

# THE REALM WHERE WOMAN REIGNS

## Woman's Day Now Dawning On Big World

Weaker Sex at Last Reaches Rightful Place in Human Endeavor.

By JULIA C. HENDERSON.  
That this is woman's day no one can deny. She is entering almost every line of human endeavor and is making good. She is coming into responsibility at a time when her services are most needed and she is right ready to give loyal, consecrated service. Lucia Ames Mead, nationally known suffragist, says: "The responsibility of the ball has come to woman. She is the kind of contribution which they can make to the world is most needed. Women are not so gifted as men in ability to build bridges, ships and skyscrapers and to run railroads, but they are capable of evening up our unbalanced life. The last century was dominated by inventors and the study of mechanics and the enormous development of speed, wealth and force. Men were so intoxicated with their achievements that life came to have a false proportion."

Mrs. Ames has sized up the situation well. To women have been given the opportunity of supplying what has been lacking in human relationships; the things that men have overlooked in their ambition to bring to the world all the material things that the human mind can supply. This is the woman's day. It is the viewpoint of women should be utilized and expressed in every day endeavor. It has been truly said: "As unto the bow the cord is drawn, so unto the woman the world is drawn."

It seems almost past belief that in this day and age of progress woman should still have to argue for her place in doing the world's work. Her contributions have been to the world in many ways. She has a place outside the home and an interest in world affairs. It would seem that all this might have been settled by the granting of the ballot, but there are few men yet left with their fighting clothes on, ready to upset any plans that women may have made, or are considering for the furtherance of their cause. One politician said: "The men have been on the inside looking out, but I predict that it will not be long until women will occupy that position with the men on the outside looking in."

## URGES BETTER ENFORCEMENT OF DRY LAW

Mrs. Felix T. McWhirter Deplores Laxity Before Council of Women.

"If the people who are making a racket here and cry over the lack of personal freedom in the United States, and who are so loud in their praises of France's glory do not care to abide by the laws of this country, they should be sent out of it," Mrs. Felix T. McWhirter, at the meeting of the Council of Women yesterday in the Board of Trade building, following the discussion of the dry law.

"We have laws and the Volstead law is just as much a law as those we have had for a century, and open defiance and brazen breaking of the law should be stopped," Mrs. McWhirter continued. She urged the women of the council to take up their cudgels against the local situation in regard to "flagrant uncontrolled violation" of the dry law.

Mrs. McWhirter also extended to the women an invitation to join the Chamber of Commerce, saying that the men were anxious for the women to be interested in denunciations and betterment of Indianapolis to affiliate with the organization.

**COMMITTEE ON CITY REFORM.**  
Following Mrs. McWhirter's talk the meeting was turned over to the city committee of which Mrs. Thomas H. Craig, mother of the bride, Miss Mary Craig and Mrs. James Thomas, mother of the bridegroom, all of Sullivan.

Mrs. Frank Driver was hostess for a meeting of the Wednesday Afternoon Club at her home, 27 Sheffield avenue, this afternoon. Mrs. Joe Zaklin spoke on "Indianapolis in Her Young Days. When Her Legislature First Met." Mrs. Zaklin's house guest, Mrs. Charles Hanson of Des Moines, Iowa, was a guest of honor.

Mrs. John Lloyd Elliott entertained the members of the board of directors of the Harmony Club with luncheon today at her home, 2226 North Illinois street.

Mrs. Henry Blatt, 2302 West Michigan street, has gone to Cincinnati, Ohio, to spend a few days.

A colonial party and dinner will be given this evening at the home of Mrs. Frank Kelle, 3915 North Delaware street, by the Indianapolis Alliance of Delta Delta Delta. The dinner was to follow the party.

