Society

CONFERENCE ALUMNI TO DANCE.

The Travertine and Lincoln rooms of the Hotel Lincoln will be gay with the colors of the middle western universities Friday evening when the local alumni of the various schools will be entertained at a conference hop and card party. There will be fifty tables for bridge and 500 in the Lincoln room. The Travertine room will be reserved for dancing.

Among the members of the alumni committee who assisted in arrangements for the evening are Mrs. W. T. MacDonald, representing the University of Illinois, and Miss Arline G. Webster, who is an alumnus of Purdue.

* * *

Mrs. Ralph Waldo, Miss Mary Ward, Mrs. H. O. Warren, Mrs. J. J. Williams and Mrs. S. W. Keene will be the hostess for the meeting of the Magazine Club Saturday afternoon at the Y. W. C. A.

* * *

A most impressive and delightful entertainment was held Thursday afternoon at the school at Thirtieth and Fall Creek boulevard in memory of Ulysses S. Grant. The program consisted of songs and recitations by the children, after which the judges decided which class should be entitled to a silk flag awarded to the class showing most effort in preparing their program.

The Catherine Merrill Tent 9, Alliance of the Daughters of Veterans, led by Mrs. Cora Virginia Platt, appeared at the opportune time with flags for each class. In presenting the flags she asked the children to "always love, honor and adore the flag our fathers saved in the loving memory of our home, which holds everything that is dear to the American heart." The program ended with the singing of "America" and the salutation to the flag.

* * *

Mrs. Robert M. Moore, 3727 Carrollton avenue, entertained Friday afternoon with a bridge party in honor of her sister, Mrs. Ernest Force of Gary. The home was beautifully decorated with sweetpeas and lilacs. The guests included Mrs. A. D. Teal of Denver, Mrs. A. A. Hennigar of Muncie, Mrs. Paul Hurt, Mrs. J. C. Link, Mrs. P. E. McGowan, Mrs. C. T. McIntyre, Mrs. Leslie H. Maxwell, Mrs. William Herschell, Mrs. C. H. McCaskey, Mrs. Louis Seegar, Mrs. William Gates and Mrs. E. B. Rinker.

* * *

Miss Florence Beckett, 3111 North Meridian street, is chairman for the card party to be given Tuesday afternoon under the auspices of the Little Theater Society. This card party is being given for the benefit of the clubhouse fund. Assisting Miss Beckett are Mrs. Robert Winslow, Mrs. W. O. Bates, Mrs. Edna Severin, Mrs. George Phillips Meier, Mrs. Bernard Batty, Miss Eldena Lauter, Mrs. Clarence Strickland, Mrs. Henry Campbell, Mrs. Russell Sullivan, Mrs. Herbert Foltz, Mrs. Isaac Born, Mrs. W. C. Forsythe, Miss Mary Reynolds, Mrs. A. I. Dugan, Mrs. Marshall Levy, Mrs. Joe Rand Beckett, Miss Sara Elizabeth Gasaway and Mrs. R. Felix Geddes.

* * *

The Delta Zeta Sorority will entertain Saturday afternoon and evening with a State luncheon and dance at the Hotel Lincoln. Miss Gladys Hartman, president of the Alpha alumni of Delta Zeta, will preside at the luncheon.

* * *

Mrs. Eugene C. Miller has been announced as chairman for the women's sports and pastimes committee of the Country Club. Assisting her are Mrs. Frederick M. Ayres, Mrs. F. O. Dorsey, Mrs. Theodore Stein, Jr., Mrs. Carl C. Gibbs and Mrs. Gordon B. Turner. On Thursday afternoon May 11 the opening golf luncheon for the ladies will be held at the clubhouse. Special tables for parties may be secured. Mrs. R. W. Hughes, chairman for the entertainment committee, will announce dances, tea and bridge parties latter.

* * *

A round table discussion led by Mrs. E. G. Holmes was a feature of the afternoon program of the Thursday Lyceum Club which met for luncheon at the home of Mrs. R. D. Weaver, 2327 Broadway. The table decorations were of spring flowers. Mrs. H. R. Stauffer of Nappanee, Ind., visiting Mrs. D. M. Baker, was a special guest.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard R. Batty of Haversticks Park and Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Kibler, 4159 Carrolton avenue, have returned from a visit to West Baden.

* * *

Mrs. H. B. Pearce, 3015 Broadway, was the hostess Thursday for a luncheon, at which members of the Hoosier Tourist Club were entertained with Southern dialect selections by Mrs. Joseph Andrews. Attractive decorations of spring flowers were used on the table. The regular program of the club was given by Mrs. Alexander Dickey and Mrs. J. P. Aspinall.

