



The Indianapolis Times

Generally fair and continued warm tonight and Thursday; probably followed by thunderstorms and cooler Thursday night or Friday.

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HOME
EDITION

PRICE TWO CENTS
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for LOVE
or
MONEY
by H. W. CORLEY
1932 by NEA SERVICE INC.
FICTION

BONUS ARMY'S WHITE HOUSE MARCH HALTED

Police Block Two Attempts
of 'Left Wing' Forces
to Picket Mansion.

LEADERS UNDER ARREST

Inspector Seizes Chief of
Insurgents by Throat,
Stops Parade.

By United Press

CHAPTER ONE
THE alarm whirred—as alarms, carefully set and wound, have a way of doing—whirred and strangled through the dark Sixty-seventh street flat, reverberated in the areaway, punctuated by a slamming of windows and the sound of voices.

"Aw, turn that alarm off, will ya?"

"Hey, you, Moran—!"

"It's the redhead. Bud don't get up this early!"

Seven-thirty.... And Mona (nee Minnie) Moran stirred, nestled cosily for a moment, then lifted a slender arm from the coverlet and snapped off the shrill noise. She turned over again, placed a palm beneath her cheek and closed her eyes.

Mona long ago had decided that the last half hour of sleep caught this way—stolen really from the workaday world—was the most delicious. Thirty more drowsy minutes to reflect on this and that or to forget it all in the relaxation of another nap.

Mona had problems. What girl as young and lovely as Mona does not have—even when she is not, as Mona assuredly was—the support of her family? There were five in that family, counting dad in the hospital and Bud, the elder brother, away from home when he had a job and came home when broke.

Then, as if another alarm had sounded, Mona stirred again. She patted a dainty yawn with the back of her rose-tipped hand, glanced at the sleeping Kitty beside her—Kitty's slim little girleness occupying more than half the narrow bed—and slid out carefully.

Mona stretched her arms again and took indifferent stock of herself in the mirror. She had become used to the pleasant report that mirror gave.

There were those who wondered why, with such a figure, such creamy skin, such gray-green eyes and miraculous bronze hair, Mona had not followed her first job as errand girl and later model at Pillsbury's with a stage affiliation.

It was true that Mona had several such offers, but she had rejected them all. To marry a stage electrician (more chorus girls did, you know, than landed millionaires) had no part in Mona Moran's plans.

So she had taken a job as receptionist for the exclusive law firm of Garretson, Lawton & Amesbury.

"I see people here," Mona confided to her friend, Lottie Carr. "I get to know them without parading half dressed behind the footlights. I learned to walk, to talk, to dress and how to act."

LOTTIE, tall, blond and languorously, was a model at Pilgrim's.

"That Carr girl is no better than she should be," Ma would declare after one of Lottie's visits to the Moran home. "Perfume, \$20 an ounce! Handkerchiefs, \$25 dozen or I'm a liar. No good working girl!"

"Oh, she's all right, Mother!" Mona would protest. "It's just that—that Lottie— She would break off, for Mona hardly could finish as she had intended, "It's just that Lottie has no family to support." Ma would be hurt—and rightly—at that.

"Well," Ma would weaken, "I don't want that girl calling up the house. I don't want you going out with her. My daughters are good girls!"

Mona was, and, indeed, for that matter, so was Lottie. Mrs. Moran might have had the rueful support of many rebuffed young men as to that.

Lottie, frivolous, gay, attractive in the costumes her position as model afforded her, would be Mona to join her on frequent parties with that collection of young clubmen to whom Lottie referred as "the game set."

"Sometime, Little. But don't count on me for many of these affairs. I need my sleep. I have to work."

"Go to bed and never meet any nice people!" Lottie amended here. "You might get yourself a husband if you step out more. Ever think of that?"

Mona shook her head. "Yes, I think of it. But you don't get them that way. I know my onions."

And Lottie had rejoined significantly, recalling the malodorous Sixty-seventh street flat, "I'll say you do! But do you know the artichokes?"

Mona knew that, for some time at least, she could not think of marrying. It was out of the question. Not with Bud acting as he did, in and out of a job, absent for days on end, home idling, begetting small sums for carfare, cigarettes.

Not with her father in the hospital. Mona couldn't go to a hospital saddled with these family cares.

Her father! Mona's patient, kindly, hard-working father, stricken suddenly with that obscure, powerful malady which no doctor named definitely, of which no doctor would predict the outcome! He had been in the hospital now for months.

