

HEAD OF RETAIL GROUP TO TALK AT LUNCHEON

Col. C. O. Sherrill Is to Discuss Governmental Problems Dec. 16.

Attitude of business men toward NRA revival, governmental expenditures, and existing economic problems are to be discussed by Col. C. O. Sherrill, American Retail Federation president, at an Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce luncheon, Dec. 16, at the Columbia Club. Theodore B. Griffith, L. S. Ayres & Co. vice president and general manager, is to be committee chairman for Mr. Sherrill's visit.

Col. Sherrill, first city manager of Cincinnati, was later vice president of Kroger Grocery and Baking Co. Annual election of directors of the chamber is scheduled for Dec. 10.

Seven of the following are to be chosen for three-year terms: C. D. Alexander, N. H. Gilman, Howard T. Griffith, J. T. Heckel, George S. Olive, Paul Q. Richey, C. H. Rinkler, R. H. Sullivan, and Edward Zink.

THREE FEDERAL JOBS OPEN TO APPLICANTS

Civil Service Announces Examinations for Government Posts.

Open competitive examinations are announced by the United States Civil Service Commission for the following positions:

Junior medical officer (interne), \$2000 a year; junior medical officer (psychiatric residents), \$2000, St. Elizabeth Hospital, Washington.

For the first position applicants must be senior students in a grade A medical school; for the second, graduated by a grade A medical school, with a degree of M. D., not prior to Jan. 1, 1934, and completion of an accredited internship of at least one year.

A position as negative cutter, paying \$1800 a year, in the Hydrographic Office, Washington, also is open. It requires four years' experience of a specified kind in negative cutting in lithographic reproduction work.

Further information may be obtained from Frank J. Boatman, secretary board of examiners, 421 Federal Building.

LOCAL AUTO THEFT ADMITTED BY THREE

Northern Indiana Arrests Clear Car Disappearance.

Two young men and a youth arrested in Elina Green are said by police to have admitted theft on Nov. 27 of an automobile belonging to Lathrop Motor Retail, Inc.

The prisoners are Lewis Dewalt, 17, Cannonsburg, Pa.; George Miller, 23, Akron, O.; and John Kohler, 23, Baltimore, Md. They face charges of vehicle taking.

Police say the accused have made statements to the effect that, while begging food in the vicinity of 28th-st and Central-av, they noticed a parked car with the key in the ignition lock and took the machine with the intention of driving to Michigan where they hoped to find work.

HOME LOANS TALK SET

Walther, Illinois Manager, to Speak Here Thursday.

Herman O. Walther, Illinois district manager of the Home Owners' Loan Corp., is to speak at a Thursday luncheon of the Indianapolis Real Estate Board in the Washington.

At 10:30 Thursday morning Mr. Walther is to lead "classroom discussions" in a special conference in the hotel. Persons interested in real estate value and appraisal are invited.

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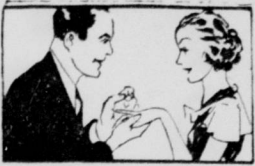
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With All My Love

by Mary Raymond
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(Continued From Page One)

"until the last." It was not until she herself was almost grown that she had learned what her mother meant.

It was this knowledge and the realization that she was now about to face the stern old woman that caused the blood to mount swiftly to Dana's face and her heart to beat wildly. In that moment she wished unhappily to please her mother.

"Sarah!" began a harsh voice.

"Sarah's busy. Tuesday's wash day, you know, Agatha," Aunt Ellen said apologetically. "I opened the door for—Dana—"

Dana had risen. She walked courageously toward the newcomer, none of her uncertainty and unhappiness showing in her eyes.

The old woman who had entered the big, gloomy room had almost white hair, aquiline features and dark eyes that burned in a thin face. She stared down at Dana fiercely, terribly.

"I'm very glad you've come," she said, but made no move forward.

"The child has come a long way and is very tired," Aunt Ellen said in a gentle, troubled tone.

"Yes, yes," muttered the old woman. "She must want to go to her room."

GRANDMOTHER CAMERON sank into a chair, heavily brooding eyes fixed on a familiar pattern of the rug. She said, without lifting her eyes, "You are welcome here. We hope you will be happy. You must excuse me for not accompanying you to your room, but I, too, am very tired."

"It isn't necessary," Dana said through stiff lips. "If you'll only tell me where to go."

"Ellen, call Sarah."

Her sister flew to pull a long rope that was concealed behind the faded draperies between the hall and the room. She pulled it twice in her agitation.

An old Negro woman answered the summons, grumbling as she came. "Yes'm, I'm coming, Miss Ellen. Fast as ever my laigs can cary me."



The door opened and a slender girl with enormous, unsmiling eyes came in. "I came to offer the family felicitations," she said.

She stopped at the sight of Dana. "Po de Lawd," she whispered, her face paling.

"Sarah!" the harsh tones of Grandmother Cameron recalled her. "This is Miss Dana. You have prepared her room?"

"Oh, yes'm." Knotted black hands released the apron corner they had been clutching. Sarah lifted Dana's traveling bag and started up the stairs.

The girl followed, conscious of pitying blue eyes and burning dark ones watching her as she went up the wide, walnut stair.

