

## SUGGESTS OUTFIT FOR VACATIONISTS

Hedda Hoyt Lists Things to Be Taken on Camping Trip.

By HEDDA HOYT.  
NEW YORK, July 28.—Just now every one is looking forward to the summer vacation and pondering as to what sort of a wardrobe will be required.  
If you are planning on a camping trip your clothing needs are easily outlined. If the camp is to be located in a near-by camp colony, you will probably need nothing new. Simple gingham frocks, separate skirts with slip-on sweaters and in fact any clothes that you no longer care about will do duty in a camp of this sort. Camp life is not a dressy one.  
If, however, you plan on a real camping trip where you are to "rough it" in the open, I shall give a list of garments which should adequately cover a vacation of two or three weeks in August.  
One pair of khaki bloomers.  
One khaki middie blouse.  
One pair khaki knickerbockers.  
One cotton khaki shirt.  
One pair stout shoes.  
One pair rubber soled canvas shoes.  
Three suits of cotton crepe undergarments.  
Five pairs cotton hose.

## Social Activities

The marriage of Miss Carroll Cox to J. Finbar Murphy of Kinsale, Ireland will take place at noon Saturday in the home of the officiating minister, Rev. C. C. Bonnell. The only attendants will be Mr. and Mrs. Earl C. Cox. Mrs. Cox will wear a frock of white Georgette with hat to match and carry a bouquet of tea roses. The bride will wear gray satin crepe, trimmed in French roses with gray slipper and hat to match and carry a shower of Aaron Ward roses. Following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Murphy will leave for Lake Manitowish for a two-weeks visit. The address address is for 41 S. Tuxedo after Aug. 15.

The Indiana Board of Photoplay Indorsers will give a lawn tea Friday evening at the corner of Thirty-Eighth and Meridian Sts. The entertainment includes moving picture, a for the evening, Hawaiian music, a for tune teller, fishpond and various games. Saturday morning at 10 o'clock there will be a special showing of "Nanook of the North" at the Circle Theater for the Board of Photoplay Indorsers.

Mrs. Paul Henderson and son, Martin, of Washington, D. C., who have been the guests of Mrs. Charles E. Rush at her home in Irvington, returned home today.

Miss Margaret Scott entertained with a theater party at the Murat Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Florence Young of Shouston, Texas who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Cora Young Willes. The guests included Mrs. William A. Cushman, Miss Eva Willes and Mrs. Joseph Willes.

Mrs. William Tichenor was hostess for a meeting of the Tri-Fraternity Club at her home on Poplar Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Field and Miss Marie Fields will leave Saturday to spend the remainder of the summer in the north.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Flanner entertained the members of the Indianapolis Advertising Club and their families with a lawn party. The dinner table was cleverly arranged with news paper advertisements and clippings strewn over the cover and placards of the club's slogan, "Truth," used as markers.

Covers were laid for twenty-eight at a garden party given Wednesday evening in honor of the birthday of Mrs. Jane N. Gold, at her home on Sanders St. Dinner was served on the lawn, which was attractively decorated with tall baskets of American Beauty roses and lighted with Japanese lanterns.

Among the Indianapolis people registered in at Cedar Point, on Lake Erie, The Breakers, are James H. Leiner, Miss Anna Burns, Miss Emma Hicks, Miss Hilda Spangler, P. J. Abele, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hull, Miss Neoma More, J. G. Kendrick, Arthur R. Swanson and G. C. Blazer. At The Cedars, Mrs. George S. Garcan, Mrs. L. Little and Mrs. Charles Glenn of this city are guests.

Mrs. James Murdock is visiting in Chicago and will return to Indianapolis Sept. 1.

Lincoln Lodge, No. 2, Knights and Ladies of America, has selected Mrs. Mary Cunningham as permanent secretary to take office Aug. 1. There will be an election of officers for the ensuing term next Tuesday night in P. H. C. Hall, Michigan and East Sts. Tuesday, Aug. 8, will be the first anniversary of the lodge and a program is being arranged for that evening, with a drive for new members will be inaugurated.

