

## 'WOMEN IGNORANT OF TECHNIQUE IN PRESENT CRISIS'

Voters' League President Says Organization Hopes for Early Settlement.

By MRS. MAUD WOOD PARK, President National League of Women Voters.

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WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.—Women feel themselves ignorant concerning the technique of the questions of business administration involved in the present industrial situation, but are ardently hoping a solution will be found by the persons who do understand it.

The League of Women Voters has no panacea to offer. Women are disinclined to believe in panaceas.

A man can hit upon a method of conducting his business and follow it throughout his business life; a woman knows that no method of child-rearing brings precisely the same results with any two children. Women do not know what ought to be done to make capital and labor pull together for the common good, and because they do not know they are not likely to be led into endorsing any apparently universal cure.

Women feel industrial disputes will never be settled until they are settled with justice to all, and know they can help by earnestly and persistently demanding they be so settled.

The greater distress in industrial wars falls on the women and children. It is the woman's job to see that the family is fed, and in strike times it is a heart-breaking job in many a household. Men are not at home all day; they do not see acutely the children's cry of hunger; they do not feel sick at heart because Johnny's shoes will be worn out by next week and because Lucy needs the dentist. They do not feel the pinch every hour of the day.

Women can cry to men to settle disputes and they can do something more. They are like the citizens of a community which wants a bridge built. They are willing to sacrifice to raise the tax money to pay for the bridge and they know where it ought to lead to, but they leave the building of it to the engineers whose business is bridge-building. They do not say how it ought to be built. They merely want it built strong and enduring. Women are willing to wait and to study so that they may help the efficient engineers to build the bridge the world so badly needs.

## Miss Grace Ann Rust, Cafeteria Proprietress, Liked by Patrons



By VIRGINIA REYER

Most people consider cafeteria owners in about the same class as apartment house owners and landlords in general. They are thought to be grasping, harsh, money-wringing, self-centered sort. Miss Grace Ann Rust is the exception which proves the rule. She is proprietor of the Russet Cafeteria and is well known and well liked by all her regular trade. Miss Rust opened the cafeteria some months ago and because of her policy of careful supervision and personal interest in her customers her place has enjoyed a wonderful success.

Miss Rust is a graduate of the University of Illinois, where cooking was her minor subject. During the time she was in college she ran a tearoom as a side line and later went to Columbia University, where she took a master's degree in food administration. Before going into commercial work she visited all of the largest cafeterias in the United States.

Her particular hobby is that a well person should be served just as whole some food as a sick person and will appreciate it even more. She welcomes suggestions as to favorite foods from her patrons and her kitchens are always open for inspection. She employs all white cooks and waitresses and they have a feeling of loyalty for her high standards. Miss Rust herself makes out all menus, closely supervising the preparation of the food and does all the buying. She is on hand every day and sees to it that her clientele secures the best possible service.

"A person can never make a success of a business just because they consider it a good business," says Miss Rust. "It is necessary to be interested in the job for itself. I am interested in food from a scientific standpoint. It is a joy to me to see it correctly prepared and served. I think that is why I am making a success of my cafeteria work."

## SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

At the marriage of Miss Sarah Ashby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ashby, to Earl A. Heasler, son of Ernest Heasler of Madison, Wis., which took place at 8 o'clock Saturday evening at the Central Christian Church, the six young girls who are members of Miss Ashby's Sunday School class, Virginia Wheeler, Helen Smith, Margaret Simpson, Louise Curtis, Mary Tunney and Ann Seburn, dressed in white and carrying chains of smilax and white roses, formed an aisle through which the bride party passed. Preceding the ceremony Mrs. Dorothy Knight Green played a program of bridal airs and "The Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" for the processional.

Mrs. John L. Fuller of New York, matron of honor, wore a fuchsia crepe, embroidered in gold, and carried an arm bouquet of Ophelia roses. Miss Charlotte Lesh wore orchid crepe and carried butterfly roses. Miss Elizabeth Horner wore turquoise blue and carried Premier roses. Miss Margaret Schultz of Milwaukee, wore a frock of coral crepe and carried Columbia roses. Miss Lorena Ray's frock was peach colored and she carried Ophelia roses.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore ivory satin combined with Duchess lace. The cap of her tulle veil was made of lace from her mother's wedding gown and she carried a point lace handkerchief which was a part of the wedding costume of Mrs. J. H. Brill. Her shower bouquet was of bride's roses and lilies of the valley.

