

INDIANA MOVES TO ADMINISTER FINANCING LAW

Ruling of Supreme Court Makes Act Effective, McKinley Says.

Reversal by the United States Supreme Court Monday of the General Motors Acceptance Corp. case, testing the constitutionality of the 1935 Indiana statute licensing financing companies, clears the way for the Indiana Department of Financial Institutions to begin effective administration of the law, Richard A. McKinley, department director, said today.

Mr. McKinley said he had a long-distance conversation yesterday with Joseph W. Hutchinson, assistant attorney general, and the clerk of the United States Supreme Court on the text of the high court's orders in the General Motors case and in a similar case brought by the McHenry Chevrolet Co. He was informed that the decree of the three-judge federal court holding the 1935 act invalid was reversed, Mr. McKinley said.

The law involved provided for control over finance companies by requiring a license as a condition for doing business in the state and authorized the department to establish maximum rates for discount.

The act will affect 331 licenses doing business throughout the state, officials of the financial institutions department said. Of these, 90 are finance companies, six are industrial loan and investment companies, 59 are small loan companies doing a retail installment sales contract business and 176 are banks which discount this type of installment paper.

Following receipt of news of the Supreme Court's decision the Department of Financial Institutions immediately addressed a letter to all of the licensee companies under the Retail Installment Sales Act of 1935, notifying them that the department will at once proceed to the administration of all phases of the act's requirements.

LEAGUE IS TO OBSERVE ITS FORTY-THIRD YEAR

Walther Group Is to Have Dinner Meeting Saturday.

The Walther League of Indianapolis is to celebrate the forty-third anniversary of the International Walther League at a dinner Saturday night in the Butler University Campus Club.

The Rev. L. C. Wunderlich is to be the principal speaker and Albert Brethauer, toastmaster. Newly elected officers are to be installed. They are Vernon F. Neubauer, president; Paula Meinen, vice president; Clarence Brinkman, treasurer; Paula Wamborg, recording secretary; Mildred Zabel, corresponding secretary; Gertrude Blumel, secretary, department of Christian knowledge, and Lavinia Brabender, secretary, department of Christian service.

FIRE SWEEPS BUILDING OF MATTRESS COMPANY

Two Floors of Factory Are Damaged by Flames.

Firemen waged a three-hour fight early today to extinguish flames which caused an unestimated amount of damage to machinery at the J. C. Hirschman Mattress Co. factory, 1201-1203 E. Maryland-st.

The fire apparently started on the first floor of the two-story brick building, where the machinery is located, and then swept up to the second floor through the cotton chutes and set fire to stored cotton.

The origin of the fire is believed to have been a defective electric motor, firemen said.

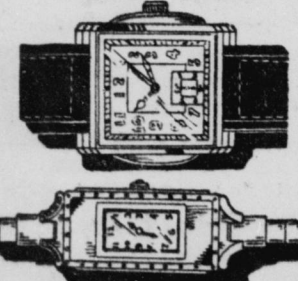
MORE CANDIDATES FILE EXPENSE STATEMENTS

John M. Noe Lists \$119 in Unsuccessful Congress Race.

Candidates in the May primaries today continued to file itemized statements of campaign expenses.

Those filing yesterday were John M. Noe, Republican, Representative in Congress from the Eleventh District, \$119.05; Leo X. Smith, Democrat, state Senator, \$79; Jack Hendricks, Democrat, state Representative, nothing; Harold O. Carrizo, Democrat, state Representative, \$66; and A. George Corey, Republican, state Representative, \$45. All were unsuccessful.

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FOLLY and FAREWELL

CHAPTER XXV

FORTUNATELY, Linda was able to get a drawing room. She didn't know how she could have escaped accepting Honey Harmon's invitation to share hers. And the last person in the world that Linda wanted to share any intimacies with was Honey.

When she had said good night sweetly to the other girl and was at last in the privacy of her own company with the miles toward Pete growing shorter Linda went back, step by step, over the way she had traveled since Honey Harmon had come to Newtown and changed the design of her life. Ironically enough, Honey would have been on the train that was to bring her back to a final readjustment.

Linda was almost a fatalist. She did not think for one moment during that searching review that had she stayed in Newtown, she would have found the key to happiness. She knew that she had had to have this lesson in disillusionment to find her real love.

