IN THE REALM WHERE WOMAN REIGNS

Woman's Rotary Club Takes Up Work of Year

Organization Gains Prominence Through Its Efforts for Service.

By JULIA C. HENDERSON.

The Woman's Rotary Club resumed its after-holiday sessions with the regular meeting today in the Florentine room of the Claypool Hotel. This meeting was devoted to business and getting acquainted with members recently elected.

This is distinctly a business woman's organization, and although a comparatively new club, having been organized only since 1919, it stands in high rank with its members, many of whom are prominent in literary, social and other club life of Indianapolis. Almost with one accord the members acclaim it their choice among clubs.

The camaraderie, the absence of formality, the unselfish spirit, the lending of one's self to boost another, the frank and open discussion of questions brought before the club make an appeal to the business woman, who through it all is getting a perspective on life as played in the busy marts of every-day city life.

The club consists of one representative from each distinct line of business or profession. It demands from its members fair dealing, honest methods and high standards in business. Each member is expected to be benefited by contact with representative women engaged in the different occupations and to be so profited thereby that she may meet more intelligently the responsibilities of civic and business life.

Membership in the Woman's Rotary Club is deemed by its members a privilege and an opportunity and carries with it the responsibility of honest and efficient service and thoughtfulness for one's fellows. The basis of Rotary is fellowship, friendship and service. Service, not only to its members in forwarding their interests, lending a helping hand in emergency, rejoicing in their successes, voicing encouragement at all times, responding to their appeal when in need, but also extending this same service to the city in which they live, that it may be made more beautiful, a better place of abode.

The officers of the club for 1922 are: Mrs. Myra R. Richard, president; Dr. Jane M. Ketcham and Miss Anna Nicholas, vice presidents; Miss Gertrude Forrest, recording secretary; Miss Emma Colbert, corresponding secretary; Miss Florence Coffin, teasurer; Miss Eleanor Barker, parliamentarian.

Local Kiwanis to Stage Musical Comedy 'Windmills of Holland'

MRS. JACK RHODES. MISS JANET WORKMAN. MRS. CLYDE TITUS.

The clan of Kiwanis and their friends will gather next Wednesday evening, Jan. 11, at the Athenaeum to witness the "Windmills of Holland," a two-act musical comedy, and special between-the-act vaudeville numbers staged by members of the local club. The Kiwanis Club will give the proceeds of the performance to some worthy charity, to be determined later by the board of directors.

The operetta, which is in two acts, tells the story of a venerable Holland farmer to whom Bob Yankee, an American drummer, seeks to sell electrical equipment to supplant the old windmill. In his efforts to effect the sale Bob makes love to the Hollander's daughter, joins the Hertoginbosh Drum Corps and in other ways endeavors to get the old man's signature on the dotted line. Whether Bob succeeds or fails may be learned by waiting for the final curtain on the last act.

The cast is as follows:

Hertoginbosh, a Holland Farmer.... .....Henry L. Repp
Hertoginbosh, a Holland farmer..... .....Henry L. Repp
Vrouw Hertoginbosh, his wife..... .....Mrs. Clyde E. Titus
Wilhelmina, his daughter..... .....Miss Janet Workman
Hilda, his daughter..... .....Mrs. Jack H. Rhoades
Bob Rankee, an American drummer.. .....Harry F. Reed
Hans, a young composer....L. R. Klein
Franz, Hilda's lover..George E. Stewart
Katrina, a farmer's daughter..... .....Miss Charlotte Chance

Between the first and second acts of the operetta, there will be intepellated special vaudeville numbers, the first of which introduces an Indianapolis delegation of Kiwanians, whose mission it is to disseminate Kiwanis propaganda throughout Holland. John Bromert, governor of Kiwanis for Indiana, in a four-minute talk, will tell the Hollanders what what Kiwanis stands for in America. Miss Clara Oblinger, little daughter of Bob Oblinger will present a toe-dancing divertissement. W. A. Hopkins will do a blackface turn in which he will give a revival of old-time minstrelsy. As a singer of topical songs and manipulator of the bones, "Herpicide" Hopkins is a past master.

Ed Harman's Double Quartette will follow with a few song numbers in which there will be more harmony in four minutes than may be heard in any barber shop in an hour. Frank S. Chance will sing one of his latest compositions in which the newly-elected officers of the club will be more than merely mentioned. His songs will be illustrated with cartoons furnished by Jack Rhoades. If the audience remains Frank will show how a banjo may be manipulated without the aid of a net.