The men attendants were Alton Heasler, brother of the groom, best man, and Robert Brewer, Harold Horner, Samuel Ashby, Jr., and Elton Morice, ushers.

Assisting Mrs. Ashby at the reception which followed the service, were Mrs. J. H. Brill, Mrs. Victor C. Kendall, Mrs. L. H. Coleman, Mrs. C. A. Hilgenberg, Mrs. P. A. Hancock, Mrs. Hector Fuller, Miss Florence Fuller, Miss Mary Coleman, and Miss Marian Hilgenberg.

Following the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Heasler left for Northern trip. They will make their home in St. Paul, Minn., after Oct. 1.

Kappa Alpha Theta will entertain with a dinner Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Sutherland on Sutherland Ave. Covers will be laid for fifty at tables lighted with black and gold candles and decorated with black and gold ribbons and pansies. Black and gold hand-made handkerchiefs will be the favors.

The marriage of Miss Agnes Irwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Irwin to Frank Vollmer, son of S. G. Vollmer, was solemnized at 8 o'clock this morning at St. Joseph's Church. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a dark blue crepe

frock with hat to match and a corsage of sweetheart roses. Her attendant, Miss Mary Glaska, wore a dark blue costume. William Vollmer and Robert Irwin ushered, and Albertus Vollmer was best man. Following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Vollmer left for a wedding trip. They will be at home after Sept. 20 at 126 Dickson St.

Mrs. Harry Stedford entertained with a theater party at the Murat Saturday afternoon in honor of her guests, Miss Belle and Miss Getrude Neuwirth of New York, and Mrs. Charles R. Hughes, who has returned from a two years' residence in Boston, Mass.

Miss Dorothy Sutherland and Miss Betty Wales have returned from Camp Aloha, where they spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Watkins and son David of Chicago are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Plummer.

Dr. and Mrs. M. E. Clark entertained with a house party this weekend in their cottage at Lake Maxinkuckee. Miss Charlotte and Miss Mildred Clark have returned from Maxinkuckee.

Mrs. Max Leckner has returned from Walloon Lake, where she spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Grindle entertained Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Shultz at their home in Brown County this weekend.

## The Raggedies

By JOHNNY GRUELLE

"Haven't we had a lot of fun?" said Raggedy Andy.

"You'll have more fun when I catch you!" cried a voice right in back of him. Raggedy Ann knew in a minute it was the voice of one of the little old women and she started to run, but tripped over a vine and tumbled head over heels.

"Run, Raggedy Andy!" cried Raggedy Ann. "One of the little old women has caught you!"

The little old woman who held Raggedy Ann cried, "Run, Half! You almost have him! Run faster!"

But each time the little old woman ran faster, Raggedy Andy ran a little faster too, so he stayed just a little bit ahead of her all the time until he came to a tiny little house.

As the front door was open, Raggedy Andy popped inside and would have slammed the door shut behind him except that the little old woman was too close behind him herself. So both Raggedy Andy and the little old woman went into the tiny house almost at the same time.

As sister Half will be along in a few minutes with Raggedy Ann," said the little old woman. "And now that we have you in our own house we shan't let you go until we get a whole basket of lolly pops."

"But you have no basket to put the lolly pops in," said Raggedy Andy.

"We have a great big, large basket hanging out just as she went out the door and the little old woman did not even know that Raggedy Andy was outside."

"Hello Henry Heron!" Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy called to a bird standing up by its knees in the laughing brook. "Aren't you afraid you will catch cold standing in the water without boots on?"

"I was almost asleep!" said Henry Heron. "What have you been doing, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy? I haven't seen you since the time we were out in the great, great yellow meadow, beneath the blue sky?"

"Oh! We have been having the most fun, Henry Heron!" said Raggedy Ann. "There are two funny little old women living here in the deep, deep woods and they have been chasing us! It's lots of fun!"

"We love to give things to those who are nice," said Raggedy Andy. "But it isn't a bit of fun in doing something for a disagreeable ill-mannered person when they try to force you to do the thing!"

Henry Heron agreed with Raggedy Andy about this. "Why?" exclaimed Henry Heron. "One time I was standing out in the great, great meadow where the laughing brook is as I lay it is just a great mirror for the blue sky and I heard some one say, 'Here! You Mister Heron! I'm hungry! I want you to give me something to eat, or I'll bite you on the toe!'"

