INDIANAPOLIS MUSICIANS WILL APPEAR AT MUSIC TEACHERS' ANNUAL MEETING

Program Will Be Given on Each Evening

Concerts to Include Best of Modern and Classic Composers' Work.

A concert program will be given each night of the Indiana Music Teachers' Association convention which is held in Greenwood, beginning Wednesday morning. Indianapolis artists will appear on Thursday evening under the auspices of the Indianapolis Matinee Musicale, as representatives of the Indiana Federation of Music Clubs, of which Mrs. Henry Schurman is president. Mrs. Schurman will preside at the concert. The following program will be given:

Soprano:
"Ah, Love but a Day" ..... Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
"Deep River" ..... Burleigh
"Island of Happiness (violin obligato)—Grace Porterfield-Polk. Mrs. Glenn Friermood. Glen Friermood at the piano.
Violin:
"Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen" ..... Clarence Cameron White
"Spiritual" .....Clarence Cameron White
"On the Bayou".Clarence Cameron White
Marie Dawson Morrell.
Mrs. Frank T. Edenharter at the piano.
Soprano:
"Do Not Go, My Love".....Hagemann
"By a Lovely Forest Pathway". Griffes
"At Parting" ..... Rogers
Mrs. Glen Friermood.
Violin:
Song without words....A. Walter Kramer
"Melodie" .....Charles G. Dawes
"Perpetual Motion" ..... Cecil Burleigh
Marie Dawson Morrell.

The concert on Friday night, which will follow the closing banquet, will be given under the direction of the president of the organization and the director of the Indianapolis Municipal Symphony Orchestra, P. Marinus Paulsen, assisted by Mrs. R. S. Kinnard, soprano, Willoughby Boughton, pianist, Ernest Hesser, baritone, and Hilda Kirleman, concert director. The program for Friday follows:

Community Singing—
The Star-Spangled Banner
Apple Blossom Time in Indiana.....
.....Grace Porterfield Polk
Hoosierland .....Grace Porterfield Polk
Audience and Orchestra, R. G. McCutchan conducting.
Orchestra—
Symphony in B Minor—(Unfinished).... Schubert
Allegro Moderato
Aria for Soprano—
Madam Butterfly—"One Fine Day".... Puccini
Orchestra—
Moment Musical .....Paulsen
Scotch Poem .....Mac Dowell
Solo for Baritone—
Love Triumphant—"Remorse of Peter" .....Paulsen
Concerto for Piano—B Flat Minor.... Tschaikowski
Andante Non Troppoe Molto Maestoso
Allegro Con Spirito
Singing of Prize Songs—
Awarding of Prizes .....Ralph Polk
Orchestra—
Berceuse .....Jarnefeldt
Valse Triste .....Sibelius
Solo for Baritone—Oratorio Sampson.. Handel
Honour and Arms
Orchestra—
Ballet Egyptiene .....Luigini
1. Allegro Non Troppo
2. Allegretto
3. Andante Sostenuto
4. Andante Espressivo et Allegro Non Troppo.

A delightful reception has been planned after the Friday evening concert, for the delegates and visitors of the Third American Song Composers' Festival, which will be held at the same time the Music Teachers' Association convenes.

FOR A CHANGE.

Though the low waistline is decidedly the most popular mode, a few basques and short-waisted frocks are now making their appearance.

LOCAL ARTISTS TO ENTERTAIN STATE MUSICIANS

GLEN O. FRIERMOOD. MISS MARIE FRIERMOOD. MRS. GLEN O. FRIERMOOD.

Mrs. Glen O. Friermood, Miss Marie Dawson Morrell, Glen O. Friermood, Indianapolis artists, will appear on the program planned for the forty-fifth annual convention of the Indiana Music Teachers' Association, held in Greenwood.

Linda Lee, Inc.

by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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(Continued from Our Last Issue.)

CHAPTER XIX

Weeks slipped stealthily away, a spring ensued like an Eastern summer, while delays on delays accumulated and still the day when "shooting" should begin lingered remotely down tomorrow's dim horizen.

Lontaine had leased studio space in the Zinn plant, which Summerlad recommended as the most modern and completely equipped on the coast. For this the company was paying a weekly rental of $1,500. An expensive executive and technical staff ,lacking only a director, was kicking heels of enforced idleness on full pay. A story had been selected, an old novel by a moderately popular author to which Zinn had in 1914 purchased all motion picture rights out right for $500 and which he was now willing to part with for ten thousand as a special courtesy because he had taken such a mad fancy to Lontaine.

A scenario writer, warranted by Zinn "the best in the busines," had received five thousand for casting the story into continuity form, the labor of one whole week, and retired rejoicing to his hundred-and-fifty a week job in the Zinn scenario department.

