

Social Activities

The marriage of Miss Erna Millard Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Smith, to Arthur Lindstead, will be solemnized with a lovely ceremony at 8:30 o'clock Wednesday evening in the home of the bride's parents in Irvington. The Rev. C. P. Moss will read the service before an altar formed of palms and ferns studded with baskets of pink gladioli. Miss Bernice Cugh, violinist, and Mrs. Harry Lindstead, pianist, will play a program of bridal airs preceding the ceremony and the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" on the entrance of the wedding party.

Miss Doris Louise Sehon of Louisville, Ky., will be maid of honor and will wear orchid canton crepe and carry an arm bouquet of Columbia roses. Little Miss Helen Skaggs, as flower girl, will carry a frock of pink georgette and carry a French basket of flowers. The bride will be gowned in pink georgette trimmed with white Chantilly lace and will wear a medium length tulle veil. Her shower bouquet will be of bride roses and lilacs of the valley.

Following the ceremony a reception will be held at the bride's home, after which Mr. and Mrs. Lindstead will leave for a motor trip through the North. Their new residence on Broadway will be ready for them Sept. 1.

Miss Anna Bronson will be bridesmaid at the marriage of Miss Josephine Lee to Ralph W. Taylor of Detroit, which will take place at 8 o'clock Sunday morning at a Holy Angels Church, Father Walker officiating. Elmer Lee, brother of the bride, will be best man. Miss Lee is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lee of Byron Ave. and Mr. Taylor is the son of Mrs. Ellen Taylor of E. Twenty-Seventh St. Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast will be laid at the home of the bride for the bridal party, after which Mr. and Mrs. Taylor will leave for a trip through the Great Lakes. They will make their home in Detroit, Mich.

Miss Mildred H. Finkelstein entertained with a charmingly appointed tea Tuesday afternoon at her home on N. Delaware St. in honor of Miss Irene Hyman, who is going to Chicago for residence. Miss Eleanor Pellenstein of St. Joe, Miss, and Miss Eleanor Sander of Chicago were among the guests.

The Ophelia Club met Monday at the home of Miss Norma Bronson on Mount St. Plans for dispensing charity were discussed.

Miss Lou Gentry, Miss Hilda Wright, Miss Mildred Gibbs, Miss Mildred North and Mrs. Margaret Helmer will go to Lake Tippecanoe Sunday for a week's visit.

Butler chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma gave their first rush party Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Thomas C. Howe in Irvington. Garden flowers were used extensively in decoration.

Dr. and Mrs. William F. Walsh and James E. Beach left Wednesday for Atlantic City and will visit in other Eastern cities before returning home.

Among the prettiest of mid-summer weddings was that of Miss Edith Cecilia Vance to Victor W. Beckerich, which took place at 8 o'clock this morning at St. Anthony's Church, the Rev. A. H. Busald officiating. Preceding and during the service Elmer Steffen and H. E. Calland sang, accompanied by Miss Helen O'Gara, organist.

The bride wore an effective gown of white Canton crepe arranged with loose panels of self material which fell below the hem and a filmy tulle veil held by a coronet of orange blossoms. She carried a shower of brides' roses and valley lilies. Mrs. George Mode, matron of honor, wore yellow Georgette with a yellow leghorn hat and carried yellow roses. Miss Marie Vance, bridesmaid, wore a dainty frock of peach-colored voile with a leghorn hat and carried pink roses. The men attendants were Leonard Beckerich, brother of the groom, best man, James Hagan and Dr. Jasper Vance, Jr., ushers.

Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Vance in Speedway City, after which Mr. and Mrs. Beckerich left for a trip to various northern Indiana lakes. The automobile license is for 2201 College Ave. after Sept. 1.

Among the out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Bruck of Hamilton, Ohio; the Rev. Father John Kelly of Notre Dame, Mrs. Margaret Vickers, Mrs. Margaret Talbert and Frank Karpinski of Anderson, Frank Rembusch and family of Shelbyville and Mrs. M. C. Quigley and James Quigley of Greentield.

A group of Indianapolis young people with their chaperones are visiting at Lake Manitow at the Turner sisters' cottage for the week. The party includes Miss Ann Brubaker, Miss Betty Lee, Miss Martha Alice Thompson, Miss Sarah Frances Downs, Miss Helen Louise Stevens, Linton Atkinson, Edward Masson, Francis Sommers, George King and Albert Knox. Mrs. W. W. Atkinson and Mrs. Fred Thompson are chaperones.

Butler chapter of Delta Pi Omega will give their first rush party on Wednesday evening. The party will be a lawn fete at the home of Miss Mildred Ross on College Ave. The grounds will be strung with Japanese lanterns carrying out the sorority colors, yellow and white. Favors will be Japanese fans and umbrellas, and there will be various amusement booths on the lawn decorated with yellow and white flowers. An orchestra will play during the evening. Miss Lenore Spencer is general chairman, assisted by Miss Jean Patterson and Miss Mary Balmun.

MARRIES LOCAL ATTORNEY



NELLIE L. PAPE.