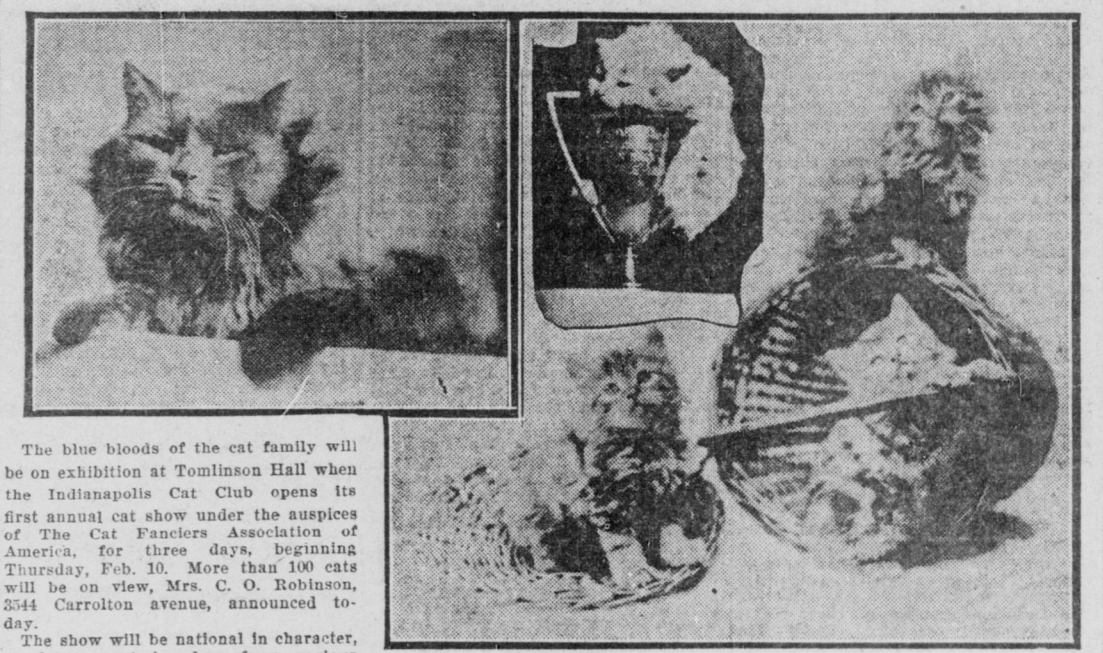
Mrs. Walter Giesel of the photography committee, Mrs. Wolf Sussman of the market committee, Mrs. H. E. Von Grunwaldstein of the park board committee and Mrs. Alta Delaney with a list of the mayor's duties, read their reports.

Preceding the luncheon, Mrs. H. E. Von Grunwaldstein, president of the association, will preside. C. A. McCotter, treasurer, will present the financial report.

## Child Aid Body to Meet Feb. 13

The annual meeting of the Children's Aid Association is to be held at the Lincoln Hotel at 12:15, Feb. 13, when the secretary will make full report of the activities of the organization for the year 1921. It is expected that Dr. C. C. Carstens of New York City, director of the Child Welfare League of America, will be present and make an address.

## Blue Bloods of Feline World to Be Seen at Annual Show in Tomlinson Hall



Left—Blue Boy, registered Blue Persian and owned by Mrs. W. H. Galbraith of 1007 Locust street, will be one of the local exhibits at the coming Indianapolis Cat Show.

Right—Here is a contented family from Erie the Red and Lady Gray. Erie is the prized possession of Mrs. C. O. Robinson of 3344 Carrollton avenue.

The show will be national in character, as famous cat breeders from various States will exhibit their prize cats. Thirty-six cups will be offered, including the Cattery Trophy, the Empire Cat Club of New York, the Kalamazoo (Mich.) Cat Club, the Ohio State Club of Columbus, Ohio, the Cleveland Persian Society, the Lafayette Cat Club, the Indianapolis Cat Club.

Also there will be several personal cups offered. Ninety special prizes, covering all classes, short and long hair, will be offered.

Indianapolis will be well represented at the show, as Mrs. A. H. Morgan, 355 Collette avenue, will exhibit Hoosier King and Hoosier Thundercloud. Mrs. Gertrude Kraft will exhibit two smoke kittens—ancestors of Cloud Ardent of Kalamazoo, Mich. Mrs. Frank Miller of Marion, Ind., will attend the show with a number of cats. She will exhibit the famous King of the Cats, winner at the famous King of the Cats show, Mrs. C. E. Carpenter of Bloomington will exhibit a number of cats from imported Sir Ziti, son of Turk Ambassador and his kittens.

