

SLACK IGNORES COUNCIL ACTION ON FIRE CHIEF

Reason for 'Removal' of Blaze Fighters' Chief Is Demanded.

Mayor L. E. Slack today ignored a resolution of city council demanding that Fire Chief Jesse A. Hutsell be permitted to continue as department head.

Austin H. Todd, Republican, introduced the resolution Monday night demanding a reason for the "removal" of Chief Hutsell, a Republican.

Harry E. Voshell (Democrat) is to succeed Hutsell, who offered his resignation effective April 1.

If Mayor Slack is unable to furnish reasonable evidence to warrant demotion of Hutsell he should remain head of the fire department and the council opposes any changes in the fire department based on political expediency, it was resolved.

Indicted councilmen appeared in jovial mood and frequently joked about Councilman Boynton J. Moore's bribery trial in progress in Criminal Court.

Albertson Not Present

Councilman O. Ray Albertson, Republican, who turned State's evidence, did not attend. He bared alleged "wholesale" bribing of councilmen Monday and Albertson, who was pictured as a "squealer" because he admitted accepting several bribes, was referred to scornfully by other Republican councilmen.

Those under indictment held a locked-door caucus before the council meeting, but the conference purpose was not revealed.

The special committee headed by Richard W. Ferguson, Democrat, one of those under indictment, investigating "malfeasance" charges against Mayor Slack, Police Chief Claude Worley and safety board members, decided to meet Friday night and continue hearing of witnesses and affidavits presented by Charles Koehring, South Side merchant.

Continue Ouster Quiz

Ferguson, who said he did not believe Koehring's charges that indicted persons were arrested in a police gambling ward were sufficient to order an impeachment trial, said he was ready to report, but Boynton J. Moore, Walter R. Dorsett and Claude E. Negley, Republicans, insisted on continuing the committee hearing.

Hammond M. Walker, 2250 Kenwood Ave., told the committee he had been arrested, because he went into a pool room to cash a check. Seven affidavits from persons with similar testimony were offered.

Divorce to School Head

By Times Special
ROCKVILLE, Ind., March 20.—Leroy Fair, Vigo County school superintendent, has been granted a divorce in Parke Circuit Court here on grounds of cruelty and clashing temperaments, the decree including custody of the children.

Fair was given \$500 and half the couple's real estate and household effects.

Prevent Flu—
Check All Colds
the Modern Way

Families in Indianapolis Urged to Be Careful

While grip and influenza are so prevalent local people are urged to use this modern way of checking little colds before they become big.

Have a jar of Vicks VapoRub on hand ready for instant use at the first sign of every cold. When rubbed on throat and chest, or sniffed up the nose Vicks releases its ingredients in the form of medicated vapors which are breathed in direct to the infected parts.

In addition Vicks acts like a poultice and thus helps the vapors inhaled to break up the congestion.

To prevent colds lowering the vitality and thus paving the way for flu and pneumonia, they should be treated directly and instantly—as you would an infected finger.—Advertisement.

Healthy Mothers,
Healthy Children

—E. M. Mudge Studio.

Mrs. Zella Sarber

"There's nothing so good to keep the prospective mother strong and from being nervous as Dr. Pierce's favorite Prescription," said Mrs. Zella Sarber, of 218 S. Clark St., Elkhart, Ind. "During two periods I took it. I was in miserable health—all rundown, weak, nervous and could not keep anything on my stomach, but after taking the 'Favorite Prescription' I had no more trouble. It relieved me of the sick stomach, quieted my nerves and made me feel so well and strong I was able to be around at my house right up to the last. Both my babies were very strong and healthy, and I had comparatively no suffering."

Obtain Dr. Pierce's Prescription in liquid or tablet form, from your druggist or send 10c for trial package of tablets to Dr. Pierce's in Buffalo, N. Y.—Advertisement.

NOBODY'S GIRL

JOYANNE AUSTIN author of the PENNY PRINCESS

THIS HAS HAPPENED
SALLY FORD, 16, who for 12 years has known no other home but the State orphanage, came out for the summer to CLEM CARSON, a farmer who comes regularly to the orphanage to get free servants from among the little charity wards. On the way out of the office she meets and befriends MISS POND, office helper, to tell her something about her mother. She is crushed to learn that the woman who called her home, but never returned to see if she lived or died.

During the drive to the farm Carson said to her, "You are the apple of my eye." Clem's wife greets them as they arrive. She is a hard woman, tired, domineering woman. As Sally stands by the accepting bundles, which Clem heaps in her arms, she sees coming toward her a handsome young man. She hears him called David, and her heart is torn.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
IN the big kitchen, dominated by an immense coal-and-wood cook stove, Sally found Mrs. Carson busy with supper preparations. Her daughter, Pearl, drifted about the kitchen, coughing at intervals to remind her mother that she was ill.