Miss Nellie L. Pape of Ft. Wayne and Clarence R. Martin of Indianapolis will be married on Wednesday in the parsonage of the Salem Church, the Rev. M. Knatz officiating. Mrs. Louis F. Karnes will be matron of honor and William C. Geake will be best man. Mr. and Mrs. Martin will make a tour of the Great Lakes, returning Sept. 1 to make their home on Park Ave.

Miss Pape has been clerk of the Allen County Supreme Court for three and one-half years. She is a member of the Allen County bar and has practiced law in the Ft. Wayne courts. Mr. Martin is a graduate of the University of Michigan and the Indiana Law School, and is active in politics in Indiana.

The Raggedies

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy stopped at a great tree and watched down beneath it in the soft-velvety moss, a band of tiny little fairies playing.

These were very tiny little fairies only about three inches high, and they were as dainty in their pretty fairy dresses as the little pink and white flowers which peep up out of the grass in the early spring time. There were ten little fairies playing there and their tiny voices sounded as sweet as their song in their game, as the wind when it plays upon an Aeolian harp. Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy, with an arm over each other's shoulder, just watched and were happy, their faces wrinkled in broad smiles and their shoe-button eyes dancing with pleasure at the sight.

The tiny little fairies formed a circle and danced; their tiny slippers just barely touching the soft-velvety moss as they danced. Then as they sang faster the tiny little fairies danced faster and whirled about so rapidly the Raggedies could scarcely see them move their twinkling feet.

Soon the fairies rose in the air and danced their "Fairy Ring," rising to the lower branches of the great tree, then floating again to the soft-velvety moss down below. When the dainty little tiny fairies had circled into the air ten times they stayed upon the green mossy carpet, hand-in-hand, dancing in a circle, growing more airy as they danced, until Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy saw them only as a hazy, white smoke in the shape of a ring.

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy rubbed their rag hands over their shoe-button eyes as the ring of smoke disappeared, and with it all signs of the tiny little fairies. But when the Raggedies walked out upon the soft-velvety moss where the fairies had been dancing a moment before, they saw, peeping up through the soft green moss little buttons of white.

"Hum!" mused Raggedy Andy, "they've each have lost a button off their dress."

"All the buttons from a ring!" said Raggedy Ann as she sat down and gently pushed the soft moss away from one of the buttons. "Why, they are not buttons, Raggedy Andy," cried Raggedy Ann, "they are tiny little mushrooms."

Just then the Skeezix walked up to the Raggedies. "Hello!" he said, "have you been watching the fairies dance, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy?"

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy told the Skeezix of the pretty, tiny, little fairies. "I have watched them many times," said the Skeezix. "And after each dance they leave the circle of mushrooms in the moss or in the grass, and every one who finds this circle may know that the tiny, little fairies have been dancing their Fairy Ring."

"Oh, yes," said Raggedy Ann. "I remember once we saw a ring like this on the lawn at home, and some of the older folks said 'it is a Fairy Ring.'"

"Wasn't it nice, that we got to watch the fairies as they made the Fairy Ring?" said Raggedy Andy. And indeed, Raggedy Ann thought it had been a great treat.—Copyright, 1922, by Johnny Gruelle.

MRS. WINTERS FINED Advocate of "Law" and "Government" Learns Meaning of Terms. MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 8.—"The law" and "government," about which Mrs. T. G. Winters, president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs has urged a study by women of the Nation generally, were brought home with a forcible realism yesterday. Mrs. Winters was fined \$5 and costs for unlawfully parking her automobile in the congested business district here.

Marriage a la Mode Marie of Roumania to King Alexander of Yugoslavia many old customs were observed. On her return from the church the Princess stepped over a band of cloth hung between the gateposts. This represented her entry into a new life.

Jade Ornaments Bits of jade, carved in interesting figures, hung on long black cords, are popular as necklaces.

Colors Again At a gathering in Deauville, France, where the fashionable women of the world were assembled, there was not a single black gown to be seen. Light colors predominated.

WILL LIVE IN CINCINNATI Mrs. C. I. Smith before her marriage Sunday was Miss Dorothy Greeson. The wedding took place at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Smith on College Ave. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have gone to Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio, for residence.

THE RED HOUSE MYSTERY by A. A. MILNE



The body of the never-do-well brother, ROBERT ABLETT, was found on the floor of the locked office of The Red House, and MARK ABLETT, bachelor proprietor of the country estate, was nowhere to be found. In the eyes of Inspector Birch, it was clear that Mark had shot Robert, particularly since everyone knew that Mark learned with surprise and amazement of Robert's return from his 15-year stay in Australia.

Antony smoked thoughtfully for a little. Then he took his pipe out of his mouth and turned to his friend. "Are you prepared to be the complete Watson?" he asked.

"Do you follow me—Watson; that one. Are you prepared to have quite obvious things explained to you, to ask futile questions, to give me chances of scoring off you. Because it is all help."

"My dear Tony," said Bill delightedly, "need you ask?" Antony said nothing, and Bill went on happily to himself: "I perceive from the strawberry mark on your shirt front that you had strawberries for desert. Holmes, you astonish me. Tut, tut, you know my methods. Where is the tobacco? The tobacco is in the Persian slipper. Can I leave my practice for a week? I can."

