IN THE REALM WHERE WOMAN REIGNS

Women nt Idea of n Auxiliary

to Be Part of Indiana ration of Farmers' Associations.

BY JULIA C. HENDERSON.

n rather unexpected source comes ative for establishment of wom- n equal basis with men in civic, cial and social organizations. Fol- announcement that the farm proposed to combat the idea of oor, down-trodden farmer's wife," ggestion has come from the rural unities of Indiana that the farm en of Indiana should organize and an active part in the Indiana Feder- n of Farmers' Associations. The nt is emphasized that the women will t form an auxiliary, but will be a art of the federation itself.

This announcement apparently inaugurates a new policy for the women. In the past the so-called weaker sex has been content for form auxiliaries, aid societies and other similar helping hand organizations to be known as complementary to societies formed by men. The practical result has been that the fraternal, religious and social orders founded by the men have come to depend to a great extent for success upon the women's auxiliaries.

The annual banquet of the Ancient and Independent Order of Cuckoos, for instance, has been successful only insofar as the wives and daughters of the members have decorated the hall, prepared the food, served the banquet, washed the dishes and swept out the remains of the banquet cigars.

Now the farm women have suggested a different order. At a meeting to be held in Indianapolis next month they will form their organization and, unless plans go astray, will be admitted to the State Farm Federation on an equality with men. Women delegates from each county in the State are expected to attend the meeting.

Perry H. Crane, secretary of the federation, believes the admission of women will prove beneficial to the organization. "Many problems confront the wives of the farmers which such an organization could help solve," says Mr. Crane. "We believe that through the combined efforts of the farmers and their wives the federation will render a greater service to the State. The women's branch will not be an auxiliary, but a part of the federation itself."

HARMONIC CLUB MEMBERS HEAR STRAUSS MUSIC

Mrs. Carl V. Lucas Hostess and Mrs. Frank Cregor in Charge of Meeting.

Mrs. Carl V. Lucas, 3965 Carrollton avenue, was hostess for the musicale of the Harmonie Club yesterday afternoon. Richard Strauss' opera, "Der Rosenkavalier," was the subject for the program, Mrs. Frank Cregor, who was in charge of the meeting, reading the story of the opera.

Musical illustrations were sung by various members of the club, Mrs. Don Tullis presenting "All Thy Soul;" Mrs. L. S. Busch, "The Baron's Wooing;" Mrs. Morris Fuller and Miss Jessamine Barkley, "The Rose;" Miss Norma Mueller, a Latin number; "The Princess' Song," Mildred Barrett Pearson, and "Sophia's Prayer," Miss Barkley. Piano numbers included the prelude to Act 1, Mrs. Charles Pfaffilin; waltz, Mrs. Frank T. Edenharter and Mrs. Cregor, and incidental music to the supper scene, Mrs. Crego. The program was presented with nice artistry, those taking part being local artists with professional experience. The accompanists for the afternoon were Mrs. Howard L. Clippinger, Mrs. Roy Turner and Mrs. Edenharter.

Following the program tea was served, the tea table, presided over by Mrs. C. H. Wallerich and Mrs. Robert Blakeman, being attractive with pink tapers in silver holders and clusters of pink roses.

ROTARY WOMEN HOLD SESSION

Club Hears Interesting Talks at Luncheon.

The Woman's Rotary Club held an interesting meeting in weekly luncheon session at the Claypool Hotel yesterday. The club was addressed by Rotarian Mrs. Ethel P. Clarke, superintendent of nurses at the Robert W. Long Hospital, who talked of work among children in hospitals.