"Goodness, gracious!" I said, "Who is it talking to me like this? And I looked down and who do you suppose it was, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy?"

"Well! It was Greedy Greenfrog," said Henry Heron. "How do you expect people to give you things unless you ask for them politely? And Greedy Greenfrog just rolled his eyes and looked very angry at me. 'You'd better hurry up before I jump in the water and bite your toe!'"

"Then," said Henry Heron, with a chuckle, "I said to Greedy Greenfrog, 'Shall I take you for dinner?' and he said, 'Yes! And be quick about it!'"

"I took him for dinner, Henry Heron," said Raggedy Andy. "He had his head and legs so hard, his hat fell off and rolled down the bank into the water."

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy smiled but they could not see why Henry Heron laughed so hard. "So you took him for dinner, after he was so rude?" asked Raggedy Andy.

"Oh, yes," said Henry Heron. "He chuckled, 'I took him up to the old dead tree in the center of the swamp and had him for dinner!'" Copyright, 1922.

## Women Band to Eliminate Waste By Study of Budgeting Systems



MRS. EDITH MCCLURE-PATTERSON.

By MARIAN HALE

Eighty-five per cent of the money in circulation passes through women's hands.

Statistics show that they get about 33 1/3 per cent value for every dollar they spend.

Common sense shows there is a big leak somewhere.

To locate this and remedy it the women of Dayton, Ohio, are undertaking a thrift campaign for three months, which will include a systematic study of buying, budgeting and saving.

Mrs. Edith McClure-Patterson, who is organizing the work in Dayton, and is chairman of the Federated Women's Clubs of the State of Ohio, explained the plan to me.

Every Home on Budget

"We aim to put every home on a budget," she announced, "but by budgeting we don't mean an elaborate system of bookkeeping or the keeping of a slavish record of every cent that is spent."

"We mean a systematic reconciliation of the income and the expenses, in order to gain the greatest happiness and pleasure as well as to get the utmost value for every cent expended."

"Different incomes and living conditions require individual budgeting, but here is a good division with which to start. Out of every dollar spend:

25 per cent for food.  
20 per cent for clothing.  
20 per cent for shelter.  
10 per cent for upkeep.  
15 per cent for self-advancement and pleasure.  
10 per cent for saving.

"A housekeeper may adjust these proportions until they fit her needs most comfortably."

Must Be "Business"

"When women will regard the management of a home as just as important an item as the management of a factory they will get the thrill from housekeeping men get from business."

"In Dayton we are carrying on the

DEAF-MUTES ELECT

New Officers Are Chosen For 1923 Annual Conference.

By United Press  
FORT WAYNE, Ind., Sept. 4.—Officers for the 1923 annual conference of the Northwestern Indiana Deaf-Mutes Association were elected at the first conference held yesterday at the Central High School. All the new officers are residents of Ft. Wayne.

HITZ WILL SPEAK

Rotarians Announce Luncheon at Claypool Tomorrow Noon.

Every member of Indianapolis Rotary is urged by the weekly bulletin to start September attendance right by being present at the regular luncheon at the Riley Room of the Claypool Hotel, Tuesday, Sept. 5, at 12:15 o'clock. Alfred Dallas Hitz of George Hitz & Company will speak.

Thief Steals Dress

Florence Carr, 411 Indiana Ave., told the police today that she robbed of a dress. She said the thief entered her room during the night.

Family Washing  
WET WASH  
Put in Rag Kugs and Bed Clothes  
Call Drexel 6776-6777  
One of Our Trucks Will Call  
Family Wash Laundry  
831-837 E. Washington St.

Skin Troubles  
Soothed  
With Cuticura  
Soap, Ointment, Talcum, etc. everywhere. Sample free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. X, Malden, Mass.

Blackburn's  
CascaRoyal-Pills  
Pleasantable  
Physic, Taste  
Purifier  
45 DOSES . 30c  
15 DOSES . 15c  
All Drug Stores

## AMERICANS LOOK ON LEAGUE GROUP IN THIRD MEETING

Lord Robert Cecil Urges Sessions Be Wide Open to General Public.

By Henry Wood

United Press Staff Correspondent.

GENEVA, Sept. 4.—The third assembly of the League of Nations met here today.

