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CITY RAILWAYS FIRM PROPOSES SERVICE SHIFTS

Substitution of Trackless
Trolleys for Cars on 3
Lines Sought.

An Indianapolis Railways, Inc., petition requesting authorization to discontinue street car service now operated on three lines and to substitute trackless trolleys was filed today with the Public Service Commission.

The Central-av., Minnesota-st., and Lincoln-st. routes would be affected. The petition also requested permission to consolidate the Minnesota and Lincoln-st. lines into one route.

The petition proposed installation of trackless trolley cars similar to those already in use here. The company says these are "meeting with the pronounced approval of its patrons."

Routes Are Described

The Central-av. line runs from 52nd and Pennsylvania-sts. south to Pennsylvania-st. to 34th-st. east to Central-av. south on Central-av. to Fort Wayne-av., southwest to Alabama-st., south on Alabama-st. to Massachusetts-av., southwest to Pennsylvania-st. to Washington-st., west on Washington-st. to Illinois-st., north to Ohio-st., east to Massachusetts-av., and returning to 52nd and Pennsylvania-st., over the same route.

The route of the proposed consolidated Minnesota - Lincoln - sts line would run from Harlan and Minnesota-sts. west on Minnesota-st. to Pleasant Run-blvd. South-dr southwest on South-dr to Shelby-st., north to Pleasant Run-blvd. North-dr., southwest and west on North-dr. to Ringold-st., north to Minnesota-st., west to East-st., north to Lincoln-st., west to Madison-av., northwest to Delaware-st., north on Delaware-st. to South-st., west to Pennsylvania-st. and north on Pennsylvania-st. to Georgia-st., to connect with the present Pennsylvania-st. trackless trolley line.

PARENTS ARE TO MEET

St. Louis Headmaster to Address
Park School Patrons.

R. H. B. Thompson, headmaster of the St. Louis Country Day School for Boys, is to speak tonight at the annual Park School parents' dinner. The dinner is to be served in the school gymnasium at 6:30. Russell J. Ryan, board of trustees president, is to introduce Mr. Thompson.

Eugene Miller, president of the Fathers' Club of the school, and Mrs. John G. Rauch, Mothers' Club president, also are to speak.

The GLAMOROUS ADVENTURE

by Jean Seivwright

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
Gail Everett, winner of the John S. Larne costume design prize, comes to New York to find work. Gail's parents have both died. She has spent the three years at Miss Cranston's famous school for girls—due to Miss Cranston's generosity and friendliness for Gail's mother.

Armed with a letter from Larne, Gail, goes to his office and is told he is out of town. Derek Hargreaves, an artist, overhears this conversation and offers to help Gail. He advises her to go to Madame Lizette's shop to apply for Madame Lizette's list.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER THREE

IT'S no time to talk to any one just now," declared Miss Cranston. "If you want to see me about a position you'll have to come in the morning."

"Oh," exclaimed Gail. "I'm sorry if I've interrupted you. I was Madame Lizette I really wished to see."

"Madame Lizette? You're a friend of hers?" Miss Cranston rose quickly.

"No, I'm a designer. I'm looking for a job, and some one in the show-room told me I'd have to see you, but I didn't know you saw people only in the mornings."

"Well, that's our rule, but—Miss Cranston laughed. "Won't you sit down? You've come in at the psychological moment, for I'm just preparing an advertisement for a designer. Before I send it down, perhaps you'll show me some of your work."

"Of course I will." Quickly Gail untied the portfolio she was carrying and drew out her sketches.

"Oh, that's beautiful!" the older woman exclaimed, picking up a watercolor drawing of a youthful evening frock. "What a clever idea that is." She pointed to the unusual line of the decolletage. "Are these all your own designs?"

"Why, yes!"

"THEY'RE very attractive," Miss Cranston declared as she laid them on her crowded desk. "And you say you won the Larne prize?"

"Yes. I guess I was rather lucky, for Miss Cranston has some rather clever students."

"Then you went to Merrywood Hall in North Carolina?" Miss Cranston looked intently at the girl. What was the idea of one of Miss Cranston's students looking for work?

Then she remembered that one reason why Miss Cranston's exclusive finishing school had been so successful was that she tried to develop any natural talents the girls might have. Besides in these days even the richest girl might come to be thankful that she was equipped to make her way in the world.

"Yes, I've been there for three years."

"I think your work is very good!" was Miss Cranston's verdict.

"Then you feel Madame Lizette might be interested in it?"

THE door opened and Madame darted in. "Have you got that ad ready, Miss Cranston? I'm going to see about that write-up I wanted. Quick, let me have it."

"It isn't ready. Besides, Madame—"

"Oh, dear, are you going crazy too? Am I to have no help from you? Tch! So, what is this?" and she pounced on Gail's designs.

"Some sketches I've been looking at. I don't believe you need to look any further for a designer. I think you can use this girl. She has some very clever ideas."

"So?" Madame gave Gail an appraising stare as though not by the flicker of an eyelid could her victim learn what impression her work had made.

"Yes," declared Miss Cranston. "She's just won the Larne prize and she's a graduate of Miss Cranston's school."