## Frozen Fruit Salad

By BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH  
Cooking Authority for N.E.A. Service and  
Columbia University.

For an afternoon or evening reception, or for Sunday night supper, one dish combining salad and dessert is very desirable. The following recipe is easily made:

2 cups cut-up fruit. 3 tablespoons cold water.  
1 cup cream, beaten until stiff. 1 head lettuce.  
1 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing. French dressing (oil, vinegar, salt and pepper).

2 teaspoons gelatine.  
The fruit may be any seasonal combination. For instance, two oranges, two slices pineapple (canned), one banana, one pear or apple, and a few raspberries, strawberries or cherries. Six marshmallows are a good addition, especially very soft ones cut in small pieces.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve by placing the cup in hot water. Add the gelatine to cream and mayonnaise, pour over fruit and lightly mix together.

Turn into an ice cream freezer or a water-tight mold and pack in two parts ice to one part salt for two hours.

Turn on a serving dish and serve with lettuce dressed with the French dressing.

This dish can be placed in a mold in the ice box and served very cold, but it does not cut into attractive slices as it does when frozen.

(Cut this out and paste it in your cook book)

## Forba McDaniels Is Editor in Addition to Secretarial Work



FORBA MCDANIELS.

By VIRGINIA REYER.  
Miss Forba McDaniels has a job within a job, for, in addition to being assistant secretary of the Indiana Bankers Association, she is business manager of The Hoosier Banker, the official organ of the association. Miss McDaniels originated the little magazine. She collects all the material and edits it herself. In addition to her many duties, she is president of the Indiana Confederation of Business and Professional Women.

Miss McDaniels has been associated with the bankers association for ten years, and before that time was book keeper for the First National Bank of Russellville.

"There's no such thing as a soft snap if one wants to succeed in the business world," said Miss McDaniels. "Many women have the mistaken idea they can step into a job without a bit of exertion on their part, but very often they find themselves stepping out sooner than they expected."

"Success does not come lightly; it takes long hours and close application. That's the advice that should be given to young girls who want a business career."

upstairs window," Mamma Bear said. "Won't you come in? We were just out for a walk while our pudding cooled and when we came back we found that Goldilocks had been here and was fast asleep upstairs on baby bear's bed!"

"Goldilocks only eats the porridge," said Mamma Bear as she passed a large plate of cream puffs to Raggedy Ann. "If she would only visit us some time when we are at home, we would soon show her how friendly we can be."

"If we see her we will tell her that you would like her for supper sometime," said the Fuzzypump.  
Daddy Bear laughed in a great big bear voice, "Haw! Haw! Haw!"

Mamma Bear laughed in a middle-sized voice, "He! He! He!"  
And the baby bear laughed in a baby bear voice, "We! We! We!"

Then when they saw that Raggedy Ann, Raggedy Andy and the Fuzzypump did not know why they were laughing, Daddy Bear said, "Please do not tell Goldilocks that we would like to have her for supper. Tell her that we would like to be friends with her and would like for her to eat supper with us."

Then Daddy Bear told stories until it was time to go to bed. "You must stay here with us tonight," said Daddy Bear, as he wound the clock. "Baby Bear can sleep with Mamma Bear, and as you are quite small, you can all sleep together on Baby Bear's little bed."

"That will be lots of fun," said Raggedy Ann. Copyright, 1922, by John Gruelle.

on. One was a medium-sized mamma bear and the other was a little teeny weeny baby bear.  
"Did she get away?" Mamma Bear asked the Daddy Bear.  
"Yep! She always does, you know," Daddy Bear replied.

At this the baby bear started crying almost like a squeaky Teddy Bear.

"Has he got a pain?" asked the Fuzzypump's Puppypump.

Mamma Bear threw back her head and laughed until the flowers almost wiggled off her bonnet. "Land sakes no," she said. "He always wants us to catch Goldilocks and that was who Daddy Bear was after when he knocked you all down!"

