

IN THE REALM WHERE WOMAN REIGNS

Women Voters League Puts Out Queries

Members Asked to Say What Part They Are Playing in Civic Affairs.

By JULIA C. HENDERSON.

Some pertinent questions are asked by the Indianapolis League of Women Voters in a letter sent out by the league to local women. The women are asked what part they are playing and what interest they are taking in civic affairs.

The letter says: "Recently the new city officials took office and the new city council held its first meeting. Were you there? Your interests indicate that you should have been. The new corporation will make you either a big corporation in which you are a vitally interested stockholder, and will spend your money, directly or indirectly, doing it.

"The park board, the board of works, the board of safety, and the board of sanitary commissioners held meetings. Were you there? Your interests were under discussion there, for those boards have charge of lighting, paving and policing your streets, collecting your ash and garbage and providing your recreation.

"Recently the public school commission held a meeting at which the asked for increase in telephone rates. Were you there?"

"The letter points out that while women might find it impossible to attend so many meetings in person, a membership in the league practically means attendance at every important meeting of these government boards.

The league sends representatives to every meeting of all the governmental organizations and a report is made to the league members. In this way the women are in close touch with civic affairs.

That the league would choose wisely in its representatives to attend these meetings is well known and great good in various directions has been accomplished through attention paid to forwarding wholesome civic efforts.

The league will hold its January meeting Friday and Misses E. Coffin, president of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, will speak on the subject "Civic Opportunities."

The unemployment problem will receive the attention of the league at its February meeting and food distribution at the March meeting, all vital and current topics which women should turn out in great numbers to hear discussed.

Society

COUNTESS REFUSES DIVORCE



Girls' Feet, Brought Out in Front, Call for Foot Millinery

CHICAGO, Jan. 11—Girls, you are way out of date if you still wear shoes.

Foot should be covered with foot millinery, or you may as well go bare-footed.

That is, if you are a stickler for style.

Shoe merchants, from those on Fifth avenue to the one at the cross roads junction, agreed in this today at the style review of the National Shoe Retailers' Association.

Shoe girls have brought the feet of American girls and women out in front and have made it necessary to adorn them exclusively according to A. E. Bancroft, Boston manufacturer.

"It used to be that anything that kept the feet warm and dry was all right," said Mr. Bancroft.

"Now it is not only thing. Foot millinery now must fit into the general ensemble of a woman's appearance with the short skirt."

United Looters, Inc.

By Ralph Cummins

Editor's Note—This new story of daring intrigue will hold your interest from beginning to the close. Interwoven with the facts of the case is a good romance which is well worth reading. Start with the first of the story today.

CHAPTER I.

From the very first the idea of impersonating a paroled convict and engaging in a battle of wits with a mysterious criminal organization had appealed to me. Ten years in the business had not lessened my boyish love of adventure, or cooled the tingling thrill that came from working my way out of a tight place. Still I was far from the story-book picture of a detective who could not read a mystery and deduce the motive for a crime from the color of the victim's necklace but when it came to getting inside my opponent's guard and taking long chances at close range, I was in my element and I usually won.

So it was with nerves a-tingle with an eager anticipation that I finally tested the theory that had taken me by the hobo route from the gates of a Mid-West prison to the water front of Seattle. I had learned everything that could discover about Sam Derby, the defaulting teller of the Enderly bank. I had even studied the man I was to double at close range inside the gloomy prison walls. Finally, I had reached Seattle and had inserted a "personal" in the Intelligencer.

Now, as I walked down the dark water front street, I felt that my first test was over for I was being followed.

The man who had followed me had a slim young man in a copper cap accosted me. "Got a match?" he asked.

The game was on at last! I took from my pocket the tiny piece of whittled wood that I had been carrying since I reached Seattle, and handed it over.

The young man gave it a quick glance and scratched it upon the sole of his shoe.

"It's not good," he grunted.

"Try the other end," I suggested.

He did not follow my suggestion. Instead he dropped the fake match into his pocket, produced a box of safeties and lit his cigarette. All the while I could see his sharp eyes boring into me.

"Let's hear about that."

I had no instructions when I left Paris in a certain morning paper. A man who called himself Boone picked me up, carried me all over the Middle West and at last lined me up for a job with the Enderly Bank at Preston, a little farming town up in the wheat country. It took me a year to work up to where I could get hold of enough money to make a haul. I did it at last—got out with nearly a hundred thousand. I turned it over to Boone, but I was caught by the indemnity company's detectives.

Boone relaxed and slipped the paper into his pocket. Something that was almost a friendly interest came into his little eyes.

"Well, I'll get you out—

"Not so you'd notice!" I put in quickly. "I want myself out."

"How's that?"

I grinned. "The indemnity people had a man in with me for three months."

I chuckled as if at a pleasant reminiscence. "That's how I happened to be here. I bought the bird and he worked the parole scheme to get me out."

"You bought him?"

"Sure—I offered him \$10,000 to be paid after I dug up my cache. He fell for it—and I've got to make good to him. How about collecting my little bit?"

"It's ready for you any time. But you know that was a hunch to get you out, so you could be followed to your cache."

"I thought of that, but no one found me."

"Well, what do you figure on doing now?"

"I want to take a rest. I feel like I could hunt and fish for a year."

"All right, I don't blame you. Now, it's a week before I can get you out."

"In the meantime here's a couple of tickets to a hunting trip."

"I've got to have that hunting trip," I said.

"Hello," he greeted me. "How's tricks?"

He led me to a vacant room in a rattletrap old house where we were shortly joined by Merriman. The big man had merely put a shabby old overcoat over his hands and his head and I stepped into his friendly interest and was on my way to seek the big adventure.

Following my meeting with Merriman in Seattle, I spent a restful week in a little town up in the Soulders. In the hope of finding my place to get at once into harness I allowed my mustache to grow, and made efforts to tan off some of the bleached-out appearance that represented prison pallor.

"Well, that seems to settle it," sighed Mrs. Selden, "but we are perfectly satisfied with your rental price and I'll be able to enjoy all these nice old things quite as if I owned them for a whole year anyhow."

"Hello," he greeted me. "How's the year?"

There was a long gap of relief from Henry. I had been sitting unnoticed by the window of the living room.

Mrs. Selden looked over at the child and smiled. "You seem glad, little lady, that I'm not to have your mother's furniture."

At first Mrs. Selden had seemed much inclined to buy the furniture. "I'm just

in a hurry and these are only old mahogany tables and dressers and the buffet in the dining room looks as if it might have been in your family for a generation," she had exclaimed enthusiastically, "and I'm sure the price you have put on all the things is reasonable enough."

"I've told you Margaret," said her husband, "that I don't even intend to buy a stick of furniture if I can help it. I'm going to rent it, because we'd only have to sell it again at the end of the year when I'm ready to go back to California."

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