Terrence Moran and his wife had come to America years ago with such high hopes. They had left Ireland earlier than that for Scotland, but in Glasgow had heard of America, the land of opportunity. Terrence had worked at this and that to provide for his ever-growing

(Turn to Page Eleven)

Cards Foretell Death



Three days after his wife, Mrs. Vera Carl, had drawn three cards symbolic of death from the pack of a fortune-teller, George Carl, Chicago grocer, was found shot to death in the rear of his store. His wife and her brother have been questioned, but the slaying remains a mystery.

Top photo shows the cards drawn by Mrs. Carl: Grim reaper at the left, a widow at the right, and in the center a magistrate, indicating the fortune teller said that Mrs. Carl would come under suspicion. Mr. and Mrs. Carl are shown below.

HEAT KEEPS GRIP ON SIZZLING CITY

Wings on Wolf

By United Press

CLEVELAND, July 20.—When the wolf came to the Adams' door it came by airplane. Mrs. Mary Adam complained to police authorities.

While her husband, Joe, was paying \$200 to learn to fly, Mrs. Adam said that she and their 2-year-old son had been without food.

"It isn't his flying I object to," the pretty 32-year-old wife said. "But it isn't logic for a pilot's wife and child to be practically starving to death when he can afford to take lessons."

"He's got to come down to earth and support the baby."

FEDERAL QUIZ STARTS IN RUM RAID PROTEST

Dry Agents to Be Tried for Reckless
Driving Mishap.

By United Press

MALONE, N. Y., July 20.—Federal investigation of the case of Burke Bourne, dry agent, charged with reckless driving in Alexandria bay, proceeded today without the aid of county authorities.

Transfer of jurisdiction to the federal court Tuesday was accompanied by an invitation from the United States district attorney's office at Syracuse for local officials to participate in the investigation. They refused.

Bourne's motorcar ran down two persons last week after a series of dry raids during a convention of Spanish-American war veterans. This led to a street fight between townspeople and agents.

The veterans behind Pace set up a chorus of protest.

Pace took a step forward. Headley seized him, one hand at his coat and the other at Pace's throat.

"You can't go through here," Headley responded firmly. "Stand back."

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With great heave, the police officer sent Pace reeling back among his men. It was a tame moment as far as relief was concerned.

"Sometimes, Little. But don't count on me for many of these affairs. I need my sleep. I have to work."

"Go to bed and never meet any nice people!" Lottie amended here. "You might get yourself a husband if you step out more. Ever think of that?"

Mona shook her head. "Yes, I think of it. But you don't get them that way. I know my onions."

And Lottie had rejoined significantly, recalling the malodorous Sixty-seventh street flat, "I'll say you do! But do you know the artichokes?"

AMBASSADOR RETURNING HOME TO ATTEND TO PRIVATE AFFAIRS.

By United Press

SOUTHAMPTON, England, July 20.—Andrew W. Mellon, United States ambassador to Great Britain, sailed with his son Paul aboard the Majestic today for New York.

The ambassador declined any statement, except that he hoped to return in three weeks. His visit was understood to be without political significance, but to be mainly for attending to his private affairs at home.

"You can't go through here," said Headley.

Seizes Leader by Throat

"Hasn't everybody a right to walk on public property?" replied Pace, belligerently.

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MELLON SAILS TO U. S.

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KID M'COY GOES FREE;
GIVEN FORD PLANT JOB

BY RICHARD C. WILSON
United Press Staff Correspondent

SAN QUENTIN PRISON, Calif., July 20.—Norman Selby, 59, was paroled from San Quentin prison today, after serving six years for the murder of his sweetheart, Mrs. Teresa Mors, in 1924.

That is only routine news to the younger generation. Translated by gray-haired followers of the sport pages of the daily newspapers, especially in Indianapolis, where Selby was born and his young manhood had, it should be read somewhat as follows:

"One of the greatest champions of them all, Kid McCoy, today completed his road work at his mountain camp for his come-back attempt, which will be staged in Ford stadium at Detroit next week."

"In going through the pockets he found five \$100 bills in a wallet he had forgotten."

The "comeback" of Kid McCoy was threatened with oblivion. Before prison authorities would sanction his parole, they insisted he must have employment. Two or three tentative jobs failed to materialize.

Then, late Tuesday, Ed Whyte, state parole officer, announced that a place had been arranged for him in the Ford Motor plant at Detroit.

So today McCoy will receive his parole and board a train for Detroit, a "has been" in pugilism's fleeting spotlight.

The "road work" was done with

a pick and shovel in a state high-way prison camp. After six years and two months of this kind of training, the welterweight boxing champion of the world in 1896 and '97 had achieved his desire to leave prison before he passes his sixtieth degree."

St. Paul expected his hottest day of the season and relief soon afterward. Cooling breezes from the far north were reported nearing the city.

Moorhead and Fargo already had felt the welcome winds.

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