Lord Robert Cecil of Gillingham, leader of the liberal forces, launched a fight against secret diplomacy when the session opened.

Although the United States is not a member of the league, America had the largest delegation on hand, more than seventy Americans, acting in unofficial capacities, were present.

Cecil, in the annual report, presented to the assembly, recommended the fullest publicity be given all sessions of the league.

To Prepare Report

Following appointment of a credentials commission, the assembly adjourned until this afternoon to permit the commission to prepare its report.

Admission of Germany was to be demanded at this session was brought out.

Hungary, too, appeared likely to be taken in.

France was expected to lead a fight against Germany being taken in before all her debts were paid or arranged for.

Representatives of forty-four countries took part in today's deliberations. The following nations' delegations were absent: Honduras, Nicaragua, Salvador, Haiti, Argentina, Bolivia and Peru.

Marriage a la Mode

The worry for the trosses does not fall upon the Eskimo bride, but on the groom.

It is his obligation to provide the clothes necessary for the honeymoon as well as later.

The bride is obliged to wear what he gets her, regardless of her own taste in the matter.

'NO GREATER LOVE—'

By United Press  
NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—A gunman, fleeing from the police, tossed his gat into a baby carriage. Big brother, 10, found baby playing with it, and was shot himself in getting it safely away.

## Resurrection Rock by EDWIN PALMER

Was the body of that gay young lieutenant, BENNY LOUTRELLE, lying cold and stiff in the snow and ice? This was the fear in the heart of

ETHEL CAREW when she rushed from the home of her grim old grandfather, LUCAS CULLEN, SENIOR, who had been struck with anger and sorrow when he learned that Loutrelle was going to Resurrection Rock, that ghastly island in Lake Huron, with its uncanny house.

Loutrelle and Ethel had met in these dreary woods of Michigan. In London he had received, in a sealed envelope, from his father, a letter which he hoped would clear up his obscure past.

Old Lucas Cullen, winner of millions in violent battles for timber land in the early days, tried to prevent Loutrelle from reaching the Rock and Ethel fears that Barney has been killed by

RINCHLOE, setting under Cullen's barney. She tries to reach the Rock herself.

(Continued)

"It is so nice of you to come here, Miss Ethel. Mrs. Cullen will be so pleased when she hears of it." Mrs. Wain always spoke as though Agnes was certain to return. "I was wondering yesterday if this might mean you were soon to arrive."

"This" was a letter, which the housekeeper was offering—a square, firm, well-filled envelope with British stamps and with the British strip. "Opened by the Censor." The address was written in bold, vigorous handwriting which Ethel observed with a start.

The letter was from Barney's friend of the Canadian battalion who had written Barney of her father's attempt to speak to him, who had told Barney to hasten to Resurrection Rock and had foretold that he would find some named Bagley and another person named Carew there. The letter read:

My dear Ethel Carew:

I am addressing you without the usual prefix of Miss or Mrs. because I do not know which to use.

I am writing you to report the substance of a communication meant for you and which was received from a person who is dead.

This afternoon, when sitting with Mrs. Brand, Philip Carew once more was present and wished to speak. Perhaps because it was earlier in the sitting and the medium was not tired, I received several perfectly clear and coherent messages. What I had done in regard to Barney Loutrelle was wrong. When I asked how wrong, I received the reply, "Not so much wrong as incomplete."

I then asked what I should do to make it complete; and I got the reply: "It is no use, really, at all. Earlier it seemed so; but not now. It is no use without Quinlan."

When I asked for Quinlan's whole name and address and who "she" was, I got the reply, somewhat impatiently, "James, of course; James Quinlan, Chicago." And he said that "she" was

Ethel Carew, and requested me to write her at once all about it. I will quote this verbatim since, though it was meaningless to me, it was clearly most important:

"See Quinlan and tell him not only I but Robert, who is here beside me, says to do it. That is the only way, and he will be happy when it is over. It must be done. Tell him the cost there is nothing."

Very sincerely,  
HUSTON ADLEY.

CHAPTER X

Bennet Cullen, oldest son of Lucas Cullen, Jr., was a hearty young man who considered that whenever he had something particularly difficult to do with anybody, it always made matters easier to give that person a good dinner; and in his cousin "Ethel" he found he had an obstinate proposition.

The big room in the Blackstone was clearing as groups departed for the opera; the nearest tables all were deserted. Bennett paid his check and lit a cigarette; he leaned easily upon the table.