A reading of his bastard brainchild had persuaded Lucinda that continuity writing must be the mystery its adepts alleged; in fact, she couldn't understand the greater part of it, and what she did understand somewhat preyed upon her mind.

But Lontaine seemed satisfied. Summerlad solaced her misgivings with the assurance that Potter Monahan simply couldn't write a poor continuity, and both agreed that Barry Nolan would known what to do to make it right when he got down to work on it.

Incidentally, he did; Nolan read it half-through, thoughtfully shied the manuscript out of a window, and dictated a continuity all his own, of which nobody but himself could make head of tail, and which at times in the course of its production seemed to puzzle even its perpetrator.

In the meantime Lucinda had moved to the Hollywood Hotel the Lontaines to a furnished bungalow near by, where they vainly pressed her to join them. She thought it wiser to decline.

"I'm far too fond of both of you to risk living with you," she explained. Besides, it's high time I was learning to breathe in a proper motion picture atmosphere."

This the Hollywood provided to admiration. Summerlad assured Lucinda, and on her own observation she could well believe, that at one stage or another of their careers almost every motion picture player of consequence in the country must have registered at this hotel.

With most of these Lucinda became acquainted by sight, with many she grew accustomed to exchange smiles and the time of day.

They made up to her saucily or shyly, according to the style they believed became them best. But on one point they were all agreed; they wanted work. Lucinda spoke to Lynn Summerlad, and was regarded with a worried frown, the first sign of care she had ever detected in him, together with some well-chosen thought on the dangers of contracting haphazard hotel acquaintanceships.

"First thing you know, they'll be trying to borrow money from you."

Lucinda was silent for want of a conscience that would sanction an indignant rejoinder.

"But this is, after all, Hollywood."

"No excuse for doing as the Hollywoodenheads do."

"Then, I take it, you think it might be more discreet of me to stop going about with you alone."

"Oh, Lord!" Summerfield groaned. "I might've known better than to start an argument with a woman. I don't like to think of any outside influences working on you just now."

"Just now?"

"Distracting your attention from really important matters, like me and what you're going to do about me. I'm so desperately in love with you, Linda."

Lucinda said nothing for a little. She had been expecting this for days. Now that it came it found her, of course, unprepared. Nothing to complain of in that; a declaration of love always finds a woman unprepared, no matter how long she may have been preparing for it. The primitive instinct of flight from the male is deathless, though it manifest only as in that one brief moment of panic which Lucinda knew.

She was glad of the darkness of that section of the hotel veranda where they had been sitting for a quarter of an hour after returning from dinner a deux.

This had been bound to come before long. One knew the signs in a man who has held his peace about as long as he could * * * Five weeks since that night when, in the Beverly Hills bungalow, she had concluded that Summerlad's interest in her was neither impersonal nor of a transitory nature * *

The worst of it was, she was glad.

"Well, Linda?"

She put away her pensiveness, smiling to see Summerlad bending forward in his chair, anxiously searching her face for a clew to her mind, but with the anxiety of impatience more than the anxiety of doubt. He wanted to have her in his arms. A pleasant place to be, perhaps, but she wasn't ready yet; she was not sure * * *

"Well, my friend," she said in amused indulgence, "so it seems you love me."

"How long have you known it?"

"Quite as long as you have loved me."

"And you—?"

"I don't know yet."

He ventured too confidently: "I don't want to hurry you—"

"You couldn't Lynn. And you won't be wise of you count on me."

"I'm going to count on you—unless you want me to think you're merely amusing yourself."

"But you don't think that. So be patient."

"I'm not at all sure patience and love are even related."

"Then I'm afraid the only kind of love you know is not the kind that lasts."

"If so, I'm glad I've known love that lasted; that leaves me free to be truly in love with you."

"That's rather clever of you. Lynn, almost too clever."

"I've got to be clever, I guess, to make you love me."

"Lynn, I'm afraid you're artful. Yes—and much too experienced! You'd better go now before you talk me into something that isn't real and * * * if you do love me, you aren't wanting anything else."

"I don't but * * * You'd really like to get rid of me?"

"For tonight, yes. I need to be alone to think—about you."

Lucinda stood up, a maneuver that lifted Summerlad unwillingly out of his chair.

"I've never tried to kiss you, Linda * * *"

"And won't, I know, till I want you to."

"Confound you! That's what I get for giving you an opening to put me on my honor."

"Don't go before you've answered my question about these unlucky women."

"I'm sure I don't know. You don't turn Linda Lee, Inc., into a refuge for misguided females."

"There's one girl in especial I'm worried about, Lynn. She seems so ill and wretched. And even so, she's pretty."

