

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Many quaintly attractive details will be a part of the wedding of Miss Mildred Clearwater and Kenneth Prather Fry, which will be solemnized this evening at the Central M. E. Church. The bride, who will be given in marriage by her father, H. S. Clearwater, will wear white pussy-willow taffeta trimmed with roses of self material and a tulle veil arranged in cap style and caught with clusters of orange blossoms. She will carry the last handkerchief which her matron of honor, Mrs. J. W. Richardson, carried at her marriage. Mrs. Richardson will wear her own bridal costume and carry a lace handkerchief which was sent her from Brussels. Miss Louise Pittman, maid of honor, will wear tangerine Georgette over a white satin dress with a jeweled basket of rosebuds. Russell Richardson will be best man and Eugene Weesner, Wayne Harriman, George Prather and William Pearce will usher.

Following the service there will be a reception at the home of the bride's parents on N. Delaware St., for the members of the immediate family, after which Mr. and Mrs. Fry will leave for an Eastern trip. The at-home address is for 3544 Carrollton Ave., after Oct. 1.

Black and gold, the sorority colors, were used in the appointments last night at a dinner given by Butler chapter of Kappa Alpha Theta at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Sutherland. Fifty guests were seated at small tables in the dining-room and on the veranda. Gold candles, tied with tulle and shaded with black and gold screens, gold and black balloons and place cards were used as decorations and gold and black handkerchiefs were given to the guests as favors. During the dinner program was given, which included dancing by Miss Catherine Jennings, "Jazz" songs by Miss Marjorie Hughes of Greenfield, and sorority songs by Mrs. Harold Robinson of Columbus. Among the guests from out-of-town were Miss Thelma Gentry of Anderson, Miss Esther Duckwall of Fortville, and Miss Audrie Wertz of Evansville. Miss Rachel Benton of De Pauw chapter, and Miss Betty Fisher and Miss Bernice Wiltsch of Indiana chapter were special guests.

Miss Helen Shilling and Miss Evangeline Dill have returned from a visit at northern Indiana lakes.

The Raggedies

By JOHNNY GRUELLE

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy forgot all about the two funny little old women as they sat by the quiet pool in the deep, deep woods and had a lovely tea party with Henry Heron and Grampie Hoppytoad.

It wasn't a real for sure tea party, for the Raggedys did not like tea. Neither did Grampie Hoppytoad, nor Henry Heron.

Instead, they had cocoa with marshmallows on top and little square cakes with toasted nuts on top of them.

But the Raggedys and Henry Heron and Grampie Hoppytoad called it a tea party anyway, just because it was so nice.

"Would you like more sugar in your cocoa, Henry Heron?" asked Raggedy



IT WASN'T A REAL FOR SURE TEA PARTY.

"Cause if you do, I'll just wish for your cocoa to be sweeter."

"No, thank you, Raggedy Ann," Henry Heron replied. "I think the cocoa is lovely just as it is."

"So did I," said Grampie Hoppytoad. "It's the first time I ever tasted cocoa and I hope it doesn't make me fat."

"Oh, it won't," said Raggedy Andy, "for this is magic cocoa. And please put a whole lot of marshmallow on it, too."

"Aha!" cried a voice right behind Raggedy Andy. "So, that's where it comes from, is it?" And the Raggedys, looking around, saw that the two little old women and Freddie Fox and Willie Weazole stood right there ready to jump and catch them if they started to run.

"And if that is where it comes from, then you'd better hurry and wish that we had some, too, or else we'll take you home and lock you up in the iron trunk."

"Will you have another cup of cocoa, Henry Heron?" asked Raggedy

VISITING IN CHICAGO



—Photo by Dexheimer.

Mrs. Frank Vollmer, before her marriage Monday, was Miss Agnes Irwin, daughter of Mrs. F. W. Irwin. Mr. and Mrs. Vollmer are visiting in Chicago and will be at home later this month at 126 Dickson St.

Kisses

By BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH
of Columbia University

MANY people are very fond of these little fluffy cakes which all bakers and caterers show. They are not hard to make, but must be baked very carefully. They should not be browned at all—and it takes about an hour to cook them.

Caterers make them quite differently, but the following recipe is a good one:

4 egg whites
1 cup granulated sugar
Few grains salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

Have fresh cold eggs, and after separating the whites and yolks add salt to the whites. Beat until stiff and dry—that is, so dry that when the bowl is inverted the eggs does not run or fall out. Sift sugar two or three times, and add it, a little at a time, beating steadily until the mixture will hold its shape. Add vanilla, and drop the mixture from a teaspoon onto an inverted pan—dusted with corn starch. Place in a moderate oven and bake, with the oven door open, for one hour. At the end of that time the little cakes should have risen, cooked dry, and may be easily removed from pan. They should have no color.

