

300 EXPECTED TO ATTEND 4-H CLUBS' OUTING

Youths of Four Counties
to Have Outing
July 20-24.

The Four-County 4-H Camp, composed of boys and girls from Marion, Hamilton, Hancock and Rush Counties, to be held at Boy Scout Reservation July 20 to 24, the committee of adult 4-H advisors announced today.

The committee, composed of extension agents, vocational teachers, 4-H and junior leaders, yesterday completed arrangements for the outing at a meeting in the office of Horace E. Abbott, county agricultural agent.

About 300 boys and girls are expected to attend the meeting which is to be largely recreational, although some 4-H activities are to be conducted. Mr. Abbott said.

The committee selected the camp officers from the 4-H leaders in the four counties. All the youthful officers are to have adult advisors, he said.

Staff Is Named

Those chosen for posts were: Camp director, Katherine Shearer; assistant director, William Frank; adult advisers, Mr. Abbott and Miss Janice Berlin.

Camp manager, Elizabeth Masterson; assistant manager, Kern; advisors, J. Murphy, Miss Hannah McEwan and William Adamson.

Camp dietitians, Margaret Wacker, Virginia Blank, Nadine Miller and Gladys Schub. Advisors, Mrs. Vivienne Carter and Mrs. Virginia Updike.

Secretary-treasurers, Marjorie McMillen, Betty Holden and Harold Kingery. Advisors, William O'Hara and John McKey.

Boy's counselor, John Harden. Advisors, Mr. Huffman and Walter Mowery.

Girl's counselor, Irma Blank. Advisors, Mrs. C. C. Calvin and Miss Virginia Fiske.

Camp paper, Louise Wacker and Louise McClelland; advisors, Miss Ruth Marie Price.

Pool managers, John Harden and Marie Ristow. Advisor, Russell Huff.

LUDLOW WILL SPEND SUMMER IN CAPITAL

Intends to Remain at Desh During Convention.

Times Special

WASHINGTON, June 22.—Representative Louis Ludlow announced today that he expects to follow his usual custom and remain in Washington and work this summer.

He is credited with handling more departmental work for Indiana than any man in Congress. He may return to Indianapolis this fall for a short campaign, he said.

But Mr. Ludlow doesn't even expect to take time off to go to Philadelphia for the Democratic national convention.

Representative William H. Larrabee, eleventh district congressman, already has returned to his home in New Palestine, having been called back before adjournment of Congress by the death of his father-in-law.

RENTED SAME FARM LAND FOR 41 YEARS

Noblesville Farmer, Property Owner
Continue Old Contract.

Times Special

NOBLESVILLE, Ind., June 23.—Forty-one years of farming on the same 120 acres of rented land is being looked back on today by James Smith.

He first leased the property from William Whittaker 41 years ago Saturday, and has continued to renew the contract annually. Mr. Whittaker died in 1926, but Mrs. Whittaker, now 93, continues the contract made by her husband in 1895.

40 YEARS REQUIRED TO SETTLE ESTATE

Administrator Files Final Paper in Decatur Circuit Court.

GREENSBURG, Ind., June 23.—Final papers in the 40-year administration of a 480-acre farm estate city properties and securities have been filed in Decatur Circuit Court.

Thomas E. Hamilton is the administrator. The testator was that of his cousin, Thomas Moran Hamilton, who died Dec. 29, 1895.

The estate now goes to the deceased Hamilton's granddaughter, Miss Elizabeth Lumbars, and her brother, Leonard Lumbars Jr., of Toronto.

ANNOUNCE NEW SERVICE

T. W. A. Features 17-Hour Schedule
from Coast to Indianapolis.

Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., now offers a new service from San Francisco to Indianapolis, officials announced today.

At 7 a. m. departure from San Francisco with connections in Los Angeles for Indianapolis and New York is featured. The plane arrives in Indianapolis at 12:12 the following morning.

SUIT ASKS \$750 BONUS

Michigan City Woman Sues to Get Husband's Bonds.

Times Special

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind., June 23.—A suit filed in Superior Court here has asked Judge Russell W. Smith to order Postmaster E. H. Hanley to turn over \$750 in bonus bonds to Mrs. Charles E. Hart.

The suit was filed by Mrs. Hart and charged that her husband refuses to support her and their seven children.