"What's her name?"

"Miss Marquis—Nelly Marquis, I think she said."

Summerlad had just then opened his cigarette case. After a thoughtful pause he shut it with a snap, neglecting to help himself to a cigarette, and replaced it in his pocket. Then, becoming sensible of the query in Lucinda's attitude, he asked in a dull voice: "What name did you say?"

"Nelly Marquis. Why? Do you know her?"

"I know a good deal about her. Rather a bad lot, I'm afraid. Look here, Linda, I wish you'd drop her."

"Don't be stupid, Lynn."

"I'm not. I mean it. I can't very well tell you what I know, but I do hope

"GO AWAY—PLEASE GO!"

you'll take my word for it and cut this woman out. She's really not the sort you can afford to get mixed up with."

"You're sure, Lynn? You really want me to understand she is—what you're trying to avoid saying?"

"Yes—and more. I'm in earnest, Linda. I think you might trust me. After all, I ought to know my way about Hollywood, I've been in it long enough."

"Of course, I trust you, Lynn. I'm sorry, though. I felt so sorry for her, she didn't seem one of the usual sort."

"She isn't." Summerlad gave a curt, meaning laugh. "But you said you wanted to get rid of me, and I think I'd better go before the old curiosity gets in its fine work and you ask me questions I wouldn't care to answer."

He possessed himself of Lucinda's hands again and kissed them while she looked on with lenient eyes, more than half in love already. Why, then, must she persist in hanging fire with him? Was it merely crude, primordial instinct prompting her to withstand the male till his will prevailed? Or was there something wanting in the man, some lack divined by a sense in her subtle, unnonymous, and inarticulate?

Infinitely perplexed, Lucinda lingered on where Summerlad had left her.

The engine roared as his car swung down the drive, then changed its tune to a thick drone as it took the boulevard, heading away for Beverly Hills.

Impossible to understand herself, to read her own heart, make up her mind.

A thin trickle of sound violated the mid-evening hush, a broken and gusty beating of stifled sobs that for a time she heard without attention, then of a sudden identified.

Entering through the French window and kneeling, Lucinda touched gently the shoulder of the stricken woman. "Please!" she begged. "Can I do anything?"

In a conclusive tremor the woman choked off her sobs and lifted her face to stare vacantly. Enough light seeped in from the street to reveal the features of Nelly Marquis.

Her voice broke huskily on the darkness: "Who are you?"

"Miss Lee—Linda Lee. Can't I do something—?"

With startling fury the girl struck aside Lucinda's hands and at the same time flung herself back and away.

"No!" she cried thickly. "No, no, no! Not you! Go away—please go!"

(Continued in Our Next Issue).

COLORFUL FURNITURE.

Chinese red is a color effectively used on willow porch furniture. It must, of course, be distributed with some discretion in a room, and is most effectively combined with black or a certain shade of green.

The ADVENTURES of Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy

By JOHNNY GRUELLE

When Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy left the Muskrats and the Muskrats' neighbors, they walked down the bank of the Looking-glass Brook asking every one they met if they knew who had found the Wishing Pebble which Raggedy Ann had burried in the sand. "I don't know who has it." Grampie Hoppytoad said, "but it must be a very magical Pebble if it can bring lovely ice cream soda water fountains by just wishing for them."

"Oh, indeed, it is a very wonderful Pebble." Raggedy Andy replied, "why, Raggedy Ann only had it a few minutes and she wished for the ice cream soda water fountain to be in the Muskrat living room and a lolly-pop garden to be at the Muskrat's kitchen door, and right away, there they were."

"You know what I believe, Raggedy Andy," asked Raggedy Ann. "What?" Raggedy Andy asked in reply.

Why, I believe that whoever it was who found the magical Wishing Pebble where I buried it, must have been watching us while we sat there in the sand. And I think that he heard me wish for the Lolly-pop Garden, but he didn't hear me wish for the fountain. So, when he found the Magical Wishing Pebble, he immediately wished that the Lolly-pop Garden would grow near his own kitchen door."

"And you think that he did not know about the magical ice cream soda water fountain," asked Grampie Hoppytoad.

"That is what I believe," said Raggedy Ann. "You see, Mister Muskrat wished all of his neighbors to share in the fun of drinking lovely ice cream soda so he sent Freddie Fieldmouse to tell everybody. And I guess that whoever has the Magical Wishing Pebble must have heard Freddie tell of the soda water fountain.

"I do not see why the person who has the magical Wishing Pebble didn't let Mister Muskrat keep the fountain and wish for another just like it for himself." "That's just what Raggedy Ann said," said Raggedy Andy, "But you see, whoever has the magical Wishing Pebble must be very, very selfish."