Otto M. Mueller will put on a sketch entitled "The Closer You Watch the Less You See."

Following the show, the floor of the Athenaeum auditorium will be cleared and both audience and players will join in dancing until 11:30.

George Eckert is the director and general manager of the production. The committees and chairman follow:

Executive Committee—Frank B. Flanner, Paul Donald Brown, Harold B. West, Frank S. Chance.

Stage Manager—Paul Donald Brown

Publicity Committee—Tracy W. Ellis, Chairman.

Ticket Committee—W. H. Trimble, chairman.

Costumes Committee—Harry Yockey, chairman.

Properties Committee—Paul Donald Brown, chairman.

Decoration Committee—Hugo Hass, chairman.

Special Features Committee—Frank S. Chance, chairman.

Glee Club Committee—Edward Harman, chairman.

The Reception Committee—Henry Dithmer, chairman; Mrs. H. Dithmer, Mr. and Mrs. John Bromert, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lieber, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Iles, Mr. and Mrs. John A. George, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Schloss, Mr. and Mrs. F. McWhirter, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Welgand, Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Holcomb, Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Treat, the Rev. and Mrs. Ambrose Dunkel.

DEVILS UNLEASHED

By EDWIN G. WOOD

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

PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Richard Hunter and a girl named Faith, respectable passengers bound for Australia on the schooner Bald Eagle, suddenly find themselves at the mercy of a mutinous crew, crazed with drink.

Headed by a burly brute named Jansen, the maddened men threw Captain White overboard and took charge of the vessel. Richard Hunter had been entrusted by Captain White with the knowledge of a large sum of money concealed on board ship which was to be delivered to a relative. It was this loot which Jansen and his crew were after.

Hunter persistently refused to reveal the hiding place of the gold, for he had faithfully promised the captain to deliver it to the rightful owner in case anything happened. The battle which Hunter and the girl had to fight on shipboard resulted in the death of two of the crew, and the man and girl succeeded in escaping to the shore near which the pirates had anchored the ship, taking the gold with them.

The crew then destroyed the schooner and land on the same island where another skirmish follows in which Hunter drives the men away to another landing. Take up the story at this point.

Chapter V—Con.

Then at sight of his darkening face she drew back, abashed at what she had said. "Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't mean—"

"It's nothing," he muttered, puffing at his pipe. "—only you rubbed salt into a raw place. I don't know why I am idiot enough to do it, but I'm going to tell you something. After all, it does not matter."

She was busy with another leaf, and after waiting a moment, said softly: "Sometimes it's better to get things off your mind—don't you think? But then I have no right to pry into your affairs, so——"

"No matter, I can put the whole thing in a dozen words. I was one of those fools who put his whole faith and everything else in a woman. I went overseas with the understanding that we would wait till after the war. I had a long, affectionate letter from her dated on the very day she skipped out with one of my very best friends. That's the story. I didn't know this till I got back eager to find her. She'd been married several months when I got home."

"Bad enough," Faith commented quietly. "But what a lucky man you were!"

"Lucky!" he exclaimed. "How do you make that out?"

"Suppose you had married her and then it had happened?" Then she continued softly, with her eyes resting on her hands folded in her lap. "And so for the act of these two, you condemn the whole of mankind—especially womankind. Is that fair?"

Hunter made no answer. He puffed away at his pipe, half-relieved, half-ashamed that he had given confidence.

"Such things have to be," Faith went on dreamily. "This is a great big world, with lots of people in it, and some of them must be—that way. Remember, what Marcus Aurelius said? 'When thou art offended with any man's shameless conduct, immediately ask thyself, Is it possible, then, that shameless men should not be in the world. . . . Do not, then, require what is impossible.'"

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, gave a little sarug as though pulling himself together, and growled: "Darn Marcus Aurelius!"

She regarded him with a veiled expression in her eyes of half-compassion, half amusement, as he got up and stamped off toward the inlet.

That night Faith slept soundly, awakening at daylight indignant that Hunter had watched the night through without calling her to relieve him.

"I am going to get some sleep today," he met her scoldings, "just as soon as we have something to eat. Then you may stand guard; but be careful not to expose yourself, and keep close to camp. I've got a hunch that those fellows are not far off."