Mrs. Booth Tarkington introduced Miss Lucy Branham of Philadelphia, who described famine conditions in Russia, making a plea for early relief of the Russian people, who must be helped and made physically able to plant the crops which must soon be put in, thereby averting a famine the next year. The club placed the matter in the hands of its ways and means committee. Mrs. Myra R. Richards, president of the club, had passed a book left by Pavlowa, the Russian dancer, on her last visit here asking for subscriptions to a children's hospital to be built in Russia. Subscriptions totaling $40 were made by club members and guests. The guests of the club included: Miss Mary F. Speers of Belfast, Ireland; Mrs. H. C. Speers and Mrs. James Cunning, all guests of Miss Emma Colbert; Mrs. Jean C. Vollrath of Sheboygan, Wis., guest of Mrs. Louis Burckhardt; Mrs. Thomas D. Stevenson, guest of Miss Margaret Donnan, and Miss Isabelle Somerville, guest of Mrs. G. H. Westing.

Parent-Teacher Club Adopts Resolutions

Resolutions adopted by the Parent-Teacher Club of school No. 34, Wade and Boyd streets, honoring Mrs. Hence Orme, who was State president of the Parent-Teacher Federation, are as follows:

"Whereas, God in his wisdom has seen fit to take from us our beloved adviser and co-worker, Mrs. Hence Orme, president of the Indiana Parent-Teacher Association,

"Whereas, her help and inspiration will be sadly missed by the members of this club,

"Whereas, her keen interest in our particular problems is a great less,

"Whereas, her affection for us and our children can never be replaced,

"Therefore, be it resolved that a copy of these resolutions be spread on our minutes, a copy sent to the family and a copy to the newspapers."

The committee on resolutions included Mrs. J. Francis Ake, Mrs. Joseph Stefer, Mrs. Ernest Schuster and Mrs. J. J. Lewis.

MEETINGS.

The Only Euchre Club will give a public card party tonight in Musicians' Hall, 143 East Ohio street.

NEW HEAD OF WOM IN'S CITY CLUB

Miss Adele I. Storck, the newly-elected president of the Woman's City Club, is well known in Indianapolis where she has been a teacher for several years. She and Miss Minnie E. Mason, also a teacher in the Indianapolis schools, recently have formed a law partnership with offices in the Lombard building. Together they attended law school, recently having graduated from the Benjamin Harrison Law School. Miss Storck was awarded the prize for the best thesis while in the school of law. She has traveled extensively in this country and in Europe. She will bring to the club, as its president, a knowledge of people and affairs gained from study, travel and broad experience.

The organization occupies a unique, important and prominent place among the business women's clubs of the city. It has some interesting plans in development for the furtherance of its work.

Miss Mason will be associated with Miss Storck in club work as secretary of the organization. They both are members of the League of Women Voters and other civic bodies and are interesting themselves in all things that pertain to women's advancement.

The club meets the fourth Wednesday in each month in the Chamber of Commerce building during the evening dinner hour. Many of the city's business women are proud to claim membership in the Woman's City Club.

MISS ADELE I. STORCK.

Society

Miss Mildred Casey, 2224 Broadway, was hostess for the dinner-meeting of the Mu Phi Epsilon Sorority this afternoon. Italian music was the subject for the program. A paper was read by Mrs. Harry M. Clark with operatic illustrations by Mrs. John Lloyd Elliott, contralto; Mrs. D. E. Gruber, contralto; Miss Julia Reyer, soprano, and Miss Jessamine Barkley, soprano. Assistant hostesses were Mr. Clark and Miss Barkley.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Baxter of Norman Court entertained Saturday in honor of Mrs. Charles Schloemer of Cincinnati and Miss Beulah Gray of Worthington, who are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Williams of Norman Court.

* * *

Mrs. J. H. Craven was hostess for the luncheon meeting of the Sorosis Club today. The table was arranged with a centerpiece of spring flowers in the club colors, lavender and white. Covers were laid for Mrs. Orlando Bruner, Mrs. Anna Bruner, Mrs. Vestal Woodward, Mrs. Uz Wiley, Mrs. Alice Peden, Mrs. Bert Cassmire, Mrs. William Whitehead, Mrs. William Cole, Mrs. James Patterson, Mrs. Theodore McCune, Mrs. Harry Campbell Mrs. Harry Whitehead and Mrs. Craven.