* * *

Members of the Priscilla Club were entertained Thursday at a luncheon at the home of Mrs. Edward Gerrard, 3146 Washington boulevard. Pink sweet peas formed a centerpiece for the luncheon table, at which covers were laid for fifteen. Guests were limited to members of the club. Mrs. Gerrard was assisted by Mrs. Henry C. Kinley

* * *

The business and professional women of the Woman's Department Club will give a card party and dance Monday evening at the clubhouse, 1702 North Meridian street. This party is being given for the benefit of the talking machine fund of the club. The committee in charge is composed of Miss Sue Stuart, Miss Carrie Merrill, Miss Maude Canfield, Miss Mabel Twyner Miss Eva Storch, Miss Beulah Storch, Miss Francis Kelley, Miss **Betty Beals** and Miss Alica Anderson.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edwin Holloway, 1414 Park avenue, will entertain Friday evening with a dinner party in honor of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Gordon Holloway, whose marriage to Francis Henry Nesbitt will take place Saturday.

DID YOU KNOW—

You should not leave part of the food which you have lifted to your mouth on the fork or spoon and return it to your mouth a second time.

You should not let a spoon remain in a cup or container while not in use. It should be removed to the saucer or plate under the cup or container.

You should remove all butter from the butter knife after using it before putting it on your plate.

Will Wed Yank

Knighted by King Albert of Belgium for heroic war work, Miss Suzanne Silvercruys, daughter of Justice Silvercruys of the Belgian Supreme Court, will become the bride of Henry W. Farnam, Jr., son of Professor Farnam of Yale. The marriage will take place in Brussells this summer.

British Girls Like Colored Lingerie

LONDON, April 26.—Spring is ushering in a riot of colors in women's clothes. This has extended even to lingerie.

Colored lingerie in the past has favored pale shades, but now dainty garments in deep orange, rich red, purple and magnolia have made their appearance.

Magpie tints, too, are becoming popular for evening wear, and it is possible to have corsets made to match.

CREAM APPLE MOLD.

Pare five apples and slice thin. Add one cup of water and cook quickly until tender. Mash and rub through a sieve into a bowl, adding one-half cup of sugar and two level tablespoons of gelatin that has been soaked in one-half cup of cold water for one-half hour; one-half teaspoon of nutmeg. Just as the mixture begins to set, stir in one cup of whipped cream and turn in mold and set away to become firm. When ready to serve the diner turn the apple mold on plate, cut thick slice and place spoonful of the cranberry jelly on top and serve with the roast duckling.

In Church Play

HERBERT HARTMAN.

Members of the Two-in-One class of the Seventh Presbyterian Church will present "Examination Day at Woodhill School," a comedy dealing with life at a country school, Friday night, in the church auditorium at Elma and McCarty streets. Proceeds will be donated to the church fund.

The play was written by Ward Macauley and is directed by Edward Gaumer. Those appearing in the cast are: Herbert Hartman, Robert Scott, May Henchen, William Buchanan, Alvin Iverson, Thomas Hansen, Frances Thrum, Dorothy Eitel, Frances Childers, Rollyn Bowles, E. J. Hankemeier, Katheryn Burgan, Thelma Snyder, Helen Brandenburger, Ethel Forsee, Mrs. Margueirite Hansen, Harry Zimmerman, John Knox, Clarence Stephenson and Donald Newman.

PART FOUR

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

His head was not aching; but there throbbed within his head, ceaselessly and enormously, a pulse that seemed to shake him at its every beat. It was going knock, knock, knock! He began to have the feeling that if this frightful knocking continued it would beat its way out. Something would beat its way out. Something would give way. He was the father of Effie's child; he was the murderer of Effie and her child! He was neither; but the crimes were fastened upon him as ineradicable pigment upon his skin. He was a betrayer and a murderer, and every refutation that he could produce turned to a brand in his hands and branded him yet more deeply. He writhed in torment. Forever, he would carry the memory of that fierce and sweating face pressing toward him across the table in that court. No! It was another face that stood like flame before his eyes. Twyning! Twyning, Twyning! The prompter, the goader of that passionate man's passion, the instigator and instrument of this his utter and appalling destruction. Twyning, Twyning, Twyning! He ground his teeth upon the name. He twisted in his chair upon the thought. Twyning, Twyning, Twyning!" Knock, knock, knock! Ah, that knocking, that knocking! Something was going to give way in a minute. It must be abated. A feverish desire to smoke came upon him. He felt in his pocket for his cigarette case. He had not got it. He remembered that he had started for Brighton without it, discovered there that he had left it behind. He started to hunt for it. He remembered a previous occasion of searching for it like this. When? Ah, when Effie had told him she had found it lying about and had put it—of all absurd places for a cigarette case—in the back of the clock. Effie! He went quickly to the clock and opened it. Good! It was there. He snatched it up. Something else there. A folded paper. His name pencilled on it: Mr. Sabre.