"Nothing stirring last night?"

"Nothing unusual. Now, if you will get things ready for cooking, I'll get some fresh water."

Although Hunter's eyes were heavy with the desire for sleep, when he stretched himself on the ground he found it difficult to compose himself. The events of the preceding day or so kept running through his mind.

The problem before him of protecting the girl was a serious one. Had he been alone, he would have put to sea in the yawl, trusting to the chance of meeting some vessel; but with the girl on his hands he shrank from taking that risk, for, in addition to the usual dangers of the sea in an open boat, there was the probability to be considered of perishing from hunger and thirst. Then, too, he felt that if they could only outwit their enemies for a little while, there was always the hope of rescue by a passing ship, for they surely could not be very far from the lanes of marine traffic. Here they at east had plenty of water, and no doubt they could manage to get food of some sort when they should run short, once they were free to look for it.

He took no comfort from the fact that they had not been disturbed during the night, attributing that to the likelihood of Jansen's not yet having gotten his bearings.

And so he grew more restless, and then the face of the blue-eyed girl who had deserted him began to intrude itself upon him, to be driven out with a mentally muttered oath; always replaced by the slim, boyish figure in the baggy trousers, with its steady and wistful gray eyes.

He turned on his side and stole a glance at her, through half-closed lids. She was moving quietly about, peering here and there, and as he watched her he grew hot with resentment that she should be subjected to such hardships. And so his last conscious thought happened to be of her as he saw her, now seated on the ground, half turned from him, gazing out into the forest, wistfully appealing—then he slept.

He awoke suddenly, senses all keenly alive, but with that indescribable feeling of something impending. It was about noon. He looked hastily around. Faith was nowhere to be seen. A sinking, panicky feeling seized him and he had difficulty in controlling himself, to keep from rushing about and shouting her name.

Getting himself in hand he took his rifle and moved quietly down toward the inlet. Near here, he all but stumbled over her little figure lying prone on the ground, peering from behind a tree, out over the water.

He drooped down beside her. "In the name of heaven," he muttered, "what are you doing? I told you not to go away from the camp."

"Hush," she whispered. "I'm sorry if I did wrong, but you were sleeping. They're across there. You can hear them once in a while. Listen."

They could hear indistinct voices, sometimes raising in anger.

"Squabbling, of course," muttered Hunter. "I wish they'd get at it right. If they'd go to cutting one another's throats it would save us a job."

Hunter and the girl lay listening and watching for some time, but none of the men showed themselves.

"When we climbed the side of the mountain," she returned, "and stood on that shelf-like place, I noticed we were surrounded by good-sized rocks——"

"Right. One man up there could stand off a company for a good bit. It won't be long before that gang of murderers are on this side of the inlet—let's go."

It did not take long to move their few belongings, including the gold. When Hunter dug up the latter, he refilled the hole, remarking with a grin that it might afford Jansen some amusement to dig for what was not there, if they stumbled on to the signs of some one having dug there. Their refuge was on a comparatively level, shelf-like place surrounded by large rocks. Not far from them was a spring of clear, sweet water, bubbling from the mountainside. Here, too, they had a fairly good view of the sea.

"If we can only get rid of those devils," Hunter observed, "we can keep a fire going at night, which might attract the attention of a passing ship. If one should show up during the day, we could put out in the yawl. But while that gang is loose, we're simply tied."

The remainder of that day Hunter spent in closely watching the approach from the little valley to their hiding-place. Of course, there was the possibility of Jansen's men coming upon them from another direction, along the mountainside, but Hunter thought the chances small.

Toward the end of the afternoon he caught sight of a movement below. Bringing his rifle to bear in that direction, he waited. Presently a man peered cautiously from behind a tree, then attempted to dodge to another. The sharp crack of Hunter's rifle echoed among the crags, and the man pitched to the ground.

The voice of Jansen, himself unseen, ascended in a torrent of oaths. "We'll git ye, ye bloody murderin' pirut—we'll starve ye out, that's wot we'll do."

"If I don't pick all of you off first," jeered Hunter. "Show yourself, Jansen. Come on, you coward. There's five of you left against one man and a little girl——"

Hunter tried to nag them into an attack, for he believed he could finish them from behind his shelter, but they were too wary.

