NEW PRESIDENT OF COLLEGE TO BE INAUGURATED

Dr. Harper Will Be Inducted at Evansville Thursday.

By Times Special

EVANSVILLE, Ind., March 21.—Dr. Earl Enyeart Harper will be inducted as Evansville College's sixteenth president at impressive services Thursday.

Seventy universities and colleges will send delegates for the services which will open at 9:45 Thursday morning with an educational conference. Speakers will be Bishop William F. Anderson, Boston, Mass., and Dr. Alfred H. Hughes, president of Maline University, former head of Evansville College.

A luncheon will be given at noon. The inaugural services proper will be held at 2 p. m. Dr. A. E. Craig, college trustees president, will preside. A banquet will be held at 6:30, concluding the program.

Among delegates expected are Frank H. Hatfield, Indiana University; President I. J. Good, Indiana Central College; President L. N. Hines, Indiana State Normal School; President William P. Dearing, Oakland City College; Acting President, Arthur R. Woodworth, Hanover College; President Frank C. Wagner, Rose Polytechnic Institute; President David M. Edwards, Earlham College; Dean George V. Kendall, Wabash College; Dean Richard Bishop Moore, Purdue University, and Dr. Henry B. Longden, vice president of De Pauw University.

Killed by Falling Tree

By Times Special

HAMMOND, Ind., March 21.—George Thompson, farmer near here, was crushed to death when a tree he cut fell, trapping him against the trunk of one previously cut down.

Former Officer Convicted

By Times Special

NEW ALBANY, Ind., March 21.—Lee Cotner, former State highway policeman, is under a thirty-day jail sentence and a $100 fine following conviction by a Circuit Court jury of assault and battery with intent to kill. Cotner wounded City Councilman Harry Harbison by shooting.

Free From Neuritis and Kidney Pains

Suffered six years before finding way to end trouble quickly

Neuritis is bad enough, but George L. Petit, 515 E. Ash St., Freeport, Ill., had plenty of other troubles in addition. Today all his pains are gone. His letter states:

"I had severe kidney trouble for six years. My back was so lame and sore I was in constant agony. I had frequent attacks of splitting headaches, and was so constipated I had to take laxatives all the time. Finally, neuritis came on, with all its intense pain, especially in my left arm and between my shoulders, and I was in such misery I was ready to despair. One day I read where Viuna had relieved a case like mine. I am glad to say it did the same for me. First, it gave prompt relief from the sharp, stabbing pains of neuritis, and soon I was almost free from them. A little later, my kidneys righted themselves, the back-ache and head-ache disappeared, and I am feeling fine in every way. My constipation was relieved, and I am eating heartily, sleeping soundly and gaining back my lost weight. The change has come so promptly that it seems almost too good to be true. I only wish I had known of Viuna years ago.

Viuna acts promptly on sluggish bowels, lazy liver and weak kidneys. It purifies the blood, clears the skin, restores appetite and digestion, and brings new strength and energy to the whole body. Take a bottle on trial. Then if you're not glad you tried Viuna, your money will be refunded. $1 at druggists, or mailed postpaid by Iceland Medicine Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

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E. W. Grove

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NOBODY'S GIRL

By ANNE AUSTIN author of the PENNY PRINCESS

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

SALLY FORD, 16, who has known no other home than the orphan asylum, since she was four, is "farmed out" for the summer to CLEM CARSON, a farmer. Before she leaves the Home, she begs MISS POND, sentimental office worker, to tell her something about her mother. The orphan is crushed to learn that her mother after leaving her at the orphanage never returned to see if she lived or died. Her hopes that there is someone somewhere to love her are gone.

On the drive to the farm, Sally listens to Clem's boasts about his fine farm. They are met with the hard voice of Mrs. Carson, who calls to Sally to come in at once and get to work. As she leaves the car, arms stacked with bundles, she sees a handsome young man whom she hears called David. In the house she is met by PEARL, the gaudily dressed, over-developed daughter, who warns her, "Hands off David—he's mine." At the supper table that night Sally experiences a new emotion when Pearl suggests to David that they go to a picture show.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VI

"SORRY, but I can't tonight," David Nash answered Pearl Carson's invitation courteously but firmly. "It would be 'way after nine when we got to town, and we wouldn't get back until nearly midnight—no hours for a farm hand to be keeping. Besides, I've got to study, long as I can keep awake."