The Negro woman led the way down a long hall on the upper floor. The walk seemed endless. And then, suddenly, a door was flung wide.

Sarah whispered: "Go on in, honey child. You're the spit 'n' image of yore pore young ma who sleep in this room. It ain't never been opened till today since the night she run away with Marse Dana, lovin' him so and misseable married to Marse John. I dunno what come over yore grandma, 'lowin' it to be open for you. Mebbe she's gettin' soft in her old age."

"Thank you, Sarah," Dana said, a lump in her throat. The door closed. She could hear the old servant shuffling down the hall.

CHAPTER TWO

DANA was fighting for self-control as she crossed to a deep window and looked down at the

scene below. The gray day had turned darker, and now a light rain was falling, adding to the dreary appearance of the garden which stretched some distance away until it ran into an old brick wall.

That unkempt area, deep in tangled growth, had once been a lovely garden. It was there Dana's mother had moved as a young and beautiful girl, loved and loved. It was there she had carried her bitterness and hurt as a desperately unhappy young wife after she had married "for security" to please her mother. And it was through the garden gate at the far end that she had fled two years later, leaving a tiny baby in this very room.

Dana's father had told her the whole story when she was 16.

"I couldn't have you hear from any one that your mother was not a good woman, Dana, dear," he had said. "She was all that was pure and lovely. We loved each other so very much. We were young, and your mother was desperately unhappy. We felt there was nothing else to do. We were married as soon as John Wallace got the divorce, and a year later you came to bless our lives."

"What became of my sister?" Dana had questioned, then.

HE answered gently. "Your mother felt the baby would be a comfort to your grandmother, who had closed her home against us. And so your mother lived for 12 years—until she died, Dana—never hearing anything from your little sister at home."

Dana thought now: "My grandmother didn't seem glad to see me. Maybe she is cruel. Maybe this is her revenge, bringing me back to live with unhappy memories."

She shook herself out of the somber mood and looked around her. The room was beautiful. The rose draperies about the canopied bed were only slightly faded. The furnishings were graceful Colonial pieces of an exquisite satiny wood. Her mother's desk, inlaid in a classical design, was in one corner. The rug was thick and luxurious, of a beautiful medallion pattern. A few choice prints and dainty floral pictures were on the wall.

Dana's eyes fell on a miniature

on the dressing table and she went over, lifting it and staring down at it with misty eyes. This slender, radiant girl, dressed in the quaint style of another era, was her mother.

"How lovely she was," Dana whispered. Compassion flowed through her. How that stern old woman downstairs must have suffered when her beautiful daughter passed from her life forever.

"But it was wrong to bring me here," Dana thought rebelliously. "If she can't forgive me for being my father's child and looking like my mother."

THERE was a knock at the door. "Come in," Dana said, replacing the miniature on the dressing table.

The door opened. A slender girl with enormous, unsmiling dark eyes came in. She had a dark, curly bob, and she wore a blue and white frock, cut with uncompromising severity.

"She looks all of one piece," Dana thought. "A mighty sober piece."

And then came realization. This was Nancy her half-sister.

"I came to offer the family felicitations," the dark-haired girl said slowly. "I gathered grandmother had let you in for a rather rough time."

"Well," Dana laughed a little shakily. "It was not exactly what you'd call meeting me with a brass band. Won't you sit down?"

The two sat stiffly in chairs, staring at each other.

"Too bad you had to come at all," Nancy said. "This isn't exactly a jolly house to live in. If I'd ever had a chance to live anywhere else—"

She stopped, as though realizing she had been too free, too friendly. Her dark eyes, which had held a hint of sympathy before, were suddenly remote.

"There wasn't any other place for me," Dana said. "I had given my father a promise that I'd write my grandmother if anything ever happened to him. When he died three years ago, I was at St. Cecile's. I wrote grandmother, but I did not know until after I was graduated that she had been paying my tuition since then, and that she had sent money for me to come here when I was through school."

"She probably put a second mort-

sage on something to do it," Nancy said bluntly. When Dana flushed unhappily, she added, "Oh, don't mind that. We're so used to them, an extra one couldn't make any difference. Besides, we live in the past—in the grandiose dreams of what used to be. Past glory should satisfy anybody with a drop of Cameron blood in their veins. We mustn't forget that noble Scottish Camerons spilled their blood all over foreign battlefields and our great-grandfather was a dauntless southern leader."

"We mustn't forget," Nancy continued mockingly. "That until 25 years ago Camerons controlled the banks here in this southern city, had all the best pews in the churches, made the most money and gambled it away more recklessly than any other family in the whole country-side."

"But this isn't 25 years ago. And I intend to live in the present," Dana said.

"WELL," said, noble and brave Scot, "We'll see." Nancy smiled cynically. "Maybe you won't break under the iron hand of your grandmother, but I have an idea you'll be a bit bent in the process. Unless you run away, as your mother did."

Dana said, her voice trembling. "How can you talk so lightly of my mother—your mother, too?"

"Yes," the other girl answered slowly. "That's what I can't forgive."

Dana said breathlessly. "What could you know of her problems?"

"It's easy for you, who had her love, to understand." Nancy's lips

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In Second Section

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