

Keeping House With the Hoopers

[The Hoopers, an average American family of five, living in a suburban town, on a limited income, will tell the readers of the Daily Times how the many present-day problems of the home are solved by working on a budget that Mrs. Hooper has evolved and found practical. Follow them daily in an interesting review of their home life and learn to meet the conditions of the high cost of living with them.]

THURSDAY.

With the idea in mind that as much as possible of her money had to be conserved, Mrs. Hooper confined her shopping list for the week to absolute necessities. Her inspection of the pantry on Monday had not only included an inventory of what she had on hand but also an arrangement of her supplies that would call for the using up of everything that could be utilized for meals during the next few weeks so that nothing would have to be thrown away at the last minute. Mrs. Hooper's pantry closet would also be a source of supply while they remained in Mayfield and the remainder she intended to use for the winter. Her shopping list was prepared by express to their new home. Henry had protested very forcibly when she had first suggested this, but when she went with him and pointed out the quantity and quality of what she had in stock and informed him as to just how much of their food that would have to be replaced to replace its equivalent he weakened in his protests at the trouble and expense it would be to transport all the fruit and vegetables that he had put up to last until well into the summer.

"Why don't you sell it?" asked Henry. "Lots of people in Mayfield would be glad to buy any of your stuff. You can get a good price for it."

"I thought of doing that," Mrs. Hooper replied, "but it will be quite as much bother for me to sell it as it will be for you and Roger to take a day and pack it carefully in boxes and barrels so that there will be no damage to the goods when it is sent to the buyer. I would never get anywhere near the value of it if I did sell it in Mayfield and what I would buy for the money would not equal it in quality. The cost of transportation will not be any more than the money loss I would have to stand if I sold it for less than it is worth and then bought something not nearly so good and a very much smaller quantity for the money."

"But what if it all gets smashed up in transit?" suggested Henry. "Very little will be broken if you and Roger pack it carefully and use plenty of burlap to tie it if you begin tomorrow."

She intended to buy nothing further in the way of clothes for herself or Helen, but she would have time to get what she needed for the winter. Henry and Roger would need in the way of a suit for Roger and a new overcoat for Roger, and she felt that she could shop to better advantage in Mayfield than in the city where she was familiar with the stores than she could in a perfectly strange place. She set out next Thursday morning in the car, and she had to wait the time for this shopping and when she went to town this afternoon she did only her marketing for the table.

The menus for the three meals on Friday are:

BREAKFAST.
Oranges
Cream of Wheat
Scrambled Eggs, White Corn Muffins

LUNCHEON.
Hot Roast Beef, Rolls
Sliced Peaches
Sponge Cake
Coffee

DINNER.
Clear Brown Soup
Curried Pork Cutlets
Baked Ham
Fish Salad
Raspberry Pudding
Coffee

CLEAR BROWN SOUP.
After making stock, cool and skim and measure out one quart. Put over the fire and when lukewarm add in the water of a new egg. Bring quickly to a boil, stirring all the time. As soon as it bubbles, take from the fire, pour in a little very cold water and let it stand for three minutes. Add a pinch of salt and a dash of pepper. Strain through a double cloth. Let it drip as you would jelly. When all has run through, return to the fire with a little soaked minute tapioca, or a handful of "macaroni," such as comes in shapes for soups; simmer five minutes, color with kitchen bouquet, or with caramel, and serve.

CURRIED PORK CUTLETS.
Trim away the fat and skin from the small end; broil over clear coals thoroughly. Pepper and salt to taste. Keep hot (and covered) over a low fire. Heat a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan, and as soon as it hisses fry in it a tablespoonful of minced onion. When the onion has browned strain it from the fat, return the latter to the pan, and pour in a cupful of boiling water with half a cupful of apple sauce. Stir while it simmers for ten minutes. Cook two minutes and pour over the chops. Leave covered in the oven for five minutes and serve.