Perhaps it had been painful for Pete but now that she knew for all time that she loved him, that he was the only man she had ever known who was a real man, she would have her lifetime to make up to him for the pain she might have cost him.

SHE was glad that he had won the awards of success. She was glad that he was rich and had achieved fame. Glad for his sake; she wouldn't have wanted him ever to feel that she had succeeded when he had not. For her own sake she did not care. She had had money and position and it had brought her little.

Remembering the lean line of his jaw, the easy grace of his walk, she fell asleep with a song in her heart, its echo reaching out to her tomorrow.

She had been without a purpose all her life until now and waking the next morning, she lay back in her pillows with the serene relaxed satisfaction of a woman who has made the first step in accomplishing the great purpose of her life and from whom no action can now be expected.

She would like to have dreamed her way to New York, passing time with nothing more exciting than window- and star-gazing. She knew it was quite impossible.

HONEY proved it to be so. About 1:30 Honey's maid invited Linda to lunch with Honey. Linda accepted.

She might have been Honey's dearest friend. "Darling, why didn't

you tell me you were coming East on this train?"

"I didn't know it until the last minute myself," Linda answered, applying herself to her grapefruit.

"Really? How exciting. Romance? New job or clothes?" Honey asked, exhausting her supply of reasons why a girl should leave Hollywood at such short notice.

"Why . . . er . . . a story. I'm . . . I'm going to buy a new story." Linda shouldn't have hesitated over her answer. It was a long and dull trip and Honey pounced on any possible kernel of interest. She tried to remember what she might have heard about Linda in the last few weeks.

There had been that story about Basil Thorne, but did she really believe it? Honey wasn't sure, but remembering it, her smoldering dislike of Linda broke into little flames of anger. There had been Pete Gardiner. Honey had liked him, but he had flatly refused her offer to take him to Hollywood because of Linda. And then there had been Basil Thorne.

Basil Thorne had belonged to her. Honey Harmon and Linda had taken him away! Little quiet snobs! Honey's smile was as consistently sweet as her thoughts were increasingly resentful of her luncheon partner. Some day she was going to pay this writing girl off.

"I think you're simply wonderful," she said to Linda. "Just think, if it hadn't been for Pete Gardiner rewriting that script that I first bought, you never would have come to Hollywood and been so successful."

Pete had rewritten that first script! So she actually owed her whole career to him! Swift color rose in Linda's cheek and hurriedly she spoke of something else.

But it was too late. Honey Harmon had found the weak spot in her armor. Schooled in the hard school of emotion, Honey saw to the depths of the other girl.

Linda pleaded work to be done the rest of the afternoon. She couldn't avoid the bored Honey that night. They played double solitaire until bedtime. There were three more days before they would arrive in New York and Linda dreaded them in Honey's company. She couldn't plead work all the rest of the way and resigned herself.

WHEN they arrived at Kansas City with a short stop-over, she was with Honey when the reporters arrived to catch what news of Hollywood they could pick up by interview. They pounced on Honey.

"Will you tell us why you are going East?" Honey, radiant in mink and orchids, was gracious, flashing her

famous smile and elongated eyelashes. "I expect to desert pictures for a little while," she admitted, smiling apologetically.

"And what for?" her interviewer asked. Honey pondered thoughtfully for a moment. Should she or shouldn't she tell him? At last:

"I am going to do a play. I think every actress should try the legitimate theater, and I've always wanted to, but they simply wouldn't give me time away from Hollywood."

Honey waited for the question she knew would be forthcoming. "Have you decided what you are going to do? Any place in mind?"

Again the hesitancy and the gracious reluctance and an unseen sylph look at Linda. "I . . . I expect to play in Peter Gardiner's new play that Holbein is producing."

Linda did only one thing when she heard that. She held her pocketbook with fingers that bit into it and somehow stilled the rocking of her being.

"Gardiner?" The reporter had read his Hollywood columns. "That's . . . er . . . I hope you'll excuse the question, Miss Harmon, but wasn't there a rumor that you were engaged to him?"

Honey actually giggled, but just for a moment. Then she looked confused, happy, struggling for the right answer and finally it came with a please-don't-quote-me-because-I-trust-you gaze of innocence.

"NOT really engaged," she said, and left them feeling that Pete Gardiner was waiting at Grand Central with a marriage license in his hand.

Not one thing outwardly about Linda was changed. They left Kansas City sitting together in Linda's drawing room. They dined together, played cards and said good night to each other.