He was in a cold rage because he could not leave the girl alone. If his hands were only untied he firmly believed he could skirmish round in those woods and kill every one of those cutthroats. But if he should attempt that and fail, what would become of Faith?

Although the girl bore up cheerfully, there were shadows beneath her eyes and her face was growing pinched. Hunter noticed this with concern. If she could only hold out—things must change before long.

Then something happened that gave him a shock. Faith picked up a tin, and before he could stop her, started for the spring. She had gone but a few feet, necessarily exposing herself somewhat, when a shot ripped out not far from her. She half turned, swayed and without a sound, fell.

Hunter was like something inhuman when he sprang after her. He lifted her and leaped back as another shot came from the woods, followed by a hoarse laugh. Hunter placed the girl on the tarpaulin and knelt beside her. Her face was deathlike and her eyes closed. If she were dead, the end was not far, and they would pay! From that moment Hunter began to wake.

He caught his breath in a half sob as she opened her eyes and smiled up at him. "I wasn't hit," she murmured. "I—I turned my ankle on a stone. I must be awfully weak to—faint—that——" And fainted again.

A fainting woman rattles any man, and just for a minute Hunter was dazed. Then he pulled himself together, seized his rifle and fired several shots in rapid succession in the general direction of the sniper, thus laying down his own barrage, caught up the tin, made a dash and succeeded in bringing the water.

Faith revived to find him kneeling over her, bathing her face. "I'm all right," she smiled. "I'm sorry I was such a baby."

"Hush! Don't you ever try that trick again. You stay in our little fort, or I'll have to tie you. Now, Faith, keep still. I'm going to take off that shoe and bandage your foot with wet cloths, or it'll swell fearfully."

He secured the cloth by tearing up one of his shirts.

Hunter watched through the night, refusing to rest, although Faith pleaded to be allowed to take her turn. He had placed her a short distance behind him, where he thought she would be safer.

The night wore away in quiet. In the small hours Hunter heard a slight movement near him, and, turning his head, saw Faith crawling toward him. She came to rest at his side.

"Oh," he whispered, "why don't you mind? Why didn't you stay back there and try to sleep and rest?"

"Don't scold me," she begged. "I'm restless and nervous, and it's lonely, and—I wanted to be here with you."

Unseen in the gloom, Hunter's eyes became moist. Hhe groped for her hand, found it. They lay silent, watching while from below them rose the eternal booming of the surf.

Faith's ankle did not swell much, but to bear her weight on it caused considerable pain; so when she wished to move about she either crawled or hopped. This she did bravely, but at times it taxed her nerve to keep the twinges of pain that would come from drawing her face into lines of suffering, and she had to fight valiantly to make a pretense at smiling.

Hunter was keenly aware of her suffering and his admiration for her plucky spirit showed in his eyes.

Water was now a problem. The least exposure on his part brought the sharp crack of a revolver from a sniper. He sternly admonished Faith to keep well under cover. Not knowing how long the siege would last, they began to put themselves on rations of food.

Each made a sly attempt to eat less than the apportioned lot, and each was discovered by the other. Hunter, not knowing that Faith was aware of his own attempt at this generous cheating, swore roundly when he caught her at the trick, that if he ever should become such a contemptible cur as to permit a woman to sacrifice herself for him, he wanted to be shot. Whereupon she quietly pointed out to him that she was as observant as he; then they both laughed and further reduced the allowance under solemn pledge that each would consume the allotted portion.

The second morning after their confinement on the mountainside they saw the smoke of a steamer on the horizon. The black smudge was all they saw, and they watched it in silence until it disappeared, too heavy-hearted to say a word. Hunter muttered savagely under his breath, but Faith smiled through tears.

"It only shows," she comforted, "that we may expect to get away all in good time—which we surely will do."

"Lord, girl," Hunter sighed, "if I only had your disposition——"

She shook her head. "Perhaps we wouldn't be alive today." Then; "Do you suppose they saw smoke?"

"Humph! About the last thing they want is to be picked up while we're alive. They know it would mean the end of a rope for them."

"It seems so strange to me," the girl mused, "that men should go so crazy about a little money. They're risking everything, their lives—all. And what would they do with it if they got it? They'd always feel as though somebody were after them. They couldn't forget what they'd done—I feel sorry for them!"

