

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 tulle, 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 mother 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 silver cloth and carry an old-fashioned basket of rosebuds. Russell Richardson will be best man and Eugene Weesner, Wayne Harriman, George Prather and William Peary 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 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 a 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 Wiltshire of Indiana chapter were special guests.

Lavender and gold, the bridal colors, will be carried out at the wedding of Miss Marguerite O'Connor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Smith, to Gordon H. Talge, son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Talge, which is to take place at the home of the bride, in Irvington, at 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon. The service will be read by Dr. Justice Lanson of Grand Rapids, Mich. Miss Thelma O'Connor, sister of the bride, as maid of honor, will wear gold lace over metal cloth, gold slippers and will carry orchids and lavender larkspur. Mrs. Warren Hanson, matron of honor, will wear lavender lace and carry Columbia roses and larkspur, and little Miss June Elizabeth Pisman, flower girl, will wear white net over yellow satin and carry a basket of lavender and yellow petals. The bride will be gowned in white satin crepe and will wear a tulle veil in fan style with a band of pearls. Her shower bouquet will be of bride's roses and lilies of the valley.

Miss Wilma Benson will sing "Because" and "Oh, Promise Me," accompanied by Miss Dorothy Wertz, pianist. Following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Talge will leave for a motor trip through southern Canada, the bride traveling in a black satin cape dress with hat to match. The address at home is for 400 N. Garfield Ave., after Oct. 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Lantz announce the marriage of their daughter, Dorothy Anna, to Denver B. Deffenball, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Deffenball of Petersburg. The wedding took place at 8:30 o'clock last evening in the home of the bride on Ashland Ave., the Rev. T. W. Graf officiating. The bride was attended by Miss Ruth Fillmore, maid of honor, who wore pink canton crepe trimmed with silver ribbon and carried an arm bouquet of Columbia roses. Little Miss Jean Mellett, ring bearer, wore a frock of white organdy and carried a French bouquet of rose petals. The bride wore white crepe trimmed with pearls and a tulle veil with a pearl bandeau. She was given in marriage by her father. Her brother, Richard Lantz, was best man.

A program of bridal airs was sung by Don R. Mellett, accompanied by Miss Mildred Jacouth, who played Mendelssohn's Wedding March for the processional. Following the services a reception was held, the bride's table being decorated with ropes of emulax and baskets of pink and white flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Deffenball have

left for a wedding trip and will be at home to their friends after Sept. 15. Out-of-town guests included Mr. and Mrs. Paul Oren, Rushville; Mr. and Mrs. Don R. Mellett, Columbus; Mr. and Mrs. Claude F. Alloway and son, Ernest, and Miss Edith Hyland, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. George Deffenball and son Hugh of Petersburg.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Friday spent the week-end in Louisville as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Cloud. They attended the races at Churchill Downs.

Among the Indianapolis people at the Hotel Ambassador in Atlantic City are John McFarland, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Spires, Mr. and Mrs. E. Darnaby, Joseph G. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hertenstein, Mr. and Mrs. H. Bly and son, Miss Helen Julia Smith and Albert Smith.

Miss Martha Lucas of Frankfort has issued invitations to members of Kappa Alpha Theta to a bridge party Saturday at Frankfort.

Miss Margaret Newton has as her house guest Miss Pauline Bruner of Washington, D. C. Miss Bruner has been the guest of honor at several social affairs this week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Winterrowd have as their guests Joseph Covias of St. Louis, Mo., and Mrs. John Kloss and family of Madison, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Ham of Paoli announce the marriage of their daughter, Mary Elizabeth, to Frank Ernest Freize, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Freize of Indianapolis, which took place at the home of the bride's parents Tuesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Freize are taking a boat trip up the Ohio River, after which they will make their home in Lafayette.

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 Grampy Hoppytoad. It wasn't a real for sure tea party, for the Raggedies did not like tea. Neither did Grampy 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 Raggedies and Henry Heron and Grampy 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.

Ann. "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 Grampy 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. Raggedy Ann just wished for it and it came right out of nowhere."

"Aha!" cried a voice right behind Raggedy Andy. "So, that's where it comes from, is it?" And the Raggedies, looking around, saw that the two little old women and Freddie Fox and Willie Weazle 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 look 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 REETHA 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 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup granulated sugar 1/2 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 egg 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 Freddie 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 Fox 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 Weazle. "Yes, thank you, Raggedy Ann," he said, "I would like another cup of the lovely cocoa. And please put a whole lot of marshmallows 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 Grampy Hoppytoad a cup full of cocoa. Then she passed the large dish of cookies.

When Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Henry Heron and Grampy Hoppytoad had eaten all the cookies they wished and had drunk sixty-seven 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 hanky, and wetting it in the quiet pool, she washed the cocoa and cookie crumbs from Henry Heron's and Grampy Hoppytoad's mouth and then not even once looking at the two little old women and Freddie Fox and Willie Weazle, she said: "Oh, my! that was a nice little tea party! Let's walk through the deep deep woods filled with 'fairies' in 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.



Maybe that hill is not there, after all—

VERY often the hill we seem to be climbing is made out of the common mistakes of diet which starve tissues and nerves and slow down energies.

How smooth and level the path seemed to be when we were younger.

Simple, natural food may level that hill to a smooth path again.

Why not try it?

Begin today with a dish of Grape-Nuts with cream or milk—and fresh or preserved fruit added if you like.

Keep on with this crisp, delicious, strengthening food in place of heavy, ill-assorted, starchy breakfasts and lunches—and see if the old-time zest and speed on the old-time level path doesn't come back again.

Grape-Nuts—THE BODY BUILDER

"There's a Reason"

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan

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 nina-galan?"

"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 bearing 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."

"Then when 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 jerkings and mannerisms which had characterized the presence of the "control." Mrs. Davol slowly sat upright and gazed dully 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 Kin-cheloe arrested?" Ethel asked Barney when she returned home.

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

"Oh, Bennett'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 my birth? Yes, I did, Miss Carew."

"Who could the Indian be? Noah Jo?"

"I suppose so."

He stood up, and turning his back to Ethel, he strode away, as he had a habit of doing when beset by emotion.

"You see—you see—Miss Carew, it hadn't occurred to me then that I—"

"What, Barney?"

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

"I said 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 hut. I don't think I'd 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 wait for you!"

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

the shore there beyond St. Florentin. In April—the moon of the breaking snowshoes" she repeated the poetry 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 supplied. "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 Mab—"

gave you to Azen without being able to tell anything about you but that

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