She had left a message for him! That cigaret case business had been deliberately done!

He began to read. Tears stood in his eyes. Pitiful, oh, pitiful. He turned the page—knock, knock, knock! The knocking suddenly ceased. He threw up his hand. He gave a very loud cry. A single note. A note of extraordinary exultation: "Ha!"

He crushed the paper between his hands. He cried aloud: "Into my hands! Into my hands thou hast delivered him!"

He opened the paper and read again, his hand shaking, and now a most terrible trembling upon him,

Dear Mr. Sabre,

I wanted you to go to Brighton so I could be alone to do what I am just going to do. You see they won't let me keep my little baby and now I have made things too terrible for you. So I see the only thing to do is to take myself out of it all and take my little baby with me. Soon I shall explain things to God and then I think it will be quite all right. My heart is filled with gratitude to you. I cannot express it; but I shall tell God when I explain everything to Him; and my one hope is that after I have been punished I shall be allowed to meet you again, and thank you—there, where everything will be understood.

He turned over.

I feel I ought to tell you now, before I leave this world, what I never was able to tell you or anyone. The father of my little baby was Harold Twyning who used to be in your office. We had been secretly engaged a very, very long time and then he was in an officers' training camp at Bournemouth where I was, and I don't think I quite understood. We were going to be married and then he had to go suddenly, and then he was afraid to tell his father and then this happened and he was more afraid. So that was how it all was. I do want you, please, to tell Harold that I quite forgive him, only I can't quite write to him. And dear Mr. Sabre, I do trust you to be with Harold what you have always been with me and with everybody—gentle, and understanding things. Good-by and may God bless and reward you for ever and ever, Effie.

II

He shouted again, "Ha!" He cried again, "Into my hands! Into my hands!"

He abandoned himself to a rather horrible ecstasy of hate and passion. His face became rather horrible to see. His face became purple and black and knotted, and the veins on his forehead black. He cried aloud, "Harold! Harold! Twyning! Twyning!" He rather horribly mimicked Twyning. "Harold's such a good boy! Harold's such a good, Christian, model boy! Harold's never said a bad word or had a bad thought. Harold's such a good boy." He cried out: "Harold's such a blackguard! Harold's such a blackguard! A blackguard and the son of a vile, infamous lying, perjured blackguard."

His passion and his hate surmounted his voice. He choked. He picked up his stick and went with frantic hops to the door. He cried aloud, gritting his teeth upon it, "I'll cram the letter down his throat. I'll cram the letter down his throat. I'll take him by the neck. I'll bash him across the face. And I'll cram the letter down his throat."

The cab driver was resting on his box with purposeful and luxurious rest. Sabre waved his stick at him, and shouted to him, "Fortune's office in Tidborough. Hard as you can." He wrenched open the door and got in. In a moment, the startled horse scarcely put into motion by its startled driver, he put his head and arm from the window and was out on the step. "Stop! Stop! Let me out. I've something to get."

He ran again into the house and bundled himself up the stairs and into his room. At his bureau he took a drawer and wrenched it open so that it came out in his hand swung on the sockets of its handle, and scattered its contents upon the floor. One article fell heavily. His service revolver. He grabbed it up and dropped on his hands and knees, padding eagerly about after scattered cartridges. As he searched his voice went harshly, "He's hounded me to hell. At the very gates of hell I've got him, got him, and I'll have him by the throat and hurl him in!" He broke open the breech and jammed the cartridges in, counting them, "One, two, three, four, five, six!" He snapped up the breech and jammed the revolver in his jacket pocket. He went scrambling again down the stairs, and as he scrambled down he cried, "I'll cram the letter down his throat. When he's sprawling, when he's looking, perhaps I'll out with my gun and drill him, drill him for the dog, the dog that he is."

He was arrived! He was here! "Into my hands! Into my hands." He passed into the office and swiftly as he could go up the stairs. He encountered no one. He came to Twyning's' door and put his hand upon the latch. Immediately, and enormously, so that for a moment he was forced to pause, the pulse broke out anew in his head. Knock, knock, knock. Knock, knock, knock. Curse the thing! Never mind. In! In! At him!

He went in.

III

On the left, at the far end of the room, Twyning sat at his desk. His head was buried in his hands. At his elbows, vivid upon the black expanse of the table, lay a torn envelope, dull red.

Sabre shut the door and leant his stick against the wall by the fire. He took the letter from his packet and walked across and stood over Twyning. Twyning had not heard him. He stood over him and looked down upon him. Knock, knock, knock. Curse the thing.

"Hard as you can" were Sabre's orders.

There was Twyning's neck, that brown strip between his collar and his head, that in a minute he would catch him by * * * No, seated thus he would catch his hair and wrench him back and cram his meal upon him. Knock, knock, knock. Curse the thing!

