IN THE REALM WHERE WOMAN REIGNS

Leadership Is Chief Need of Modern Women

Necessity Is Emphasized by President of Feminine Organization.

By JULIA C. HENDERSON.

That the success of any movement calls for efficient and trained leadership is an acknowledged fact and the dearth of such material is arousing a demand for education along this line in almost every avenue of organized effort.

In almost every activity in which men and women are engaging themselves this lack of leadership is deplored, even in the field of politics.

Many organizations in an endeavor to advance their interests are arousing themselves to the need of training their young people in this important work, and are taking definite steps toward bringing about the education and training of the young in such a way that their future may be in safe, sane and competent hands which make for real leadership.

The cry, "We can't find any one to lead" has been sounded in all avenues of organized effort. This was voiced in a recent board meeting of a well-known woman's organization by its president, who frankly confessed their movement was suffering for lack of leaders.

MEN HAVE ADVANTAGE HERE.

This is, perhaps, truer of women's work than men's, because leadership has seemed to be put upon men or they have assumed it for ages past and are more often chosen, or looked to when an advance movement is started, because of their equipment and traditions that men should lead.

It must be placed to the credit of the W. C. T. U. that for many years they have been training their young people for service and leadership; offering prizes, encouraging effort, arousing latent power in individuals which needed only recognition and encouragement to help them in developing the best that was in them.

Perhaps in no other organization in the country are women as well trained in parliamentary procedure as in this one and no breach of rules of order escapes them.

Church organizations, patriotic bodies, club leaders, fraternity groups, those who would advance political effort are seeing to it that the on-coming generations are made ready for the responsibilities and duties which soon are to be theirs, and they are not handicapped as are those who should be in leadership today.

LEADERS NEED LONG TRAINING.

It is realized the fundamentals of any movement should be laid down in the period of adolescence when impressions are most easily made. When this shall have been brought about the dearth of leadership material will have been done away with in a great measure.

It is true the qualities of real leadership are not given to all, but it is possible to acquire knowledge which can be assembled and made to serve one in need. In these day's of women's organizations, brought together for advancement along many lines of endeavor, it is now only the occasional woman who does not feel she could conduct the routine business of the organization if, perchance, it should fall into her hands.

That women's organizations are educating their sex along these lines more actively than men is evidenced in the ability of girls and young women in the schools and colleges of the country who no longer are afraid to hear the echo of their own voices on the public platform. The ease and poise they assume is most promising and gratifying to their elders, showing the value of early training, and the value of their services in leadership when properly developed.

Notes of Interest to Women

Miss Alice Lorraine Daly, educator and public speaker of South Dakota, is preparing her campaign to run for Governor of her State. She was nominated by the Nonpartisan League. Miss Daly states that she will make her campaign one "against existing conditions."

Mary F. Gilmour has been nominated by President Harding to be postmistress at Owensboro, Ky.

The United States Treasury recently has issued the new silver peace dollar which was designed by Anthony Francisci. Mrs. Maria Teresa Francisci, the wife of the designer, posed for the design, her husband finding in her the ideal model possessing the vivid youthful face typical of liberty.

Mrs. Montgomery Hare of New York will be the chairman of the metropolitan district in the Wilson Foundation Drive which opens today. The campaign to be conducted throughout the Nation will be for funds to endow the Woodrow Wilson Foundation for meritorious public service.

The information that the ugly flappy galoshes will be supplanted by the Russian boot, whatever that is, is good news to the tidy woman who cares for neat feet. The thought of a patent leather boot in all of its shininess, with red leather straps sounds good in comparison.

The National Woman's Party is making a campaign to make Virginia "the first southern State to place its women upon an equality before the law with men." This campaign was started at the recent opening of the State Legislature at Richmond. Similar campaigns will be conducted in Maryland, Kentucky, Mississippi and South Carolina.

MEETINGS.

Auxiliary to Indianapolis chapter No. 393 O. E. S., will meet in the temple, 1522 West Minnesota street, Tuesday afternoon. Miss Nellie Mann will be hostess.

Eastern Post 6562, Royal Neighbors of America, will meet tonight in Druids Hall, 14 West Ohio street.

Lincoln Lodge degree team, Knights and Ladies of America, will hold a social and card party at the home of Mrs. May Rice, 2008 South Meridian street tonight. The party will be for the benefit of the regalia fund.