"You're always studying when I want you to take me somewhere," Pearl pouted. "I don't see why you can't forget college during your summer vacation. Go get some more biscuits, Sally," she added sharply.

Except for Pearl's chatter and David's brief, courteous replies, the meal was eaten in silence, the hungry farmer and his hired men hunching over their food, wolfing it, disposing of such vast quantities of fried steak, vegetables, hot biscuits, home-made pickles, preserves, pie and coffee that Sally was kept running between kitchen and dining room to replenish bowls and plates from the food kept warming on the stove. In spite of her own hunger she ate little, restrained by timidity, but after her twelve years of orphanage diet the meal seemed like a banquet to her.

No one spoke to her, except Mrs. Carson and Pearl, to send her on trips to the kitchen, but it did not occur to her to feel slighted. It was less embarrassing to be ignored than to be plied with questions. Sometimes she raised her fluttering eyelids to steal a quick glance at David Nash, and every glance deepened her joy that he was there, that he sat at the same table with her, ate the same food, some of which she had cooked. His superiority to the others at that table was so strikingly evident that he seemed god-like to her. His pride, his poise, his golden, masculine beauty, his strength, his evident breeding, his ambition, formed such a contrast to the qualities of the orphaned boys she had known that it did not occur to her to hope that he would notice her. But once when her blue eyes stole a fleeting glimpse of his face she was startled to see that his eyes were regarding her soberly, sympathetically.

He smiled—a brief flash of light in his eyes, an upward curl to his well-cut lips. She was so covered with a happy confusion that she did not hear Mrs. Carson's harsh, nasal voice commanding her to bring more butter from the cellar until the farmer's wife uttered her order a second time.

In spite of the prodigious amount of food eaten, the meal was quickly over. It was not half-past eight when Clem Carson scraped back his chair, wiping his mouth on his shirtsleeve.

"Now, Sally, I'll leave you to clear the table and wash up," Mrs. Carson said briskly. "I've got to measure and sugar my blackberries for tomorrow's jam-making. A farmer's wife can't take Sunday off this time o' year, and have fruit spoil on her hands."

While Sally was stacking the soiled supper plates on the dining table, the telephone rang three short and one long ring, and Pearl who had been almost forcibly holding David Nash in conversation, sprang to answer it. The instrument was fastened to the dining room wall. Pearl stood lolling against it, a delighted smile on her face, her fingers picking at the torn wallpaper.

"Um - huh! . . . Sure! . . . Oh, that'll be swell, Ross! I was just wishing for some excitement! . . . How many's coming? Five? . . . Oh, you hush! Sure, we'll dance! We got a grand radio, you know—get Chicago and . . . All right, hurry up! And, oh, say, Ross, you might pick up another girl. Sudie Pratt, or somebody. I got a sweetie of my own. Un-hunh! David Nash, a junior from A. and M., is staying with us this summer. Didn't you know? . . . Am I? I'll tell the world! You just wait till you see him, and then you'll want to jump in the river! . . . Aw, quit your kidding! . . . Well, hurry! 'Bye!"

Before the one-sided conversation was concluded, David Nash had quietly left the room by way of the kitchen door. When Sally staggered in with her armload of soiled dishes she found David at the big iron sink, pouring hot water from the heavy black teakettle into a granite dishpan.

"Thought I'd help," he said in a low voice, to keep Pearl from overhearing. "You must be tired and bewildered, and washing up for nine people is no joke. Give me the glasses first," he added casually, as he reached for the wire soap shaker that hung on a nail above the sink.

"Oh, please," Sally gasped in consternation. "I can do them. It won't take me any time. Why, at the Home, six of us girls would wash dishes for 300. They wouldn't like it," she added in a terrified whisper, her eyes fluttering first toward the dining room door, then toward the big pantry where Mrs. Carson was picking over her blackberries.

"I like to wash dishes," David said firmly, and that settled it, at least so far as he was concerned.

Sally was trotting happily between table and cupboard when Pearl came in, stormy-eyed, sullen-mouthed.