Antony smiled and went on smoking. After waiting hopefully for a minute of two Bill said in a firm voice: "Well, then, Holmes, I feel bound to ask if you have deduced anything. Also, whom do you suspect?"

"Do you remember," he said, "one of Holmes' little scores over Watson about the number of steps up to the Baker street lodging? Poor old Watson had been up and down them a thousand times, but he had never thought of counting them, whereas Holmes had counted them as a matter of course. And that was supposed to be the difference between observation and non-observation. Watson was crushed again, and Holmes appeared amazedly at the number of steps in that matter Holmes was the ass, and Watson the sensible person. What on earth is the point of keeping in your head an unnecessary fact like that? If you really want to know at any time the number of steps to your lodging, you can ring up your landlady and ask her. I've been up and down the steps of the club a thousand times, but if you asked me to tell you at this moment how many steps there are I couldn't do it."

"I certainly couldn't," said Bill. "But if you really wanted to know," said Antony casually, with a sudden change of voice, "I could find out for you without even bothering to ring up the hall porter."

Bill was puzzled as to why they were talking about the club steps, but he felt it his duty to say that he did want to know how many there were. "Right," said Antony. "I'll find out."

He closed his eyes. "I'm walking up St. James' Street," he said slowly. "Now I've come to the club and I'm going past the smoking room windows—one—two—three—four. Now I'm at the steps. I turn in and begin going up them. One—two—three—four—five—six, then a broad step; six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven. Eleven—I'm inside. Good morning, Rogers. Fine day again."

With a little start he opened his eyes and came back to his present surroundings. He turned to Bill with a smile. "Eleven," he said. Count them the next time you're there. Eleven—and now I hope I shall forget it again."

WILL SHE WIN CONTEST?



HELENE WHITE Every hour of the day the Times Pageant Editor receives inquiries by telephone and in person from people stating photographs are on the way to the office as they feel the photographs they are submitting will settle the question of who will be Miss Indianapolis.

Among the many photographs received is that of Miss Helene White of 809 Sanders St. and that he can't get in. How's that?" "Hopeless, Watson, hopeless."

"Why?" "How does Cayley know that it is Mark who has shot Robert and not the other way round?"

"Oh! said Bill, rather upset. "Yes," he thought for a moment. "All right. Say that Cayley has gone into the room first, and seen Robert on the ground."

"Well," he said, "there you are." "And what does he say to Mark?" "That it's a fine afternoon, and could he lend him a pocket-handkerchief?"

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MOTHERS' IDEAS USUALLY DIFFER

Pageant Girl Letters Show They Have Definite Opinions on Selections. The ideas of mothers concerning the qualifications of Miss Indianapolis, who will go to Atlantic City in September to attempt to win the national beauty tournament in connection with the city pageant, generally are vastly different from others set to The Times Pageant Editor.

Mrs. Elmer Gordon of Mays, Ind., writes her opinion of what the representative girl should be as follows: "Honest, modest, nice and neat; Up-to-date and keen things straight; Wear her dresses below her knees; Try her father and mother to please. Get up in the morning breakfast to prepare. Not wait to be called. After mother set it there.

She should be able to darn, patch, cook and sew. And not be eternally on the go. Rouge, cheeks, penciled eyebrows. Oh what a pity For the girl who goes To Atlantic City.

A defense for pretty, well kept hands is made in a letter from Miss Marie Campbell, 1101 Hamilton Ave. She writes: "I say choose a girl as Miss Indianapolis who has pride enough to help make herself beautiful. I don't mean one who uses cosmetics to extreme.

"Spend thirty minutes a day on a pair of red and unsightly hands and they will soon look different. Shoes with a little polish look better than some without. "The same in regard to the face, a little rouge and powder help the looks of any girl."

The "beautiful, bright college girl" is considered the ideal type in a letter received from Mrs. J. C. Weir of 230 E. North St. "Bobbed hair, though becoming to many girls, is merely a fad indulged in by a comparative few," she writes.

"Let Miss Indianapolis be a natural beauty, not merely painted one; let her crowning glory of hair be attractively arranged. In addition to exquisite physical beauty, let her be graceful, refined, adaptable and sufficiently educated to correctly represent the intelligence of our 'mean city.' "A beautiful, bright college girl would surely be ideal."

A short time remains before the Times Pageant Editor will close his call for the best short letter stating what Miss Indianapolis should be. He will give \$10 for the best letter. Send your letters in at once.

Keeps Hair In Curl On Hot or Windy Days Here's a hair curling secret that is decidedly "worth while. Just apply a little liquid salinizer before doing up the hair, using a clean tooth brush for the purpose, drawing this down the hair from crown to tip. In three hours you will have a beautiful curls and waves as you could wish for. The salinizer will look so natural no one will guess it was artificially acquired. And it will last over so long, regardless of heat, wind or dampness.

You can obtain liquid salinizer at any drug store and a few ounces will last a long time. It is neither sticky nor greasy and is pleasant to use. It is doubly useful because it also serves as a beneficial dressing, keeping the hair soft, silky and lustrous. It's fine for both long and lobbed hair.—Advertisement.

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