He said heavily, "Twyning, Twyning. I've come to speak to you about your son."

Twyning slightly twisted his face in his hands so as to glance up at Sabre. His face was red. He said in an odd, thick voice, "Oh, Sabre, Sabre, have you heard?"

Sabre said, "Heard?"

"He's killed. My Harold. My boy. My boy, Harold. Oh, Sabre, Sabre, my boy, my boy, my boy, my Harold!"

He began to sob, his shoulders heaving.

Sabre gave a sound that was just a whimper. Oh, irony of fate! Oh, cynicism incredible in its malignancy! Oh, cumulative touch! To deliver him this his enemy to strike, and to present him for the knife thus already stricken!

No sound in all the range of sounds whereby man can express emotion was possible to express this emotion that now surcharged him. This was no pain of man's devising. This was a special and a private agony of the gods reserved for victims approved for very nice and exquisite experiment. He felt himself squeezed right down beneath a pressure squeezing to his vitals; and there was squeezed out of him just a whimper.

Twyning was brokenly saying, "It's good of you to come, Sabre. I feel it. After that business. I'm sorry about it, Sabre. I feel your goodness coming to me like this. But you know, you always knew, what my boy was to me. My Harold. My Harold. Such a good boy, Sabre. Such a good, Christian boy. And now he's gone, he's gone. Never to see him again. My boy. My son. My son!"

Oh, dreadful!

And he went on, distraught and pitiable. "My boy. My Harold. Such a good boy, Sabre. Such a perfect boy. My Harold!"

The letter was crumpled in Sabre's right hand. He was constricting it in his hand and knocking his clenched knuckles on the marble.

"My boy. My dear, good boy. Oh, Sabre, Sabre!"

He dropped his right arm and swung it by his side; to and fro; over the fender—over the fire; over the hearth—over the flames.

"My Harold. Never to see his face again! My Harold."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

Clubs and Meetings

Golden Rule Lodge, I. L. O. O. F., will give a dance and card party Saturday night at Shepherd's Hall, Alabama and Washington streets.

CREAM DRESSING.

Place in saucepan
Three-quarters cup of vinegar,
One-half cup of water,
Three tablespoons of flour.

Stir to dissolve the flour and bring to a boil. Cook for five minutes then add

Yolks of two eggs,
Two tablespoons of sugar.
One teaspoon of salt,
One teaspoon of white pepper,
One teaspoon of mustard,
One-half cup of melted butter.

Beat well to blend. Cook for two minutes, then add one cup of thick sour cream, whipped stiff; chill before serving.

CANDIDATES OF BOTH PARTIES ARE DISCUSSED

The League of Women Voters held an interesting discussion Thursday afternoon, which helped to clear the mists away from the eyes of many women voters, regarding the candidates of both the Republican and the Democratic parties. Mrs. F. E. Ellis lead the discussion for the Republican side and Miss Alma Sickler the discussion for the Democratic. Following the formal reading of the questionnaires which had been sent out was an open discussion in which all the members present were asked to speak.

80 CANDIDATES AT RECEPTION

A reception for the Republican candidates was held Thursday afternoon at the Marion Club. About eighty candidates gave short talks outlining their qualifications. Mrs. Ovid Butler Jameson, the new president of the Woman's Republican Club, presided. The room was beautifully decorated with ferns and palms.

Dr. Bishop's Talks

By DR. R. H. BISHOP.

INACTIVITY and approaching old age find many men unprepared. When a vigorous, red blooded man who has always been very active and busy suddenly retires, and begins a more or less inactive life, he must begin also to watch his health habits.

Active men usually can eat heartily and somewhat carelessly because the exercise which they get daily enables their bodies to throw off their burden of poisons. Inactivity suddenly changes the whole routine.

The man who has been used to high living while active forgets that he cannot keep up such habits when he retires. Hence there is a lack of equilibrium which sooner or later shows itself as gout, rheumatism, or obesity.

Gout is characterized by sudden and painful inflammation of the small joints, particularly those of the great toe, accompanied by a deposit of poisonous material called sodium urate.

Such a deposit proves that the blood is overloaded with such matter and usually means that the liver does not make it ready for elimination by the kidneys, or that the kidneys are not functioning properly.

The excess comes from high living coupled with insufficient exercise. The attacks of gout usually come on at night and pass away with the return of day.

The joint is swollen, the skin darker than usual, and exceedingly tender. Sometimes, bronchitis, asthma and indigestion of various kinds attend the attacks.

The treatment of the attacks consists in applying warm and moist bandages snugly, having absolute quiet and taking anodynes, such as morphine, atropine or colchicum. These remedies are only to be administered under the physician's direction, however.

Between attacks, the patient should become, if possible, more active out of doors. Most gouty patients, however, will not do this and so must be compelled to bring about increased elimination by means of mineral waters, vapor baths and massages.