"Yes, yes, indeed," said Grampie Hoppytoad, "I wonder who it could be?"

"I hear every word you say," a voice shouted across the Looking-Glass Brook at the three friends. "And I have the magical Wishing Pebble safe in my pocket and you will never, never get it, so there."

"Can you tell who it is from the sound of their voice?" asked Raggedy Ann.

"It seems to me that I have heard the voice before. "Grampie Hoppytoad said.

"But I can't think who it is."

"You'd better watch out, or I'll make you stand upon your head, Grampie Hoppytoad," the voice cried.

"Why don't you do it now?" Grampie Hoppytoad shouted back across the Looking-Glass Brook. "You just wait and I will," the voice replied, "I'm wishing it now and pretty soon you will stand right up on your head."

"I feel 'kinda' funny," said Grampie Hoppytoad to Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy. "Quick, cross your fingers," said Raggedy Andy.

"No, I shant," said Grampie Hoppytoad, "I don't believe he can make me stand upon my head." "Can't I?" the voice shouted from the reeds across the Looking-glass Brook. "You just wait. I'm wishing real hard and you'll stand upon your head in a minute."

"Ha, Ha, Ha," laughed Grampie Hoppytoad, "I knew you couldn't do it! And I haven't got my fingers crossed either."

"No wonder," the voice cried, "I was holding the Magical Wishing Pebble in my left hand. That's why. Now you just watch out. How does that feel to you now?"

"I can't feel a thing," laughed Grampie Hoppytoad teasingly, "and I don't believe you really have the magical Wishing Pebble.

"Yes, I have!" the voice shouted, "for I have the lovely ice cream soda water fountain in my own living-room and the Lolly-pop garden right at my own back door and no one shall have a single glass of ice cream soda water or a a single Lolly-pop from my Lolly-pop Garden."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that," cried Grampie Hoppytoad, "for you can wish as hard as you like and you can't make

me stand upon my head, so maybe the Wishing Pebble, and maybe your Magical ice cream soda water fountain and your Lolly-pop Garden has gone with it." Grampie Hoppytoad winked his eye at Raggedy Ann, as if to say, "I'm just teasing."

"Well, something is wrong with the Magical Wishing Pebble," cried the voice, "because I've never had any trouble making any one stand upon their heads when I wished it." "Try to make Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy stand upon their heads and you'll soon see that the Magical Wishing Pebble is only an ordinary pebble now and the wishes are all gone," laughed Grampie Hoppytoad.

"I tried to make them stand upon their heads before," cried the voice, "and it won't work." "Of course not," said Grampie Hoppytoad, "now if you would let me take the pebble for a moment, I could show you how to wish with it."

"I'm going home and have a glass of ice cream soda water and leave you there to think how nice it tastes."

"Isn't he mean," laughed Raggedy Ann, "but when a person grows stingy, it isn't very long before they lose all they have, and then, my how quick they are to ask favors of those they have been stingy with." "Yes," laughed Grampie Hoppytoad, "the best way to be is to do as many pleasant and kindly things as possible for others, then others love you and help you in return when you need it."

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GERMAN WOMEN ARE ACTIVE IN POLITICS

New German Ambassador, Dr. Wiedfeldt, Talks on Subject.

BY CONSTANCE DREXEL.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—With the final acceptance of the new German ambassador's credentials to President Harding, the other day a report of German women's political activities is timely.

It is impossible to quote Dr. Wiedfeldt, who succeeds Count Von Bernstorff here because he does not care to be interviewel for publication. He is a tall man with gray hair and a goatee, an agreeable manner and a smiling outlook on life through his spectacles. He receives visitors introduced by Baron Von Thurman in a front room in the much-denuded German embassy. As the furniture there before, belonged to the Bernstorffs, not much has been replaced, and what there is, is very simple.

The new ambassador speaks perfect English as does his wife, it was said. She has not come over, as Dr. Wiedfeldt is going back later to fetch her. There is one son who, at the age of 17,, in 1915, ran away from his preparatoy school to enlist in the war. He fought at the front in Russia, Italy, France and Belgium, but was one of the fortunate ones to come out almost unscathed. He has now resumed his interrupted studies and is at a German universit.

So much for background. Having been a business man and drafted directly from the Krupp's business to become ambassador to America, Dr. Wiedfelt confessed he was not as intimately acquainted with politica ldetails of Berlin as if he had come from that milieu.

But it seems that there are now about twenty-five women members in the German Reichstag, and that on many things they all stick together, regardless of parties. Like most of the European parliaments, the German Reichstag has six or eight political parties of about equal strength. Each one of them has women members seated in parliament.