* * *

Miss Adeline Craig of Dallas, Texas, who has been the house guest of Mrs. Ralph S. Chappell, 2624 North Meridian street, is spending a few days in Edinburg.

* * *

Miss Marion Louise Pratt, formerly of Indianapolis, now of the faculty of the Wallace Conservatory of Music, Columbus, Ohio, in charge of the harp department, is spending a few days in Indianapolis. Miss Pratt expects to go to New York to take advance work on the harp as soon as the conservatory closes.

* * *

A card party will be given in the parlors of the Democratic Club, 22 East Vermont street, Wednesday afternoon, the proceeds to be given a needy family. Mrs. Elmer Hunt, 1116 Keystone avenue, is in charge of the tickets.

* * *

Mrs. William Osborne of Culver is the house guest of Mrs. Chester L. Zekiel, 2918 Boulevard place.

* * *

A dinner dance will be given by the Alumnae Association of Manual Training High School, on the evening of Feb. 18, in the gymnasium of the new building. A meeting of the committee on arrangements is to be held at 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon in the directors' room in the Chamber of Commerce. Financial budgets of the subcommittees and memberships of subcommittees will be read. C. B. Dyer is chairman of the committee. Richard Habbe is president of the Alumnae Association.

Mrs. George Taylor was hostess for a meeting of the Fortnightly Music Club this afternoon at her home, 330 East Twelfth street. Miss Grace Hutchings spoke on "Leschetisky."

* * *

Attendants at the wedding of Miss Margaret Tynan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Tynan, 2526 North Delaware street, to Joseph V. Ferari, of Ft. Smith, Ark., son of Mrs. Joseph Ferari, of Ft. Smith, will be Miss Irene Nealy, bridesmaid and Victor Ferari, brother of the bridegroom, best man. The wedding will be solemnized Feb. E, at SS. Peter and Paul Cathedral and there will be many parties in honor of the bride-elect this week and next.

* * *

Mrs. L. N. O'Mally, entertained the Inter Alia Club at her home, 4932 Washington boulevard, this afternoon. Mrs. Earl J. Rice spoke on "Early Political Parties," and Mrs. Earl K. Kurtzo discussed "The Mexican War."

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Roberts announce the engagement of their daughter, Boulwyn Beatrice, to Leanord E. Reed, the wedding to take place next autumn.

* * *

Many of the season's debutantes were ushers at the show and dance given by St. Margaret Guild in the Travertine room of the Hotel Lincoln. The pictures shown were scenes taken by Mrs. Presto Rubush in Japan and the guests were ushered to their seats by Miss Amelia Henderson, Miss Marjorie Fisher, Miss Lewellyn Harris, Miss Sarah Elizabeth Gasaway, Miss Emily McMillan, Miss Amelia Sanborn, Miss Emma Belle Stutz and Miss Dorothy Goepper. Mrs. Marguerite Fitch was chairman of the entertainment committee which included Mrs. Hazel Moore, Mrs. Wesley Shea, Mrs. Gilbert Cook, Mrs. Walter Eaton and Mrs. Eula Krutzsch. Patrons and patronesses were:

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Metzger, Mr. and Mrs. Uz McMurtrie, Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Ruckelshaus, Mr. and Mrs. John Aufderheide, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Foley, Mr. and Mrs. William Zumphe, Mr. and Mrs. John Milner, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan B. Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. Niles Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Bert A. Boyd, Dr. and Mrs. John H. Oliver and Dr. Ellus Eastman.

It is estimated the amount cleared at the ball, which is the second to be given by the guild since the war, was $450. Miss Majenta Ryan, president of the organization, was the general manager.

* * *

Mrs. Cora McDaniel, 1342 North Gale street, announces the engagement of her daughter Opal to J. Vance Garinger, the wedding to take place Feb. 14.