T. W. Bennett Circle 23, Ladies of the G. A. R., will meet tomorrow evening on the fourth floor of the Court House.

St. Patrick's Sewing Circle will give a card party Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. Peter Schlecter, 1643 Hoyt avenue.

BOLSHEVISTS ACCUSED.

WARSAW, Jan. 16.—Official reports on the murder of M. Frankiewicz, secretary of the Polish repatriation commission in Moscow, declare that his bolshevist guards were guilty of gross negligence, or else connived in the assassination.

CELEBRATE THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING

MR. AND MRS. AMOS BROOKING.

The golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Brooking of Ridgeville, formerly of Indianapolis, was celebrated Friday, Jan. 13, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Johnson, 705 West Thirty-Second street. Mr. and Mrs. Brooking were married at Allensburg, Ohio, where both of them had always lived.

Mr. Brooking is 75 years old and Mrs. Brooking 70. There are eight children living, all except one living in Indianapolis. There is one daughter dead. The family includes Mrs. Ida Hiatt, M. A. Brooking of Ridgeville, Louis Brooking, Oggie Brooking, Jesse Brooking, Frank Brooking, Mrs. Neva Brock and Mrs. Gertrude Johnson. The couple have twelve grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Society

The marriage of Miss Carolyn Coffin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Coffin, 1213 North Meridian street, to Charles Harvey Bradley Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bradley of Dubuque, Iowa, was solemnized with a lovely ceremony Saturday evening at the Meridian Street M. E. Church. Bishop W. A. Quayle of St. Louis performed the ceremony, assisted by Dr. V. E. Rorer, pastor of the church. Preceding the service Mrs. H. L. Clippenger played an extensive organ program of bridal airs by various composers, and the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" for the processional. Palms, ferns and Easter lilies were used to bank the altar, which was lighted with tall cathedral candles.

The bridal procession was led by the ushers, Dudley Pfaff, Fred T. Holliday and Dudley Taylor of Indianapolis; Edwin Winter of Chicago, Thomas Stampfer of Dubuque, Iowa, and Lieut. Com. J. H. Ingram. Mrs. J. H. Ingram, sister of the bride, as matron of honor, wore a gown of pale blue velvet and carried a shower bouquet of Columbia roses. The maid of honor, Miss Dorothy Richard of Cleveland, wore pale pink satin canton crepe and carried Columbia roses. The bridesmaids, Mrs. John Gould, Mrs. Fred T. Holliday, Mrs. Charles D. Pearce, Mrs. Benjamin Claypool, Mrs. Sinclair Walbridge of Toledo and Mrs. John B. Ford of Detroit, all wore gowns of white chiffon fashioned in Grecian style with crystal girdles. Their bouquets were of Premier roses and they wore wreaths of orange blossoms.

The bride, who entered on the arm of her father, was charmingly gowned in white satin canton crepe with a court train which fell from the shoulders. Pearls and crystals were used to embroider the train and formed a heavy girdle at the waist. Her veil was the one worn by her sister at her wedding with the addition of coronet of rose point lace, and she carried a bouquet of valley lilies with a shower of real lace.

Following the ceremony, a reception was held at the Woodstock Club where Mr. and Mrs. Coffin entertained a host of friends. The bride's table was effectively arranged with decorations of silver tissue and pearls and lighted with candles shaded with white satin hoods, trimmed with lilies of the valley. In the center of the table was a bank of Bride's roses, lilies of the valley and gardenias.

Mrs. Bradley, mother of the bridegroom, wore a gown of coral velvet with a corsage of violets, and Mrs. Coffin, mother of the bride was gowned in turquise blue velvet and wore a corsage of orchids. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley have left for a wedding trip, sailing Wednesday for an extensive tour of Europe. The bride wore a traveling suit of midnight blue duventyne with satin hat to match. They will be at home in Indianapolis after April 1.

