

## SUPREME COURT POWERS UPHELD BY BAR LEADER

Charter Members Honored by State Organization at Wawasee.

**Times Special**  
LAKE WAWASEE, July 10.—Vigorous condemnation of proposals to curb power of the United States Supreme Court was voiced here today by Fred C. Gause, Indianapolis, state bar association president.

Speaking at the opening of the fortieth annual association meeting, Mr. Gause, former Indiana Supreme Court justice, defended the right of the Supreme Court to determine the constitutionality of laws enacted by Congress.

Lawyers familiar with public questions should take the lead in impressing the public with the soundness of American constitutional government, he said.

"Constitutional guarantees obviously are safer in the hands of an independent judiciary than if left to the will of Congress operating under pressure of political influence," Mr. Gause said.

Charter Members Present

Members of the association were hosts to the 17 surviving charter members of the association.

One hundred and ten barristers formed the association in 1893. Ninety-three are deceased. Benjamin Harrison, later President of the United States, was the first president of the association.

Guest speakers are to be Prof. Roscoe T. Steffen, Yale University; Prof. Zechariah Chafee Jr., Harvard Law School, and George F. Mulligan, Chicago.

The surviving charter members are: Ed W. Adams, Shelbyville; Samuel Ashby, Indianapolis; George W. Brill, Danville; T. B. Cunningham, Kentland; Frank E. Gavins, Indianapolis; Leonard J. Hackey, Winter Park, Fla.; William A. Hough, Greenfield; Frank McCray, Indianapolis; David A. Myers, Greensburg; Samuel Parker, South Bend; Samuel O. Pickens, William A. Pickens, Charles F. Remy and William L. Taylor, all of Indianapolis; John W. Spencer, Evansville; Theodore J. Louden, Bloomington, and William C. Smith, Delphi.

### JUNIOR 'Y' MEMBERS OPEN CAMP TODAY

Week-End Outing at Speedway City Site Arranged.

Junior Y. M. C. A. members are to leave at 4 p.m. today for a week-end outing at a camp site near Speedway City.

Swimming, hiking and fishing are scheduled, according to James Stroud and V. D. Parker, who are to be in charge.

Each boy is to carry camp equipment. Fresh food supplies will be taken to the camp daily and prepared by the campers. Worship service Sunday morning, and water sports in the afternoon are to close the outing.

### JURY AWARDS DAMAGES

Woman Injured Two Years Ago Wins \$14,000 Suit.

**Times Special**  
NOBLESVILLE, Ind., July 10.—A jury yesterday awarded \$14,000 damages to Iva Howard in her suit against Illinois Service Trucking Co. for injuries suffered two years ago at Terre Haute. The suit was filed here from Marion County.

Lowden to Stump for Landon  
By United Press  
TOPEKA, Kas., July 10.—Former Gov. Frank O. Lowden of Illinois today promised to take the stump for the farm program offered by Gov. Alf M. Landon of Kansas, Republican presidential nominee.

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## HOUSE OF SHADOWS

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Claire Fosdick sets out to drive to the lonely mountain home left by her eccentric uncle, Lyman Fosdick. Claire is trying to decide whether to marry Nick Baum, whom she loves more. 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 broken by a log across the road. Pat Mapan, an old friend, and Bob Steele, young engineer, arrive on the scene and take Claire to the mountain home where Eb Spratt and his sister, Susie, are the caretakers.

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

Next morning Eb Spratt disappears.

Bob Steele sets out for the village and is followed closely by Claire.

Hannah, Claire's housekeeper, arrives. Pat, trying to solve some of the mysteries of the place, wanders into a deserted mine. An unseen opponent attacks him and Pat falls unconscious.

Claire sees Susie enter the root cellar, but when she follows Susie seems to have vanished. Later Claire questions her and is aware that Susie's answers are untrue.

Alone in the library, Claire hears a strange, tapping noise.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER EIGHT

At Claire, thoroughly alarmed, A listened to the tapping noise, other ears besides hers also noted the sounds. Pat had shaken loose from the unconsciousness caused by his sudden fall down the wine of the old mine.

Painfully he fished the cigarette lighter from his pocket and flashed on the feeble ray of light. The damp walls of another tunnel met his gaze, branching off from the shaft down which he had fallen. Because there was no hope of climbing the smooth, slimy walls of the raise without a ladder, he got up and started to walk along this lower level.

For what seemed an interminable distance, he fumbled his way in the darkness to save his life. All sense of direction was lost in the blackness. The footing seemed solid and fairly dry, and the air was still fresh, as though other shafts cut in from above.

Pat felt certain he had come a long way and was just flashing on the lighter again when the tapping sound that Claire had heard in the aspen grove, broke off a small stick from one of the trees, and went on to his cabin.