* * *

The Independent Social Club met this afternoon at the Faith Home, with Mrs. Elmer Hunt as hostess. Mrs. Thomas O'Brien gave several readings and Mrs. Loretta Ferguson, soloist, and Miss Mary Collins, pianist, gave a musical program. The entertainment was in charge of a committee consisting of Mrs. Allen T. Fleming, Mrs. Everett A. Hunt, Mrs. P. J. Clarke, Mrs. J. J. Marti and Mrs. Thomas O'Brien. Mrs. O'Brien was in charge of the musical program.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Shering, 523 West Bernard street, announce the engagement of their daughter Minnie to James Farley of Seymour, Ind. The wedding will take place in the spring.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George Q. Bruce, 2331 Park avenue, will leave soon to spend some time as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John McCullough at their winter home in Daytona, Fla.

* * *

Mrs. J. G. Mueller and Miss Norma Mueller, 1305 Central avenue, have returned from a short stay in Chicago.

* * *

Miss Sibyl Holbrook of Irvington is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Jessup of Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

Miss Ruth Sheerin and Miss Helen Sheerin, 4330 Central avenue, are visiting Miss Helen Thoman in Cincinnati.

Married 50 Years; United in Death

WENATCHEE, Wash., Jan. 24.—Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Weber, of this city, planned to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding.

But the husband, on the eve of the contemplated celbration, was fatally wounded by two burglars who robbed the Weber home. His faithful wife, apparently, decided if they couldn't live together they could at least be together in death, and she passed on.

A double funeral was held here for the Webers and their bodies were taken to Pawnee City, Neb., for burial.

Postmaster Held Up and Robbed

Special to The Times.

MUNCIE, Ind., Jan. 24.—Two masked bandits held up Miles L. Hoover, postmaster and proprietor of the general store at Wheeling, nine miles west of here late last evening and made their escape in an automobile taking with them $250 in cash which they found in the cash drawer at the store and a gold watch belonging to Hoover.

LABOR LEADER TO SPEAK.

William Logan of Detroit, president of the Automobile, Wagon Makers' Union of America, will address a meeting in the Railway Employes' hall, 143 East Ohio street, tonight. Mr. Logan, is a well-known labor leader.

MRS. DU BIEL TO ADDRESS WOMEN ON IMMIGRATION

Speaker Before Republican Club American Red Cross Worker in England.

Mrs. Jean Du Biel, who is to speak before the Indianapolis Woman's Republican Club at 2:30 o'clock Thursday at the Marion Club on "Immigration Laws," resided at the outbreak of the war in Brussels, Belgium. She was driven into Holland and helped take care of refugees. For two years she did this work, then returned to the United States, where she worked with the Red Cross out of Chicago until the armistice was signed. Then, as soon as passport could be secured, she returned to England.

For more than two and a half years she has been working with the London chapter of the American Red Cross at Southampton, England. She served as the American Red Cross representative for Hampshire county and the Isle of Wight.

Mrs. Du Biel also did relief work, takcare of unmarried mothers and children of American soldiers. She helped stranded sailors, lawyers, actors and people in all lines of work—paid board of these until she could get them passage home as "workaways."

Many immigrants came through the port as charges of the Red Cross, and in this way Mrs. Du Biel first became interested in the immigration question, and for the last two years has devoted a great part of her time and labor in meeting and giving such help as possible to the people of all nationalities as they crowded through the port of Southampton on their way to America.

The club will have the annual election of its nominating committee at Thursday's business session, this committee to report on candidates for office at the February meeting, the election to take place at the March meeting. The club meetings are held the last Thursday in each month at the Marion Club.

RESEARCH CLUB BOOSTS THRIFT

Program Carries Out Observance of Movement.

In compliance with the line of study on the subject of thrift, as being forwarded by the Indiana Federation of Clubs, the Woman's Research Club held an instructive program relative to the subject at the home of Mrs. E. J. Robison yesterday afternoon. A "Thrift Breakfast" consisting of a well balanced menu prepared by the hostess was served at the noon hour.