It seems that the 5th of April was a woman's day of first order in the German Reichstag. Two most important woman's questions were dealt with, the first of which was the question of woman jurors and magistrates. After the report of the committee on laws, which was given by the leading spirit of this whole matter, Dr. Elizabeth Luders, M. P., a very interesting and lively discussion took place, in which members of all parties joined, and, with one exception, strongly spoke in favor of the bill.

Amongst others, the minister of justice, Professor Radbuch, pointed out that it was brought in to improve jurisdiction because "it would replace the old men's law by a new human law." The Government's bill originally had included a right of exemption for all women, the committee confined this right to mothers of little children, and the Reichstag went still further by conceding a special women's right of exemption only for nurses and midwives.

So in its last form the bill provides for exactly the same conditions for men and women jurors. With one slight restriction, moved by the Conservative and Liberal parties and carried against the votes of the socialists—that one of the two magistrates shall always be a man—the bill then was carried in the second and third reading by an overwhelming majority.

The important women's question which raised a long and rather stormy debate in the Reichstag on April 6 is reported in the May number of the International London, and just received in this office. It seems much further removed from our own questions under discussion than that of women jurors, but it is perhaps all the more pungent for that very reason.

The report is signed by Frau Marie Stritt, a former vice president of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, who was sent as the official delegate of the German government to the 1920 convention of the alliance in Geneva and says:

"Though women members of all parties—and women only—spoke on the question of the unmarried motherhood of women in public service which took place under discussion of the budget to the home minister, it was not treated from woman's, but from party-political standpoints, in accordance with the respective parties' world views.

"While the conservative and Catholic women were afraid that illegal motherhood of women in public service would further free love and lend to the destruction of the family, and therefore claimed disciplinary measures for such mothers, the socialist speakers protested against this opinion and against the double moral standard for man and woman functionaires.

"A motion of the Democratic party, referred by Dr. Gertrude Baumer, was handed over to the law committee: that the matter shall not be regulated in general, but that the individual instances of illegal motherhood and fatherhood shall be examined, and eventually may give reason for disciplinary measures."

That the French national is not entirely asleep in the matter of participation of women in politics already established in so many other countries is evident from the news the French Senate will discuss the question beginning May 30—if it doesn't change its mind again about doing so.

However, the premiership of Poincare should help a lot. The writer was present at an interview between a group of French and allied women during the peace conference at the Elysee Palace when Poincare was president. Both he and Madame Poincare came out squarely for woman suffrage then but as president, Poincare was little more than an ornament as he had little power. From the meagre news received on this subject since his premiership, however, French suffragists have received some assurance of help and therefore it is within the realm of possibility that a step nearer woman suffrage in France may soon be taken. The French suffragists are affiliated with the International Woman Suffrage Alliance and well known to American women who have attended European suffrage congresses.

Coming down to brass tacks nearer home, President Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor has just forwarded a letter to the 100 men and women who have been invited to participate in the anti-child labor conference to be held in the American Federation of Labor building on June 1.

He writes that Representative A. J. Volstead has called a meeting of the House judiciary committee, of which he is chairman, for 10 o'clock Thursday, June 1, to hear arguments on a proposed amendment to the constitution of the United States to prohibit or regulate the employment of children in gainful occupations. Chairman Volstead has set aside two hours for the purpose. Those who were originally asked to Mr. Gompers' child labor conference, and all others interested are invited to attend the hearing in the morning as well as the child labor conference in the afternoon.

CHINTZ FOR CHILDREN.

For the small daughter there seems to be no more popular fabric for smocks than chintz. Some of the patterns are large, though the most charming ones are not, and the colors are as gorgeous as can be dyed.

FLAPPER'S OUTFIT COSTS $20

FOUR GARMENTS FOR $20—SUMMER FROCK, DANCING FROCK, SILK DRESS AND SPORT COSTUME.

For only $60 a clever needlewoman made a complete summer wardrobe for herself, her younger sister and her small son. Today, in her second article for the Times, she tells how she made her sister's summer garments—for $20.

My reputation as a successful budgeteer was made when I finished my sister's summer clothes. She is 16 and attractive and thinks that life would be a dreary waste without new clothes. Her allowance is small, so the obtaining of a complete summer wardrobe presents difficulties.

She wanted so many things this season that we decided they'd have to be made at home. It was a good solution of the problem, since we made three dresses and a knicker costume for only $20!

Putting a summer frock together is the simplest sort of task, especially if it is one of the popular slip-on affairs. We made such a dress of bright figured cretonne and trimmed it with—what do you think? —unbleached muslin! All the cretonne slip-on dresses in the shops were decorated in just that fashion.

DANCING FROCK, TOO.