Among the out-of-town guests who attended the wedding were, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harvey Bradley, Jr., and Miss Addy McDonald of Dubuque, Iowa; Mrs. Francis W. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Shaffer and Mrs. Carrol Shaffer of Chicago, Mrs. Lillian Frost of Riverside, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Ray, Mrs. Frances T. Hord of Terre Haute, Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Kennedy, Mrs. Emma Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Spiegel of Shelbyville, Ind.; Mrs. John Middleton of Louisville, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Blish of Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Guthrie of Muncie, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Ford and Mrs. Kate B. Tanner of Detroit, Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Parsons of Terre Haute, Mr. and Mrs. Cornell Walbridge and Mr. and Mrs. Sinclaire Walbridge of Toledo, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Bryson of South Bend, Mrs. C. J. Helm and Miss Helm of Peru and Harold Comey of Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

The Zethathea Club will be entertained with a matinee party Wednesday afternoon at Keith's Theater. The hostess in charge will be: Mrs. J. E. Martin, Mrs. C. G. Pollock, Mrs. George B. Davis, Mrs. W. R. Hancock, Mrs. A. J. Hueber, Mrs. C. E. Crippin and Mrs. N. B. Merrifield.

* * *

Mrs. Effie Marine Harvey, 1504 North Pennsylvania street, entertained with a tea yesterday afternoon.

* * *

The concert of the Zoellner String Quartette, which was to have been given Tuesday evening at the Athenaeum has been postponed owing to the illness of Joseph Zollner, Sr. Announcement of the new date will be made later.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Celona C. Brown, 409 Limestone avenue, to John L. Dickson of Noblesville, Ind., will be quietly solemnized at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning at St. Bridget's Church.

* * *

Mrs. J. C. Groseclose, daughter, Miss Anna, and Mrs. S. B. Caldwell, 1230 East Minnesota street, have left for California, where they will spend the winter.

LEADER IN WORK OF FEDERATION RECEIVES HONOR

Chairman of Department of Education Known Throughout State.

MRS. GUIDO H. STEMPEL.

Mrs. Guido H. Stempel, chairman of the department of education of the Indiana Federation of Clubs, has been most active in the work of the federation for several years, having served on the reciprocity committee, the press bureau, as chairman of the literature committee and as a member of the resolutions committee. She is a member of the Woman's Club of Bloomington, was four years its secretary and served as its president for two years.

Mrs. Stempel is an Indiana University woman receiving her A. B. degree in 1902 and A. M. in 1905. She also is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority and Phi Beta Kappa honorary scholarship fraternity. She is most enthusiastic and ambitious in her new work and will outline the plans for her department for the club year before the federation council meeting which meets at the Claypool Hotel today.

THINK "BONUS" IS CHIEF HOPE OF RE-ELECTION.

Feminine Votes to Demand Human Welfare Legislation of Next Congress.

Special to Indiana Daily Times and Philadelphia Public Ledger.
BY CONSTANCE DREXEL.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—It is an established fact in Washington that the present members of Congress, both Democrats and Republicans believe they can only come back in the elections this year if they can hand the people a soldier "bonus" bill. Whether the principle is right in the first place, or where the money is coming from, seems to be immaterial.

Regardless of whether such a measure is best for the country at large, the insistence of Congress reveals a deplorable state of affairs. Congressmen, especially of the lower house, still think in terms of seeds and postoffices for their constituents. Of course it must be the voters' fault, but the fact is Congress has a very low opinion of the thinking power of the electorate.

For the first time, all the women of the country have had the vote during this Administration. The last election came upon them so suddenly women were "rubber stamps" to a large extent.

Are they going to change the complexion of Congress—electing men with a determination to serve their country in general and their constituents in particular from the point of view of human welfare?

It is to be noted not one of the great women's organizations, belonging to the women's joint congressional committee, has indorsed a soldier "bonus" measure.

On the contrary, a large group of women has set out to "elect," in 1922, a human welfare congress. Through its legislative department, the National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers' Association calls on all large organizations of the country to join in a drive to send to Washington only Congressmen interested and educated in prominent welfare issues.

At the bottom of the idea is the theory that it should be the part of the new women voters to make welfare legislation as prominent in an election as business issues.—Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Company.

SEEK MORE PARK GROUND.

An agreement among property owners along Pleasant Run relative to acquisition of ground along the stream by the board of park commissioners for the construction of Pleasant Run boulevard between Shelby and Prospect streets will be sought at a meeting of the Pleasant Run Boulevard Association Wednesday night at 1235 Harlan street.

POTATO CAKES.

