

IN SOCIETY

ANNOUNCE ENGAGEMENT AND APPROACHING MARRIAGE

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fuhrman announce the engagement and approaching marriage of their young daughter, Agnes Mae, to Harry A. Hartman, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Hartman of 117 East Wabash street, Bluffton, Indiana.

The wedding will occur at the United Brethren church in this city September 20, at four o'clock. Rev. H. W. Franklin will officiate. Following the wedding a reception will be held at the Elks Home for a number of relatives and intimate friends.

HOLTHOUSE-GRANT WEDDING ANNOUNCED

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Rosemary Holthouse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Holthouse of this city and

Harold W. Grant of Fort Wayne, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Grant of South Bend, Ind. The marriage took place at South Bend, August 18, 1936.

Mrs. Grant has been employed at the Kirsch Automobile Agency for the past two years. Mr. Grant is the branch manager of the National Discount Corporation.

After September 13 the young couple will be at home at 808 Kingsmores Avenue, Fort Wayne.

LADIES' AID HAS PICNIC

The Ladies' aid society of the Christian church met Thursday afternoon at Hanna-Nuttman park. Mrs. Wm. Kohls gave the devotional followed by a short business session.

Plans were completed for a pie sale to be held September 9. Lem-

on, cherry and butterscotch pies will be offered and orders may be phoned to Mrs. J. E. Anderson. The meeting closed with prayer by Mrs. Everhart after which a social time was enjoyed by the eighteen members, two visitors and six children present.

At five o'clock the happy hungry group gathered at a long table for a bountiful picnic supper. Miss Margaret Daniels was chairman of the refreshment committee with Mrs. Kohls in charge of transportation.

Mrs. Lizzie Abell and Mrs. Mildred Hurd were welcomed as new members of the society. The next meeting will be held Sept. 3 with Mrs. George Myers on Mercer Avenue.

The Union Township woman's club will entertain the husbands and families Wednesday evening at seven-thirty o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Walters.

Please bring cups and silverware.

The Tri Kappa sorority will have a social meeting Tuesday evening at seven-thirty o'clock at the

CLUB CALENDAR

Society Deadline, 11 A. M.
Fanny Macy
Phone 1000-1001

Sunday

Decatur Girls' Band, High School, 6:45 p. m.

Monday

Ben Hur Lodge, Ben Hur Hall, 8 p. m.

Art Department, Mrs. Russel Owens, 7:30 p. m.

Tuesday

WCTU, Mrs. Leota Beery, 2:30 p. m.

Civic Section, Library Rest Room, 7 p. m.

Carpe Diem picnic, Hanna-Nuttman Park, 6 p. m.

Tri Kappa Social Meeting, Elks' Home, 7:30 p. m.

Root Twp. Home Ec. Club, Monmouth Gym, 6 p. m.

Evangelical Y. P. M. Circle, pot luck supper, Miss Estelle Fleming.

Thursday

Phoebe Bible class, Mrs. Tillman Gerber, 8 p. m.

M. E. Ladies Aid, Mrs. Charles Stitzer, 2 p. m.

Elks Home, Hostesses for the party will be Mrs. Carroll Burkholder, Mrs. William Bell and Miss Florence Haeney.

The Phoebe Bible class of the Zion Reformed Sunday school will meet Thursday evening at eight o'clock with Mrs. Tillman Gerber.

The Civic Section of the woman's club will have a called meeting Tuesday evening at seven o'clock in the Library rest room. All members are requested to be present.

The Jolly Boosters EIGHT MEETING

The eighth meeting of the Jolly Boosters' 4-H club was held Thursday at the Harrison school with 12 members and one visitor present.

The roll call was answered by the names of names and each member

CHAPTER XXI

The little time that remained on that last morning, after a late breakfast, Lynn devoted to packing. Doti insisted upon helping her, but she did not seem to know how to do anything. Her efforts were impulsive and ineffectual. At the last moment, she presented Lynn with a complete set of ivory satin lingerie and an ounce of imported French perfume. When Lynn protested her extravagance, she dismissed the gifts as of no consequence. Her generosity was fostered by abundance and indulgence, and not by a spirit of loving sacrifice. She gave from her lavish provision and knew nothing of intrinsic value. Much as she treasured the luxuries, Lynn was reluctant to accept what would have represented so much effort to her.

"Sorry!" he said gently. "Did I frighten you?"