Pearl Carson, in that first moment after Sally had bumped into her at the door, had seemed to the orphaned girl to be much older than she, for her plump body was voluptuously developed and over-decked with finery. The farmer's daughter wore her light red hair deeply marcelled. The natural color in her eyes, deep blue, was heightened by rouge applied lavishly over a heavy coating of white powder.

Her lavender silk crepe dress was made very full and short of skirt, so that her thick-ankled legs were displayed almost to the knee. It was before the day of knee dresses for women and Sally, standing there awkwardly with her own bundle and the parcels which Carson had thrust into her arms, blushed for the extravagant display of unlabeled flesh.

But Pearl Carson, not to exactly pretty, was not homely. Sally was forced to admit to herself. She looked more like one of her father's healthy, sorrel-colored heifers than anything else, except that the heifer's eyes would have been mild and kind and slightly melancholy, while Pearl Carson's China-blue eyes were wide and cold, in an insolent, contemptuous stare.

"I suppose you're the new girl from the Orphans' Home," she said at last. "What's your name?" "Sally Ford," Sally stammered, institutional shyness blotting out her radiant, leaving her pale and meek.

"Pearl, you take Sally up to her room and show her where to put her things. Did you bring a work dress?" Mrs. Carson turned from inspecting a great iron kettle of cooking food on the stove.

"Yes," Sally gulped. "But I only brought two dresses—my every-day dress and this one. Mrs. Stone said you'd give me some of P-Pearl's."

She flushed painfully, in humiliation at having to accept charity and in doubt as to whether she was to address the daughter of the house by her Christian name, without a "hand."

Pearl, switching her short, lavender silk skirts insolently, led the way up a steep flight of narrow stairs leading directly off the kitchen to the garret. The roof, shaped to fit the gables of the house, was so low that Sally's head bumped itself twice during her passage of the dusty, dark corridor to the room she was to be allowed to call her own.

"No, not that door!" Pearl halted her sharply. "That's where David Nash, one of the hired men, sleeps." Sally wanted to stop and lay her hand softly against the door which his hand had touched, but she did not dare. "I-I saw him," she faltered.

"Oh, you did, did you?" Pearl demanded sharply. "Well, let me tell you, young lady, you let David Nash alone. He's mine—see? He's not just an ordinary hired hand. He's working his way through State A. & M. He's the star on the football team and everything. But don't you go trying any funny business on David, or I'll make you wish you hadn't!"

"I-I didn't even speak to him," Sally hastened to reassure the farmer's daughter. "I hated herself for her humbleness."

"Here's your room. It's small and it gets pretty hot in here in the summer, but I guess it's better'n you're used to at that," Pearl Carson, a little mollified, swung open a filmy pink door.

Sally looked about her timidly, her eyes taking in the low, sagging cot bed, the upturned pine box that served as a washstand, the broken rocking chair, the rusty nails intended to take the place of a clothes closet; the faded, dirty rug on the warped boards of the floor; the tiny window, whose single sash swung inward and was fastened by a hook on the wall.

"I'll bring you some of my old dresses," Pearl told her. "But you'd better hurry and change into your orphanage dress so's you can help Mama with the supper. She's been putting up raspberries all day and she's dead tired. I guess Papa told you you'd have to hustle this summer. This ain't a summer vacation—for you. It is for me. I go to school in the city in the winter. I'm second year high, and I'm only 16," she added proudly. "What are you?"

Sally, who had been nervously untying her brown paper parcel, bent her head lower so that she should not see the flare of hate in those pale blue eyes which she knew would follow upon her own answer. "I'm—I'm third year high." She did not have the courage to explain that she had just finished her third year, that she would graduate from the orphanage's high school next year.

Third year? Pearl was incredulous. "Oh, of course the orphanage school! My school is at least two years higher than yours. We prepare for college."

Sally nodded; what use to say that the orphanage school was a regular school, too, that it also prepared for college? And that Sally herself had dreamed of working her way through college, even as David Nash was doing?

Eight o'clock was the supper hour on the farm in the summer-time, when every hour of daylight had to be spent in the orchards and fields. When the long dining table, covered with red-and-brown checked oil-cloth, was finally set down to the last iron-handled

knife, Sally was faint with hunger, for supper was at six at the orphanage.

Sally had peeled a huge dishpan of potatoes, had shredded a giant head of pale green cabbage for cole slaw, had watched the pots of cooking string beans, turnips and carrots; had rolled in flour and then fried great slabs of round steak—all under the critical eye of Mrs. Carson, who had found herself free to pick over the day's harvest of blackberries for canning.

