

GASOLINE TAX REBATE CLAUSE UNDER ATTACK

State Adopts New Blank,
Hopes to Still Demand
for Repeal.

Agitation to repeal that section of the gasoline tax law providing for refunds for fuel not used in motor vehicles has grown to such serious proportions that drastic steps are being taken by the state administration in conjunction with the Indiana Farm Bureau to preserve the section for the benefit of state farmers, Laurence Sullivan, state auditor, said today.

Repeal agitation has been aroused over abuses from some sources in this provision of the law, the auditor stated. As a result, Mr. Sullivan added, his office has taken steps to prevent fraudulent claims and has adopted a new form of application for refunds.

"We want every person to receive in refunds the amount to which he is entitled, but for the protection of the farmers themselves, it is the duty of this department to see that fraudulent claims are not paid," he said.

Records show that refunds for 1935 totaled \$1,327,779, an increase of \$241,266 over the 1934 figures. The number of claims increased 22,553 last year over 1934. Total claims last year were 185,894.

Fraudulent Claims Small
A total of 503,454,898 gallons of gasoline was purchased in Indiana in 1935, compared with 460,079,545 gallons in 1934.

Mr. Sullivan said that the number of fraudulent claims filed is relatively small, and that only four persons have been charged with violations by the department. In each case, he said, a plea of guilty was entered.

"The gasoline tax law was established for the purpose of building and maintaining highways, and for no other purpose," Mr. Sullivan stated. "Therefore the law provides that those who use gasoline in tractors, stoves or for stationary engines, or for any other purpose except in motor vehicles which use state highways, are entitled to refunds of the tax paid."

**DEFENDS APPOINTMENT
OF EX-BOOTLEGGERS**
Ontario Official Says Profession Was "Considered Respectable."

By United Press
TORONTO, Ontario, May 23.—The right of bootleggers to accept government jobs has been upheld by Prime Minister M. F. Hepburn of Ontario.

Defending the appointment of two convicted bootleggers to jobs in government liquor stores, the Premier declared that "there was a time when bootlegging was considered rather respectable" and pointed out that "most of the respectable citizens of Windsor were at one time connected with bootleggers."

BEER TRUCKED TO MINE
Australians Get Beverage After Long Trip Overland.

By United Press
KALGOORLIE, Australia, May 23.—Miners at Tenants Creek, a booming mining township in the dry center of Australia, are quenching their thirst with beer for the first time since the field was discovered. The beer is being brought hundreds of miles in lorries.

SURF BOARDS GET TITLE
Scotch and Soda Most Popular of Americanized Name.

By United Press
HONOLULU, May 23.—Hawaiian surf riders now name their surf boards the same as motor boats or yachts. "Scotch and Soda" is believed to be the most Americanized surf board name to date.

The GLAMOROUS ADVENTURE

by Jean Seiwright

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Gail Everett, winner of a prize for costume design offered by a large silk manufacturing company, comes to New York to find work. She is hired—due to a stroke of luck—by Madame Lizette, proprietor of an exclusive shop. Madame proves temperamental and difficult to work for.

Derek Hargreaves, young artist, is interested in Gail, and offers her friendly advice. Frequently Gail sees Dick Seelie, whose sister was her roommate at school. She also becomes acquainted with Natalie Preston who, under a mask of friendliness, makes shrewd plans to advance her own interests.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VIII

PAT MURPHY, the porter, glanced at the time clock and then at Gail. "Good morning, Miss," he said. "Sure, every one's early this morning."

"Good morning, Pat. It looks like another fine day."

"Maybe that's why every one's so early. It's the Madame herself that came in half an hour ago, and God forgive me, but there's fire in her eyes." The porter winked expressively.

"Then I must fly!"

"Sure, it's well to make your feet your friends, Miss, this morning."

There was no laughter in the cloakroom when Gail pushed the door open. Whispered speculation over the reason for Madame's early appearance and sullen brows greeted Gail's entrance, while shoes were kicked off, faces beautified and coats hung on hangers.

"WHY'S everybody so upset this morning?" Gail asked Clytie.

"Oh, Madame's in a furious temper, and no one knows yet who'll get the benefit of it."

Gail looked at Clytie—amber eyes wide with amazement.

The mannequin shrugged her shoulders. "Don't look so scared. She won't eat you."

"No," piped up Ariadne, "but she may make you feel less than the dust if she wants to."

"The gasoline tax law was established for the purpose of building and maintaining highways, and for no other purpose," Mr. Sullivan stated. "Therefore the law provides that those who use gasoline in tractors, stoves or for stationary engines, or for any other purpose except in motor vehicles which use state highways, are entitled to refunds of the tax paid."