"I am sorry if I seemed rude," Daddy Bear told Raggedy Ann and her friends. "But honestly, I did not know you were standing at the door!"

"Goldilocks did not come out of the house," said the Fuzzypump. "We were right here at the door and would have seen her."

"She always jumps right out of the

## The Raggedy Ann and Andy Book

Isabel Ostrander

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(Continued)

"Wells is an old fool!" Andrew continued. "I say, there is nothing any of us can do for Roger, he'll sleep like a baby tonight and be all right in the morning. I'm going out and I shan't be back until late but I'll take my key and I won't disturb you if you'll tell Carter not to put the chain on the door."

### CHAPTER XIV

Like two housebreakers, Sergeant Miles and Scottie stole up the back stairs that night and halted before the door at the end of the hall.

As he drew the skeleton keys from his pocket Miles indicated the traces of wax which still adhered to the lock, then whispered: "Andrew! He wanted to get in here mighty bad, didn't he?"

Scottie nodded, not trusting himself to speak, and his companion oiled the lock and key-hole carefully before setting to work. He made no noise but the minutes dragged out interminably while the other watched and listened tensely for a possible interruption. The key clicked faintly in the lock and the door swung slowly inward.

"Wait till I close the door," Miles commanded; then as a tiny light gleamed out: "Good! There's a bolt on the inside and we can't be surprised. Andrew may come home at any time and I have a hunch that he'll try to finish then what he started this afternoon."

"It looks as though he'd made a pretty thorough job of it if destruction was his object," Scottie commented dryly as the rapier-like thrust of light play-did about the dense blackness of the room. "May the devil take us if we're not in a museum!"

They were in a huge, low-ceilinged room which had evidently been long unused for human occupancy. On the left trunks and packing cases of all shapes and sizes were heaped pell-mell with broken hasps. From their depths a heterogeneous mass of relics and manuscripts had been scattered in all directions.

Haughty, though fragmentary idols and humble cooking pots, fearsome weapons, bits of crumbled carving, and among their all roll after roll of

"Defying your grandmother!" Miles interrupted. "This message is in Egyptian hieroglyphics, Scottie. I know that much—Egyptian picture writing in the wrappings of a Peruvian mummy—Get me a piece of that parchment from the floor, will you?"

Scottie complied and held both his torch and that of his companion while the latter compared the texture of the scrolls. At length he drew a quick breath and faced the older man with shining eyes.

"I can't read a word of it as you say, but by the Lord Harry I think we've got it! There are professors in town who can decipher it for us and be depended upon to hold their tongues afterward, and we'll see that it reaches one of them tomorrow!"

"But it can't be what Andrew was looking for!" Scottie expostulated. "He certainly cannot translate hieroglyphs!"

"Nor would he have known that it was what he wanted if he had found it!" retorted Miles. "Can't you see, old man? That was the intention of the person who placed it there. It is something that had to be preserved and yet must be undecipherable to any one not a student of Egyptology."

Miles stowed papyrus and parchment carefully in his pocket. Switching off their torches they stole from the room, but as Miles re-locked the door behind them his companion seized his arm.

"Do you hear that?" Scottie's husky whisper breathed in his ear. "Some one's up and there's a wee streak of light coming from that room at the front. Whose is it?"

"Hobart's," whispered Miles in reply. "Flatten yourself against the wall and wait as lightly as you can; we're going to look into this!"

Foot by foot they crept along the hall until they neared Hobart's door, and then halted as though transfixed, for the voice of Miss Drake, trem-

"But what was he looking for? That's what we've got to find out. What would Roger have written and carted all around the world with him that his brother would want badly enough to steal? Mr. Wells told me that the three brothers were devotedly attached to each other, but I have seen small evidence of affection on Andrew's part for any of them."

"Do you see all these odd caskets of metal and carved bone?" Scottie was playing his torch over the an-

cient relics which littered the floor. "Perhaps we can find one or two that hasn't been broken open."