Beat two cupfuls of leftover mashed potatoes with a very little hot milk to lighten them. Season with a few drops of onion juice, salt, pepper, one-half teaspoonful of parsley finely chopped, one-fourth cupful of grated cheese and a few grains of cayenne. Shape in small, round flat, cakes; dip in flour and saute in hot butter (about two tablespoonfuls), brown on one side, turn and brown on the other. This mixture may be packed in a brick shaped mold, then turned on a board and sliced, dipped in flour and sauted in butter as the round cakes.

ORANGE SALAD.

Use three sour oranges. Peel and cut in rounds; remove all core and white outside. Arrange on a flat salad dish, laying one round to overlap the other just a little. Make egg balls with the hard boiled yolks of eggs about as large as a partridge egg, and stone some olives—about as many as you have egg balls—and arrange in the center of the platter. Sprinkle finely chopped nuts over all, and pour on a good French dressing, using lemon juice for the acid.

Serve this with the game course, garnished with shredded lettuce and pimentoes.

United Looters, Inc.

By Ralph Cummins

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

This interesting tale of an amateur detective who succeeds in unraveling the machinations of a mysterious band of bank looters, is nearing the close. Under the name of Barry North the young sleuth impersonates Sam Derby, a notorious bandit, who has been convicted of robbery and is the head of an organization called the United Looters, whose business is to rob financial institutions through the aid of enlisted employes.

Douglas Evans, president of the Metropolitan Bank of Los Angeles is found involved with the gang of looters and is caught in the net of Barry North. Miss Alstan Bourke, private secretary to Evans, who falls in love with the young detective, becomes a valuable ally in solving the mystery of the workings of the gang, with the result that all the members fall into the tolls of the law.

United Looters, Inc., will be followed by a gripping story of occult mystery entitled Myra's Fingers, which may help you to solve the problem of communicating with the dead. Start at the beginning and read it all.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

I saw her bite her lip. She drew back, startled by my vehemence. I thrust the envelope into her hand.

"There's my mother's address—and money to take you to her. The Salt Lake Limited leaves at 9. I—"

Footsteps sounded in the room behind me, but I did not care. Nothing in all the world could disturb me.

For the girl who had been all strength and power crumbled into a drooping figure. She clutched the letter to her breast. Her full lips trembled, and I could see a filmy mist gather in her eyes. She leaned toward me and a woman's heart spoke to me in a language that I could not fail to understand.

"Why," she murmured brokenly, "Oh, Barry—why, I don't even know your name!"

Then I did laugh, but as I reached for her the doctor's gruff cough and Mrs. Gray's too-loud clatter warned me that we were observed.

However, I was satisfied and my heart sang with joy. When I started out on my dangerous trip a few minutes later Alstan gave me a furtive smile, and I was quite sure that when morning came the girl I loved would be far away from Los Angeles and safe from the wreck of the United Syndicate.

CHAPTER VII.

I chuckled as I used my passkey to enter the bank from the lobby of the Winters building. How ridiculously easy it was to rob the Metropolitan, thanks to Evans assigning me to the duty of studying vaults.

Because of the preparation that I had made it was but a matter of five minutes until I came out with my heavy suitcase. Briskly I walked the six blocks to the rendezvous point on Hill street.

It was 10:12 when I reached Hill at Fifth, within sight of my destination. I could see the motorcycle and the closed automobile waiting across the street, and as I walked slowly along I saw a taxicab stalling farther up the street.

I stepped to the curb opposite the station. Hardly had I placed my suitcase at my feet when the taxicab drew up. The driver reached back and opened the door. As I tossed the suitcase in I peered at the muffled figure inside, but I could make out nothing that would aid me in identifying the receiver of the loot. If only he would now lead the way to the "higher up."

The taxi drove on. The big car across the street waited until the taxi had turned to the left at the next corner, then it shot ahead. The motorcycle sputtered, swung in front of the big car and turned the corner.

I drew a deep breath. My job was done. I could do no more. Now I must be sure that Alstan had gone on that evening train. Then I would have a few words with President Evans.

I hailed a yellow taxicab and was driven out to the big place on the hill. There were no lights downstairs. Was she gone? Of course—my worry was unnecessary.

As I fumbled for my passkey, I tried the door and, to my surprise, I found it unlocked. Then I breathed again. Alstan had not sprung the catch when she went out.