"No—that is—I didn't know there was anyone out here," her words stumbled. "Isn't this a charming place?"

"You like it better than—Chicago?"

"Oh, there's no comparison! We have beauty—but of such a different quality. It's like the difference between a piece of primitive textile and a fine old Gobelin tapestry. There are no mystery and tradition to soften the edges and corners of things, up there."

"You're in no condition to escort a lady tonight, old man. Better let us take you home, instead."

"When did I ask you to manage my affairs?" he demanded of Jack with an ugly snarl.

"I'm not managing your affairs. I'm only protecting Miss Bartel. Go home and sleep it off tonight, so you can be at the station tomorrow to speed you away," he suggested agreeably.

"She's not speeding away," Dewey leered. "She's staying here, with me. Aren't you, beautiful? Tell them all that we're going to be married. Go on, be a good little sport," his arm dropped heavily about Lynn's shoulders and drew her toward him.

Zola and the Colonel had added their persuasion that Lynn should remain with them. But she was determined to return north. Added to being their responsibility, she feared now for the chaos her affection for Jack might precipitate into their orderly design for living. She knew that if they suspected the truth for a moment, they would speed her departure with all haste.

Her frightened eyes appealed to Jack. "But I am leaving tomorrow," he insisted. "I never told you I would marry you," she pressed her hand against Dewey with a shoving gesture, feeling a sense of names engulf her. It was all she could do to command her composure, to restrain from reaching out to Jack for protection and composure. But she smiled bravely, and managed to elude Dewey's overtures. Everyone appeared to credit the small disturbance to Dewey's over-indulgence and most of them were quite uncertain about their own condition, so that Jack finally managed the situation without a scene, and no one seemed to remember it afterward.

"She's not speeding away," Dewey leered. "She's staying here, with me. Aren't you, beautiful? Tell them all that we're going to be married. Go on, be a good little sport," his arm dropped heavily about Lynn's shoulders and drew her toward him.

She managed to pretend a vague memory of the incident. She forced a laugh. "Oh, I didn't know I ran away. Doti called us, or something, I believe."

"Didn't you want to hear what I had to say?"

Panic filled her. How could she divert this moment from themselves? She sensed the import of his words, but she had to stop him. He didn't really mean to be serious or even sentimental about her. She was only a novelty to him. He belonged to Doti. The lives and order of two entire families would be threatened if she permitted this moment to develop into what portended.

She replied lightly and with effort. "Of course. But—Jack—don't say anything you might regret. Doti—trusts us as much as she loves us, and we love her. Shall we go in?" Her voice shook a little on the last words, but she turned quickly toward the open window and stepped into the brilliant apartment.

She managed to pretend a vague memory of the incident. She forced a laugh. "Oh, I didn't know I ran away. Doti called us, or something, I believe."

"Did you want to hear what I had to say?"

Panic filled her. How could she divert this moment from themselves? She sensed the import of his words, but she had to stop him. He didn't really mean to be serious or even sentimental about her. She was only a novelty to him. He belonged to Doti. The lives and order of two entire families would be threatened if she permitted this moment to develop into what portended.

She replied lightly and with effort. "Of course. But—Jack—don't say anything you might regret. Doti—trusts us as much as she loves us, and we love her. Shall we go in?" Her voice shook a little on the last words, but she turned quickly toward the open window and stepped into the brilliant apartment.

No one ever would know what effort that action had required of her. She wondered about the expression on her face as she slipped back into the party, hoping it betrayed little of the anguish she had suffered in that renunciation. Perhaps she had been wrong about what Jack wanted to say to her. But it was worth taking the chance.

When, later, he also came into the room, he glanced at her with a puzzled expression, but she avoided talking alone with him again. She wished with all her heart that he might understand just how much she adored and admired him, and why she had been so callous toward his own tenderness. But if he did not understand—there was nothing she could do about it. Doti's happiness could not be sacrificed because she had entertained her poor and lonely cousin for a week from her generous affection. If Jack had any vague notions about being attracted to Lynn, he would have to get over them. He would find, when she was gone, that it was much more comfortable to slip back into the old grooves of habit and tradition and family arrangements.

(To Be Continued)

Copyright, 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Lynn had snatched this moment to be alone in this strange place. She wished to feel the witchery of its haunting unreality, so tangibly typified by those balcony rails which had been wrought by human hands so many years ago.

And suddenly, she sensed that she

was not alone on the balcony. She