BAKED HOMINY.
Stir into a pint of milk a cupful of cold boiled hominy, and when this is smooth add a tablespoonful of sugar, a salt-spoonful of salt and four well-beaten eggs. Beat very light, pour into a buttered pudding dish, and bake for about half an hour or until "set" and brown. This is a good accompaniment to roast beef.

RASPBERRY PUDDING.
Rub to a cream a tablespoonful of butter and a scant cupful of sugar. Stir in a gill of cream, three beaten eggs and two cupfuls of prepared flour. Last of all, add a pint of red raspberries, plentifully dredged with flour. Turn into a greased mold and bake for one hour. Serve hot with hard sauce into a cup. Garnish with hard berries.

LENTEN SALAD.
Line the bottom of the salad dish with crisp lettuce leaves. Fill the center of the dish with cold boiled or baked fish, cut into pieces, and pour over it a pint of mayonnaise dressing. Garnish with rings of hard boiled eggs.

Helpful Household Hints
RENOVATING SERGE.
To renovate a shabby serge skirt, sponge it with hot vinegar until the stains and grease marks disappear; then thoroughly press on the wrong side with a fairly hot iron.

TO FRESHEN VELVET.
To renovate velvet dip a brush in damp sand, rub lightly and the soiled velvet will look like new. It is a cleaning process, too, for the slight moisture removes dust and the harsh action of the sand friction gives new life to the velvet which has been worn down.

DEVILS UNLEASHED

By EDWIN G. WOOD

A Story of Tropical Seas That Will Hold
You From Beginning to End

PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

When the crew of the schooner held Eagle, their brains fired by an over-supply of rum, muddled in South Pacific waters, slew the captain and first mate and heaved their bodies into the sea, the only two sober and respectable persons left on board were Richard Hunter, a man about thirty, a passenger bound for Australia, and a girl named Faith, also on her way to Australia to visit her mother.

The schooner's crew proved to be about as tough a bunch of cutthroats as ever manned a pirate craft. Their leader, now that Captain White had been thrown overboard, was named Jansen, a huge fellow who could be monstrously brutal or cunningly crafty to serve his evil purposes. Jansen resembled Hunter's intelligence with his authority, and after Hunter had shot and killed the captain, he had attacked him with a knife, and the girl were forced to take refuge in a double cabin and lock the door.

Both were armed with revolvers. Captain White had a large sum of money on board and had trusted Hunter with his place of concealment, and it was this fact that Jansen and his ruffians were after. Hunter persistently refused to reveal the hiding place of the gold, for he had promised the captain he could deliver the money to the rightful owners should the vessel be wrecked. After some hours of wild revelry below decks, Hunter, still in his ruffian's dress, and Jansen, heard uneasy footsteps approaching the cabin. You can now go on with the story.

Chapter II—Con.

She obediently crawled into the berth, saying as she drew the curtains, "I haven't told me your first name, yet."

"They call me Dick."

"Then, good-night—Dick?"

"Oh, good-night—Hopper you'll sleep. But I'll be a cold-blooded machine, the man was. But Faith was soon asleep, notwithstanding her dangerous and peculiar position.

Hunter extinguished the lamp in their room and lighted the one in the cabin, which swung from the ceiling over the table in the forward end. Thus by sitting in the darkened room, he could see out and could not be seen.

Muffled sounds came to him frequently; sounds of oaths, now and then a raucous song, and the snuffing of feet, as though some of the men were dancing. Evidently they were making merry in the fore-cabin. But how long would it take before they had drunk themselves into a state where such amusement would not suffice? If they would only drink themselves into a stupor—

The revelry went on far into the night, and then quieted down. Hunter was beginning to be drowsy. He had been on a severe strain for hours. He fought the desire to doze as best he could, but at times his head would droop. He heard footsteps, a little uneasy, approaching him. He roused himself with a vicious jerk, wide awake now and tense.