"I suppose we'll have to let Sally eat at the table with us," Pearl grumbled to her mother, heedless of the fact that Sally overheard. "In the city a family wouldn't dream of sitting down to table with the servants. I'm sick of living on a farm and treating the hired help like members of the family."

"I thought that you liked having David Nash sit at the table with us," Mrs. Carson reminded her.

"Well, David's different. He's a university student and a football hero," Pearl defended herself. "But the other hired men and the Orphans' Home girl—"

Clem Carson appeared in the kitchen doorway. "Supper ready?" "Yes, Papa. Thanks for the candy, but I do wish you'd get it in a box, not in a paper sack," Pearl pouted. "I'll ring the bell. Hurry up, and wash before the others come in."

While Clem Carson was pumping water into a tin washbasin, just inside the kitchen door, Pearl swung the big copper dinner bell, standing on the narrow back porch, her lavender silk skirt fluttering about her thick legs.

Sally fled to the dining room then, ashamed to have David Nash see her in the betraying uniform of the orphanage.

She had obediently set nine places at the long table, not knowing who all of those nine might be, but she found out before many minutes passed. Clem Carson sat at one end of the table, Mrs. Carson at the other. And before David and the other hired men appeared, a tiny, bent little old lady, with kind, vague brown eyes and trembling hands, came shuffling in from somewhere to seat herself at her farmer son's right hand. Sally learned later that everyone called her Grandma, and that she was Clem Carson's widowed mother.

Immediately behind the little old lady came a big, hulking, loose-jointed man of middle age, with a slack, grinning mouth, a stubble of gray beard on his receding chin, a vacant, idiotic smile in his pale eyes.

At sight of Sally, shrinking timidly against the chair which was to be hers, the half-wit lunged toward her like a playful, overgrown puppy. One of his clammy hands, pale because they could not be trusted with farm work, reached out and patted her cheek.

"Purty girl, purty sis-ter," he articulated slowly, a light of pleasure gleaming in the pale vacancy of his eyes.

"Now, now, Benny, be good, or Ma'll send you to bed without your supper," the little old lady spoke as if he were a naughty child of three. "You musn't mind him."

"Americanitis"

The speed at which we Americans live has given rise to a group of serious nervous and high blood pressure disturbances aptly described as "Americanitis." It's responsible for many break-downs and deaths at middle age.

Men who work hard, smoke hard and play hard overburden the liver whose job it is to keep the blood and system clean of poisons formed in food waste. Then follows an insidious toxic condition which saps strength and energy, increases blood pressure and hardens arteries.

The liver occasionally needs a little help and there's nothing better for this, as medical men know, than a little ox gall. Ox gall is a great natural stimulant for the liver, promoting its normal active functioning, so essential to real health. Dioxol tablets are genuine ox gall in dainty and tasteless form, each tablet representing 10 drops of pure ox gall. They cost less than 2c each at good druggists, and a few make a vast difference. To be sure of getting the genuine ox gall, be sure of getting Dioxol.

Free Test Take this ad to the druggist named below and he will give you a free sample of Dioxol tablets. Try them yourself. See the splendid, quick results. One trial of Dioxol and you will want a full package! Special Agent: Haag Drug Co.

Try This Simple Method For Blackheads

If you are troubled with these unsightly blemishes, get two ounces of Calumet powder from any drug store, sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth and rub over the blackheads. In a few minutes every blackhead, big or little, will be dissolved away entirely.—Advertisement.

FIND "FRIEND IN NEED"

Mother and Daughter Praise Vegetable Compound

"My daughter was only 20 years old, but for two years she worked in misery. She was all run-down, nervous, had aches and pains and no appetite. I was taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with good results so she decided to try it. Before she had taken two bottles her appetite was better, she was more cheerful and was able to work. I cannot praise your medicine too highly. It is wonderful for mothers and for daughters. It's surely a friend in need."—MRS. L. E. HALL, 223 Floral Avenue, Johnson City, N. Y.

CLAIMS LICENSE ISSUE ILLEGAL

Earl Crawford Attacks Teacher Certificates.

Earl Crawford, candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, struck at alleged illegal issuance of teachers' licenses by the State department of public instruction, in addressing the Indiana Democratic Club Monday night.

"Who are the guilty parties?" Crawford asked. "Why should the State board of education want an affair of this kind hushed up without an investigation? What sort of an example are they setting before the young men and young women under their care?"

"Unless the very fountainhead of our school system is freed from those who are guilty of crookedness, the millions we are spending for educating the youth of the State will be worse than wasted, and the

Need Attention in March or Face May Stay Covered All Summer.

Now is the time to take special care of the complexion if you wish it to look well the rest of the year. The March winds have a strong tendency to bring out freckles that may stay all summer unless removed. Now is the time to use ointment—double strength.