Premier's Pal

Latest picture of Megan Lloyd George, daughter and inseparable companion of the British premier. She just celebrated her birthday at Genoa.

Equal Rights of Women Do Not Explain Crimes

Mrs. Denny Says Tendency Would Have Cropped Out Naturally.

BY FRANCES GORDON DENNY.

The recent implication of women in such crimes as embezzlement, violation of the liquor laws, and other offenses, has led to the assertion that this is the natural result of granting them political equality; that by contact they are learning the tricks of men and losing the old restraints that had made them the bulwarks of society.

The vastly increased number of women in all lines of employment would account in part for the outcropping among them of public offenses that were formerly supposed to be peculiar to men; but it is more than likely that those who offend in this respect are the ones who, under more restricted conditions, would have shown similar weaknesses. The taint of dishonesty knows no sex. There have always been dishonest women in the world. The only difference in their status now and that of other times is that those who formerly found their opportunity in the less conspicuous avenues of life are now brought into the limelight through the greater variety and the more public nature of their occupations.

If a woman betrays a public trust the light of publicity is turned full upon her. Everybody knows about her, everybody talks about her, the newspapers publish her picture—generally a series of them in every conceivable pose—so that she seems a much more numerous quantity than in former days when, as a so-called kleptomaniac, she was quietly hustled home from boarding school, or trotted off somewhere for a prolonged visit. This does not mitigate her offense, mind you, but only shows that she was with us before in a different guise.

As to those women who engage in bootlegging and burglary, they are of the criminal classes that would very likely have been criminals in all times and under all political conditions. The Nancy Sikes, of whom Dickens wrote, was a type as common then as now. If she did not engage in bootlegging it was not because of any scruples she may have had against it, but because prohibition was not yet.

Whatever increase there may be in the number of women criminals is not to be attributed to their enfranchisement, but rather to the abnormal increase in crime itself, which began long before women were allowed to vote, and which has brought with it its increased proportion of women as well as of men criminals. The war has been blamed for much of the increase in crime and, no doubt, is responsible for a part of it, but there was a letting down of restraint before the year 1914. It was the period when people were mortgaging their homes to buy automobiles, when the whole country was in the grip of such a craze for amusement as had never before laid hold of mortal man, much less woman. It all required money. If the war had not come along with its high wages and its enormous profits there would probably have been a greater proportion of human wreckage than newspaper files of that period indicate.

During the war many people got a taste of "high life" that otherwise would never have been known to them. Some of them have not been willing to adjust themselves to changed conditions and crimes of varying degree have been the result. That some of these crimes have been committed by women is not surprising, but to say that they are the result of political equality is far-fetched.

The ADVENTURES of Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy

By JOHNNY GRUELLE

"Let us pick up a bouquet of Buttercups, Raggedy Andy" said Raggedy Ann as the two rag dolls came to a spot beside the lazy looking-glass brook where the yellow flowers grew in large patches. "That will be nice!" Raggedy Andy agreed, "Then we can make you a crown of them and you can pretend that you are a Fairy Princess!" So laughing and talking, the two rag dolls walked out among the pretty Buttercups and began gathering a bouquet. But soon hundreds of tiny mosquitoes flew up around their faces and hummed about their shoe button eyes. "You look like you had a very dirty face ,Raggedy Ann!" said Raggedy Andy when he saw so many mosquitoes sitting upon Ann's face. "So do you Andy," Raggedy Ann laughingly replied, as she drew close to Andy, the better to watch the tiny insects. "Look, they are standing upon their heads," she laughed as she watched the mosquitoes push their bills through the soft material of which Raggedy Andy's face was made.

"And they all hold their back feet up in the air and wave them, maybe that is their way of giving us kisses!" Andy said.

"I have heard the folks talk of them lots of times when I have been on picnics!" said Raggedy Ann. And I do not believe they are kissing us! On the folks, I know that wherever a mosquito stopped, it left a lump and the folks always smacked them with their hands!"

"Perhaps we had better smack them with our hands too!" suggested Raggedy Andy. "Oh no!" Raggedy Ann hastened to say, "You see they do not raise any bumps upon us, for our bodies are made with cloth and stuffed with nice, clean white cotton, so it doesn't hurt one speck!"

"No, it doesn't hurt at all!" Raggedy Andy replied. "I can't even feel them, can you, Raggedy Ann?" "Not at all!" the other Raggedy answered as she started picking more Buttercups. Suddenly Raggedy Andy felt something strike against his back and heard a whirring of wings. Looking around, he saw what looked like a toy airplane hovering in the air. As he called Raggedy Ann's attention to it, the toy aeroplane darted this way and that catching the mosquitoes so quickly the two rag dolls could scarcely follow the movements.