MADAME shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, zess prize winners! They make me seek. They think they know everything." She waved her plump white hands. "Let me have that ad."

"But, Madame, why advertise now? You can't get any thing better than these," and Miss Cranston placed her hand on Gail's sketches. Then, turning to Gail, she said, "I don't believe I got your name."

"Gail Everett!" the girl replied. "What's that name?" Madame questioned, while Gail watched a slight tremor pass over the woman's silken-clad shoulders. "Mees Everett?"

"Yes," repeated Gail, as Madame announced, "Tell that man there is no ad. Give him the information he wants about that material we have used in Mee's Alwynne's tressure. I will talk to Mee's Everett."

How strange it seemed to be walking down the avenue and never seeing a person she knew. Stranger still not to talk to any one! Gail smiled as she thought of her room-mate. How Rosemary Searies and

she used to chatter, especially during the last term when Lucille Travellers and her set had practically ostracized her.

Gail's eyes grew dark as she thought of Lucille. Ever since Lucille had learned that Gail was penniless she had no use for her, had informed her that a school like Miss Cranston's was no place for her. She had even tried to turn Rosemary against her!

UNDoubtedly Madame was a temperamental person. Maybe working with her would be hard; but Derek Hargreaves had advised Gail to take anything she could get at first, so that she might get experience.

She smiled as she remembered how earnestly he had talked of her chances of getting a job. Luck, he had said, often played a big part in landing one. She'd never thought of that before. If one had ability, and perhaps experience, surely one should easily get a start. Perhaps Derek was right — she'd surely had a lucky start when she stepped into Madame Lizette's. Yes, that was so, for Madame apparently didn't think much of her work!

Still, if Gail could have stepped into Madame's office an hour later and heard her talking to a friend about the newest addition to her staff she might have had more confidence in her ability and realized that, from Madame's viewpoint, it paid her to belittle the work of her helpers.

Slowly Gail sauntered on, looking at the windows, getting new ideas from the models she saw displayed from some passerby, for always Gail's eyes were aware of such. It was still early. She did not want to go back yet to her room in the young professional women's clubhouse. It was a lovely place. Miss Cranston had made all her arrangements for her to stay there.

WHAT a lot of people her old teacher seemed to know! Important people, too! But then of course Miss Cranston had founded Merrywood Hall more than 20 years ago, and now many of her earliest students were the wives of leading Americans in business and political circles.

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GAIL shrugged her shoulders. "She'd be homesick for Merrywood Hall and her old friends if she didn't stop thinking about them. Passing an attractive looking tearoom, she suddenly decided to have some ice cream. She could at least speak to the waitress when she came to her order! She must speak to some one or die of loneliness right on the avenue!

The tearoom was crowded, but at last she found a small table for two. A woman of uncertain age was seated at one side, and as Gail fastened herself and started to read the menu, the woman lit a cigarette. "Hope you don't mind my smoking," she said, in rather mannish tones, as Gail raised her eyes from the menu.

"Not at all," said Gail, while she turned to the waitress and gave her order. Suddenly she realized how long it had been since she had eaten.

The talking and laughter at the tables around her fascinated Gail. The wave of homesickness passed as she felt herself caught up in the bright atmosphere of the place. New worlds to conquer lay before her, and as her eyes roved from table to table she felt that in this new life to which she had committed herself all sorts of interesting things might happen.

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ARE you interested in art? Aboomed the woman across the table, for Gail had taken a small sketch pad from her handbag and was making a tiny drawing of a clever piece of neckwear she had just observed.

Gail smiled her assent. She did not feel particularly attracted to the woman.

"Well, if you haven't already seen the exhibit of modern paintings in the Ferrara Gallery, it might repay you to take a look around. But there, I don't suppose you'll take the advice of a woman to whom you haven't been formally introduced." She rose quickly, and stalked from the tearoom.

Gail watched her go, a puzzled

GIRL, 13, THREATENED BY MOB OF CHILDREN

Denver Child Stabbed as Youngsters
Prepare to Hang Her.

By United Press

HIGH POINT, N. C., May 22.—Anna Marie Kianchnek, 13-year-old Gilpin School pupil, was recovering today from a stab wound in the thigh and shock following a harrowing experience yesterday when 100 schoolmates threatened to hang her.

The girl's mother said the trouble started three days ago when Anna was told that she was to be passed from the fifth to the seventh grade and that several other pupils were to be demoted. After school yesterday a large crowd of children gathered and followed Anna toward her home.

As they passed an alley, several members of the juvenile mob seized Anna and forced her into the alley, she told police. One of the boys fastened one end of a rope to the top of a garage. During an ensuing struggle Anna was stabbed by an unidentified boy, police said.

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Wondering what strange adventure she might meet next, Gail left the tearoom.

(To Be Continued)

FAVORS CHURCH UNION

Committed Urges Action at Parley
of Methodist Protestants.

By United Press

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The plan has been approved by the Methodist Episcopal conference and is to be submitted to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, later.

SOCIALISTS TO HEAR PASTOR

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