

LEGION GROUP LAUNCHES NEW ESSAY CONTEST

Constitution Topics Chosen for Pupils of 6 Public High Schools.

Second annual Constitution Essay Contest in the six Indianapolis public high schools was launched today by Hayward-Barcus Post, 55, American Legion.

Subjects on which pupils may write are: "The Makers of the Constitution of the United States," or "The Compromise in the Federal Constitution," or "How May I Support the Federal Constitution?"

An individual medal is to be awarded the pupil writing the winning essay in each school and the high school of the winning pupil in the final judging is to be given temporary possession of a large silver loving cup, awarded by the post. The medals and cup now are on display in a window of the Indianapolis Power & Light Co.

Tech Pupil Won Last Year
Winning essay in each high school must be in possession of Russell V. Shortridge history instructor, by Jan. 31.

Technical High School won possession of the cup last year, Miss Mary Mae Endsley contributing the winning essay.

School committees, named by the principals, were announced by Arthur F. G. Gomer, post Americanism committee chairman, as follows:

Technical: Preliminary judging committee, O. S. Flick, chairman; Miss Mabel Goddard and Charles C. Martin; final judging committee, Miss Eva H. Lyan, chairman; Flynn Winger, Miss Joanne B. Eastland, Ralph O. Minnick and William Shirley.

Broad Ripple: Edgar Stahl, chairman; Miss Ruth B. Carter, and Miss Margaret Coombs.

Crispus Attucks Committee

Crispus Attucks: Mrs. T. R. Wharton, Mrs. H. H. Anderson, Mrs. N. Powell, Miss Mary Thornton, J. C. Carroll and Irven Armstrong.

Manual Training: Rules and regulations, Ross Williams, chairman; Miss Adelaide Thale and Miss Rosana Hunter; judging, Mrs. Ada Bing, chairman; John Moffat and Miss Elizabeth Hodges.

George Washington: Miss Martha Dorsey, Charles H. Money, Arthur Shumaker, Lowell H. Good and Miss Myrtle M. Johnson, chairman.

Shortridge Advisory: Joel W. Hadley, chairman; Al J. Kettler and Willard Campbell; judging, J. C. Beane, chairman; Mrs. Winifred Craig and Miss Ruth O'Hair.

ELECTS IRA HOLLAND

Indiana Field Examiners Association Makes Him President.

Ira Holland, Indianapolis, has been elected president of the Indiana Field Examiners Association, succeeding Jack Hayes.

Other new officers are Walter D. Schneider, Evansville, vice president; Ure M. Frazer, Indianapolis, secretary-treasurer; and George Carlisle, Waldron; Joshua Crandall, New Albany and Edward Scott, Columbia City, directors.

HONOR UNION PLUMBER

James L. Kinney Presented With Gold Membership Card.

James L. Kinney, a charter member of Plumbers Union, Local No. 73, was honored for 44 years' continuous union activity at a local meeting last night in Plumbers Hall. A former chairman of the Central Labor Union, Mr. Kinney was presented with a gold life membership card by the plumbers' local.

JOB COURSE AT Y. M. C. A.

Six Weeks' Campaign Planned by Earl Schmidt.

"Helps in Finding a Job" is the subject of a six weeks' course to be conducted at the Y. M. C. A. by Earl Schmidt, Hamilton, Harris Co. secretary-treasurer. The discussion has been designed especially for recent high school graduates.

Black-Draught's Refreshing Relief

Don't neglect constipation! Take Black-Draught at the first sign you need something to help restore regular elimination.

"I feel like Black-Draught is a mighty good medicine and don't know how I would get along without it," writes Mrs. W. D. Jowers, of Minden, La. "I take it for constipation and biliousness. When I let myself get constipated, I feel dull, sluggish and drowsy; can't settle down to my work for that tired feeling. I take a small dose of Black-Draught at bedtime for several nights and soon feel fine. If I am bothered with a tight feeling, or gas on the stomach, I take a pinch of Black-Draught after meals."

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The GOLDEN FEATHER

by Robert Bruce
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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Jean Dunn, secretary to Donald Montague, lawyer, delays her answer when Bobby Wallace, automobile salesman, asks her to marry him. At the Golden Feather night club she meets Sandy Harkins, whose business connection is vague. Sandy introduces Bobby and Jean to a vacation. Sandy Bobby sells some bonds for Lewis, who buys a car.

Larry Glenn, Federal agent, is trailing Winny Lewis, bank robber. He learns about the bond transaction and goes to Bobby. The bonds were stolen. Larry believes the car Lewis bought is armored. Bobby undertakes to find out. Jean goes home for a vacation. Sandy comes to see her and she agrees to a secret engagement.

The bank of which her father is president is robbed. Larry starts a search for the robbers.

NOV GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTY

It did not occur to Jean Dunn—until it was far too late to make any difference—that the robbery of her father's bank was to be a profoundly important event in her own life.

Her father wrote to her about it, and she saw accounts of it in the newspapers; but although Jean shivered pleasantly as she read, and wrote a long letter to her father bubbling over with thankfulness that he had not been hurt—still, it did not seem to be anything that really touched her. A few days after it had happened she was going her way just as she had before.

She had other things to think about. She had promised Sandy to become his wife, at some hazy, unsettled time in the future. She had spent a miserably unhappy evening explaining to Bobby Wallace that she could not be his wife—and the misery had flared up into an outright quarrel when Bobby, learning at last that she loved Sandy, had tried, once again, to tell her that Sandy was a shady character.