"See! All the mosquitoes have disappeared!" said Raggedy Andy as the toy airplane came before him and hung in the air, its transparent wings fluttering so rapidly they seemed to remain still.

Raggedy Ann held up her hand, and said to the toy airplane, "Come and rest upon my hand!"

"It may bite you!" laughed Raggedy Andy.

"No I won't bite!" the toy airplane answered as it came to rest upon Raggedy Ann's soft white hand, " I only bite mosquitoes!"

"It wouldn't hurt even if you did bite me!" Raggedy Ann smiled, "Raggedy Andy was only fooling!"

"Did you drive away all the mosquitoes, Mister, what is our name?" Andy asked. "I'm a Mosquito Hawk!" the creature replied, "Although some folks call me Dragon Fly and Snake Feeder. I do not feed snakes though. I just

He Began Gathering a Bouquet.

eat all the mosquitoes I can find, and" the Mosquito Hawk, "The more I find, the more I can eat."

"Mosquitoes are a nuisance to real folks!" Raggedy Ann said: "I think everyone should love you for getting rid of so many of them!"

"Maybe it is because folks do not know how much good I really do in eating the mosquitoes!" the Mosquito Hawk said, "Anyway, lots of children try to hit me with sticks and things, and lots of my family have been hurt by boys. Why, one day I flew into house when the screen door was open and the whole family chased me around all day trying to hit me with fly swatters and newspapers folded up, but I flew to fast for them.

"And that night I stayed in the house and caught about twenty mosquitoes who were stinging the folks. Why once I heard the baby crying and I flew above his crib, and there was an old Granpa Mosquito standing right on his head with his stinger in the baby's little soft arm, so I just said, 'Gobble, Gobble' and old Mister Granpa Mosquito will never bite anyone else."

"How grateful the folks must have been for what you did!" said Raggedy Ann. "I should think people would have a Mosquito Hawk in every house!"

"Yes!" agreed the Mosquito Hawk, "But you see, they do not all know what we are for. Most of them think because we scoot about over the waters and about boggy and marshy places, that we feed snakes. And of course that is quite silly!"

"That is so like most folks!" said Raggedy Ann as she watched the Mosquito Hawk until he darted away. "They do not realize how much they owe to others, for lots and lots of times kindness is done in quiet ways and those who do the kindness are entirely satisfied with the sunshine each kindly deed brings to them!"—Copyright, 1922.

DELEGATES DO NOT LIKE AIR OF TEA PARTY

League of Women Voters Object to Frivolity at Convention.

BY CONSTANCE DREXEL.

BALTIMORE, April 28.—A general air of disappointment existed among those delegates, hundreds of them, who did not come to the convention to attend a fancy tea party.

Many of these women are active in the primary campaigns of their States, others are running for office themselves, like Mrs. James Paige running for the Minnesota Legislature, or holding important political positions like Adah Bush, executive secretary of the Governor of Indiana.

No one expressed this rebellion more forcefully than Mrs. John O. Miller, chairman of the Pennsylvania League of Women Voters.

It was to be noticed that Mrs. Catt kept out of it. She was in conference with some of the Pan-American delegates notably Senorita Torres, official delegate sent by President Obregon of Mexico, and at tea-time entertained the Canadian delegation of some twenty women and Lady Astor in her hotel suite. Later, they all motored out to the Country Club with Lord and Lady Astor.

Lady Astor was beautifully gowned in a light fawn colored dress and wrap with a wide, drooping hat to match.

At luncheon she was the guest of honor of the local chapter of the D. A. R. and spoke briefly to them. In between times she said she wanted to get a chance at a round of golf.

It seems Lord Astor has called in for consultation the social hygiene experts attending the convention, among them Dr. Valera Parker, chief of the United States Inter-Departmental Board of Social Hygiene, who is a delegate from the District of Columbia league.

In upholding certain proposals Thursday morning, Dr. Parker said that Lord Astor had had the same experience. Lord Astor, who for a time was an assistant minister of health and more recently chairman of a London health committee, is particularly interested in the battle against social diseases and is studying that situation in this country.

Most of Thursday afternoon was spent in raising money for expenses of next year's national work—a necessary feature of almost every convention. Fifty-six thousand dollars was pledged from State dues and individuals. Mrs. Sumner T. McKnight, the present treasurer, who is very youthful and always attractively dressed, is resigning because her husband is going to run for the Legislature and she wants to help him win.

The convention has attained such nation-wide publicity that many people en route to Washington are stopping off in Baltimore. Notable was Miss Bessie Beatty of New York and California, who returned only last Monday from a year in Russia, where she had been writing articles. Her wonderful sable wrap was greatly admired.

"It cost 40,000,000 rubles, but that's only about $50," she explained. She was going to Washington to keep an appointment with Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, as he wanted her impressions of conditions in Russia. It seems that Miss Beatty used to know Trotski in New York.