"Keep your sympathy. Their conscience wouldn't worry them a minute What they're thinking of is how to enjoy that money, which means to them drinking, carousing, women. When it comes to the results of wrongdoing, why doesn't the intelligent thief, such as the defaulter, pause before taking such a risk? Few get away with it, yet read the daily papers and see how many foots there are."

(To Be Continued.)

Women Who Are Doing Big Things in Washington

Mrs Mary A. Lindsley.

Mrs. Mary A. Lindsley, manager of the Grace Dodge Hotel for Women, the largest hotel of its kind in the United States run on a commercial basis and catering only to women. Mrs. Lindsley comes from Morristown, N. J., and during the war served as special dietician in the American hospitals in France. She was also director of food service in the Government hotels in Washington. Mrs. Lindsley is a graduate of Pratt Institute, N. Y.

The Hoopers Tell How Five Live on a Limited Income

Problems of Home Solved by Practical Budget Given Daily in Times.

[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 the 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.]

MONDAY.

Everything in the house was in perfect order by 10 o'clock as Mr. and Mrs. Selden, the friends of Mr. Allen who were to rent it, would be down from the city on the 11 o'clock train. Mrs. Hooper had decided not to touch a thing until the place had been inspected by the new tenants, in spite of the fact that she was very eager to get at the packing in order that as much as possible might be done before Henry left. She wanted the Seldens to see the house at its best, with everything in place and looking homelike and comfortable, so that their first impression of it would be a pleasant one.

"I don't see what difference it can possibly make," growled Henry, who was anxious to begin crating some of the pieces of furniture in the living room. "It has been decided that they are to take the house. Mr. Allen said they had left the matter entirely with him, and that he had telegraphed that he had found just the place for them. They probably expect to find it vacant when they come to look at it, so they wouldn't mind if the furniture was being packed."

"Oh I couldn't bear to have anyone see the place in confusion," exclaimed Mrs. Hooper. "Whether it makes any difference about renting it or not, I shall take a great deal of pride in showing it to Mrs. Selden with everything in place. It is probably the last bit of pleasure I shall have for a long time, Henry, so you needn't begrudge it to me, even if it does seem to you nothing but vanity in wanting to show off the home that I have put together with such care."

"I wish you could get over feeling so desperately as if the world had come to an end, Mary," said Henry as he looked at his wife with a puzzled frown. "You and Roger have done nothing but mope ever since the decision was made that we must move. Making a new home won't be nearly as hard as you think it is going to be, and I'm not sure that life in a larger place, away from the people we have always known won't be very good for you."

"Oh I'll get over this awful feeling of desolation when I'm once started on the new problem of trying to make ends meet," answered Mrs. Hooper as she sat down on the couch and wiped her eyes that would fill with tears, "But now it seems as though it would just kill me to begin to rip up this house and Roger has the same feeling of loss that I have. You and Helen don't seem to care."

"Oh Mary," began Henry putting his hand on her head—

But a sharp ring at the front door brought Mrs. Hooper to her feet and she hurriedly composed herself in order to greet Mr. and Mrs. Selden whom Henry ushered in.

"Oh what a perfectly dear living room," exclaimed Mrs. Selden, after she and her husband had greeted the Hoopers. "If the rest of the house measures up to this I shall say that Mr. Allen didn't do it justice in spite of the way he praised it."

Mrs. Hooper showed them at once through the various rooms and Mrs. Selden was delighted with the arrangement, with the closets and the bathroom, and the improvements that they had added from time to time for their own comfort.

"Mr. Allen said the house was to be rented unfurnished," observed Mrs. Selden as they all returned to the living-room, "but it is all in such good taste and so comfortable that I don't believe I could improve on it. What would you rent it for just as it stands?"

"You mean furnished!" inquired Mrs. Hooper in a surprised tone. "Oh, no, I want to take my things with me when I move."

"But it will be so expensive to move them to Indianapolis where I understand you are going," Mrs. Selden pointed out, "I should think you'd just rather buy new things and leave these where they are provided we paid you enough rent to make it worth while."

"But how much would you pay for it furnished?" asked Mrs Hooper.

"How much do you want?" parried Mrs Selden. "I'd give a good deal to escape the bother of furnishing a house if I didn't think I could improve on it and this really suits me very well."