As I entered the hall I heard a car stop in front. I grinned as I stepped into the darkness. Already the hounds of the law that I had unleashed were hunting for Alstan Bourke.

I heard a step in the upper hall and, although the angle was such that I could not see the landing, I was sure that some one was looking down. Was it Mrs. Gray?

The outer door opened. I slipped into the corner beside the stairs. Footsteps passed me in the darkness, and a figure moved up the staircase. Muffled voices sounded from above. I felt a chill creeping down my spine.

Very quickly I climbed the stairs. I paused before Evans' door and noted the hum of voices inside. Determined to know the worst I entered the little hall adjoining. The door into Evans' room was ajar. I listened.

"That is fine!" came Evans' voice. "Now to get away. Your car is waiting?"

"Yes—but I fear that I was followed here!"

Suddenly I wanted to crawl away and let the world crash upon me. For it was Alstan Bourke who spoke.

"Oh, you're mistaken," Evans said, and a surge of angry resentment almost swept away my reason. Suddenly I saw much to which I had been blind before. Evans had been much too interested in vaults—wooden-headed though I was, I had meant to question him. I slipped into the room while he was speaking.

"You had better go at once. Now you understand just what you are to do? Take the Pacific Electric tonight to Riverside, and catch the Southern Pacific for Yuma tomorrow morning. You will have plenty of time. The theft will be discovered Monday morning, but the officers will lose several days trying to follow North. And don't forget that you are to meet North in Manzattan."

So Evans was taking advantage of the fact that I was in love with Alstan and had planned to throw us together in our flight.

I saw Alstan's face as Evans fumbled with the suitcase. There was upon it that same scornful smile—that might mean anything. Then she tossed her head, turned toward the bathroom door—and saw me.

A peculiar glint came into her eyes. She shrugged her shoulders expressive of a disgusted, "You here again?" and edged away from Evans.

The banker working at the catch of the suitcase, suddenly raised his eyes.

"North," he snapped. "What are you doing here?"

"I followed that suitcase" I lied. "I was curious to know where it would go."

"What do you mean?" He rose to his feet and took a step toward me. I noticed that he did not limp.

"I mean that I am hunting for the head of the United Syndicate—or was. I think I've found him.

Evans laughed scornfully, then his eyes went to Alstan's expressionless face.

"You are making a poor joke. I never heard of a United Syndicate."

Alstan moved closer to Evans' side with an intimate gesture that seemed to place her definitely upon his side.

"Why didn't you take the chance I gave you?" I demanded.

"Why should I run away?" She moved still closer to Evans.

"Because I wanted to save you," I retorted. "And I will save you yet! Mr. Evans, I shall ask you to go with me."

I thought he drooped a little at that, but Miss Bourke laughed.

"Just what is the charge?" she asked.

"Attempted looting of the Metropolitan!"

"Oh, is that it?" Her voice was mocking.

"Why deny it?" I demanded of Evans. "I was sent here by the Syndicate for the express purpose of doing this. Upon written instructions I went to the bank tonight, and—and brought away that suitcase. You"—I tried to look at Alstan—"you brought it here!"

Evans frowned. I could read his mind. He knew his powerful system was crumbling. He looked at Alstan and I wondered if he would be man enough to save her. But she laughed lightly.

"That suitcase? Why, you're joking! We'll open it and see."

Quick as a flash she dragged the suitcase upon the bed and jerked it open. I was watching Evans' face, when she dumped forty pounds of blank checks upon the bed.

Evans' consternation and the relief that followed was laughable. His hard eyes were upon me as I turned again to Alstan. For a moment I forgot Evans. When I looked at him again he had a gun pointed at my face.

"So you're a fake!" he said shortly. "You've been after me all the time. All right, for your satisfaction—I am the United Syndicate. But you will not arrest me. Miss Bourke will be able to testify to the manner in which you were killed. You tried to rob the bank and I caught you!"

I smiled into his gray face. Here was a tight hole from which there was little hope of escape. And I didn't care much. Alstan was lost to me. Eventually they would be caught. I shrugged my shoulders and looked again at Alstan standing close beside Evans.

She, too, was smiling, and as I looked, her right hand rose and swung over toward Evans. In it was a small automatic that pressed firmly into Evans' side.