Men You May Marry

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

Has a man like this proposed to you?

Symptoms: Fairly handsome. Successful, big enough to feel secure. Sneers at everything, has a slur for everything. Some are too "snobbish," others are too "low brow," others "too jazzy," others too "dam sure of themselves." He really doesn't mean all this. It is an exterior habit. He misses out a lot because people don't "get him." He likes you because you actually ignore his seeming sneering and go a bit rough-shod over his surface sneers.

IN FACT

Rough shoeing would do him a heap of good.

Prescription to his bride:

Give him a few swallows of his own medicine occasionally. You get a taste in at one of his paragon. But very, very seldom.

Absorb This:

CONDEMNATION FOR DISCRIMINATION. SOME CON-
STRIUE.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Chapter III.

The voice of Jansen halted softly. He had not the slightest remorse for having taken advantage of Jansen, for he was convinced that he would never come out of the scrap alive, and if Jansen got the upper hand, or if Jansen should keep Faith with him, it would by no means clear the way for the girl. So Hunter fought fire with fire, laid a trap where he suspected one was being laid.

Jansen's plan was the same as before. It seemed that the man could not get it through his thick skull that Hunter could possibly be in secret in refusing his freedom, plus part of the loot. Such a thing was the height of insanity. This time Jansen added the further assurance that the men were all dead drunk, asleep in the fore-cabin, and that he had locked them in.

Hunter thought quickly, and, bidding Jansen wait, he parted the curtains and placed his hand over the girl's mouth. "Faith, are you awake?"

She stirred and he removed his hand. "Yes," she replied.

"Listen, Jansen is outside with his same proposition. He says the men are all drunk and locked in the fore-cabin. It's more than likely a trap, but we've got to take some risk soon or later, if we're going to end this thing. Get up and get your gun. When I go out, you bolt the door and don't open it again until you know the coast is clear. If any one comes to the door and calls, or does not answer your challenge, shoot through the door. Your gun will carry through the wood to kill. Understand?"

She slipped out of the berth and steadied herself.

"Are you afraid?" he asked, eyeing her closely.

She looked at him in surprise. "Of course, I'm afraid. I'd be an idiot, otherwise."

He studied her a little and then said shortly: "You're as steady as a rock—you'll carry on."

Then he raised his voice to Jansen: "Now, listen, Jansen. You go ahead to the fore-cabin. If anybody shows up before you, I'll kill him and then you. If anybody's behind you, I'll get you first. Get me? You'll come down that way. And when you get down, get my gun, and then maybe we'll talk. If that's agreeable, get moving, but stand on one side while I open—I can shoot through the door. If this is not

themselves; so he must hurry his preparations.

He had not the slightest remorse for having taken advantage of Jansen, for he was convinced that he would never come out of the scrap alive, and if Jansen got the upper hand, or if Jansen should keep Faith with him, it would by no means clear the way for the girl. So Hunter fought fire with fire, laid a trap where he suspected one was being laid.

To Faith, waiting and watching in the cabin, her nerves at the limit of tension, his absence seemed to stretch out through ages. She heard him at intervals tramping about the deck; heard him moving around in the galley, but she did not call to him; she was obeying orders to the letter. She kept close to the door to the room where Jansen lay trussed up, as well as on the rest of the cabin, ready as instructed to shoot any one who should enter, and ask questions forward.

Presently Hunter's welcome voice called to her from the deck. "All right, Faith, I'm coming down now," and his voice appeared.

"Go into your room," he directed hurriedly, "and throw such things as you are compelled to have into your traveling bag. We can't bother with our trunks. Hurry, please."

She obeyed at once without comment, and when she returned he was waiting for her, with his traveling bag and rifle.

Faith looked toward the locked store-room. "Are you going to leave him locked in there, bound and gagged that way?" she asked.

"Hunter went to the door and unlocked it, throwing it open. The man on the floor stirred and a gurgling sound came from his throat.