"I'm sure I couldn't give you an answer without thinking about it very seriously," answered Mrs. Hooper.

"Oh very well if you will let us know tomorrow night it will be plenty of time," was Mrs. Selden's reply.

The menus for the three meals on Tuesday are:

BREAKFAST
Orange Juice
Cereal
Crisp Pork and Gravy
Toast Coffee

LUNCHEON
Boiled Rice and Cream
Preserved Fruit
Bread and Butter
Omelet
Cocoa

DINNER
Thick Vegetable Soup
Sauted Kidney with Egg Sauce
Hash Brown Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes
Tapioca Pudding

NEW ENGLAND POT ROAST.

Lay a round of beef in a broad, deep pot. Pour in a cupful of boiling water, add two slices of onion, cover closely and cook gently ten minutes to the pound. Transfer to a dripping pan, rub with butter, dredge with flour, and brown in a quick oven. Strain and cool the gravy into a saucepan, season with epper, salt and a little kitchen boquet, and thicken with a heaping tablespoonful of brown roux. Boil up once and serve in a gravy boat, or pour around the base of the beef.

Helpful Household Hints

RENEWING OLD KID GLOVES.

Make a thick mucilage by boiling a handful of flaxseed; add a little dissolved toilet soap; then, when the mixture cooks, put the gloves on the hands and rub them with a piece of white muslin.

SOAKING HELPS.

Before planting cannon seeds, soak them in a glass of water a week. They will come up much sooner. Sweet pea seeds may also be soaked in like manner. January is a good time to plant seeds in boxes in green houses or a warm basement window. The plants will then be quite well developed before planting outside in the spring and will make beautiful flower beds much earlier.

Society

The Academy of Music will present Alfredo Casella, composer, pianist and conductor, in a concert Sunday afternoon, Jan. 15, under the auspices of the Maennerchor. The concert will begin at 3 o'clock and no children will be admitted.

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The monthly meeting of the board of directors of the Indiana League of Women Voters will be held tomorrow afternoon at the Claypool Hotel.

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Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Turner, 2022 Park avenue, have left for a motor trip to Chicago, where they will visit for a few days.

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Mr. and Mrs. Carl Strickland entertained with a dinner Sunday evening in their new home, in the Broad Ripple apartments, Sixty-Third street and College avenue.

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At the fortnightly meeting of the Little Theater Society, to be held Thursday evening at the public library, "The Lean Years," a play by Mary Katherine Reely, will be read. The program for the meeting also includes musical selections and a discussion of the play. These meetings, held the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, are open to all those who are interested in the drama.

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Mr. and Mrs. Robert Shelburne, 2446 North New Jersey street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Thelma May, to Walter Lawson, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lawson of Newcastle, the wedding to take place early in the summer.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Keller, 1255 Wright street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Julia Charlotte, to John Turner Couchman, the wedding to be solemnized in the early spring.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dunlop, Georgia apartments, celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary this afternoon at their home with a reception. Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop have lived in Indianapolis since 1858 and have five children, seventeen grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

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Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Mona Roudone Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Hall, 5437 College avenue, to Melvin Curtis Bradley, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Bradley of Murray, Ky., the wedding to take place in the early spring.

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Mrs. Merl Foster, 1453 Blaine avenue, will be hostess for a meeting of the Beta Tau Sigma this evening. There will be an installation of officers at the meeting.

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The Ladies' Aid Society of the Moravian Episcopal Church will meet Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Charles Fishel, 2642 Sutherland avenue.

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At the meeting of the Monday Club this afternon at the Propylaeum, Mrs. W. M. Welch spoke on "Arts and Crafts in America" and Mrs. H. M. Adkinson on "Music."

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The annual "Prom" of the junior class of Butler College will take place this evening at the Athenaeum.

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The Pair-O-Dice Club will give a dance Jan 14 at the Athenaeum.

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Mrs. William Hanger will entertain the members of the Independent Social Club at the home of Mrs. Howard Galey, 2221 Ashland avenue, Tuesday afternoon.

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The Indianapolis Alliance of Delta Delta Delta will meet at 6 o'clock Wednesday evening at the home of Miss Helen Barry, 718 East Thirty-Fourth street, apartment No. 3. Dinner will be served preceding the regular meeting.