A paper on "A New Development in Education" was read by Mrs. Julia C. Henderson, who started the thrift movement in the federation. Miss Elizabeth Cowan, the new thrift chairman, was a special guest of the club and talked informally on her plans for the year. An original playlet, "The Soul of Thrift" was given by Mrs. Fred Pettijohn who depicted the pioneer mother as the soul of thrift in a most impressive manner. Mrs. John Kolmer gave piano numbers during the afternoon.

The hostesses assisting Mrs. Robison were Mrs. T. C. Kennedy and Mrs. M. F. Ault together with the following members of the social committee: Mrs. E. G. Ritchie, Mrs. G. M. Henderson, Mrs. W. J. Ransdell and Mrs. Frank H Holt.

After a talk by Mrs. F. T. McWhirter on the purchase of the old Fauntleroy home a vote was taken by the club members that they go on the honor roll by subscribing one dollar each to this undertaking. The club also voted to uphold the Volstead act relating to prohibition. The next meeting of the club, Feb. 6, will be a "Lincoln day" at which time Mrs. Curtis A. Hodges will review "A Man for the Ages."

MYRA'S FINGERS

By A. R. FARLEIGH

The trial now under way in this story is an attempt on the part of the insurance company to evade the payment of $210,000 on policies held on the life of Ben Campion, an inventor, who was burned to death in his shop. Campion's daughter Myra is a beneficiary to the extent of $10,000. The death of Campion was under suspicious circumstances.

Dr. Abner Campion, a step-brother, is charged with swindling and is believed to be connected with the strange demise of Ben Campion. Mrs. Campion, a former wife, believes in communication with spirits and by talking with the dead, is able to solve the mystery. Arthur Brownson, a young lawyer and newspaper man, in love with Myra, is attorney for the insurance company. The story is intense with intrigue and romance. Read on from here.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

One could hear the crowd breathe. Even the judge turned and looked at the women. Millicent was still a "good witness." She had answered without hesitation. Her placid pose seemed to indicate that she knew what was coming, and known from the moment she went on the stand, perhaps even long before, and was prepared for the ordeal. Myra began dimly to guess at what Arthur Brownson meant when he said he could not permit a pure and innocent girl to make a friend of Millie Campion.

"With whom did you live in Chinatown?"

"With other girls."

The villainous looking men and women, the "bunch of yeggs," showed signs of great interest.

"Were you born in Chinatown, Mrs. Campion?"

"I don't know."

"What was your maiden name?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know your father's name?" name?"

"No."

"You don't know wour father's name?"

"No."

"Your mother's name?"

"No."

"Do you mean you were a foundling? A waif?"

"I suppose so. I don't know."

"Where were you brought up?"

"New York Juvenile Asylum, Randall's Island."

"What name did you have there?"

"Yater, Millie Yater."

"How did you come by that name?"

"I got it from a girl I lived with."

"Mrs. Campion, the question I asked you was, where you were brought up, reared, not when you were committed to an institution. I ask you again, where did you pass your earliest infancy, what is your earliest recollection?"

"We object, your honor. What is the sense of all this digging into the witness' babyhood. She has admitted that she was a foundling. That is her misfortune, not her disgrace. Some very worthy citizens of this republic have come from foundling and orphan asylums."

The court told Arthur to confine himself to matters that bore on the suit, but allowed him to proceed practically as he was going.

"The first thing I recall is Mulberry street. The woman was named Agnew. They did not call me Agnew, she called me Millie."

"What there a Mr. Agnew?"

"I don't know."

"No man in the house?"

"Charley Foo."

"A Chinaman?"

"Yes."

Myra was revolted. She could command her eyes now. She gazed at Arthur Brownson with scorn. Why was he baring the sordid, drab facts of a poor little derelict's awful bringing-up by some dissoluate woman among Chinamen in Mulberry street?. Their eyes met. Arthur's were the first to fall. He went on as though he had not seen her:

"Have a happy life with the Agnew woman and Charley Foo?"

"No. They beat me all the time."

"How long did that last?"

"Until I went to live with Mrs. Sing Fat."

"Chinese woman?"