"Oh, is he still in Arizona?"

"I guess so," answered Clytie. "I don't see why she should worry about him—being pretty as confidential man on the job for the Travers Mining and Development Co."

"Say, he must have a good thing. Does he ever come here?" questioned Ariadne, who had only recently come to the shop.

"Once in a blue moon; but don't think it will make any difference to you. Madame's the one who chooses his girl friends!"

PICKING up her handbag, Gail left the room. If Madame was on the warpath and her ill temper directed at Gail herself the girl wanted to know it and have it done with. But as she walked along the dimly lit passage everything was peaceful. Perhaps, after all, the girls were wrong. Maybe Madame—but her thoughts ended swiftly as the other door of the designing room opened and her employer appeared on the threshold.

"Good morning," said Gail quietly. Madame Lizette ignored the greeting, as she flounced into the room.

"Mrs. Travers is coming in this forenoon with her daughter," she said, "and I want you to get a frock ready for her immediately. Have Ariadne come here at once. This is the material." She pointed to a bolt of sheer, silky organdie in a delectable shade of blue.

"Yes, Madame," answered Gail, questioning whether she should stay in the room or race back along the passage and call Ariadne, for there

was no telephone in the dressing room.

"THIS is the style she wants," Madame said and Gail felt her spirits rise as she recognized one of the sketches on which she had worked the day before. "When you have it draped on the mannequin, let me know. Mrs. Travers had one or two suggestions that will make it still more effective."

"Very well, Madame," Gail answered, a prayer of thankfulness rising in her heart as she watched her go.

ToINETTE and Selma entered the room a moment later. "Oh, ToINETTE," Gail said. "I wonder if you would find Ariadne and ask her to come here at once. She was in the dressing room a few moments ago. I think you'll find her there still."

"All right, Miss Everett." The tiny little Frenchwoman hurriedly departed.

"You're going to drape that on her?" questioned Selma.

"Yes, Madame has a customer coming this forenoon, so we'll have to hustle."

"WELL, we haven't much else to do today," remarked Selma, glancing around the room. She crossed to a rack and quickly checked over some partly finished garments that were hanging there.

"That's good, for I understand this dress is for one of Madame's special customers."

Selma laughed. "Oh, Miss Everett, they're all special customers according to the Madame! She likes to make us think they're important. As if it would make any difference in the work we put on the dresses. That cuts no ice with me any more. I've heard it too often."

"You've been here quite a long time then?" asked Gail.

"Long enough to see a few designers come and go."

"Then you must like it here."

SELMA shrugged her heavy shoulders. "It's better than being in a wholesale house . . . not so many people. Maybe it's worse too, for Madame can make—"

she laughed. "You know what I mean! But there, such is life." She held out her hands expressively.

"Well, you seem to be quite happy."

"And why not? ToINETTE, Frank and I have worked for a long time together. We're friends. So long as we're together everything is all right."

"That's fine," commented Gail, as Ariadne sauntered in.

"What do you want, Miss Everett?" she asked, tossing the butt of her cigarette on the floor and crushing it with her high-heeled shoe.

"I want to drape this material on you. If you'll please come over here, I'll start at once."

"Then I suppose I'll have to take this off." Ariadne unbuttoned the flame-colored smock she was wearing.

"O H, yes," answered Gail, unwinding the bolt of sheer organdie. Picking up a tape-line she measured the length of Ariadne's silk-clad figure. The model was almost as tall as Lucille, which would make things easier.

For the next half hour hardly a word was spoken, though the sharp snip, snip of shears cutting through the organdie and an occasional little cry from the model as Gail, in her enthusiasm, stuck a pin a little farther in than the thin satin slip Ariadne was wearing, revealed the progress of the work.

At last Gail exclaimed. "There! Take a look at yourself in the mirror. How do you like it?"

"Not bad—but don't you think the ribbons might be changed a

little here?" Ariadne, who had planned to be a designer when she joined Madame's staff, glanced at Gail as she rearranged them.

"Yes, I believe that's better," agreed Gail, quickly unpinning and replacing the ribbons. "Now I'm going to call Madame and tell her we're ready to show her the frock."

As she lifted the receiver, the door on the right opened.

"THE dress is ready—yes? Why did you not send for me at once as I tell you?" Before Gail could answer, Madame Lizette had reached Ariadne, and, with a plump little hand on the girl's shoulder, turned her around as though she were a dummy. Then she shrugged her shoulders. "Have Selma and ToINETTE help you tack it up right away so we can show it to Mrs. Travers. There won't be time to finish—all she wants today is to see the effect. You understand?" Without another word Madame tripped away on her tiny feet which looked so out of keeping with her sturdy legs, broad peasant hips and generous curves.