Library Notes

New fiction at the Central library includes "Hidden Force," by L. M. A. Couperus; "The Band Wagon," by F. F. Ellsworth; "Passing of the Old West," by H. G. Erdman; "Dreamers," by Knut Hamsun; "Angel of Christmas," by S. G. S. Perry; "More Tish," by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "Privilege," by Michael Sadleir; "Tree of Light," by J. A. B. Scherer; "Young Echanted," by Hugh Walpole, and "The Brightener," by Mrs. A. M. Williamson.

New non-fiction at the Central library includes "Modern Road Building and Maintenance," by A. P. Anderson; "Atlas Handbook on Concrete Construction;" "Pilgrim Spirit," by G. P. Baker; "Applied Colloid Chemistry," by W. D. Bancroft; "Best Plays of 1920-21;" "Romani and Dard," by G. F. Black; "City Plan for Rochester," by A. W. Brunner; "A, B, Cs of Disarmament and the Pacific Problems," by Arthur Bullard; "Intermediate Sex," by Edward Carpenter; "Memories of Men and Books," by A. J. Church; "Magic in Names and in Other Things," by Edward Clodd; Margin of Hesitation," by F. M. Colby; "Mutations in Human Progress," by J. C. Dean; "Anthology and Bibliography of Niagara Falls," by C. M. Dow; "League of Nations," edited by S. P. H. Duggan; "Unwritten Literature of Hawaii," by N. B. Emerson; "Life of Jean Henri Fabre," by Augustin Fabre; "Coin Tricks for Boys," by A. C. Gilbert; "Poets Laureate of England," by W. F. Gray; "Roosevelt in the Bad Lands," by Hermann Hagedorn; "Curtains," by Hazel Hall; "Stage Confidences," by Mrs. C. M. Harriott; "Traveler in Little Things," by W. H. Hudson; "Windmills and Wooden Shoes," by Blair Jaekel; "What Japan Thinks," edited by K. K. Kawakami; "Common Mushrooms of the United States," by L. C. C. Krieger; "Tutor for the Violoncello," by Otto Langey; "Talks With T. R. from the Diaries of John J. Leary, Jr.," by J. J. Leary; "Cinema Handbook," by A. C. Lescarboura; "Pascal's Mystic Hexagram," by Acne Linton; "Masterful Personality," by O. S. Marden; "Plays of Christopher Marlowe," by Marlowe; "Art of Theatrical Make-Up," by Cavendish Morton; "Treasure of Plays for Children," edited by M. J. Moses; "Replanning Reading," by John Nolen; "Glass Collector," by MacIver Percival; "History of the Clay Working Industry in the United States," by Heinrich Ries; "La Mariposa Blanca," by Jose Selgas Y. Carrasco; "Looking at Pictures," by S. C. K. Smith; "American Philosophy of Government," by A. H. Snow; "Penny Whistle," by B. L. Taylor; "Songs of the Cowboys," by N. H. Thorp; "Airplanes and Safety," by Travelers' Insurance Company; "Ruskin, the Prophet, and Other Centenary Studies," by J. H. Whitehouse.

New books at the teachers' special library are "Correct Pronunciation," by J. W. Abernethey; "Play Songs From the Song Series," by A. E. Hentley; "Essentials of Geography," by A. P. Brigham; "Household Arts for Home and School," by A. M. Cooley; "Story-Telling for Upper Grade Teachers," by Allen Cross; "Method and Methods in the Teaching of English," by I. E. Goldwasser; "History in the Elementary School," by C. N. Kendall; "Manual of Good English," by N. N. McCrackan; "Standards in English," by J. J. Mahoney; "Selections for Reading by the Direct Method," by L. S. Mills, anl "Year Book of Modern Languages."

New books at the Business branch includes "Accountants' Reports," by W. H. Bell, and "Business Speller," by G. S. Kimball.

MEETINGS.

Harmony Homestead 1594, Brotherhood of American Yeoman, will give a card party Tuesday evening in Morrison Hall, 52½ Monument Circle.

* * *

Lincoln lodge degree and drill team of the Knights and Ladies of America will give a card party Thursday evening at the home of Mrs. Mary Wayman, 1229 Kentucky avenue.