"Don't shoot!" Her voice was low but in it there was a steely ring. Then as Evans' hand wavered—"Get his gun, Barry!"

Mechanically I took the gun from Evans' powerless hand. His puzzled eyes searched the girl's face. A grayish pallor appeared around his mouth.

"What now?" he whispered huskly "What do you mean, Alstan?"

"I just don't want you to kill Barry," she replied, her eyes shining with mischief. "I—he's asked me to—to marry him!"

I stared, and as I did so two husky men stepped quietly from the bathroom and at Alstan's nod lined up behind Evans. Suddenly the room was full of men. I recognized the man who had driven Alstan's taxicab, and the motorcycle rider who had followed. Quietly in the foreground stood a secret service man whom I had known for years. Slowly I began to understand.

Alstan smiled at me as she hid her gun.

"Barry," she said softly, "you're a rotten detective—but for nerve—"

"But you—"

"Me? Oh, I'm with the Government."

"But when I saw you in Chicago?"

"Oh—there! Why, I'd just got the goods on that bunch, but I needed a conviction record. I—I didn't serve that sentence. Why, I got this job with Evans on the strength of that record. And I've made good!" she nodded to my secret service friend. "I've helped Douglas Evans rob three banks—and I have the complete accounts of the United Syndicate!"

"You—you—" spluttered Evans.

"Yes," she explained, ignoring Evans, "between Mr.—er—North and myself, we have caught them all. Either Federal officers or Mr. North's men will arrest every Syndicate agent before morning."

Suddenly I became myself.

"Well, you've lost your record," I stated. "Your value in this line is destroyed."

She smiled tenderly.

"I was through anyway. It's a miserable life."

"How about a little ranch?" I whispered eagerly.

"But I'll never marry a detective—especially one who takes wild chances."

"It's a bargain!" I gloated. "After the trials are over—that little ranch——"

"Oh!" Her face was radiant. "Won't that be great. But—why—what is your name?"

The End.

Men You May Marry

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

Has a man like this ever proposed to you?

Symptoms: Ambassadorial beard. Roving blue eyes, slick speech. Beautifully turned phrases. Clever, too witty and very elegant, rather floridly dressed. Odd colored neckwear and even a flowered vest. Acts like a European and is one. You can't tell at first whether he is an oriental, if it weren't for the blue eyes. He is charming, suave, mellow, experienced. He seems to be in love with you, but you always feel he has been in love with many before you.

IN FACT:

He has, many times.

Prescription to his bride:

Never be surprised by anything he says or does. If you marry him you must make up your mind not to mind.

Absorb This:

TO MARRY EXPERIENCE IS TO GET EXPERIENCE.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Daily Fashion Hints

By AGNES AYRES,
Star in Paramount Pictures.

Scarfs, like fans, and bandeaux, have come back with a vengeance. No evening frock is fashionably complete this season without its retinue of scarf, fan and bandeaux or evening hat. A very charming and feminine fancy it is, too.

The French scarfs and fans favor the sequin motif, while we with a more divided taste like feathers and brocades almost as well.

Some of the most pleasing of the new scarfs are long rectangles of chiffon cloth, brocaded with velvet flowers and leaves in the same color as the ground.

Fans of coque in brilliant colors, arranged with the same studied disorder that governs the bobbed coiffure, are very much in favor. Ostrich is still used, but in unusual ways, just two or three perfect plumes mounted on a stick, whole fans of glycerined ostrich, or ostrich combined with peacock for those who challenge fate.

One of the newest scarfs is shown in the sketch. It is made of a heavy mesh, gray silk net and embroidered with dots of gray chenille; a heavy fringe of gray chenille weighs the ends of the scarf.

Gray is so popular this season that a woman of any age might wear the same, though it is especially suggestive of the more mature type.

However, if worn with one of the metal tissue frocks of silver or gold that are so popular, there would be not the least hint of age about it.

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.

"Well, this certainly promises to be a busy week," said Mrs. Hooper as she sat down at the breakfast table and the family took their places with her.

"With the contents of your preserve closet packed the worst of my job here is over," said Henry. "It won't take Roger and me very long to do the painting as soon as those paperhangers finish their work."

"They will be in to begin right after breakfast, and the house will be in a dreadful mess for a while, but they have promised to be finished by night," said Mrs. Hooper.