Ann, pretending she did not hear what the funny little old woman said.

Henry Heron looked at Freddy Fox and did not know what to say. You know, Henry Heron thought, "Now, perhaps I'd better fly away out to the big marsh" for he did not like to have Freddie For looking at him as he was doing. But Raggedy Ann leaned over to Henry Heron and whispered, "Don't you be afraid, Henry Heron! I've wished that none of them could come any closer to us than they are, so no matter how hard they try, they will not be able to touch us!"

This made Henry Heron feel a great deal better, as he pretended that he did not see the two funny little old women and Freddie Fox and Willie Weazole.

"Yes, thank you, Raggedy Ann," he said, "I would like another cup of the lovely cocoa. And please put a whole lot of marshmallow on it, too."

Raggedy Ann then wished for a nice pot full of cocoa and a large dish full of all kinds of cakes and cookies.

"Here!" cried one of the funny little old women. "You hand us a cup of cocoa and some of those cookies, if you know what's good for you!" But Raggedy Ann just pretended

she did not see them and poured Henry Heron and Grampie Hoppytoad a cup full of cocoa. Then she passed the large dish of cookies.

When Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Henry Heron and Grampie Hoppytoad had eaten all the cookies they wished and had drunk sixty-one cups of cocoa, Raggedy Ann took the cookies that were left and crumbled them upon the ground for the little ants. Then she took her pocket handkerchief, and, wetting it in the quiet pool, she washed the cocoa and cookie crumbs from Henry Heron's and Grampie Hoppytoad's mouth and then not even once looking at the two little old women and Freddie Fox and Willie Weazole, she said: "Oh, my! that was a nice little tea party! Let's walk through the deep deep woods filled with Fairies 'n everything until we come to a lolly-pop field!" Copyright, 1922.

One-Toned Frocks

Smart frocks are being made of brilliantly colored silks, all in one tone, say flame, American Beauty, vivid green or yellow. They are cut very conservatively with the popular side drapery, and no sleeves to speak of.

It had occurred to me then that I—"What, Barney?"

"That I might have been born on the Rock, Miss Carew."

"I saw you might be—any one," she recalled, gazing up at him with eyes suddenly wet. "You are not just an outcast born in an Indian hit, I don't think I care if you were!"

She had not intended to say what she had; but having said it, she meant it. She would not care if he were an outcast born in a Chippewa shack; but the certainty that he was not was never clearer to her than now.

"I know now why grandfather feared the Rock all these years, Barney; it was for fear you'd come back! That's why the house was built and left waiting for you."

"But this which we learned tonight, Barney, helps a lot; your mother came—with you," she added gently, "to

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Resurrection Rock

by EDWIN PALMER

(Continued)

"He had a boat; he wants to say, 'I was a humble man; I took fish on hooks and in nets.'"

Barney wrote out his next question before saying it aloud: "Maneto o mukweniman no nossan gale nungan?"

"He wants to say," replied the voice, "I have never heard of father." "Ninga?"

"He says, 'Yes.' He says, 'Mother, I knew; mother came to shore to bring child; not born child,' he says; she was very sick. I took her in canoe, that is."

"What did he do for my mother?" "He says, 'Took her to my house in the lonely place where was woman, my wife.' He says, 'There boy was born; you stayed there.'"

"What happened to my mother?" "She was very sick; but she did not die; she went away."

"When?" "At the moon of the wild rice gathering."

"When she went away, he means?" "Yes."

"When then did she come?" "In the moon of the breaking snow-shoes."

"What year?"

The medium made no direct answer; but after a pause the voice continued: "He says that all summer she fed the baby at her breast till she went sick again. He wants to tell you that she said, when she went away, she surely would return. He says, 'There I lived until water froze again.' He says, 'But no one came back; so I went away.'

"Where did you go?" Barney cried quickly, as the medium's picture changed; gone from her, as surprisingly as they had come, were the slight motions of her hands, the jinkings and mannerisms which had characterized the presence of the "control." Mrs. Davol slowly sat upright and gazed duly about like an ordinary, over-fed woman making an apparent effort of memory to recognize her callers.

"Well, dearie," she said at last to Ethel. "Did you get satisfied? Was there good results?"