Mrs. W. D. Palmer of Denver, Colo., is sending Carmen Aristocrat, a red tabby male, as her chief entry. Carmen Aristocrat was judged the "best cat" at the Denver, Kansas City, Vancouver and Boston shows this winter. Mrs. Palmer is bringing five Blues, which took nine prizes at Cleveland this year. Among her famous entries will be Barbe Blue.

Mrs. Corey Wing of Perry, Mich., is bringing five Blues, which took nine prizes at Cleveland this year. Among her famous entries will be Barbe Blue.

Mrs. W. E. Miller is president of the Indianapolis Cat Club. Mrs. Blanche Watson of Aurora, Ill., the best known cat breeder of the Middle West, has been selected as the official judge at the show.

Mrs. Thor Ramsing of Grand Rapids, Mich., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Knudsen, 510 East Eleventh street.

Dr. and Mrs. Louise Burkhardt will leave Saturday for a three-months' visit in Florida.

Mrs. Edith Coons of Crawfordville is the guest of Mrs. James Bingham.

Mrs. George M. Weaver entertained with eight tables of bridge this afternoon at her home, 570 East Fall street. Her guests were Mrs. H. E. Von Grunwaldstein, Mrs. Walter G. Ryan, of Toronto, Canada, formerly of Indianapolis, who will be here a week. Among the guests were Mrs. Ida M. VanHorn, Mrs. Robert Harro and Mrs. George Bell, all of Lafayette.

The marriage of Miss Martha Craig, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Craig of Sullivan, to Albert Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Thomas of Sullivan, was solemnized at 7:30 o'clock last evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Harold, 3711 North Illinois street.

Rev. John H. Doddridge performed the ceremony before an altar of ferns and American Beauty roses. Miss Hilda Miller played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" for a procession. The bride wore a beautiful frock of white tulle and carried a shower of bride's roses. Miss Libby Turner, the bride's attendant, wore midnight blue crepe and carried an arm bouquet of pink roses. Cleveland, Ohio, mother of the bride, Miss Mary Craig and Mrs. James Thomas, mother of the bridegroom, all of Sullivan.

Mrs. Frank Driver was hostess for a meeting of the Wednesday Afternoon Club at her home, 27 Sheffield avenue, this afternoon. Mrs. Joe Zaklin spoke on "Indianapolis in Her Young Days. When Her Legislature First Met." Mrs. Zaklin's house guest, Mrs. Charles Hanson of Des Moines, Iowa, was a guest of honor.

Mrs. John Lloyd Elliott entertained the members of the board of directors of the Harmony Club with luncheon today at her home, 2226 North Illinois street.

Mrs. Henry Blatt, 2302 West Michigan street, has gone to Cincinnati, Ohio, to spend a few days.

A colonial party and dinner will be given this evening at the home of Mrs. Frank Kelle, 3915 North Delaware street, by the Indianapolis Alliance of Delta Delta Delta. The dinner was to follow the party.

Mrs. Walter Giesel of the photography committee, Mrs. Wolf Sussman of the market committee, Mrs. H. E. Von Grunwaldstein of the park board committee and Mrs. Alta Delaney with a list of the mayor's duties, read their reports.

Preceding the luncheon, Mrs. H. E. Von Grunwaldstein, president of the association, will preside. C. A. McCotter, treasurer, will present the financial report.

## Child Aid Body to Meet Feb. 13

The annual meeting of the Children's Aid Association is to be held at the Lincoln Hotel at 12:15, Feb. 13, when the secretary will make full report of the activities of the organization for the year 1921. It is expected that Dr. C. C. Carstens of New York City, director of the Child Welfare League of America, will be present and make an address.

## MYRA'S FINGERS

By A. R. FARLEIGH

This story opened with Myra Campbell, her mother and Arthur Brownson, a young lawyer, newspaper man and an admirer of Myra, all sitting in a spiritualistic "circle" in Chicago. During the seance, Myra's mother, who had strong clairvoyant tendencies, was enabled to vision her one-time husband, Ben Campbell, Myra's father, who, following a divorce, had married a younger woman named Millicent. He was later found burned to death in his workshop on Long Island.

