

500 CARS FROM STATE TO JOIN G. O. P. CARAVAN

Young Republicans Arrange Participation in Landon Notification Rites.

Led by Young Republican Clubs of Indiana, a caravan of approximately 500 motor cars is to take state Republicans to the notification ceremony of Gov. Alf M. Landon, Republican presidential nominee, in Topeka, Kas., on July 23.

Ivan C. Morgan, state chairman, said the motorcade is to be organized by districts with James M. Tucker, Paoli, Young Republicans head, as chairman in charge.

Robt. Carl White, former Assistant Secretary of Labor, also was designated to aid in arranging the Hoosier participation.

Meet at Terre Haute

Present arrangements call for a meeting of congressional district delegations at Terre Haute, July 21. The Municipal Stadium at Terre Haute is to be the caravan's starting point.

The caravan plan was suggested by the Republican National Committee. Other state delegations are expected to join in the trip, which is to terminate at Gov. Landon's front porch.

Five days following the notification ceremonies John D. M. Hamilton, G. O. P. national chairman and campaign manager for the Kansas Governor, is to come to Indiana to aid in state organization.

Mr. Hamilton is scheduled to arrive here July 28 for a meeting with district and county chairmen. His visit, according to observers, is scheduled because of the Republican leaders' belief that the state will be one of the election's battle grounds.

FLANAGAN DECLARED ALLEN G. O. P. CHIEF

Awarded Post by Committee After Disputed Election.

Dan C. Flanagan, Fort Wayne, today took over the Allen County Republican chairmanship as the result of a special committee's decision in the controversy that arose over the May 9 election.

Homer Kelsey, retiring chairman who claimed election after a spirited session of county delegates, was declared the loser. Mabel Metzner was named vice chairman; Edna Polson, secretary, and Eugene Boelber, treasurer.

STEAMSHIP EMPLOYEES TO DISCUSS STRIKE

Checkers, Handlers Seek Higher Wages, Shorter Hours, Chief Says.

By United Press
BUFFALO, N. Y., July 9.—Striking employees of the Nicholson Universal Steamship Co. were to meet here today for a discussion of future work-out plans and possible picketing.

The strike was called, according to John P. Burke, president of the International Longshoremen's Union, Local 1425, for higher wages and shorter hours. The strikers are checkers and handlers of automobiles shipped from Detroit to Buffalo and Cleveland.

CIVIL WAR VETERAN DIES AT CUZCO, IND.

Funeral Services Are Held for Dr. F. B. Whittinghill, 91.

Times Special
CUZCO, Ind., July 9.—Funeral services for Dr. F. B. Whittinghill, 91, one of Dubois County's last Civil War veterans, were held here yesterday.

Running away from home at 16 he enlisted in Company I, Fifty-third Indiana Infantry. Captured by the Southern forces, he was held in Andersonville and Florence prisons.

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HOUSE OF SHADOWS

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Claire Foster sits out to drive to the lonely mountain home left her by her eccentric uncle, Lyman Fosdick. She is trying to decide whether to marry Nick Baum, to whom she owes money, she also hopes to find a valuable and mysterious jewel owned by her uncle and believed to be hidden in the house.

Her car is wrecked by a log across the road. Fat Magan, an old friend, and Bob Steele, young engineer, arrive on the scene and take Claire to the mountain house where Bob Spratt and his sister, Susie, are the caretakers.

Claire sees a curious arrow carved on the wall of an upstairs bedroom and a lamp in hand, follows the arrow to the cupola. A noiseless bullet shatters the lamp.

Next morning Bob Spratt disappears. Bob Steele sets out for the village and is found seriously injured.

Hannah, Claire's housekeeper, arrives. Pat, trying to solve some of the mysteries, finds a small box of mine. An unseen assailant attacks him and Pat falls into a ditch.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER SEVEN

CLAIRE watched alone at Bob Steele's bedside. Hannah had gone to get a room ready for herself, and Susie was busy about her kitchen duties. A foreboding stillness hung over the old house. Only the sound of the breeze in the pine tree and the faint, uneven dripping of the eaves could be heard. Claire moved to the window, hoping to see Pat returning.

As she came back to the side of the injured man she noticed that his eyelids fluttered. She laid her cool hand on his forehead.

"Claire! White lips formed the word. "Yes, Bob. I'm here. What is it?"

"Dear, I—I love you," the murmur trailed into silence, and Claire knew he was still unconscious.

For a minute she stood looking down at Bob in amazement. Of course it was only delirium; Bob didn't know what he was saying. She turned away and caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror of an ancient dressing table.

If both these young men were in love with her, when she was practically engaged to Nick Baum—what a mess, what a dreadful mess it had all become!

HER thoughts were broken by the sound of the door opening and Hannah beckoned her from the room. She led Claire to the recess of a deep bay window.

"I caught her red-handed! Going through your bag," she whispered.

"What do you mean, Hannah?" "Just what I'm saying. I came into your room and there was Susie, rummaging round in your things. She kinder giggled and said you sent her for something."

Claire shook her head. "No, that was her own idea. But I can't imagine what she was after. I never knew her to do anything like that before."

Hannah shrugged. "I never have put anything past that woman."

"Oh, well, you're prejudiced, Hannah. But I'll speak to Susie about it."

She walked back to Bob's room, more disturbed than she wanted the maid to know. For some time she had been conscious of a growing suspicion of Susie, and this news did not in any way lessen the feeling. She determined to have a straight talk with Susie as soon as she could leave Bob. She had promised Pat to stay until he came back.