"No. American."

"How did you come to go there?"

"She told me she wanted a daughter, so she bought me from Charley Foo."

"Bought you?"

"She told me she gave Charley Foe $20 for me."

"Did she treat you well?"

"When she was sober."

"How long did that last?"

"Till I was 9 or 10."

"Then what happened?"

"Mrs. Sing Fat died and a girl named Yater took me."

"She gave you the name of Yater?"

"Yes."

"And then?"

"The police arrested her and the Gerry——" pause—— "the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children got me and sent me to Randall's Island."

Myra wondered why Millicent revealed all this fearful infancy without hesitation, but a glance at the evil men and women on the other side of the room showed that Arthur and his colleagues were aware of all this history and that Millicent knew that they knew. The witness was still placid, unassuming, apparently the least interested person in the room. Her brain must have been on the alertest sentry duty against traps and pitfalls, but no sign of the strain showed on her face.

"How long were you in the asylum?"

"One year—about."

"What were the circumstances of your leaving?"

"I ran away."

"From Randall's Island? How did you get across the river?"

"I hid on the boat back to the city,"

"Why did you run away?"

"The life was too hard."

The crowd laughed. Why? They contrasted the orderliness, the regular meals, the quiet dormitories, the certainties of the asylum with the fierce ordeals of Doyers street. They overlooked its liberty and adventures.

"Where did you go then?"

"Back to Mulberry street. Allie Halligan hid me."

"Who was that lady?"

"Lew Halligan's wife; her father was a Chink—I mean a Chinaman."

"Did Mrs. Halligan support you?"

"She liked me. I worked in The Northern Light, Haligan's cafe, selling things, cigarettes, and did housework for Mrs. Halligan, but had to hide from the Gerry agents."

"The Northern Light, was that the notorious dance hall?"

"They had dancing."

"Who were the patrons?"

"People in Chinatown."

"How long did you lead that life?"

"Till I was 14."

"Beyond the school age, till you were safe from the Gerry Society. Then what?"

"I did fancy dances in Halligan's till I couldn't stand him any longer. He was always striking me."

"Men seemed to have been hard on you."

"I met only one kind of decent man in all my life till I meet my husband."

"How long were you with Mrs. Halligan?"

"Till I was 15 or 16."

"Then what?"

"Halligan went out of business."

"Closed by the police?"

"Yes."

"You and all the others arrested?"

"Yes."

"What happened to you?"

"They sent me to another asylum."

"What asylum?"

"The Magdalen Home."

Again one could hear the breathing of the crowd—a sad sigh. Myra was overcome with sorrow. She had the curious sensation for a moment that there were but three persons in that face-filled room, the woman with the copper hair on the witness stand, Arthur Brownson and herself, and that he was laying bare Millicent's life for her alone to see.

"So at fifteen you were a Magdalen?"

Fierce protests from all Myra's counsel. What had all this to do with a suit to make the Foresight Insurance Company pay its just debt to Benjamin Campion's daughter, that noble member of the Red Cross?

"How long were you in the Magdalen Home?"

"Three months."

"Run away?"

"I ran away."

"What did you do then?"

"I posed for an artist—Mr. Mantell."

"Mr. Mantell was a distinguished artist. How did you get such a position?"

"He saw me in Chinatown and said I had a figure he needed. He is the man I meant was kind to me."

"You lived in his studio?"

"Yes."

"Did Mr. Mantell leave you some money when he died?"

"Yes. He left me $5,000. I was married then. He said he would not forget me and he did not."

"You seem to have made a step up in the world then. Why did you leave him?"

"I was arrested."

"Where?"

"In Doyers street."

"You went back to Chinatown?"

"I was visiting some girl friends. We were all arrested."

"What was the charge?"

"Drunk and disorderly."

The crowd gasped, Myra shut her eyes.

"Innocent—of—course."

"Guilty—of course."

The last two words came out with defiance. That was the first time she had made a retort, the first time she was not a "good witness."

"How old were you then?"