"He's not long," said Hunter, stooping over Jansen. "They'll wake up below after awhile and get out; then they'll release him."

"At least light the girl could see Jansen turn his head and she fancied his eyes were pleading with her affectly. The girl's eyes grew moist, and a feeling of pity seized her. To leave the man that way seemed fearfully brutal to her.

"At least loosen his hands and that way," she begged.

"And hinder our chance for getting away?" Good Lord! can't you understand? That devil there would whine and cringe and lick your feet, and then after you had shown him all the mercy

Women Who Are Doing Big Things in Washington



Mrs. Bessie P. Brueggemann, commissioner of the employees' compensation bureau, halls from St. Louis, Mo., and is the first woman to be appointed to an official position by President Harding. Mrs. Brueggemann was formerly on the Missouri State Republican executive committee and was captain of the St. Louis motor brigade.

possible, he'd knife you. I know that kind of snake."

"I positively refuse," she flared, "to leave any human in that condition. If you go this way, you go without me."

Hunter laughed shortly, threw his arm around the girl's waist and carried her up the stairs to the deck.

"Haven't you any feeling?" she gasped. "Not for that wine," was the chilly answer. "The best think I could have done would have been to kill him, but I couldn't bring myself to shoot a man with his hands tied. Now Miss Jansen, you are under my protection, whether it suits you or not, while you are here. You have to do as I think best. After you are safe, you're welcome to think of me just as you please."

He put her into the yawl at the stern davits, the lashings of which he had either cut or undone. He managed to lower away the boat without a spill, and they pushed off, she sitting on the midship thwart, while he occupied the stern, standing up to scull. He doubted the girl's strength being sufficient to handle one of the heavy oars. They headed for the land, dimly outlined in the gloom.

Faith sat with shoulders drooping, hands folded in her lap, head aching with the jumble of thoughts that went racing through her mind. She felt curiously secure and afraid at the same time—afraid of the strange man with her, yet feeling secure in the conviction that clung to her that he would protect her at any cost to himself. Yet she felt that he was cold, merciless, relentless. He had struck Jansen down after leading the man to suppose there would be a conference, and then he had left the fellow helpless, to suffer, maybe to die in agony—she shivered. But it did take courage to do what the man had done, who was now facing her, busy with the boat, striving to get her to safety—perhaps Hunter knew best, after all. Any way, she was safe, and she was free, and she gave it up with a pitiful sigh.

"Mr. Hunter," she interrupted her own musings, "what became of the money?" "There's the miserable stuff in that canvas bag at your feet. It was hidden behind a secret panel where they never would have found it without tearing the cabin to pieces."

Hunter, keenly alert, caught the booming of surf. Fortunately, there was a little sea running, and he was fairly well skilled in handling a boat, so he felt reasonably certain that he could beach the yawl without disaster.

Day was breaking as he anxiously scanned the shore line, rimmed as far as he could see with the white foam of the restless waters. To his left he spied what looked to him like a small inlet, where the foaming surf seemed more quiet. For this

A little later, after passing through a sprinkling of spray which to the girl seemed raging torrents, they glided into smooth water, and Hunter's tension relaxed.

The inlet was narrower, not more than fifty yards from shore to shore. They drew the boat up on the small beach as best they could.

"Now," Hunter sighed with relief, "if you will help by carrying some of those lighter packages, we'll unload and look around. I put enough provisions, such as I could find, into the yawl to last for a while, and, if the coast is clear, we could do. There was no time to spare."

As they unloaded, Faith cast troubled glances at the forest confronting them. In the pale light of early morning the woods looked black and forbidding. She wondered what new things of horror were before them; savages, probably, wild animals, snakes. But then there was the chance of finding treasure there on board the schooner. It had seemed the end of all things. And it would have been but for that cold-blooded Dick Hunter.