RUNAWAY BRIDE

BEGIN HERE TODAY
On her wedding day Marcia Cunningham hears her fiance, Bob Haskell, telling one of the bridesmaids, Sylvia, that he loves her but can't afford to marry her.

Marcia, hurt and bewildered, sails alone on the trip that was to have been a honeymoon. On the ship she meets Phillip Kirby, engineer. Phil is going to Paris to ask Camilla Hews, to whom he has been devoted for years, to marry him.

In Paris Marcia meets Camilla. Bob arrives and the four go about together frequently. One night in a popular restaurant Marcia dances with Pierre, a sigo. Flashlight photographs are being made of Marcia dancing with Pierre, a sigo.

Another dancer comes to their table. Marcia believes Bob is much attracted by Rosita.

Back at the hotel she finds a letter from her friend, Wenda.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER FIVE

YOUR loving family at once sent over to my house for you, my lamb," Wenda had written in the letter Marcia received when she came from Montmartre with Bob.

"Or rather, your father went on a personal quest, accompanied by the disappointed bridegroom. Your mother conceived the notion that maybe you had grown frightened of marriage—or of being a good man's wife, and all that. But she behaved royally when the guests came. She told them about your pink eye, and everybody was very sorry, and nobody believed one word of it."

When the last guest had gone, the wedding party sat down and ate what a couple of the salads, sandwiches, and nobody talked very much. I've a hunch, Marcia, darling, that your fair Robert had been parceling out farewells hither and yon. He didn't attend the wake, of course.

"He couldn't quite believe that you had flown—I had the gentle task of telling him—and he still thinks that you'll show up again. He was plenty angry at being stood up and I've a hunch—and so have half a dozen other people—that he thinks no girl can do that to him and get away with it. So cheer up, Marcia, I'm not seeing you. If you love him, it is a right. Love comes high sometimes. He will always hand out compliments like old ladies parcel out peppermints, but they'll only be peppermints, Marcia."

"Please come back soon. In the way, Camilla Howe is in Paris. I knew her in boarding school. She came out the year before we did and you've probably met her. She is on the level, friendly and gay, but no one could ever get ahead of her. Robert almost did with you! She might be good for you just now."

There was more. Brushing her bright hair, Marcia was glad that the letter had come on that particular night. Whether or not Bob had roamed in the park, handing out—peppermints—she grimaced at the thought—to the silly little dancer, didn't matter.

That had come to Paris with a resolve that he would win her for his pride's sake—if that were true-thinking terribly. She was thinking about him when she stepped between the cool linen sheets. She wished some one could advise her. Maybe Phil would talk to her about it, she decided, as she began to grow drowsy.

She went shopping the next morning, not so much because she needed a new frock, but because she wished to go somewhere alone, away from the hotel. She chose a green-gray dress with a silly little green coat and a gray hat that rolled away from her face, leaving her eyes wide and surprised. But the fitting took only part of the morning.

She took a stroll down the Champs Elysees. It was not yet 1 o'clock when she returned to the hotel. In the lobby she saw Phil, and smiled happily. It was nice to see him stand up, nice to have him grinning at her in that easy, slow manner.

"How about lunch?" he asked. "I thought you had girl lined up, but the girl had another man promised her." He paused and made a comic move.

"Lovely!" Marcia acquiesced. "May I look in my mail box first?" She had postponed coming home in order to avoid Bob. But now, at the hotel, she had a desire to know, without any more waiting, whether he had left a message. Of course he would have!

She took a little because she knew the American girl who ran away from her fiance on her wedding night, was disappointed that he had not telephoned her.

Very well! Bob might be with Rosita now—Rosita with the lacquered hair of ebony, the lacquered nails of shining red. Marcia straightened her shoulders under the black wool frock whose wide cape was lined with white wool, threw her bright head higher as though its white pill-box, that was really a hat, was a crown, and clutched her bag and gloves.

She had not deceived Phil. "I'm not marking you down either," he said ruefully, and she saw that his blue eyes were narrowed, although his mouth laughed. "If it's the gold-striped coat Camilla wants, I'll send her a silver tea service for a wedding present—but I have no doubts of his devotion."

He didn't sound particularly sad. More like an older brother defending a favorite sister.

"I wonder if you are in love," Marcia said, because she had so

much to say.

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