 P. M. CST—Symphony Orchestra conducted by William Kopp.

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John T. Sawyer, 2419 N. Capitol Ave., has filed suit in Superior Court, room 5, against former Governor Warren T. McCray, now serving sentence in Federal Prison at Atlanta, Ga., on conviction of misuse of the mails, demanding \$6,500 on a note representing the purchase price of ninety-six head of pure-bred cattle. The cattle was given to Luke W. Duffey, former State Senator and State Representative from Marion County by McCray.

Suit also is against Duffey and Benjamin W. Anderson, as indorsers.

Bribe Quiz Ordered

The State board of education has appointed a committee to investigate alleged payment of bribes to A. M. Hannebaum, former trustee at Metamora, Franklin County, by two school teachers in return for teaching contracts. Hannebaum's action was exposed in a recent State board of accounts report. It also is alleged he received money from hack drivers and a Connorsville architect.

PLANT TO BE READY SOON

Mayor Harris fails to stop project at Bloomington.

By United Press
BLOOMINGTON, Ind., Nov. 22.—The new Griffy Creek water plant to supply the city of Bloomington, will be completed within two weeks, it was announced today as the last touches on the dam were completed.

Work will go ahead to completion despite refusal of Mayor John Harris to sign the bond issue by the city to help the Bloomington Water Company pay for the construction.

One hundred and seventeen citizens and concerns of the city are behind the project and have pledged \$675,800.

CONFERENCE DATE IS SET

Methodists to meet at Anderson April 15 to 21.

The North Indiana M. E. conference will be held at Anderson April 15 to 21 and Bishop Frederick Lee of Indianapolis will preside, according to word received here from a meeting of the board of bishops in session at Atlanta City. This date is two weeks later than the conference has been held in many years.

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



Flower Acres

©1924 by NEA Service Inc.

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Malcolm Finley, returning from Japan, is invited to Flower Acres, the Long Island home of Douglas Raynor, husband of Nancy, who is a former sweetheart of Finley's. Finley discovers that Raynor is tyrannizing over Nancy and is incensed. At Flower Acres are Mrs. Goddard, friend of Finley's; her devoted brother, Orville Kent; Douglas Raynor, Raynor's sister, Miss Mattie, and others. Finley realizes that he is regarded with suspicion by Raynor and Miss Mattie because of his old love affair with Nancy. Thus—and the constant abuse Raynor heaps upon his wife—angers Finley extremely. Raynor overhears a conversation between Finley and Nancy and orders Finley to leave the house. "I promise that if you will remove your presence I will at once transform myself into the most gentle, loving and kind-hearted of husbands," he says.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
"You can never say another word to me of any sort whatever!" And in a fury Finley left them.

He was sure he had made a fool of himself. Sure he had harmed Nan rather than helped her.

Finley went to his room, but he did not at once begin to pack his things. He sat down by a window and gazed out over the flowers, to the sea and sky, and let his thoughts grow calmer and more practical.

Was there no way he could help Nan? No task would be too hard, no service too difficult, if he could but make up for the trouble and annoyance he had caused her.

For no small doubt but that Raynor would wreak on his wife the anger he must feel toward himself, Finley.

A long time he thought and sighed as he pondered.

And then, instead of packing his hat and starting for the train, he bathed and dressed and presented himself on the western terrace just as tea was being brought there.

Finley did not look at his host or speak to him, but there were

present most of the family, and a few neighbors, this omission was not noticed.

"Oh, yes, then you may," she beamed. "After I pass the buns we'll talk it over."

Finley had seated himself, not near Nan, but where he could watch her. In fact, he was beside Miss Mattie, who was more than ready to entertain him.

And it was during one of her long and rambling discourses that Finley, watching Nan, again saw that quick, furtive motion as of dropping something in Raynor's teacup.

"Saccharine, sure," he thought. "She can fool him, then, he thought. "But seems to me she could fool him oftener and better than she does."

Tea over, they lingered on the terrace. Another gorgeous sunset was under way.

"Rarely does that old sun get a chance to sink to rest in such a bed of beauty," said Eva Turner, who was always loquacious at tea time.

"There she goes," cried Dolly, as the last of the great flaming disk dropped out of sight. "And I must go, too, or mother will blow me up."

"Indeed, at first she didn't recognize it as a shot. So often a supposed shot had been a blow-out or a burst tire, that now when it was really a shot, she naturally thought it something else. For a moment no sounds followed, and then various light footsteps could be heard below."

Still unthinking of tragedy, Miss Mattie stepped out into the hall, and though hall and stairs were as yet unlighted, she felt her way to the banister rail and started slowly down the stairs.

When half way down she could discern a white figure standing in the door between the hall and the sun parlor, but as she went on, the figure which she knew to be that of Eva Turner went through the doorway and the next instant the lights of the sun parlor were flashed on.

Miss Mattie scurried the rest of the way down and peered through the hall door into the sunroom.

On the floor lay her brother in an ungainly heap, near automatic pistol Malcolm Finley, an arm held stolid in his hand, and by the door, her hand still on the switch light, stood Eva Turner.

She was not looking at Finley, but in the opposite direction, toward the west door of the sunroom.

And at that door, in another moment, appeared Nan, white-faced and terrified.

"Then, as Nan stepped into the room, Orville Kent also came in from the south side, through the outside door that opened on the lawn and flower beds that ran down to the brook."

"What is it?" he cried, then, catching sight of Raynor's fallen figure, and taking in Finley with the pistol, Kent sprang across the room to put his arm round the shaking form of his sister.

"Move, somebody! Do something!" came from Miss Turner in an hysterical shriek.

"Oh, Douglas!" Miss Mattie cried,

watch. "It's just 7 o'clock. I must run. Good-by, Orry."

"Good-by," Kent said, looking at his own watch, and starting off toward the house.

Meddlesome Mattie had been looking out her window at the two strolling across the lawn, but there was no more to it than idle curiosity.

It was her habit to watch everything and everybody, in hope of learning something she was not meant to know.

From her own room, with the windows all open, she had heard her brother leave the terrace and go into the sun parlor—that was doubtless to avoid the dampness.

She had heard Malcolm Finley, at the same time, leave the terrace and go into the house, walking through the rear hall, and out on the east veranda. She had listened intently but didn't hear Nan follow him—a distinct disappointment to Miss Mattie.

Mr. Goddard, she knew, was in his own room. And Eva Turner was bustling about, now in her bedroom, then on the stairs, then to the kitchen and back again—of course, intent upon her dietary duties.

Despairing of any further sounds of interest, Miss Mattie snapped on her lights and looked at her clock. It was five minutes to seven then, time to begin to dress for dinner.

And then, though not listening intently, Miss Mattie's ears were startled by the sound of a single shot.

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