"Do you know any one named Quinlan?" she asked.

"Old Jim Quinlan? Surely. Father used to have him about the south side yards for old time's sake."

"Why?"

"He was with grandfather years ago."

"Oh; was there some one connected with him named Robert?" Ethel asked.

"Bob Quinlan? He was his grandson."

"Was?" Ethel repeated. "He's dead?"

"Shot down in flames near Cambrai, he was," Bennett said. "He got into aviation as observer and machine gunner. Old Jim—I hear he went sort of nutty not long afterward. It seemed that Bob was all he had left. Lost most of the rest of his family in disasters, some one said, then the war took Bob."

"How long ago was he associated with grandfather?" Ethel returned.

"Where was it?"

"Why, back in the old pine days," Bennett replied impatiently. "Old Jim was head sawyer of one of grandfather's mills. Lost his fingers there; has only half his fingers on his right hand. Why?"

"I came back here because—" Ethel began, looking steadily at her grandfather. "The trouble I had with grandfather at St. Florentin, Ben, she made another start, 'was over a man whom Kinchloe killed on Resurrection Rock.'"

"Killed a man?" her cousin was repeating in a whisper, looking about swiftly and then bending further across the table.

"You mean—murdered him?"

"Oh, Ben, I don't know, but I'm afraid so!"

"What—what the devil—" Bennett scolded. He glanced about and shifted his feet as though to rise.

"Give me all of this," he commanded. "Straight!"

So she told him quietly and without passion as "straight" as she could. "You say you accused grandfather," he assailed her hotly, when she had finished, "of killing this Loutrelle pick-up of yours?"

"That's true. I said I was mistaken. It wasn't Barney; it was—"

"You—you fool," he said to her in pitying disgust. "You little fool."

She sat back, quite white and quivering under the constraint of controlling herself against Bennett's anger.

Before writing to Barney that night Ethel reread the letter from Hudson Adley. Her immediate course of action had become quite plain to her; yet she reconsidered thoughtfully before recording her purpose.

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from London, tied with cord and stamped with English postage. The censor had opened it, read it again and sent it on. The paper bore the legend, "Photographs."

She found three photographs, all identical, of a group of young men in uniform who appeared to be officers of the Canadian and of the American armies. The faces were all strange to her, but with a start which stopped the beat of her heart, she recognized Barney Loutrelle. In each of the prints his identity was unmistakable.

Her uncle Lucas called early the next morning to ask what she was doing about her business matters.

When she said that she had failed to obtain help, he told her he had decided to "protect" her interests in the projects under way.

That afternoon she received a letter from Barney in which he reported that upon his return to the Rock he had found affairs just as she had left them.

"I have seen no one from St. Florentin," Barney continued. "But I think Kinchloe has gotten out. I have found an Indian who saw a stranger about here three days ago who, I think, is the fellow that slept in that shack opposite Rest Cabin, Miss Carew. From what I can make out from Chicago, he was an old man who seemed a bit off his head from exposure, perhaps. Anyway, he seemed wholly purposeless and harmless, and I think we were wrong in connecting him up with our affair. I couldn't obtain any better description of him than he was tall and gray-haired and wore a short mutton on his right hand as the ends of his fingers were off."

This determined Ethel to telegraph Barney to come at once to Chicago. But before him, two other took the train from Quinlan for Chicago—Lucas Cullen, Sr., and his wife. And upon the day of their arrival the first news confirming the assumption of Agnes' death reached the city.

It came to Lucas Cullen, Jr., in a communication not dissimilar to that letter which had awaited Ethel at Scott St.; but Lucas' letter, instead of being from an unknown person, was from an English peer of international reputation for his work in science. He wrote to report a message which he had received from the other world which stated that "Agnes Cullen," having become cognizant, in the next existence, that uncertainty as to her death was causing confusion in this world, wished it known positively that she was dead."

CHAPTER XI

Lucas Cullen, senior, received information of this extraordinary bit of intelligence soon after his arrival at his son's home.

"What are you considering doing?" his son inquired.

Lucas laughed as he liked to laugh when planning a shrewd and clever coup. "Hale Sir Horace Clebourne into court, of course, to swear for us that Oliver's wife is dead. Then when we have our English ruling, we'll carry it into our courts on the verity—that a good, legal-sounding word, Luke?"