"So!" exclaimed Triadne. "What does it mean?" She glanced at Gail with quizzical eyes.

BUT ToINETTE, always quick as a flash, cried, "It means that Madame is pleased—that she can find no fault. Yes, that's it!" Then, hurrying toward Gail, she said, "Can I help you, Miss Everett?"

Already Gail was unpinning the frock at the shoulder and one side so that she could remove it from the model.

"Thank you, ToINETTE! I think we've got them all out." Together they slipped the fragile creation over Ariadne's head.

"Gee, am I glad to sit down!" exclaimed the mannequin as she pulled on her smock, and kicked off her shoes. "How my feet ache! Gosh, I hate the thought of summer."

"Why don't you wear shoes that fit you?" asked Frank. "Don't you know lower heels are in style now?"

"Hush up, will you and attend to your pressing! Who asked for your opinion anyway?" Ariadne languidly drew a pack of cigarettes from her pocket.

FRANK curled his glossy mustache, and smiled at the girl. Then he shook his head. Such girls! They are hopeless!

At 11:30 Lita came hurrying into the room. "Is that organdie dress ready?" she asked. "Miss Travers is in the showroom and Madame wants it at once. Quick, where is it?"

"Hold your horses, Lita," replied Frank, removing the dress from the pressing machine and slipping it on a hanger, while ToINETTE with quick, eager hands, straightened the flounces.

"Now you may take it," said Gail, snipping a tacking thread from the front.

Noon came and the others hurried from the room. Gail straightened her desk and, picking up her gloves and handbag, started across the room. Suddenly the door opened and Lita called. "You're to go into the showroom at once, Miss Everett!"

(To Be Continued.)

HIGH HONOR DUE CATHOLIC PUPILS IN BEECH GROVE

Recognition to Be Paid at
Graduation Ceremony for
Perfect Record.

Holy Name School, Beech Grove, closing exercises are to be held next Thursday at 8, in the Holy Name auditorium.

Special honor mention for a 100 per cent attendance record at both mass and school throughout eight years is to be given to Anna Hemmelmarg, pupil of Class '36.

The following pupils have a 100 per cent attendance record for the past year:

Grade Eight—Anna Hemmelmarg, Rosemary O'Connor, Irene Theising, William Reifels, Neal Fenton, Ray Busald.

Grade Seven—Margaret Blatz, Grade Six—Anna Louise Busald, Carl Kavanaugh, William Schenk, Frederick Schilling, Robert Spaulding, Edward Walford.

Grade Five—Joseph Hemmelmarg, William Holle, Leo Kavanaugh, Paul Plumm, Carl Sahm, Betty Lou Ferguson, Alberta Hensley, Rosemary Hill, Eileen Logan, Rita Murphy.

Grade Four—Teresa Van Bente, Robert Murphy.

Grade Three—Paul Schenk, Doris Holle.

Grade Two—Harriet Gold, Rita Ann Rogers, Virginia Van Bente, Evelyn Wessling.

Grade One—Helen Louise Kavanaugh, Harold Holle, Roy Schenk. The Rev. Peter J. Kilian, pastor, is to present diplomas and the Rev. W. Nugent is to deliver the address.

**MOVIE MACHINE SET UP
FOR HOSPITAL PATIENT**

Man With Broken Neck Sees Pictures From Bed.

By United Press
HARTFORD, Conn., May 23.—Albert Van Buren, Loomis student, who has been in the Hartford Hospital with a broken neck for many months, sees movies three times a week.

A special projector has been installed which throws the pictures high on the wall so Van Buren can see them from his hospital bed.

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FLAPPER FANNY SAYS

A bird in the hand also is more trouble than two in the bush.

Student Nuptials Banned
SHANGHAI, May 23.—A decree forbidding Chinese students at colleges in foreign countries from marrying has been issued by the Foreign Ministry here.

DEPRESSION HIT SMALL SCHOOLS, REPORT SAYS
Data From Private Colleges Show Size of Salary Cuts.

By United Press
WASHINGTON, May 23.—The Office of Education, Department of the Interior, revealed today in reporting salary data received from 76 private colleges, that the financial depression affected instructors in small, privately controlled colleges as well as those in public institutions.

The privately controlled colleges included in the reports have enrollments ranging from 200 to 500.

The average salary for presidents of these privately controlled colleges included in the report dropped from \$5469 in 1929-30 to \$3708 in 1934-35, a decrease of 32.2 per cent.

Salaries of deans were cut from \$3375 to \$2500, or 25.9 per cent; professors' salaries from \$3030 to \$2336, or 22.9 per cent. For associate professors the salary over the same period of time was cut 18.5 per cent, and 12.2 per cent for instructors.

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