Linda didn't tell her that she was getting off at Chicago. Getting off to go back to the coast, leaving her heart at the end of the journey she had set out upon so confidently, going back to try to forget in time and to take whatever substitute that would be for all that she had thrown away.

She couldn't bear a moment of thinking. There were hours before the train westward-bound would carry her back. She walked until she was exhausted and the rain had drenched her once chic suit.

It was warm and noisy and hurried in the railroad; she preferred it there until bored by her study of people who meant nothing to her and afraid of her own bleak thoughts, she went to the newsstand. At the booth where out-of-town newspapers were sold, she

bought a copy of the Newtown Blade.

AND over a warming cup of coffee in the station restaurant she perused its once-familiar columns until coming on a headline, she sat bolt upright, pushing check and change over the counter.

BLADE SOLD TO NEW PUBLISHER.

The words danced before her eyes. In her pocket was her return ticket to Hollywood. It remained there, forgotten, as she slept wearily for the six hours that the bus to Newtown sped over the roads out of Chicago.

It was scarcely 9 in the morning when she opened the door to the outer office in the old Blade building. She didn't know the girl at the desk.

"Can you tell me whom I should see about getting a job here?" she asked.

"You'll have to see the publisher," the girl said, noting the incongruity of Linda's smart suit and her face, without make-up, weary from lack of sleep but alight with an inner glow.

THAT'S what I really came for," Linda said, gravely. "I guess you can go right in," the other girl said, opening the swinging gate.

Linda walked through and opened the door without knocking. She walked softly and softly closed the door in back of her.

She scarcely breathed the words, "Excuse me, please. I used to work on this paper. I was happier here than anywhere I've ever been in my life. I'd like to apply for a position again if you have one for me."

There was a pause and then: "If you're interested only in a temporary job, I can't help you, but if you'll consider a permanent job, the publisher can offer you—as he always has from the bottom of his heart—a position that fills it. His heart, I mean."

"It's the only position in the world worth having," she said, and walked into Pete Gardiner's arms.

By Marie Blizard

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OFFICERS FIRED AFTER SAFETY BOARD HEARING

Radio Patrolmen Dismissed Following Conviction on Two Counts.

Found guilty of failing to report \$10 taken from a man they arrested, Patrolmen Frederick J. Craig and Peter J. Mause were dismissed from the force by the Safety Board.

Neither officer was present at the hearing held yesterday before a full board. Both were convicted of violating a general order of the department which provides that recovered property shall be taken to the police property room and of conduct unbecoming an officer. Mause had been a member of the department 16 years and Craig two years.

The patrolmen were suspended April 19 by Inspector John Mullin after Chester Winters, Negro, 812 Michael-st., reported they kept his money when they arrested him. The police trial board, comprised of Chief Morrissey and four ranking department officers, found the patrolmen guilty April 22 and recommended a hearing before the Safety Board.

Attorneys for the defendants did not know whether the cases would be appealed to the courts.

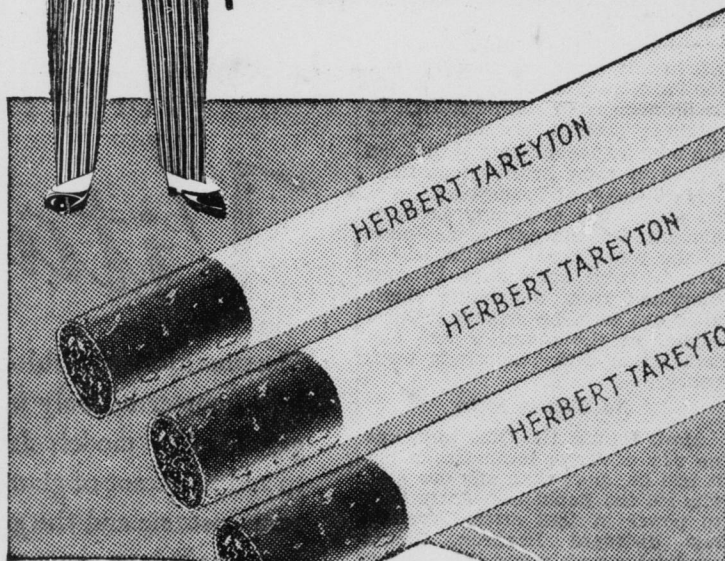
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