Within a few minutes he did not appear so bad. Very few things are so black and ugly at close range as they appear from a distance. The ground was thick with rotting limbs and undergrowth. Dick set to work with his hands and feet, and a hunting-knife and soon had a fairly good space cleared after a fashion, near running water.

"We'll stay here for a little," he said. "I'll get you a look about and find a better place. Here we can have a wood fire to cook with and not be seen from the schooner."

He had brought a tarpaulin among other things, and this he spread on the ground, and then sat down to rest.

"At a pinch," he commented, "this tarpaulin might serve as a makeshift tent for you. It wouldn't be very spacious, but it would be better than nothing. After resting a few minutes, Faith got up and began examining the goods brought from the vessel. She found some salt meat, bread, some canned goods, coffee, and many boxes, two of which would do nicely to boil coffee and beans in, two tin plates and cups, knives, forks, spoons.

"Why, we can get along fine," she exclaimed. "You've thought of everything that could be thought of in that short time."

"Camping is no new thing to me," he shrugged. "We can exist for a time, at any rate, and now I'll light a fire; then if you don't mind, you get something to eat while I slip down and look at the schooner."

(To Be Continued.)

RIGHTS OF WOMEN SLOWLY EMERGING IN OLD ENGLAND

Husbands No Longer May
'Beat' Wives and Expect
to Be Upheld.

LONDON, Jan. 5.—Of the many laws on the British statute book none is so ambiguous or misleading as that relating to the power of a husband over his wife.

Under the strict letter of the law a British husband can exercise over his wife an almost Turk-like dominion. Set in accordance with the medieval woman's property act should a husband live in the house and home which is her property he may only do so providing he behaves himself.

Most of the ancient matrimonial rights have disappeared. A const, however, cropped out in the law courts the other day in which an action was brought by a husband against his wife's father for "harboring a felon."

There is an allusion abroad that the Englishman—note English not British—has a right to beat his wife with a stick not thicker than his thumb. That was so sixty years ago, and though the law has never been repealed, there are certain judgments in existence which have considerably modified the power of a husband over his wife.

There was a time not long ago when a husband became the absolute owner of his wife's property on her marriage; she herself, too, became his property; if she ran away she might be punished for desertion, or, if she was found, she might be taken to his house and lock her up. She had no remedy.

Legally the husband "bath power and dominion over his wife and may keep her by force within the bounds of duty, and also he may beat her, but not in a violent and cruel manner."

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

However the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

However the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

However the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

However the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

However the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

However the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

However the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

However the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

However the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

However the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

However the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

However the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

However the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

However the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

However the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

However the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

However the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

That is the older now through which a wife may sue her husband for assault should he strike her. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his prerogative, he is liable for assault, and a misdemeanor if he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he resists the offense it becomes a misdemeanor, and the wife is entitled to a separation with alimony.

Society

The Vir-Si-Tel Club has announced election of the following officers: Patrick J. Moran, president; Earl J. Wells, vice president; Edward Hanlon, recording secretary; James Brown, financial secretary; Joseph Kirkhoff, treasurer; Harry E. Connel, historian.

Thirty members of the Young Ladies' Social Club were entertained with a luncheon yesterday after which they held a theater party at B. F. Keith's.

Mrs. Margaret Williams of Irvington, returned to her studies at St. Mary of the Woods, today.

Miss Edith Wood, who has been visiting her parents, 2336 North Delaware street, during the holidays, has returned to her duties as head of the Latin department at Hammond, Ind.

Mrs. Carl R. Baumhofer, entertained with a luncheon bridge this afternoon in observance of her birthday, at her home, 633 North Rural street. Covers were laid for twenty guests at tables, which were attractively decorated with bowls of scarlet flowers, the place cards and favors also being red and white.

Among the guests were Mrs. Carl J. Lewis of Toledo, Ohio, who is Mrs. Baumhofer's sister and her house guest, and Mrs. Bert Stalker of Anderson, who is the guest of Mrs.