Announcement that Ben Campbell's life was insured for a large sum, Myra being beneficiary to the amount of \$10,000, insurance companies charged that Ben Campbell, Millicent, his young wife and Dr. Arthur Brownson, a stepbrother, had perpetrated a \$210,000 swindle by substituting a cadaver for the body they were now claiming was that of Ben Campbell.

Following a trial in New York, Myra won her case against the insurance company, which carried the policy in her favor. Some interesting features came out of the trial. On the witness stand Millicent tells the story of her early life in the New York slums and of her marriage with Campbell and their happy wedded life.

Harrassed by Dr. Arthur Campbell, Millicent, after her husband's death, drifts back into her old ways and eventually dies a violent death. Over her dead body, Myra's mother talks with her departed spirit, with the result that all mysteries are revealed and Arthur Campbell, the stepbrother, is shown to be a villain of the blackest type. At this scene in Millicent's death room, Arthur Brownson and Myra are mystified at the psychological manifestations of the seance.

Myra felt her fingers clasped closer in Arthur's hand. He put his lips close to her ear.

"We must learn something," Mrs. Farham was not disturbed by the new figures which came into her procession of tableaux.

"I see Benjamin laughing at Abner—Abner is afraid—Benjamin invites him into the shanty—now they go in."

"I see the room again—Benjamin is asking a question—I see Abner point back into the woods—I see Benjamin start to go out—Abner calls him back—they whisper together—Abner looks around the room—Abner asks questions—he takes up one of the little statues—Benjamin explains it—Abner has soiled his hands—he wipes them in the clothes from the statues—Benjamin puts the tiles and the statues in the oven—he closes it up—he points out of the door again—I see Abner shake his head."

"I see Abner take a bottle out of his pocket—a flat bottle—it is a flask—Benjamin slaps Abner on the back and laughs—he gets a glass and drinks."

"I see them talking together again—now Abner pours out another drink for Benjamin—I see Benjamin take it—his head falls on his arms on the table—I see Benjamin struggle to his feet—he glares at Abner—now I see him sink into the chair—now he falls on his arms again—he seems to be asleep."

The vision-beholding woman had hardly moved up to this time except to see her hands closed tightly on Millicent's cold fingers as she was sent back to the shack. Now, however, sudden little tremors passed over her body. She shook slightly from head to foot. There were signs of a revelation about her as though she anticipated her next picture and dread the sight. Her voice had quick fluttering, her fingers opened and closed on the dead hands.

"I see Abner take a bottle out of his pocket—a flat bottle—it is a flask—Benjamin slaps Abner on the back and laughs—he gets a glass and drinks."

"I see them talking together again—now Abner pours out another drink for Benjamin—I see Benjamin take it—his head falls on his arms on the table—I see Benjamin struggle to his feet—he glares at Abner—now I see him sink into the chair—now he falls on his arms again—he seems to be asleep."

The vision-beholding woman had hardly moved up to this time except to see her hands closed tightly on Millicent's cold fingers as she was sent back to the shack. Now, however, sudden little tremors passed over her body. She shook slightly from head to foot. There were signs of a revelation about her as though she anticipated her next picture and dread the sight. Her voice had quick fluttering, her fingers opened and closed on the dead hands.

"I see Abner take a bottle out of his pocket—a flat bottle—it is a flask—Benjamin slaps Abner on the back and laughs—he gets a glass and drinks."

"I see them talking together again—now Abner pours out another drink for Benjamin—I see Benjamin take it—his head falls on his arms on the table—I see Benjamin struggle to his feet—he glares at Abner—now I see him sink into the chair—now he falls on his arms again—he seems to be asleep."

The vision-beholding woman had hardly moved up to this time except to see her hands closed tightly on Millicent's cold fingers as she was sent back to the shack. Now, however, sudden little tremors passed over her body. She shook slightly from head to foot. There were signs of a revelation about her as though she anticipated her next picture and dread the sight. Her voice had quick fluttering, her fingers opened and closed on the dead hands.

"I see Abner take a bottle out of his pocket—a flat bottle—it is a flask—Benjamin slaps Abner on the back and laughs—he gets a glass and drinks."