It was long past midnight when they desisted at last and Miles remarked with a shrug: "I guess we'd better give it up, old man. If there was anything here bearing on our problem Andrew must have made off with it, after all."

Scottie suppressed a sneeze heroically as the dust which still floated in the air assailed his nostrils, and replied in a strangled voice: "The mould of the ages is eating into my lungs and there's a musty, spiky rock from that mummy—"

"The mummy!" Miles struck his hands together softly. "It's the one place we never thought of, Scottie! We're not beaten yet!"

He darted over to the long, coffin-like case and his companion followed somewhat reluctantly.

"The person doesn't appear to have been disturbed since the Pyramids were built," he ventured. "What are you about, lad? You're never going to undress it!"

"It's Peruvian, not Egyptian; don't you see the inscription?" responded Miles in a quick, excited whisper. "Moreover, the wrappings about the head and breast have been unwound within a very few years at most and then replaced!"

Miles inserted his hand with infinite care beneath the displaced fabric which covered the shrunken, flint-like breast and drew forth a slender roll of parchment. Scottie hastily returned his unwelcome burden to its original position and strode around the case to stare over his friend's shoulder at the discovery.

"It's in figure writing!" he exclaimed, broadly as the roll unrolled. "You'd never be able to read it and it would do you no good if you did! I've no doubt it's a prayer. Put it back, Owen, it's defying Providence!"

"Defying your grandmother!" Miles interrupted. "This message is in Egyptian hieroglyphics, Scottie. I know that much—Egyptian picture writing in the wrappings of a Peruvian mummy—Get me a piece of that parchment from the floor, will you?"

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## BECOMES BRIDE IN AUGUST



MARIE KLINGSTEIN.

The marriage of Miss Marie Klingstein, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Waldo Klingstein, to James A. Crewes, Jr., son of James A. Crewes of Gray-bill, Wyo., will take place Aug. 17.

bling and charged with long pent-up emotion, came to the listener's ears. "It is no use! If we were the only ones concerned I would have kept this from you, but it shall not be visited upon the next generation! I know the truth, Hobart! I have always known!"

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

### Handkerchiefs

Colored linen handkerchiefs are used almost entirely for sports wear. Some of these have a touch of femininity added in the way of a lace border.

### Brown

Get ready for a brown frock in your fall wardrobe, for it is going to be the color leader. Already the smart

est turbans, frocks, suits and blouses are being shown in all shades ranging from tan to a deep sepia.

GIRLS! LEMONS

BLEACH FRECKLES AND WHITEN SKIN

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, which any drug store will supply for a few cents, shake well, and you have a quarter-pint of the best freckle and tan bleach, and complexion whiterer.

Massage this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day, and see how freckles and blemishes bleach out and how clear, soft and rosy white the skin becomes.—Advertisement.

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EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT US that it is better to serve one patient well, with dentistry built of the best, than a dozen, with shoddy work that won't and can't last. Service and satisfaction is what you can expect when dealing with us.

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## BABIES' CASE IS PLEAD IN SENATE

Whole Milk Versus Skimmed Milk Bill Is Discussed.

Times Staff Correspondent.  
WASHINGTON, July 28.—The great American baby is having his innings before the United States Senate now.

It is the case of "whole milk versus filled milk." The Senate Agricultural sub-committee is hearing the pleas.

A number of milk canning companies have been taking the natural fats from milks and substituting vegetable oils and other fats. That makes filled milk, technically similar in ingredients to whole milk.

Under the present food laws, this is legal, provided the milk is labeled properly. The milk companies contend that if people are willing to buy filled milk, they should be allowed to prepare it.

The case of the great American baby is this:

"As a specialist I should say that were I to feed the baby skimmed milk with a vegetable fat in it, that child would develop both scurvy and rickets."

The champion of the American baby above quoted is Dr. Charles L. Summers. He has 20,000 babies—not his own, but babies who are dependent on him for their health. He spoke as director of the Babies' Clinic of the