"Nearly 22."

"So you admit that when Campion met you at 22 you were drunken and dissolute?"

"Your honor! Your honor!"

The crowd was aghast at the ferocity of Arthur's attack. He seemed determined to bring out to the uttermost degree the degradation, the utter vileness of Millicent's life. Myra felt again he was thinking only of her, letting her see the unworthiness of her friend. The girl, however, was not revolted. She had not served that six months' part on her training in a charity maternity hospital without having learned to read the secret soul of many such girl as Millicent who had passed their lives in city slums like outcast animals. Her heart was filled with a great pity, a great sympathy.

"Well, you met Campion. He supposed you pure and innocent?"

"He did not."

The long grilling had begun to fray her nerve. Now she burst out.

"He knew all about me. I couldn't fool any one into thinking that. I don't know what the words mean. I never was pure and innocent even when a child."

The blue summer eyes glinted now like steel, her lips shut tight. Her whole manner changed. She half leaned out of her chair as though inviting an attack.

The crowd thrilled again. Not in many a long day had there been such a sensation.

Myra suddenly lost her own mastery. She was swept away by Millicent's words, that wild cry from the depths. She sprang to her feet. Her voice rang out:

"Your honor I abandon the case. I give up the suit."

(To Be Continued.)

Men You May Marry

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

Has a man like this proposed to you?

Symptoms: Round head. Rather inclined to be light than dark. Speaks low. Likes to talk; likes to listen. He is a good business man, although he once was in some profession. You feel that he is elastic enough to snap and change. Therefore you never find him tiresome. He has lots of interests, is successful, yet he is very easy to get to do anything.

IN FACT

He is the kind that likes to be bossed.

℞ Prescription to his bride:

Be his date book; be his guide; be his social register.

Absorb This:

THOSE WHO ARE BIG ENOUGH TO BE BOSSED ARE BIG ENOUGH TO SUCCEED.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Daily Fashion Hints

BY AGNES AYRES.

Star in Paramount Pictures.

Glistening, glittering, glowing, gleaming, no Cinderella was ever more wonderfully frocked than the lady in the sketch. Cloth of gold is brilliant and wonderful, but not more brilliant and wonderful than this French dress, made entirely of iridescent blue green sequins.

Of course, with the present French vogue for sequins, with the fans and accessories made all of sequins, one might have expected it, but one didn't. It burst on my view in all its glory with startling unexpectedness.

It is severely plain as befits its material, high in the neck and sleeveless, after the present mode, and is unrelieved in color save for the small amethyst beads at neck, armholes and hem.

Repeating the note of amethyst, the very low three strand ribbon girdle is of grosgrain ribbon in the same shade, and is caught on the hip with a spray of pink and blue and amethyst flowers.

Of course, like most of our styles, it is made for the slim figure—the slim figure that will be as alluring and sinuous as Cleopatra under its straight, loose frock of shining scales. No plump little thing need try it.

With it one should wear a simple, dark cloak, seal lined with ermine, perhaps, and only the most conservative accessories, black satin slippers and black silk stockings, no brocade or lace, and as little jewelry as possible. Perhaps a matching bandeau or a dark Spanish comb.

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.]

TUESDAY.

"Here it is, mother! Here it is!" Helen raced into the dining room waving a Western Union Telegram which she had taken from the messenger boy at the front door.

Mrs. Hooper tore open the envelope hastily. She was glad to note the length of it. Henry had used the entire fifty words permitted him by the limits of a night letter. She tried to read it through to herself first but the children crowded around her chair clamoring.

"Hurry up and read it, mother!" "Is he all right! Is he really there?

The departure of their father on Saturday had made even more impression on Roger and Helen and Betty than the fact that they were to leave themselves in a few days. They had watched him with awe as he closed the front gate, and then strode away into the darkness carrying his two suit cases. It was Auntie Belle who called back cheery goodbys to them, but their father had not looked back after he had kissed them goodby on the front porch.