"I see them talking together again—now Abner pours out another drink for Benjamin—I see Benjamin take it—his head falls on his arms on the table—I see Benjamin struggle to his feet—he glares at Abner—now I see him sink into the chair—now he falls on his arms again—he seems to be asleep."

The vision-beholding woman had hardly moved up to this time except to see her hands closed tightly on Millicent's cold fingers as she was sent back to the shack. Now, however, sudden little tremors passed over her body. She shook slightly from head to foot. There were signs of a revelation about her as though she anticipated her next picture and dread the sight. Her voice had quick fluttering, her fingers opened and closed on the dead hands.

"I see Abner take a bottle out of his pocket—a flat bottle—it is a flask—Benjamin slaps Abner on the back and laughs—he gets a glass and drinks."

"I see them talking together again—now Abner pours out another drink for Benjamin—I see Benjamin take it—his head falls on his arms on the table—I see Benjamin struggle to his feet—he glares at Abner—now I see him sink into the chair—now he falls on his arms again—he seems to be asleep."

The vision-beholding woman had hardly moved up to this time except to see her hands closed tightly on Millicent's cold fingers as she was sent back to the shack. Now, however, sudden little tremors passed over her body. She shook slightly from head to foot. There were signs of a revelation about her as though she anticipated her next picture and dread the sight. Her voice had quick fluttering, her fingers opened and closed on the dead hands.

"I see Abner take a bottle out of his pocket—a flat bottle—it is a flask—Benjamin slaps Abner on the back and laughs—he gets a glass and drinks."

"I see them talking together again—now Abner pours out another drink for Benjamin—I see Benjamin take it—his head falls on his arms on the table—I see Benjamin struggle to his feet—he glares at Abner—now I see him sink into the chair—now he falls on his arms again—he seems to be asleep."

The vision-beholding woman had hardly moved up to this time except to see her hands closed tightly on Millicent's cold fingers as she was sent back to the shack. Now, however, sudden little tremors passed over her body. She shook slightly from head to foot. There were signs of a revelation about her as though she anticipated her next picture and dread the sight. Her voice had quick fluttering, her fingers opened and closed on the dead hands.

"I see Abner take a bottle out of his pocket—a flat bottle—it is a flask—Benjamin slaps Abner on the back and laughs—he gets a glass and drinks."

"I see them talking together again—now Abner pours out another drink for Benjamin—I see Benjamin take it—his head falls on his arms on the table—I see Benjamin struggle to his feet—he glares at Abner—now I see him sink into the chair—now he falls on his arms again—he seems to be asleep."

The vision-beholding woman had hardly moved up to this time except to see her hands closed tightly on Millicent's cold fingers as she was sent back to the shack. Now, however, sudden little tremors passed over her body. She shook slightly from head to foot. There were signs of a revelation about her as though she anticipated her next picture and dread the sight. Her voice had quick fluttering, her fingers opened and closed on the dead hands.

"I see Abner take a bottle out of his pocket—a flat bottle—it is a flask—Benjamin slaps Abner on the back and laughs—he gets a glass and drinks."

"I see them talking together again—now Abner pours out another drink for Benjamin—I see Benjamin take it—his head falls on his arms on the table—I see Benjamin struggle to his feet—he glares at Abner—now I see him sink into the chair—now he falls on his arms again—he seems to be asleep."

The vision-beholding woman had hardly moved up to this time except to see her hands closed tightly on Millicent's cold fingers as she was sent back to the shack. Now, however, sudden little tremors passed over her body. She shook slightly from head to foot. There were signs of a revelation about her as though she anticipated her next picture and dread the sight. Her voice had quick fluttering, her fingers opened and closed on the dead hands.

"I see Abner take a bottle out of his pocket—a flat bottle—it is a flask—Benjamin slaps Abner on the back and laughs—he gets a glass and drinks."

"I see them talking together again—now Abner pours out another drink for Benjamin—I see Benjamin take it—his head falls on his arms on the table—I see Benjamin struggle to his feet—he glares at Abner—now I see him sink into the chair—now he falls on his arms again—he seems to be asleep."