We made a dancing frock, of course, for evening wear. I hesitated between chiffon and Georgette and finally chose the latter, since the petal patterns we made it from seemed to need material with slightly more body to it than chiffon has. This was the easiest dress of all to make, since all the edging is done with machine hemstitching and there is no other trimming at all.

Just as important as the dancing dress was the sport costume—something that would stand a good deal of hard wear. Knickers, of course, as the fashions are now. The long blouse that goes with them is called a middy, but is quite different from the old-fashioned middy in cut and line. These we made of dark linen.

TAFFETA GOWN.

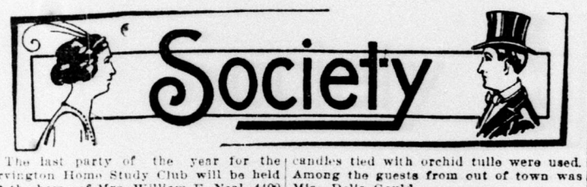
Then for all the occasions when one needs an informal silk gown we decided on a taffeta dress trimmed perkily with organdie—little puffed sleeves, a wide collar and billowing pockets. We found out by window shopping that this combination of materials is especially good.

Perhaps you'd like to make this $20 outfit yourself, so I've added a table of materials and prices to let you know how it was done:

Cretonne dress—Three yards of cretonne, 36 inches wide, at 50 cents a yard	$ 1.50
One-half yard unbleached muslin, at 20 cents, for trimming.....	.10
Dance frock—Four and one-half yards of 40-inch Georgette, at $1.45	6.53
Taffeta frock—Two and three-quarters yards of 40-inch taffeta, at $2	5.50
One and one-quarter yards of 40-inch organdie, at $1.25.....	1.57
Middy and knickers—Four yards of 36-inch linen at 75 cents.....	1.80
Total	$20.00

(Tomorrow this writer will tell Times readers how she made her small son a summer outfit for $10.)

Society



The last party of the year for the Irvington Home Study Club will be held at the home of Mrs. William E. Neal, 4400 North Pennsylvania street. Mrs. Harold Winslow will tell a legend and Mrs. R. J. Kreipke will sing the songs for "The Flowers and Birds in Legend and Songs." The hostess will be assisted by Mrs. Harry E. Jordan, and Mrs. Louis J. Morgan. This will be a guest day party held in the garden.

• • •

Miss Alma Rose, 3526 College avenue, will be the hostess for the meeting of the Alpha Epsilon Chapter of the Delta Theta Tau Sorority Wednesday evening. She will be assisted by her mother Mrs. Helen Rusle.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Loomis, 3647 Ruckle street, have as their guests for the races their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Loomis.

• • •

A bunco party was given at the home of Miss Christina Glaska Monday evening by the Alpha Lambda Chi Sorority. The sorority has been giving bunco parties each month during the winter, and this will be the last one for this season.

• • •

Miss Doris L. Reidy, 37 North Temple avenue, was the hostess Monday evening for the business meeting of the Ke-Wa-Na Club. The home was beautifully decorated with spring flowers. The hostess was assisted by her mother.

• • •

The last meeting of the Beta Chapter of the Delphian Society will be a picnic luncheon at the Phi Delta Theta house in Irvington. Mrs. Demarchus C. Brown will lead the discussion before the luncheon.

• • •

Mrs. Murray Patterson, 2428 East Tenth street, entertained the members of the Uno Club Monday evening. The home was decorated with spring flowers and in green and white, the sorority colors.

• • •

The Ladies Aid of the Moravian Episcopal Church will meet Wednesday afternoon at the parsonage with Mrs. Anna Webber.

• • •

Mr. W. D. Morton announces the marriage of his sister, Miss Florence Lorene, to Lewis Edward Gausepohl, which was solemnized at the home of Mr and Mrs. William E. Rider, of Waynetown. The Rev. W. D. Leazenby of Crawfordsville officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Gausepohl have motored to Michigan and will be at home after June 15 at 2363 Broadway.

• • •

Mrs. Ivan Allen Moore of Salem, Ill., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hartlavy, 2237 Ashland avenue, Friday evening of last week. Mrs. Moore has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David Morgan of this city.

• • •

The annual election of the Woman's Rotary Club was held Monday at the luncheon in the Florentine room of the Claypool Hotel. Mrs. Myra Richards, president, was re-elected, as were the other officers who will serve with her. Dr. Jane M. Ketchem, vice president; Miss Anna Nicholas, second vice president; Miss Gertrude Forrest, recording secretary; Miss Emma Colbert, corresponding secretary, and Miss Florence Coffin, treasurer. The new directors who were elected were Miss Fannie C. Grater and Mrs. Kate Milner Rabb.