* * *

The following officers have been installed by Joseph R. Gordon Post No. 281: Commander, David Woods; senior vice commander, G. M. Overhyer; junior vice president, J. R. Wright; sergeant, W. H. Fleims; chaplain, H. C. Canter; adjutant, A. Daugherty; installer, W. D. Wilson; officer of the day, Henry Gane; officer of the guard, U. S. Randolph; color bearer, J. Gerard; patriotic instructor, C. W. Chaffer; sentinel, A. Ruth.

* * *

The following officers have been installed by Joseph R. Gordon Corps No. 43: President, Mary Smith; senior vice president, Helen Howard; junior vice president, Sarah Lane; secretary, Julia Hartzog; treasurer, Anna C. Gardner; chaplain, Susan A. Jones; conductor, Kathryn Ebaugh.

* * *

Division No. 9, L. A. A. L. H., will entertain at cards on Tuesday evening in Odd Fellows Hall, East Washington and Hamilton avenue.

Armour Denied Right to Directorships

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9—J. Ogden Armour was denied permission by the Interstate Commerce Commission today to continue holding his position as director of the Illinois Central and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroads. Armour may elect to hold his position on one of the mentioned railroads, the commission stated.

Men You May Marry

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

Has a man like this ever proposed to you?

Symptoms: Dark, shaggy hair well brushed and parted in the middle. Could look unkempt if he weren't very careful of his looks. But he is. And he is very handsome, very quiet, very reserved, almost shy, yet he isn't. Doesn't know women very well, but what he has heard has made him cautious. He is very young and you are the only girl his age has ever been natural and comfortable with. He likes you because you are not after "something.' He talks of something which seems to mean everything to this earnest young chap.

IN FACT:

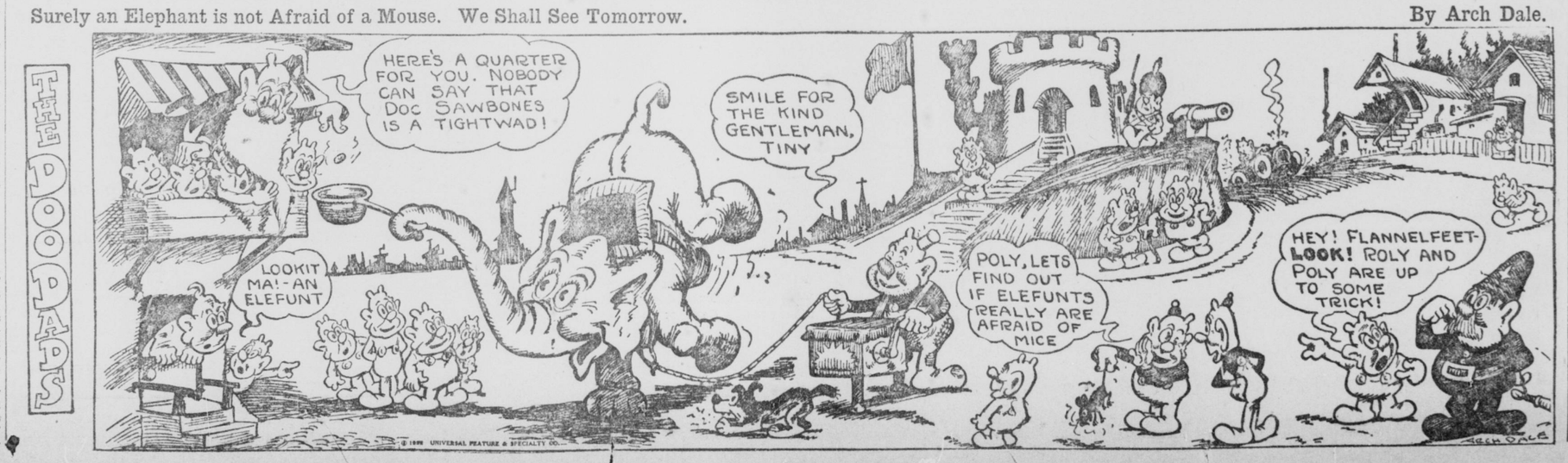
He is earnest and honest and his youth has not rubbed this off.

Prescription to his bride:

Preserve by your own honesty and your own squareness his faith in you and therefore in women in general.

Absorb This:

MARRIAGE IS ANOTER WORD FOR WHAT OUGHT TO BE THE PERFECT SQUARE.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Surely an Elephant is not Afraid of a Mouse. We Shall See Tomorrow. By Arch Dale.