Opening the door of the cabin, she stepped behind it, unfastening her large apron. In a few minutes the man's footsteps crunched on the gravel outside. Then he stood framed in the open door. As he turned to close it with an astonishingly quick movement, Hannah's apron was thrown over his head.

At the same time, Hannah's large foot tripped him. The next instant he was on the floor with the woman's muscular weight on his head. Something hard prodded his chest as Hannah commanded sternly.

"Lay still now, or you'll wish you had. Better do as I say!"

"Okay," Dan's voice sounded smothered. "Only, for gosh sake, get off my neck. I'll come across you got the drop on me."

Carrying the tool, and with the aid of the heartening flame of the torch, he pushed on in the direction from which he had heard the sounds.

At last he came to a blank wall.

Pat drove the pick into the wall to test its solidity. Immediately and so loudly that it made him jump, an answering sound came from beyond.

"Halloo there! Halloo!" he shouted at the top of his lungs. But only the words rushed back.

For an hour by his watch (which, miraculously, had escaped injury) Pat dug away at the tunnel's end.

His watch told him it was almost evening, and there seemed no immediate prospect of being able to dig himself out. Wistfully his eyelids drooped shut. Just 40 winks—then he'd go at it again.

Meanwhile Claire had run upstairs to Bob Steele's room.

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Bob still was lying there, motionless, and Hannah, wearing a large white apron, was sitting by the bed side.

The girl motioned Hannah to come with her into Lyman Fosdick's room. "Listen! Do you hear anything?" She held up her hand.

"Sure I do," Hannah said. "What do you want now?"

"Where'd you get that silencer that rolled off your roof while you was gone?" Does it fit that gun over there?"

"I don't reckon it does," he answered. "I ain't had time to find out. I'm telling you straight, I wasn't the one who used it. I found it in the aspen grove after I loaned it to you."

"Loaned the gun?"

"YEP. Eb borrowed it. Said he wanted to get a hawk that he had been bothering his chickens."

Hannah snorted, disbelievingly.

"And that would be when?"

"The afternoon Miss Fosdick and her friends came up here."

"An' when'd you get it back?"

"Susie brought it back to me the next morning after Miss Fosdick had been fired at, though she never mentioned it at the time. I didn't know what had happened until the men and Eb came to my cabin. They found the gun had been fired, but Eb didn't have any chance to explain then. It was when he went down to the tool house after breakfast, that he told me he hadn't used the gun himself, and didn't know who had. He'd left it out in the barn so it would be handy and near the chicken coop."

"And you think that sounds like a good alibi?" asked Hannah sarcastically.

"No," he answered. "I don't. But it's the truth, just the same."

"Do you know where Eb Spratt

expecting to meet up with any one here?"

"No?" Hannah grinned grimly. "A trick I worked once in the early days on a heathen Injun who figured he'd run his war path through my ranch house."

"Well, what do you want now?"

"Where'd you get that silencer that rolled off your roof while you was gone?" Does it fit that gun over there?"

"I only wish I did. I've scoured the village and asked everybody who might have met up with him. If I knew where Eb was, I'd know a lot of other things, too."

"Why don't you ask his sister?"

"Do you think she'd tell—if she knows?" he continued.

"She beat me, after all," she grumbled aloud. "I don't know any more than when I started."

As she hurried up the path to the house, Nick Baum came suddenly around the curve of the road. At sight of her he stopped in astonishment, then quickly came forward.

"Why, I wasn't expecting to see you, Hannah!" He smiled. "Is—Is Claire still here, My good chance?"

"Yes, she is, Mr. Baum," Hannah replied. "And she'll be right glad to see you. Won't you come in?"

She led the way to the front door, and motioned him in hospitably. Just then Susie came into the hall. She gave a slight start of surprise at sight of the visitor.

"I only wish I did. I've scoured the village and asked everybody who might have met up with him. If I knew where Eb was, I'd know a lot of other things, too."

"Thanks, but I've got to go on to the village this evening," he answered. "Just thought I'd drop in to ask Eb Spratt about a man I'm going there to see on business. I know he is acquainted with all the people around this part of the country."

"NICK!" exclaimed Claire from the doorway.

Hannah went upstairs, leaving the young people alone. Tenderness Nick Baum took both the girl's hands in his.

"Haven't you anything to tell me yet, Claire?" he asked, looking deep down into her eyes. "I've missed you so while you've been hiding from me up here."

(To Be Continued)

Hoosier Dies in Wyoming Crash

**Times Special**  
ROCK SPRINGS, Wyo., July 10.—John H. Utter, 31, Cory, Ind., was killed here yesterday when his automobile skidded and overturned.

He watched her with a grin.

"Good-by," he said. "Come again. Maybe next time we'll both know more than we do now."

FOR answer Hannah slammed the door behind her and walked away, feeling a little ridiculous.

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