This prescription for the removal of freckles was written by a prominent physician and is usually so successful that it is sold by all druggists and department stores under guarantee to refund the money if it fails, get an ounce of ointment—double strength, and even a few applications should show a wonderful improvement. Some of the smaller freckles vanishing entirely.—Advertisement.

Lesson No. 8

Question: Why is the emulsified form the more efficient way for me to realize the health-giving benefits of cod-liver oil?

Answer: Because when cod-liver oil is emulsified it is more perfectly absorbed, and does not disagree with digestion. Take

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Don't Fuss With Mustard Plasters!

Don't mix a mess of mustard, flour and water when you can relieve pain, soreness or stiffness with a little clean, white Musterole.

Musterole is made of pure oil of mustard and other helpful ingredients, and takes the place of mustard plasters.

Musterole usually gives prompt relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frost-bitten feet, colic of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia).

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Millions of people have found that the rich juices brewed from the plants, roots, bark, leaves, herbs and flowers of Bulgarian Herb (Blood) Tea puts life and power in the blood. A cupful taken once or twice a week relieves constipation, sour stomach, indigestion, liver, kidney and impure blood troubles.

cheap talk of a new deal will be just so much 'hot air.' Other speakers included Edward C. Brennan, candidate for the nomination for prosecutor, and Walter Blasengym, candidate for the nomination for coroner.

John P. Linder, attorney, announced his candidacy for the State Senate. He is a graduate of Indiana Law School, member of the Masonic order and lifelong resident of Indianapolis.

Peanut in Lung Fatal
ROSSVILLE, Ind., March 20.—Waneta Brovont, 15 months old, is dead of pneumonia, which developed after a peanut she swallowed whole lodged in a lung.

SYMMS OUT OF RACE
Linton Man Withdraws as Candidate for Governor.

Field of candidates seeking the Republican nomination for Governor was reduced to ten today with withdrawal of Arthur Symms of Linton, from the race.

Symms wrote to Secretary of State Frederick E. Schortemeyer, asking his name be taken from the Republican primary ballots, because "too many candidates are seeking the gubernatorial nomination."

Times want ads are the most thoroughly read short stories.

The help-yourself plan of a cafeteria enables the finest of foods at "odd penny prices" to be served at White's Cafeteria, 27 N. Illinois.

We loan money at 8%, repayable in weekly installments over a period of a year.

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Guaranteed, upholstered furniture made to order.
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Convinced That It Is Wonderful For the Stomach

New Konjola Benefited Him in Every Way; Feeling Fine Again.

Many of the ailments that humanity is heir to today are due to unsound habits rather than unsound bodies. Modern scientists and doctors agree that many of the minor diseases contracted by people are the result of irregularity in intestinal habits, or the refusal of various internal organs to eliminate poisons that gather in the system.

Konjola is a medicine that helps the bowels, kidneys, liver and stomach, to more healthy, normal action, thereby relieving suffering humanity of diseases of the inner system and restores glorious health to them.

As an example, Mr. Frank Henry, well-known citizen of Indianapolis, living at 251 Bakemeyer St., made the following statement to the Konjola Man who is at the Hook Drug Store, Illinois and Washington St., where he is explaining the merits of this medicine to large crowds every day:

"I am so thankful for the way Konjola relieved the stomach and kidney trouble I suffered for many years," said Mr. Henry. "that I will always recommend this medicine to others."

"My stomach caused me the most trouble and because of this ailment I suffered from other disorders of my inner system. It seemed everything I ate would form a hard knot in the pit of my stomach. I did not have much appetite and only ate the lightest of foods. Sometimes I would suffer from severe headaches that lasted for weeks at a time. My kidneys also gave me quite a bit of trouble. They were so weak I was forced to rise five and six times during the night. Of course, this broke up my rest so that I felt tired and worn-out in the morning. During the day I was subject to pains across the small of my back that made it almost impossible for me to bend over. My whole system was disordered and I felt sick most all the time."

"I had been reading about the wonderful results other people were getting from Konjola and I decided I would try this medicine. The first few bottles convinced me that this was the only thing that would ever help me. I have only taken a small quantity of Konjola but I truthfully say that my food agrees with me and all the gas bloating is gone. It is a real pleasure to eat my meals knowing I won't suffer afterward. I do not have any more headaches and for that reason this medicine is worth its weight in gold to me. The results I gained from kidney trouble is remarkable. I seldom have to get up during the night and that terrible aching across my back never comes over me."

"Konjola is the only medicine that ever helped me and I am certainly glad to recommend it to anyone who suffers."

The Konjola Man is at the Hook Drug Store, Illinois and Washington Sts., Indianapolis, where he is daily meeting the public and introducing and explaining the merits of this remedy. Konjola is sold at all the Hook drug stores in Indianapolis and other good druggists throughout this section.—Advertisement.

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