The vision-beholding woman had hardly moved up to this time except to see her hands closed tightly on Millicent's cold fingers as she was sent back to the shack. Now, however, sudden little tremors passed over her body. She shook slightly from head to foot. There were signs of a revelation about her as though she anticipated her next picture and dread the sight. Her voice had quick fluttering, her fingers opened and closed on the dead hands.

"I see Abner take a bottle out of his pocket—a flat bottle—it is a flask—Benjamin slaps Abner on the back and laughs—he gets a glass and drinks."

"I see them talking together again—now Abner pours out another drink for Benjamin—I see Benjamin take it—his head falls on his arms on the table—I see Benjamin struggle to his feet—he glares at Abner—now I see him sink into the chair—now he falls on his arms again—he seems to be asleep."

## Daily Fashion Hints

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.]

WEDNESDAY.

Mrs. Hooper was up long before any one in the sleeping car was stirring. She wanted to dress more carefully than it was ever possible when the dressing room was filled with women and children struggling with their hair and their feet in the swaying train while they adjusted their clothes. But early as she was there was one other woman there before her.

"Good morning, ma'am," said the stranger.

"Good morning," answered Mrs. Hooper cheerfully. "Are you getting off early this morning?"

"Yes, I expect to get into the station at Indianapolis by 8 o'clock," replied the woman.

"Oh, do you live in Indianapolis?" inquired Mrs. Hooper, anxious to get some first-hand information about the place in which she expected to live.

"Oh, yes, I've lived there for years," answered the woman without much enthusiasm. "I have rolled her hair in a loose knot and fastened it at the back of her neck with wire hairpins that she took from the pocket of a little traveling apron that she wore."

"What a handy apron that is," remarked Mrs. Hooper. "In the place to which she was going in her more usual curiosity about any new or convenient household equipment that she had never seen before."

"Oh, yes, I think it is rather nice," agreed the woman as she took off the apron to show it to her, and it is so simple," made this one myself."

"Yes, I see how easily it can be put together," said Mrs. Hooper as she took it up and examined it. "It is just a straight, square piece of material with pockets sewed on it in which to put your brush and comb, soap dish and all the other things you have to take to the dressing room with you when you travel."

"Yes," assented the woman, "and then you tie it around your waist just like any other apron when it is in use and then the strings fasten it when you roll it up to put it away."

At that moment Helen appeared at the dressing room door, having followed her mother when she waked up and found she had left the berth. Over her arm she carried the little basket which Mrs. Hooper had fitted up for her at home months before to carry her toilet articles from her bedroom to the bathroom. She had always such a habit of dropping them when she went along the hall as she went that Mrs. Hooper had one day devised the pretty little wicker basket with a handle which was always kept packed with everything she was using for her bath.

"Well, I think that's a much nicer contrivance than my apron to carry your brushes and soap around," said Mrs. Hooper. "But I think your idea is a better one for traveling."

"I don't see what you'd need one at home for at all," exclaimed the woman; "you usually keep things in the bathroom with you. I don't want to go to the trouble of carrying them around."

"It's very nice for home," agreed Mrs. Hooper. "But I think your idea is a better one for traveling."

"I don't see what you'd need one at home for at all," exclaimed the woman; "you usually keep things in the bathroom with you. I don't want to go to the trouble of carrying them around."

"It's very nice for home," agreed Mrs. Hooper. "But I think your idea is a better one for traveling."

"I don't see what you'd need one at home for at all," exclaimed the woman; "you usually keep things in the bathroom with you. I don't want to go to the trouble of carrying them around."

"It's very nice for home," agreed Mrs. Hooper. "But I think your idea is a better one for traveling."

"I don't see what you'd need one at home for at all," exclaimed the woman; "you usually keep things in the bathroom with you. I don't want to go to the trouble of carrying them around."

"It's very nice for home," agreed Mrs. Hooper. "But I think your idea is a better one for traveling."

"I don't see what you'd need one at home for at all," exclaimed the woman; "you usually keep things in the bathroom with you. I don't want to go to the trouble of carrying them around."

"It's very nice for home," agreed Mrs. Hooper. "But I think your idea is a better one for traveling."

"I don't see what you'd need one at home for at all," exclaimed the woman; "you usually keep things in the bathroom with you. I don't want to go to the trouble of carrying them around."