Ethel realized, with a gasp, that the seance was over.

CHAPTER XIV

"You think we'd better have Kincheloe arrested?" Ethel asked Barney when she returned home.

"I'd like to know what he's doing now," Barney said.

"Oh; Bennet's told me. He's having his sort of a fast time. That part of Chicago's called, by people who go there, 'Little Paris.'"

Barney made no comment, and they both sat down.

"Do you want to tell me what you thought about it?"

"You mean whether I believed those were the circumstances of the ring went with you. We really got quite a lot tonight, didn't we, Barney?"

"I've got," Barney said, his hands still clenched behind him, "more than I ever had in all my life before."

He moved a little nearer her. "I mean from you—Miss—Ethel Carew. You're a strange girl; the finest and noblest in all the world," he added quickly. "You turned against your own people, and trusted me!"

"You, Barney? Why not? How could I help it?"

"Don't!" he warned swiftly. "I've got to thinking about you in a way I never should."

"How do you think about me, Barney?"

the shore there beyond St. Florentin.

In April—the moon of the breaking snowshoes," she repeated the poetry phrase of the Indian phrase, "Noah Jo—we may as well call him that—took her in his boat across the channel to Resurrection Rock where he and his wife took care of her. You were born there; in September your mother was sick. She did not die—there, at least.

But she went away and did not come back, although Noah Jo waited there until winter—"

"November, he meant." Barney replied. "He spoke of the freezing of water; that the Chippewa name for November—the moon of the freezing again."

"I see. And then, as he was a nomad, he went away and took you; he died—now you're coming to affairs you learned from Azen Mabo—and gave you to Azen without able to tell anything about you but that

"Think?" he repeated. "I don't think about you. I can't. I love—love—love you! There, I've said it!" He snatched his hands apart behind him and struck them together before him in his dismay.

"You love me, Barney?" she said.

"Love you! Love you!"

"I love you, Barney. I've loved you from our first morning together, I think."

"No; no; no!" he tried to deny her; but she only smiled up at him and said:

"Yes; you've known that, Barney. That's been what's troubled you; not that you loved me, but that it was so plain that I loved you."

"So plain!" he denied, almost furiously, for her. "It wasn't. It's not true now!"

"Oh, isn't it? Do you suppose I'm ashamed?"

He dropped to his knees before her and caught her hands and held them.

He bent his head and drew her hands to his lips; and his kiss, though not at all like the first love kiss she had dreamed to be hers some day, brought her amazing ecstasy. She loved this boy who so loved her and yet, half in fear of himself, half in fear of her, held from her even in their rapture. She wanted him nearer now; she wanted his arms about her, his strength subduing hers, overpowering and holding her; and yet she delighted too in his courtly awe of her when he had kissed her hands and released her, catching his breath, after no more than that.

"I've never—" he said. "I've never had anything like that before."

"Nor I! Nor I!" Ethel cried; she caught his hands now and held him before her.

"You'd not? All the men in the world must have loved you, Ethel, the moment they caught sight of you."

"And the women, you! Yet you didn't care until you saw me! Not even abroad, Barney, in England and France where girls—"

He gazed steadily into her eyes, knowing what she would not, and yet wished to ask. Had he been, even without love, another girl's?

"There are some advantages in being brought up in an Indian shack, Ethel," he said. "They're only one room often, you know; with sometimes two families or three; and lots of human living is there. What you learn turns you straight either one way or the other; it turned me to look for—for you; and to wait till I'd found you."

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She bent down and kissed his fingers; so he arose and drew her up with him. For a few moments he held her against him with her bosom trembling on his throbbing breast; then, slipping his arms lower, he lifted her and, laughing at her quiver a few steps and catching her higher, he brought his lips to her.

CHAPTER XV

Bennet, having gone directly home from Scott St., had found his grandfather still up and reading.

"Well?" Lucas demanded, thrusting his fingers through his thick hair, as he looked up when Bennet entered.

"Where have you been this fine evening?"

Bennet proceeded to relate all incidents in order except for the mention of the spirit who showed the letters "J.Q." Being aware that any reference to Quilan was unpleasant to his grandfather, Bennet made the most of his satirical description of the other "acts" before he told about the spook who displayed a capital J. and Q.

This evoked from his grandfather a different quality of attention, but there was no distinct alteration in Lucas's attitude until Bennet related how the medium had said that the spirit had raised a flaming torch and associated the torch with the word Gailes.

(To Be Continued)

GIRLS! LEMONS

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