Afterward, to justify herself in her own mind, Jean had assured herself that she did love Sandy, deeply and truly, and that her affair with Bobby had been, after all, only a boy-and-girl romance.

With things standing thus, four or five days after the holdup, Jean answered her desk buzzer one morning and went into Mr. Montague's office with pencil and notebook in hand, expecting to take dictation.

Instead, she found Mr. Montague looking at her with grave sympathy. Sandy Harkins, he told her, had been painfully hurt in an accident.

She gasped with surprise. No, Mr. Montague did not know any of the details—it was a traffic accident, apparently, somewhere down in the southwestern corner of the state, Sandy was in a critical state, and he wanted Jean to come to him.

Long afterward, Jean remembered an odd thing about her own emotions at this moment. She remembered that instead of feeling a sudden outpouring of racking anxiety and fear she had been chiefly concerned with the thought, "My lover has been hurt and he needs me—I mustn't let him down, I mustn't fail."

fail to be properly worried about him."

In other words, she felt the need of emotion, rather than emotion itself. But it was a long time before she bothered to analyze her feelings in this way.

MR. MONTAGUE was asking her if she wanted to go to see Sandy—she nodded, her face pale—well, then, it just happened that Mr. Montague had a small sheaf of papers which he was anxious to get into Sandy's hands.

If Jean wished, she could take a day or two off, go down and see him, and take the papers with her. That said Mr. Montague, would be more satisfactory, as far as he was concerned, then entrusting them to the mails, anyway. Would Jean care to do it?

She would, so Mr. Montague made the arrangements. Sandy, it seemed, was in a little town named Midlothian—far off on a branch railroad line, inconvenient to reach by train.

By a lucky chance, Jean's friend, Mrs. Lewis, was staying at the town of Plainfield, which was halfway between Dover and Midlothian.

If Jean cared to take a train to Plainfield, her employer would see that Mrs. Lewis met her there with an auto and drove her the rest of the way to Midlothian. And now if Jean wanted to hurry home and pack an overnight bag, he would prepare the sheaf of papers that she was to take to Sandy, and she could catch a train well before noon.

SO it happened that at about 2 o'clock that afternoon Jean Dunn got off a train at the junction city of Plainfield and met Eve Lewis, who was waiting on the platform.

Eve led her to a roadster, parked beyond the station, and slipped behind the wheel. As Eve started the car, Jean turned to her anxiously. "Have you—have you seen Sandy?" she asked.

"Sure," said Eve. "Where'd you think I've been?"

"How is he? Is he badly hurt?"

"Not so badly. Just a bullet through the shoulder."

"A bullet!"

Her voice was so startled, and her face, when Eve glanced over at her, was so suddenly white and shocked, that Eve bit her lip and fruitlessly wished she had not spoken.

"Why, yes," she said, somewhat uncertainly. "I thought you knew."

Jean was still staring at her. "No," she said, her voice hardly above a whisper. "I thought he had been in an accident."

Eve smiled, rather grimly. "He has," she said.

"I mean an auto accident."

"Oh," Eve paused. "No."

Jean's hand was on Eve's forearm.

"Eve, please tell me what happened."

Eve disengaged her arm. "Watch out—you'll make me swerve off the road," she said. Then, more gently, she added, "I don't know the details, Jean. We'll be there in an hour or so. Then you can ask him. I really don't know."

THEY drove on, with Jean huddled in the corner of the seat in a dismayed, bewildered silence. Once she asked, almost timidly, "Do you know what—what kind of an accident it was? And Eve answered, "Honest, Jean, I don't. I didn't mean to startle you. Anyhow, don't worry—we'll be there pretty soon."

There was another silence—a rather long one. Once Jean asked if Eve's husband was with Sandy in Midlothian. Learning that he was, she asked, "Are they in business together? I've always wondered. You know, I never did quite understand just what Sandy does."

Eve looked at her, wide-eyed, and seemed about to speak; but she checked herself, smiled softly, as if she had some private joke, and at last added, "Yes, they're more or less in business together."

And a minute later she unexpectedly reached over and patted Jean's hand and said, "You're a good kid, Jean."

Late in the afternoon they passed through Midlothian, a tiny, sleepy farming community. A short distance beyond the town Eve turned off the road into a little lane and abruptly pulled to a halt before a pleasant white farm house.

"Here we are, kid," she said. "There was a lawn in front of the house, an orchard on one side of it and a corn field on the other. A man came down from the porch

to greet them. He was Mr. Lewis. Eve's dapper little husband.

"How's Sandy?" Jean asked anxiously, as he nodded to her. He grinned and said, "Oh, he's dying—to see you."

Then he stopped grinning, looked at the heavy manila envelope which Mr. Montague had given her to take to Sandy, and said, "Got it?"

She looked down, following his glance, and saw the envelope in her hand. She had been unconscious of its existence.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I don't know what it is, but it seems to be important. Mr. Montague told me to give it to Sandy."

"Yeah," said Lewis. "Well, come on in and see him."

two more places. Then they went up a flight of stairs and entered a cool, pleasant bedroom; and there, propped up among pillows in a big bed, lay Sandy.

Jean ran to him, bent over, and kissed him. He reached up with one brawny arm and hugged her; and as she raised her head he looked fondly into her face, the old, half-mocking light dancing in his eyes again, and she felt her doubts and worries fall away.

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HE led them into the house. A stout, red-faced woman in a faded house dress was setting the table in the dining room; as they passed Lewis called to her to set

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