Except in Lady Astor's speeches, the League of Nations has been tabooed because both Democrats and Republicans are present, but nothing prevented a group of courageous souls from sending around word "do you want to attend a League of Nations dinner?" There was no announcement from the platform, but more than a hundred women attended the dinner and speeches were heard until it was time to rush away for the evening meeting.

This morning special train conveyed about 1,000 delegates and others to Washington, where a full two-day program has been arranged, culminating in a reception to Lady Astor tomorrow evening in the national headquarters of the League of Women Voters.

Fashion Hints From Paris and New York

Arms are being shown here by the ladies in the afternoons, and those that are shapely and not vaccinated look very well. Those sleeveless frocks are in gay dandelion, vivd lip-stick red, gray and mint green and navy and marine blue. Some of the girls are wearing a clasp band of gold or silver above the elbow on the left arm. It helps in the general scheme.

It has become fashionable for the ladies to take sewing out in their autos with them afternoons. They sew little things of a fancy nature. So far no woman has been noticed darning socks in an auto, although an editor here suggests that they turn the fad in that direction.

The aeroplane bag has arrived. It is a small leather grip of little weight in which are a few toilet articles and several alleged remedies for air-sickness. Paris-London air travelers find this bag a graet convenience, especially since it has her pockets for sandwiches and flasks.

A gown, shown in a Fifth avenue modiste's window, is attracting much attention. It has a pistol pocket, the idea being that, in these days of hold-ups, etc., it might be well for milady to go about armed. As yet nobody has been noticed wearing the gown, but society is talking about it.

Amelia Bingham, who lectured in Philadelphia recently on health subjects in reference to women, has been invited to repeat her talk before the Chelsea Women's Club of Toronto.

"We were particularly impressed with your warning against slouchiness in women," writes the secretary. "This club has 399 members and every one of them wears a corset. Come and talk to us if you'd care to see 'the best shaped women's club' in North America."

A dotted design on a fancy mesh makes a charmingly effective veil, which may be had in a variety of colored dots on colored grounds. Also popular are the French dot veil, closely dotted chenille veiling on a hexagon mesh, in solid colors such as black, brown, navy and taupe.

Louis Groody, prima donna of "Good Morning, Dearie," at the Globe Theater here, made her own Easter gown and hat and the total outlay for both was but $28.

"Sue, Dear," a new musical comedy soon to be on Broadway, will feature a lingerie number in which will be seen baby blue corsets and pink under pieces with lace frills.

CHILLED LOBSTER.

Boil lobster and chill by keeping directly on the ice until needed. Split and remove the meat from tail and claws. Return this meat to the shell and serve with tomato butter. Tho prepare the tomato butter. To prepare the tomato butter place in saucepan.

Three-quarters cup of chilli sauce.
One tablespoon of finely minced onion.
Three tablespoon of finely minced parsley.
One-half cup pepper, minced fine.
nOe-half cup of melted butter.

Simmer slowly and cook until quite thick. Serve tomato butter warm with the chilled lobster.

PLANS PROGRAM FOR NEXT YEAR

Mrs. Lafayette Page, president of the Matinee Musicale, prophesied a bly year for the organization the coming season. She said plans are under way to bring three famous recitals to Indianapolis next winter, and to have several junior recitals. Ernest Hesser has been asked to be director of a chorus which will be organized. An arrangement by which the Matinee Musicale will purchase $100 worth of tickets for each recital she brought here has been made with Mrs. Ona B. Talbot. These tickets are to be distributed among the persons at the blind institute and home for aged women, and the orphan's home.

Mrs. Henry Schurmann, president of the Indiana Federation of Music Clubs, gave a resume of the federation's work and asked that the Matinee Musicale take a life membership in it. The members of the Musicale voted favorably on this.

Mrs. A. G. Cox, who has been librarian of the Matinee Musicale since its first year, was made an honorary member.

Reports from the standing committees were given and the club adjourned until next October.

FILETS OF TROUT.

Lake trout or other fish may be cut into small filets, nicely seasoned, dipped in beaten egg, and then rolled in fine bread crumbs and fried in smoking hot fat. Serve as entree with tartar sauce.

Have the butcher prepare the lamb, then wipe with damp cloth and rub with a cut clove of garlic. Now rub lamb with good shortening and dust lightly with flour, and roast in the usual manner, basting every fifteen minutes with the following mixture.

One-half cup of vinegar,
One teaspoon of sugar,
Three-quarters cup of water.

Stir to blend and keep hot while using for basting the lamb.

Our First Year

Chapter XXVIII—My Popular Man

BY A BRIDE.

Jack is a popular man and I am awfully proud of him. He's handsome—he has manner—and more than that he has charm. All the girls feel it. And he doesn't seem to know!