"It's very nice for home," agreed Mrs. Hooper. "But I think your idea is a better one for traveling."

"I don't see what you'd need one at home for at all," exclaimed the woman; "you usually keep things in the bathroom with you. I don't want to go to the trouble of carrying them around."

"It's very nice for home," agreed Mrs. Hooper. "But I think your idea is a better one for traveling."

"I don't see what you'd need one at home for at all," exclaimed the woman; "you usually keep things in the bathroom with you. I don't want to go to the trouble of carrying them around."

"It's very nice for home," agreed Mrs. Hooper. "But I think your idea is a better one for traveling."

"I don't see what you'd need one at home for at all," exclaimed the woman; "you usually keep things in the bathroom with you. I don't want to go to the trouble of carrying them around."

"It's very nice for home," agreed Mrs. Hooper. "But I think your idea is a better one for traveling."

"I don't see what you'd need one at home for at all," exclaimed the woman; "you usually keep things in the bathroom with you. I don't want to go to the trouble of carrying them around."

"It's very nice for home," agreed Mrs. Hooper. "But I think your idea is a better one for traveling."

"I don't see what you'd need one at home for at all," exclaimed the woman; "you usually keep things in the bathroom with you. I don't want to go to the trouble of carrying them around."

"It's very nice for home," agreed Mrs. Hooper. "But I think your idea is a better one for traveling."

"I don't see what you'd need one at home for at all," exclaimed the woman; "you usually keep things in the bathroom with you. I don't want to go to the trouble of carrying them around."

"It's very nice for home," agreed Mrs. Hooper. "But I think your idea is a better one for traveling."

"I don't see what you'd need one at home for at all," exclaimed the woman; "you usually keep things in the bathroom with you. I don't want to go to the trouble of carrying them around."

"It's very nice for home," agreed Mrs. Hooper. "But I think your idea is a better one for traveling."

"I don't see what you'd need one at home for at all," exclaimed the woman; "you usually keep things in the bathroom with you. I don't want to go to the trouble of carrying them around."

## 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.]

WEDNESDAY.

Mrs. Hooper was up long before any one in the sleeping car was stirring. She wanted to dress more carefully than it was ever possible when the dressing room was filled with women and children struggling with their hair and their feet in the swaying train while they adjusted their clothes. But early as she was there was one other woman there before her.

"Good morning, ma'am," said the stranger.

"Good morning," answered Mrs. Hooper cheerfully. "Are you getting off early this morning?"

"Yes, I expect to get into the station at Indianapolis by 8 o'clock," replied the woman.

"Oh, do you live in Indianapolis?" inquired Mrs. Hooper, anxious to get some first-hand information about the place in which she expected to live.

"Oh, yes, I've lived there for years," answered the woman without much enthusiasm. "I have rolled her hair in a loose knot and fastened it at the back of her neck with wire hairpins that she took from the pocket of a little traveling apron that she wore."

"What a handy apron that is," remarked Mrs. Hooper. "In the place to which she was going in her more usual curiosity about any new or convenient household equipment that she had never seen before."

"Oh, yes, I think it is rather nice," agreed the woman as she took off the apron to show it to her, and it is so simple," made this one myself."

"Yes, I see how easily it can be put together," said Mrs. Hooper as she took it up and examined it. "It is just a straight, square piece of material with pockets sewed on it in which to put your brush and comb, soap dish and all the other things you have to take to the dressing room with you when you travel."

"Yes," assented the woman, "and then you tie it around your waist just like any other apron when it is in use and then the strings fasten it when you roll it up to put it away."

At that moment Helen appeared at the dressing room door, having followed her mother when she waked up and found she had left the berth. Over her arm she carried the little basket which Mrs. Hooper had fitted up for her at home months before to carry her toilet articles from her bedroom to the bathroom. She had always such a habit of dropping them when she went along the hall as she went that Mrs. Hooper had one day devised the pretty little wicker basket with a handle which was always kept packed with everything she was using for her bath.

"Well, I think that's a much nicer contrivance than my apron to carry your brushes and soap around," said Mrs. Hooper. "But I think your idea is a better one for traveling."