"The painting should be done by Wednesday night at the latest," remarked Henry. "Then if I pack my trunk and my personal belongings you and Roger will be able to manage the rest, I suppose."

"Oh, very well, indeed," said Mrs. Hooper. "In fact, I expect to get a great deal more done after you are gone than I have for the last few weeks."

"How is that?" inquired Henry in an injured tone. "I thought I was helpful."

"Oh you are of course," added Mrs. Hooper hastily, "but I can't get used to having you around the house. It upsets my schedule more than anything I've ever had to contend with before."

Henry laughed. "I don't believe I am entirely responsible for the upset condition of your schedule. But why you attempt to keep it up while we are getting ready to move is more than I can understand."

"Well there is no use trying to explain," said Mrs. Hooper as she gave Betty a second glass of milk, "but it seems just the last remnant of our old life here and I can't bear to go to pieces and be thoroughly disorganized before we leave."

"Well it's my impression," remarked Henry, "that since you will have to begin housekeeping on an entirely new basis in Indianapolis that you might as well let everything go to smash here and concentrate on packing and moving instead of trying to keep the wheels turning in this house as though nothing had happened."

Henry spoke with real irritation, because for more than a week he had been keen to attack the business of moving in perfect man fashion and throw everything into disorder and confusion while he worked.

"But Henry," protested Mrs. Hooper, "the whole problem has been simplified by our not having to pack the furniture. I shall give the place a thorough clearing next week, launder the curtains and put them back and then pack the trunks, and we will be ready to leave two days before the first of February."

"But haven't you a lot of closets to clean out and things to throw away?" inquired Henry irritably. "It isn't natural for everything to be running along as if we expected to live on here instead of leaving for a new home in a few weeks."

Mrs. Hooper looked at her husband and laughed. "Henry, I do believe you are disappointed that even with this upheaval upon us you cannot make a mess out of my well-ordered house. What do you suppose I have been having a weekly inspection of this place every Monday for years and eliminating and using up as I went along all the things you seem to think ought now to be packed away in closets to be taken out in heaps and thrown away. There isn't a thing, my dear Henry, from the garret to the basement that will not be packed in my trunks or boxes to be taken away with me or left here for Mrs. Selden to use."

"Well, I must say that I had no idea that your Monday inspection, as you call it, was working any such wonders as that," exclaimed Henry. "You mean to say that there isn't to be anything more to the moving than if it were your ordinary house cleaning time."

"Not much," replied Mrs. Hooper smiling. "The worst is really over with the packing of all those fruit jars and if it were not for the painting and papering you wouldn't know anything was happening until the day you left."

"Well, I wouldn't have believed it possible," said Henry as he rose from the breakfast table as the paperhangers made their appearance.

The menus for the three meals on Tuesday are:

BREAKFAST.
Sliced Oranges
Cereal
Scrambled Eggs
Buttered Toast
Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Lentil Soup
Stuffed Cheese Potatoes
Preserved Fruit
Cup Cakes
Cocoa.

DINNER.
Broiled Liver and Bacon
Mashed Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes
Apples and Celery Salad
Rice Pudding.

ASPARAGUS WITH POACHED EGG.

Prepare and boil in salted water until tender. Drain and arrange on squares of toast, dipped in the water where the asparagus was cooked, and on each service put a nicely poached egg and enough melted butter to season.

This makes a nice dish for luncheon where meate is not served.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.

Four eggs, yolks and whites, beaten separately; one cup sugar, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch and flour to finish filling the cup. Two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of grated rind of lemon, pinch of salt, three tablespoonfuls of cold water.

Beat whites until stiff and dry, and yolks until thick and lemon color. Add sugar and beat again. Then add water and grated lemon rind. Fold in whites, then the flour and corn starch and baking powder sifted together. Mix all together thoroughly by folding. Turn into buttered and lined pans. Bake thirty minutes.

CLUB PUNCH.

Two cups sugar, one cup water, three sliced oranges, juice of two lemons, one quart Apollinaris, one cup strong green tea, one small ripe pineapple laid in sugar six hours; ice.

Make sugar by boiling sugar and water ten minutes. Mix remaining ingredients, sweeten to taste with syrup, and pour in a punch bowl over a block of ice.

But Mr. Crow Came Back. By Arch Dale.