BUT the hours went by and Pat did not return. At last Claire called Hannah and went down.

stairs to see if she could find him. The house seemed deserted. Dan Dallas had been sent down to the village for supplies, but where had the housekeeper disappeared, and why didn't Pat come back?

Claire turned her steps toward the little cabin where Dallas stayed. She skirted the aspen grove, aware of a growing uneasiness, and hurried on to the cabin. To her surprise, the door was partly open. She hesitated, and after knocking once or twice, went in. Nobody was there. Dan Dallas' possessions were arranged neatly and everything was scrupulously clean.

"Must have had military training," decided Claire as she noted how precisely his shoes were lined upon a low shelf, with his clothes hung carefully above. In one corner stood his rifle. She picked this up and looked at it curiously. Was this the gun Pat had quizzed Dallas about the night before? She put it back, just as she had found it.

GIVING another hasty glance around, she went out quickly and closed the door behind her. As she stood on the doorstep a rat peeped down at her from the loess above her head. At her slight movement, it scurried out of sight, but the next moment something rolled over the edge of the roof and dropped at her feet, evidently dislodged by the tiny animal's panic.

Claire picked it up curiously, then gazed at it wide-eyed. A silencer for a gun. She remembered having seen one in a play. What was it doing on Dallas' roof? The shots that had killed the watch dog, and come so near to snuffing out her own life had been fired from a weapon with a silencer. There was no other way to account for the lack of sound. Dan would have to explain this to every one's satisfaction or else—

She hastened back toward the house. As she came within sight of the kitchen door, she saw Susie carrying a small, covered tray. From her arm an unlighted lantern was swinging. Something in the housekeeper's manner made Claire draw back behind a tree to watch her.

What on earth could Susie want with a lantern at this time of day? The answer was given when the woman walked quickly to a large root cellar at the back of the house, and disappeared down the steep flight of stone steps.

CLAIRE promptly followed. The root cellar had always held a fascination for her ever since her little girl days. Now a familiar coolness rushed up to meet her, mingled with an earthy odor.

The cellar was very large and so cool that pieces of meat, securely covered with cheesecloth wrappings, could be safely hung from the rafters. Bins for vegetables took up one side of the room. Along the other side was built a huge wooden cupboard. Inside, Claire knew, were shelves holding neatly labeled glasses of jelly and preserves.

But there was no sign of Susie. Perhaps she was back in the shadowy end of the room, storing something away.

"If it covers the floor, we have it!"

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"Susie, are you there?" Claire called.

There was no reply. Puzzled, the girl walked back into the shadows. Susie undoubtedly was back there and had not heard her. This would be as good a place as any to ask her some important questions.

But, to Claire's astonishment, there was no sign of the housekeeper.

"SUSIE!" she called again. No answer. Claire opened the cupboard door, as though she half expected to find the jelly gone and some mysterious opening instead.

But the shelves still bore their orderly rows of glasses and jars. Claire smiled at herself as she thought of Susie's plump figure, and then noticed how little space had been wasted in the cupboard. She must have been mistaken. Susie couldn't have come down into the root cellar, after all. Perhaps it just looked from a distance as though she had. Claire blew out the lamp and put it back on the shelf, then hurried upstairs to the open air.

The girl circled a huge woodpile, expecting to see the housekeeper, but there was no one in sight. She walked out to the big barn that now served as garage and storehouse. This also was empty. Claire looked about in bewilderment. Lack of sleep began to play havoc with her nerves? She was starting for the house when, to her surprise, she saw Susie come up the root cellar.

She had, Claire knew, the lamp and put it back on the shelf, then hurried upstairs to the open air.

CLAIRE'S first impulse was to call to the woman, but, on second thought, she stepped back into the barn and let her go into the house, unaware that she had been seen. Then Claire ran to the cellar steps and descended. A minute examination of every inch of the place revealed nothing. Where had Susie been and why? Was there some secret place under the house that its present owners knew nothing

by Ida R. Gleason © 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

about? Claire stood, puzzling over the problem. If Pat would only come she could tell him about it. Perhaps he could find a clue that she had missed in the seemingly solid cellar walls.

At last the girl went up to the open again and walked into Susie's kitchen.

"Oh, here you are! I've been looking for you," she began. "Where were you just now?"

"I was up in the linen closet. Claire, sorting over some sheets." Susie glanced up sideways and then went on with her work.

For an instant Claire was tempted to demand the truth. Then she thought came to her that it would be better not to put Susie on her guard. So she asked, in a matter-

of-fact tone, "Has Mr. Magan come in yet?"

"I ain't seen him since the doctor left," answered Susie.

CLAIRE went into the library. Her growing uneasiness about Pat's absence, and now Susie's deliberate falsehood was beginning to fray her nerves. She distinctly distrusted the baby-faced housekeeper. Could she depend on Dan Dallas? How much did the tall, scar-faced man know about what was going on?

Claire stood before the mantel, looking at the cryptic broken arrow. What could it mean? Was her uncle trying, in vain, to point out something from beyond the grave? And why had he gone to such weird lengths to conceal this message of the House of Long Shadows? Almost as though the answer had been spoken, came the thought of Susie, and her sly, inquisitive searching.

Claire moved to the bookcase and again took down the red volume of poems in which her uncle had written the four lines of verse. "Wedded pines above me lie." She laid the book down on the radiator. Why, the great pine tree by the house was two trees grown together! Could Lyman Fosdick have been thinking of that? The girl walked to the window and looked at the majestic spreading branches. Perhaps the tree held the secret of the hidden jewel.

Suddenly her attention was caught by another sound. She held her breath and listened. Regularly

and at even intervals came the same tapping noise that had startled her in Lyman Fosdick's bedroom. The room was directly above the library.

(To Be Continued)

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