• • •

A dinner dance to be given Tuesday evening at the Country Club will be one of the largest dances of the season. Over four hundred will gather to enjoy the dancing in the outdoor pavilion of the clubhouse.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Cushman Hoke will have as their guest for the week-end Miss Dorothy Smart of Kentland. Miss Smart will arrive Friday afternoon.

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Miss Ursula Hennessey, a bride-elect, was entertained with a luncheon at the home of Mrs. Fern Chamber Johnson. The table was beautifully decorated with spring flowers in orchid shades. Crystal candles tied with orchid tulle were used. Among the guests from out of town was Miss Della Gould.

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Mr. and Mrs. Harold Buschell are spending Memorial holiday in Zionsville, visiting an aunt.

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A 1 o'clock luncheon was given for ten of Mrs. Carl Fisher's guests Monday at the Country Club by Mrs. Gordon B. Tanner.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Holman, 3104 Central avenue, have as their guest their daughter from Washington, D. C., Miss Minnie Florence Holman.

MUSIC SCHOOL GIVES RECITAL

The Irvington School of Music will present Frieda Dyer of Casey, Ill., in a recital at 8 o'clock Monday evening, June 5, in the auditorium of Scholo 57, on the corner of Ritter and East Washington streets. Assisting on the program will be Miss Viltonia Montani, harpist; Miss Dolores Luca, dancer, and the choral class of the Irvington School of Music. The selection which the choral class will give is "The Garden of Flowers," a cantata for women's voices. The women's choral parts will be taken by Miss Mildred Golman, Miss Gertrude Conte, Miss Margaret Delaustea, Miss Nevill Trimble, Miss Mabel LaFoore, Miss Martha Gibson, Miss Harriet Gibson, Mrs. Madinger, Miss Ethel Packer, Mrs. A. G. Mueller, Miss Ethel Meuller, Miss Virginia Malty, Mrs. C. L. Wells, Mrs. Waller Filson, Mrs. H. Passel, Mrs. A. Schultzmeyer, Miss Virginia Volkner and Miss Viltonia Montani.

The Irvington School of Music will keep all its departments open during the summer months. The summer term will begin Monday, June 5.

TERRY CLOTH.

Bathing capes of terry cloth are both practical and decorative. The material comes in large figured patterns as are used in cretonne. It also comes in plain colors.

DRIED FRUITS.

Dried raspberries cooked down to jam are really delicious in a biscuit dough shortcake.

LITTLE THEATER PLAY TOO LONG, CRITIC'S VIEW

Acting Was Very Good, but Length Makes It Tiresome.

"Not According to Hoyle," well fitted the three-act comedy presented by the Little Theater Society Monday evening at the Masonic Temple. The play conforms to so few dramaturgical by-laws that it is very different and perhaps that alone will give grounds for the trial presentation of it. The following cast produced the play under the direction of the author, Test Dalton.

Count Gaston Charlevoix ....Carlton Guy
Countess Clare Charlevoix .... Mrs. Evelyn Fife
Gardner Fortune .....Arthur J. Beriault
Rev. Jason Fortune (Brother to Gardner) .....H. L. Ernest
Betty Fortune (Wife to Gardner).... ..... Mary Jane Walters

The play was very different from the plays one is used to. That may be why the author chose its name, yet the setting is very casual. As a one, or possibly a two-act comedy, the play would have received praise, but to put it in three acts with two scenes to an act, made its length tiresome.

The story is clever, and the parts were especially well played. Betty Fortune, a sprightly young, attractive girl, is visiting the Count, an artist who is painting her picture. Clara, the countess, who before her marriage was Clara Knox of Kalamazoo, Mich., and a school girl friend of Betty's, finds Betty and the count in his studio. She is seized with a fit of jealousy, and leaves the studio in anger, threatening Betty with a court suit for the alienation of her husband's affections.

Betty accepts the gauntlet and by the second act her husband has heard of the suit and appeals to his clergyman brother, the Rev. Jason Fortune. The brother talks to Betty, but his only result is a promise from Betty she will not call on Clara, which she well knows she could not do as Clara is calling on her. At the close of Act II, Scene 1, Clara leaves Betty to wait for the suit, which comes up tomorrow, but Betty suggests Clara read the paper as soon as she arrives home. Scene 2 reveals Gardner worried, not about his money, but for the reputation of his wife. Betty assures him he need have no fear and is about to reveal her plan, when Clara returns.

In a hot rage Clara tells Gardner the plan of Betty, which she had used in the morning paper. Betty had brought suit against Clara for alienation of her husband's affections. Both Clara's and Gardner's pictures were used with the story on the front page. Gardner does not care, but Clarais willing to give anything to stop this story.

