

1000 EXPECTED FOR REBEKAH'S STATE PARLEY

Convention Opens Today,
With I. O. O. F. Session
Starting Wednesday.

Approximately 1000 Indiana members of the Rebekah Lodge arrived in Indianapolis today to attend the first session of the state convention held in conjunction with the convention of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows Lodge. Rebekahs will meet today and tomorrow in the lodge rooms in the Odd Fellows bldg.

Tomorrow night, a reception will be held for incoming Rebekah officers, headed by Mrs. Violet Gibbons, Terre Haute. Mrs. Lillian Milner, Indianapolis, is the reception committee chairman.

Grand lodge meetings will be held Wednesday and Thursday, with 800 members in attendance, and the grand encampment will meet Friday, with between 500 and 600 attending.

Special Broadcasts Booked

Special broadcasts will be given over WFBM from 9:30 to 9:45 and from 3 to 3:30 Wednesday, and from 3:15 to 3:30 Thursday. Wednesday morning, Paul A. Pfister, grand master, will speak and George E. Hershman, deputy grand sire, will speak in the afternoon.

Mr. Pfister is assistant United States attorney.

Mr. Hershman, former member of the Indiana State Highway Commission, is likely to be grand sire next year. This office will place him at the head of Odd Fellows all over the world.

The Thursday afternoon broadcast will present Ernest E. Barrett, incoming grand master, Raleigh Haggerty, Greenfield, is the incoming grand patriarch, and will succeed Ota G. Fields, Ft. Wayne.

Rebekah Election Tomorrow

Election of Rebekah officers will be held tomorrow morning; election of grand Lodge officers will be held Thursday morning, and grand encampment officers will be elected Friday morning.

Contested offices are those for grand warden in the grand lodge and grand encampment; grand secretary in the grand lodge, and warden in the Rebekahs.

The first degree will be exemplified Wednesday night at Castle Hall, 230 E. Ohio-st. by Trafalgar Lodge 181, Trafalgar, Ind.

Patriarchal degree will be conferred by a staff of seven from White River Encampment 33, Connersville, Thursday night, in the hall of Metropolitan Encampment 7, Hamilton-av and E. Washington-st.

District Red Cross to Meet

The Sixth District, Indianapolis Chapter, American Red Cross, will meet at 10 Friday for annual roll call in the Indianapolis Athletic Club. James K. McClintock, national headquarters, will speak.

Remember to Rub in Cuticura Ointment Before your Shampoo

gently massaging the scalp to remove the scales of dandruff and assist the cleansing action of the Ointment. Let it remain as long as convenient then shampoo with a suds of Cuticura Soap and warm water to cleanse the scalp and restore the natural gloss and vigor to the hair. Rinse thoroughly.

Sample each free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 41, Malden, Mass.

BUST THAT COLD WIDE OPEN

Don't Merely Check It With Half-Way Measures!

Deal with a cold in earnest. Deal with it in seriousness.

A cold is too fraught with danger to be taken lightly. Many a case of flu and pneumonia has started with nothing more than a common cold.

Treat a cold for what it is—an internal infection. Therefore, internal treatment.

Treat a cold with a preparation made for colds and not a "cure-all". Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is your answer to a cold.

It is a cold tablet, made expressly for the treatment of colds and not for all kinds of ailments.

It is internal in effect and it does four important things.

First, it opens the bowels, an important step in overcoming a cold.

Second, it checks the infection in the system, a vital step.

The GOLDEN FEATHER

by Robert Bruce

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CHAPTER THREE (Continued)

Jean made a dainty little face at her suitor.

"I did not! We just—well, I'd never been in a night club in my life before. And I'd heard people talk about this one, and I knew my boss, Mr. Montague, comes here pretty often. And then one day this Mr. Lanning was up in the office to see Mr. Montague about something, and Mr. Montague knew I'd never been to a night club so he introduced me and Mr. Lanning said I ought to come down some time."

Larry Genna laughed.

"So that's the way of it, eh?" he said. "Well, now you're here, what do you think of it?"

"To be honest with you, it's much—oh, much quieter than I'd thought it would be," she confessed. There was a trace of disappointment in her voice.

"What do you expect—Roman orgies, or something?" asked George mockingly. She made another face at him.

"She means people are giving themselves too well," suggested George.

"Oh," said Larry. He gazed thoughtfully at the little glass vase in the center of the table, in which reposed one rather discouraged looking rose. "Now listen, you two children—you don't mind getting a bit of advice from your elders?"

"They shook their heads expectantly.

"Well, it is quiet," she insisted.

"Quiet?" said Larry. "When that orchestra is playing you can't hear yourself think."

"She means people are giving themselves too well," suggested George.

"Well," he said, speaking slowly as if he were choosing his words carefully, "maybe it'd be a good idea for the two of you to be just a little bit careful about frequenting places of this kind too often. Night clubs are funny places. Some of them are perfectly all right, and some of them aren't. You want to go a little slow."

"But this one—why, it's as respectable as a hotel dining room, as far as I can see," Jean objected.

"I know, I know. I don't mean that you're apt to get into a brawl here, or anything like that. But sometimes some rather peculiar things go on under the surface."

The eyes of the two young persons were wide with excitement, and Bobby leaned forward and asked, "How do you mean?"

"Oh—" he paused and took out a cigaret. "You never know just who you're rubbing elbows with. The man at the next table may be a perfectly respectable business man, or he may be a gunman who's wanted for murder in half a dozen different cities. You have no way of knowing."

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BOBBY and Jean glanced automatically at the next table, where sat a bald, well-dressed man who could not possibly, under any scheme of things, have been any one but a tired business man out on the prowl. With him there was a hennaed, scented, elaborately made-up young woman in the kind of black gown which people refer to as "slinky."

"Oh, I didn't mean him," Larry amended, laughing. "I mean—well, for example, take this Harkins lad you pointed out to me a few minutes ago. Who's he?"

"He?" echoed Jean uncertainly.

"Why, I—I don't know. Mr. Lanning introduced him to me, that's all. And Mr. Lanning is a friend of Mr. Montague. He must be all right, isn't he?"

"I'm not saying that he isn't," said Larry. "For all I know he may be the president of a Christian Endeavor Society or something. My point is just this: if you patronize places of this kind regularly, you meet all sorts of utter strangers

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