It's impossible to ignore the fact that being married doesn't keep people from flirting nowadays. But my Jack moves among women as smoothly, as elegantly, as coldly as a king on a chess board. The married girls can spend their hours with him without making their men jealous.

That has made us very popular for week-end motor trips. I've welcomed these trips because we can't possibly afford a vacation so soon after our honeymoon.

Jack has tried to show me that these week-end excursions cost as much as a vacation all by ourselves, for he stands his share by taking the checks at restaurants and hotels.

After Jack had figured a littel, I hadn't the courage to tell him how much my motor togs have cost. I bought the best things and had them charged. The suit case to fit the car was $50. We couldn't be seen at smart places with smart people unless we had spiffy clothes and mine are just as good as Mary Smith's, although she spent twice as much as I. My hat cost me only $18 and Mary's cost $37.50. I always try to be economical. One has to on our salary of $2,500 a year.

We could get along very nicely on our budget if it were not for our bills. When the bill for my motor hat came I hated to show it to Jack. He looked woefully tired and so I added that bill to the pile in my writing desk. I remember I put it on top of the milk bill. And life has moved so fast that I forgot all about those envelopes until they came in again the next month! It was two milk bills which I ought to have paid out of my housekeeping money.

Business isn't going very well with Jack. Commissions simply don't exist. And so we are compelled to live on his salary somehow. That's why I haven't let him know what I've had charged. I intend to as soon as my adorable davenport is paid for.

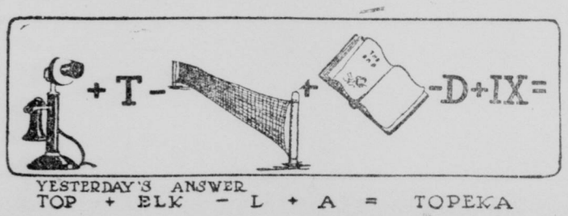
I know Jack will be perfectly lovely, as always, when I show him what has been necessary for me to buy.

Jack always understands, never glooms nor grouches, and so it's his feelings I worry most about. I think every bride should study her husband's feelings and not hurt them carelessly. Men are a lot more sensitive than some girls think and Jack is far more sensitive than most men.

He likes to stick to his principles. Since he resolved not to break into his savings, the $1,000 he put away before we were married, which he calls his wife's safety fund, I know he will manage somehow to get all my accounts balanced without disturbing his savings.—Copyright, 1922.

(To Be Continued.)

GEOGRAPHIC PUZZLES



YESTERDAY'S ANSWER
TOP + ELK - L + A = TOPEKA

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

To Prepare Macaroni and Spaghetti

MACARONI and spaghetti have many possibilities for delicious main dishes. Careful seasoning always makes any dish, but macaroni or spaghetti demand the most particular attention in this respect.

Although both macaroni and spaghetti are usually cooked before combining with seasonings this first cooking is one of great consideration. The macaroni and spaghetti should not be overcooked. Drop it into boiling salted water and boil not more than 15 minutes. This insures tenderness in the finished dish, but allows the cereals or vegetables, as you choose to designate them, to cook in the seasonings and blend into the other ingredients.

"MYSTERY."

Four tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons olive oil, 3 cloves garlic, 1 cup dried mushrooms, 2 cups stewed veal, 2 cups tomatoes, ½ teaspoon thyme, bay leaves, 1½ cups spaghetti, salt and pepper.

Cook garlic in butter and oil till garlic is brown. Soak mushrooms in water to cover till mushrooms are soft and add water and mushrooms to garlic.

Add meat, tomatoes, thyme and bay leaves. Simmer very slowly, stirring occasionally, till the meat is in shreds. It will take about two hours. Season with salt and pepper. Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water for 15 minutes. Drain and hold under cold running water.

Put a layer of spaghetti in a buttered baking dish, add a layer of meat and gravy. Continue layer for layer till all is used. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

SPAGHETTI WITH TOMATO SAUCE.

One-fourth pound unbroken spaghetti, 1 quart canned tomatoes, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup grated cheese, salt and pepper.

Cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water for 10 minutes. Rub the tomatoes through a strainer and cook till reduced to two cups. Melt the butter in a smooth saucepan, but do not let it brown or bubble.

Add the partially cooked and drained spaghetti and lift with a fork until it has absorbed all the butter. Add the tomatoes and simmer 10 minutes. Season with salt and pepper and add cheese. Lift with forks till cheese is melted and thoroughly mixed with spaghetti.

Serve with more grated cheese.

STEAMED MACARONI AND CHEESE PUDDING.

One-half pound cheese (grated), 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup broken macaroni, 2 eggs, salt and pepper, 2 cups canned tomatoes, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, salt and pepper, 3 whole cloves,