For a play starring a vivacious young lady, Mr. Dalton succeeded in putting clever sentences in the mouth of Betty, and catty words and actions for Clara.

BLIND SCHOOL SENIOR CLASS TO GRADUATE

The Indiana School for the Blind will hold graduation exercises for five Wednesday evening May 31. The graduates are Erlamond De Wells, music department, Ray Johnson, literary department, Morris Bristor, field literary department, Madonna Neukom, literary department and Ray Chamberlain, literary department.

The graduates will give their own program as follows:

The King of Love My Shepherd Is.... ..... Gounod
Erlamond De Wells
Alaska and Its Resources ..Ray Johnson
Authors as Psychologists ....Morris Bristor Field
Evening .....Hunter
Madonna Neukom
The Philippines .....Ray Chamberlain
Progress of Women ....Madonna Neukom
Serenade .....Pierne
Morris Bristor Field
Presentation of Diplomas—Mrs. Ella Marsh Hough, President Board of Trustees
From the Land of the Sky-blue Water ..... Cadman
The Swan .....Saint-Saens
Girls' Chorus

On the following night, Thursday, the closing concert for the school will be given. Those contributing to the program are members of the school.

Gavotte from Mignon .....Thomas
Orchestra Class
Mazurka, No. 2 .....Godard
Erlamond De Wells
Friendship .....Haesche
Dry Yo' Eyes .....Landsberg
Pilot, Lan' de Boat .....Allen
Until the Dawn .....Parke
Male Chorus
Romance, Op. 26.....Svendsen
Mary Bullock
Gallia .....Gounod
Mixed Chorus
Andante and Scherzo .....Ganne
Donald Dowery
Come Where the Lilies Bloom..... .....Thompson
Brass Quartette With Obligato
Paul Feltz Charles Nichol
Bernard Brown Raymond Dinsmore
James Bullock
Berceuse from Jocelyn .....Godard
Erlamond De Wells
Violin Obligato—Mary Bullock
Peasant Wedding March .....Soderman
Mixed Chorus
Light and Shade Waltzes .....Strauss
Orchestra Class

Clubs and Meetings

Mrs. Malachy Wayne will be the hostess for a euchre and card party to be given by Circle No. 2 Wednesday afternoon and evening at St. Bridget's Hall, Pratt and Lafayette streets.

The Golden Rule Lodge, I. L. O. O. S., will give a grand ball Wednesday evening at Shepherd's Hall, corner of Alabama and East Washington streets.

The Only Euchre Club will give a card party Tuesday evening in Musicians Hall, 143 East Ohio street.

Our First Year

Chapter LV—How Can Jack Love Me and Not Be Jealous

BY A BRIDE.

Teh differences of opinion which caused a vast amount of unnecessary heartache in our first year were produced by situations we easily could have avoided.

Our acknowledged differences proved easy to cure; but the subtle and hidden hurts were like submerged rocks, uncharted reefs which menaced our future.

Jack's pride was one of them. My extravagance was another.

My husband was proud of his pride. He had promised before our wedding to be superior to jealousy. After marriage, if Jack ever were jealous of Bart, or of what I did with my time, or of my mental and social interests apart from his own, he managed to live up to his code and conceal his feelings.

I began to wish that my husband were not so different from the ordinary man. And every time the idea occurred to me I'd think of Mrs. Herrod, and wonder if chess were the sole bond between her and Jack.

And I'd half decide Jack did not get jealous because he really didn't love me to the exclusion of all women—as I wanted him to love me.

Somehow my fine theory about ultra-modern love between husbands and wives was proving a bit shaky. Although I had set out to follow the new ideas about marriage I wasn't equal to the strain of them.

But Jack seemed to be. Jack could love me devotedly and yet find tremendous pleasure in playing chess with Mrs. Herrod.

One outstanding fact in their friendship annoyed me; Mrs. Herrod wrote to my husband regularly. I discovered her notes every time I hunted up Jack's handkerchiefs for the laundry.

Monday was always a blue day for me. I had to go through the same struggle, over and over, had to put away the temptation to treat my husband's private correspondence as my own.

If Jack was proud of his pride, I was proud of my conscience, my restraint, my will. Moreover, after the affair of the mustache, I was pretty tender of my man's feelings. And Jack was decidedly tender of me.

But this mutual consideration did not make us confidential.

I knew. Jack knew, the new phychology speaks true when it advises the worried to tell their troubles and get them off their minds.

If Jack and I had talked things over frankly we would have avoided shipwreck on the rock of silence which stands at the entrance to Love's fairway.—Copyright, 1922.

(To Be Continued.)