"Well, I must say you're a quick worker—and I don't mean on dishes!" she snapped at Sally. "So this is the way you have to study, Mr. David Nash! But I suppose she pulled a sob story on you and just roped you in. You'd better find out right now, Miss Sally Ford, that you can't shirk your work on this farm. That's not what Papa got you for—"

"I insisted on helping with the dishes, Pearl," David interrupted the bitter tirade in his firm, quiet way. "Want to get a dish cloth and help dry them?" There was a twinkle in his eyes and he winked over so slightly at Sally.

"I've got to dress. Five or six of the bunch are coming over to dance to the radio music. Did you hear what I said about you?" Pearl answered, her shallow blue eyes coquetting with David.

"About me?" David pretended surprise. "Is that all, Sally? Well, I'll go on up to my room and study awhile, if I can stay awake."

"You're going to dance with me—with us," Pearl wailed, her flat voice harsh with disappointment. "I told Ross Willis to bring another partner for himself, because I was counting on you—"

"Awfully sorry, but I've got to study. I thought I told you at supper that I had to study," David reminded her mildly, but there was the steel of determination in his casual voice.

Pearl flung out of the room then, her face twisted with the first grimaces of crying.

"We'd better wash out and rinse these dish cloths," David said imperturbably, but his gold-flecked eyes and his strong, characterful mouth smiled at Sally. "My mother taught me that—and a good many other things."

A little later, under cover of the swishing of water in the granite dish pan, David spoke in a low voice to the girl who worked so happily at his side:

"Take it as easy as you can. They'll work you to death if you let them. And—if you need any help, day or night," he emphasized the words significantly, so that once again a pulse of fear throbbed in Sally's throat, "just call on me. Remember, I'm an orphan myself. But it's easier for a boy. The world can be mighty hard on a girl alone."

"Thank you," Sally trembled, her voice scarcely a whisper, for Mrs. Carson was moving heavily in the pantry near by.

Fifteen minutes later, as Sally was sweeping the big kitchen, shouts of laughter and loud, gay words told her that the party of farm girls and boys had arrived. With David gone to his garret room to study, Sally suddenly felt very small and forlorn, very much what he had called her—a girl alone.

The sounds of boisterous gayety penetrated to every corner of the small house, but they echoed most loudly in Sally's heart. For she was 16 with all the desires and dreams of any other girl of 16 And she loved parties, although she had never been to a small intimate one in a private home in all her life.

She leaned on her broom, trembling, desiring to have a good time fighting with her institution-bred timidity. Then she looked down at her dress—the blue-and-white-checked gingham, faded, dull, that she had worn for months at the orphanage. If they should come into the kitchen—any of those laughing gay girls and boys—and find her in the uniform of state charity they would despise her, never dream of asking her to come in, to dance—

Her hands suddenly gripped her broom fiercely. Within a minute she had finished her lask task of the evening, had brushed the crumbs and dust into the black tin dust pan, emptied it into the kitchen range. Then, breathless with haste, afraid that timidity would overtake her, she ran up the back stairs to the garret.

Her cold little hands trembled with eagerness as she jerked her work dress over her head and arrayed her slight body in the lace-trimmed white lawn "Sunday dress" which she had worn earlier in the day on her trip from the orphanage. Excitedly, she slapped her pale, faintly flushed cheeks to make them more red, then bit her lips hard in lieu of lipstick.

When she tiptoed down the dark hall of the garret she found David Nash's door ajar, caught a glimpse of the university student-farmhand bent over a pine table crowded with books.

She crept on to the head of the narrow, steep stairs, and there her courage failed her. The dance music, coming in full and strong over the radio, had just begun, and she could hear the shuffle of feet on the bare floor of the living room. How had she thought for one minute that she could brave those alien eyes, intrude, uninvited, upon Pearl's party? Hadn't Pearl made it cruelly clear that she despised her, resented her, because of David's interest in her?

"Want to dance?"

She had been leaning over the narrow pine bannister, but the straightened then, a hand going to her heart, for it was David standing near her in the dark, and his voice was very kind.

(To Be Continued)

Sally's first real trouble on the farm comes in the next chapter. It is the result of Pearl's jealousy.

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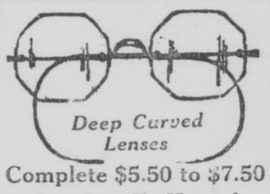

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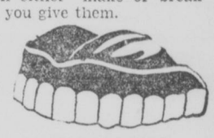

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