And now, after two days and three nights from a far distant city, he was speaking to them. Typewritten on a yellow sheet of paper signed "Dad" were the words:

"Arrived safely at Indianapolis. Fine trip through interesting country. Hotel last night. Look for boarding house today. Trunk not arrived. Probably gone astray. Can manage with suit case. Saw Mr. Allen. Like him immensely. Work same as home, auditing books, Allen Brothers, hardware. Indianapolis looks fine. Plenty vacant apartments. Letter today."

"Oh, I can hardly wait to start," exclaimed Helen, hopping on one foot back to her chair and her neglected breakfast.

"It sounds great doesn't it, mother?" inquired Roger ruefully, not quite sure that he was as anxious to get away as Helen openly declared she was. "We will see such a lot on the trip. We've never been out of the State before and this journey will take us half across the country. I've looked it all up on the map."

"I've promised to send the girls post cards from every station," exclaimed Helen excitedly. "I hope we can get picture ones every time the train stops.

"I should think you'd wait till you got there and write them each a letter," suggested her mother. "That nice box of paper and writing case that the girls gave you Saturday afternoon will have to be used to correspond with them, I'm sure. It is going to give you some very good practice in letter writing that you wouldn't have had for a long time if you hadn't moved away from Mayfield."

"That's one excitement we'll have, anyhow," said Roger, "getting letters from people. I never got one in my life that hadn't come from just relations, and all of the fellows have promised to write to me and tell me everything that happens to the gang here."

"But remember you'll have to answer them," Helen warned him. "That will be pretty awful, you know how you hate to write 'thank you' letters at Christmas time."

"Oh but this will be different," Roger assured her. Imagine all there will be to write about—the trip and the city and the new school—"

"Yes I know," added Helen, sagely, "but it will be writing a letter all the same. I think I'll write post cards."

"Well, only on the trail, Helen," her mother warned her. "I don't intend to let you get the "post card55 habit. It is not a courteous way to correspond with ones friends and is only justified when one is in great haste to send some brief and necesary information."

"But picture post cards mother," protested Helen. There different.

"Oh yes those seem to justify their existence, and really never mean that you are writing a friend something to take the place of a letter," answered her mother as they rose from the breakfast table.

The menu for the three meals on Wednesday are:

BREAKFAST
Stewed Prunes
Cereal
Hot Rice Cakes
Spanish Omelet
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Meat Cakes
Tomato Sauce
Creamed Potatoes
Cookies
Milk

DINNER
Vegetable Soup
Stuffed Green Peppers
Mashed Potatoes
Peas
Taptoca Pudding

BARBECUED HAM.

Use one-half pound of boiled ham cut very thin. Cook in chafing dish in its own fat. When a nice brown, draw to one side, and to the fat add one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of dry mustard and two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Mix sugar, mustard and lemon juice well together, and add to fat. When all is well mixed stir the ham into the barbecue, and simmer a moment and serve. This is nice with fried eggs.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.

One quart of cranberries; one pint of sugar; one and one-half cups of water.

Carefully pick and wash berries, put into saucepan, add water and cook until tender. Then add the sugar. When thoroughly dissolved it is ready for use, and may be served hot or cold. It may be strained and moulded if desired.

TOMATO BOUILLON WITH OYSTERS.

One quart of tomatoes, one tablespoonful of minced onion, four cloves, one tablespoonful of butter, one pint of water, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, six peppercorns, one tablespoonful minced ham, and salt to taste.

Cook all together for ten minutes, strain through sieve, cool and clear with whites and shells of two eggs, same as any soup stock. Add one pint oysters that have been parboiled in their own liquor, and drained on a sieve for a few moments.

EGGS A LA BUCKINGHAM.

Prepare six pieces of toast dipped in thick cream for an instant. Arrange on a platter and cover with scrambled eggs, having the eggs quite soft. Sprinkle over all one cup of grated cream cheese. Place in oven to melt the cheese, and finish cooking the eggs.

Poly Takes a Trip in the Air — By Arch Dale.