

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Miss Kathryn Ball, daughter of Mrs. Mary Ball, and Forrest Plymate, son of Mrs. Lenora T. Plymate, were married last evening with a pretty ceremony at the First Friends Church. Dr. O. W. Trueblood read the service before an altar of palms and ferns, and a program of bridal airs was sung by Mrs. Glenn O. Friendood, accompanied by Miss Louise Huff, organist.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, Donald Ball, wore white tulle and carried a bouquet of white roses. She wore a tulle veil in cap style and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. Miss Kathryn Bowen, maid of honor, wore yellow organdie and carried Ophelia roses. Miss Esther LaVachy wore orchid organdie and carried Mrs. Aaron Ward roses. The little ring bearer, Thomas Wood, and flower girl, Rosemary Glin, wore white. The men attendants were Morrison Davis, best man, and Robert Glin, John Mumford, Glenn Plymate and Charles Wagner, ushers.

A reception at the home of the bride on Rookwood Ave., followed the services, after which Mr. and Mrs. Plymate left for a wedding trip. They will be at home after Oct. 1 at 2521 N. Illinois.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Mae A. Bridges, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bridges, to Lewis P. Robinson, which took place Tuesday at the Third Christian Church, Rev. T. W. Grafton officiating. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Barney W. Loucks of New York, and Fred S. Robinson, brother of the groom was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson are visiting at Estes Park, Colo., and will make their home later at 4451 Carrollton Ave.

Miss Freda Hines will entertain next Tuesday afternoon with a miscellaneous shower in honor of Miss Helen Wiggins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Wiggins whose marriage to Byron McKee, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McKee will take place in October.

Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Marner and daughter, Helen Frances, and son Robert, have returned from an extensive trip through the West.

Miss Dorothy Kinsey has returned from Silver Beach, Mich., where she spent the summer.

Miss Lucile Springer and Miss Minnie Springer will return Saturday from New Orleans, La. They are stopping at Memphis, Tenn., for a visit before coming to Indianapolis.

Mrs. Robert Hammond will be hostess for the monthly meeting of Central W. C. T. U. at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon in her home on College Ave. There will be an election of officers.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Hohn and Miss Hohn are on a cruise on the Great Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Barrett and children, Ernest, Florence and Eleanor Anne, and Mrs. Cora E. Fletcher are visiting in Evanston, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Reitenour have motored to Chicago to visit friends.

Captain and Mrs. Donald C. Hawley and little daughter, Virginia, left Laredo, Texas, Tuesday for Indianapolis, where Mrs. Hawley and Virginia are to be guests of Mrs. Hawley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Springer. Captain Hawley will go to the Army school at Ft. Riley, Kan., for several months' special training before coming to Indianapolis for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Weiler are visiting in New York City.

Mrs. Helen Uptide will be hostess for a meeting of the Alpha Beta Gamma Sorority at her home on Miller St., Friday evening.

WILL SHE WIN?



—Photo copyrighted by Drexler.

A VIEW OF THE EVENING GOWN FROM L. S. AYRES & CO. WHICH LAST NIGHT AT THE GRAND BALL IN ATLANTIC CITY.

Resurrection Rock by EDWIN PALMER

(Continued)

When Bennett informed him that nothing else transpired at the scene, he thought for a while that his grandson was concealing something; but at last he satisfied himself that he knew all; and he went to his room.

For Lucas never did anything at all at Gallie except meet James Quinlan there and there direct J. Q. to the dead that was so too. It was marvelous how, throughout the forty-six years which had passed since that meeting, Lucas had carried consciousness of his own guilt always associated with the place of meeting, "Gallie." He had not known that Quinlan had done so too. He had supposed that Quinlan had lived out his life with a different association. And yet this was natural enough.

"Natural enough," Lucas muttered to himself, "Gallie!"

But J. Q. was dead. Kinchelos had put his body in the lake. Who, then, knew about Gallie and could associate it with a flaming torch? No one else in all the world but Lucas himself! Yet Ethel and that Lou-trelle and Bennett had found out.

By God, if they drew "Gallie" and the torch from him, what else could they draw? If they obtained it from the dead, how much more would the dead tell?

That was a staggerer for Lucas, who had acted upon the simple and effective formula that dead men tell no tales. "Gallie" and a flaming torch! Lucas winced and swung back to his window. So old J. Q., though dead, had told! How could Lucas shut up a ghost?

An idea, half formed, seized him; and he stood stark. It progressed in his mind; and he laughed. In a reaction, it revolted himself, he discarded it; but it came back to him, more convincingly, more complete, and it promised him a triumph.

It was after nine the next morning before Ethel awoke; and then it was so delightful to lie in bed, dreaming over the hours of the evening, that she made no stir, and it was ten when a maid knocked at her door. She answered joyously. "Some one for me!"

"Yes, Miss Carey. Mr. Lucas Cullen, your grandfather."

Ethel hastened down and found her grandfather, with his overcoat on and holding his hat in his gloved hand, standing in the center of the drawing room and gazing critically about.

"You little fool!" he accused her commiseratingly. "Can't you feel even when your own flesh and blood tries to protect you?"

"From what, grandfather?"

"Had it ever occurred to you that the reason your father never came to my house was that he couldn't?"

"No," Ethel said.

"Think over it a minute."

"Why?"

"Why wouldn't I have him there? He couldn't tell you, I wouldn't. I thought I'd never have to; but you've forced me. This fellow you call Lou-trelle."

"You believe that your father—so Bennett's been telling me—got in touch with this fellow called Lou-trelle after your father died? That started your interest in him?"

"Yes."

"Why do you suppose your father did that? Why did he pick him, I mean?"

"Why—why, grandfather? he was going to meet me. Father knew that, some way."

"Tomfoolery! Look here, your father was killed, and after he was dead—so you think—he tried to talk to this Lou-trelle. So, it's just take your own information; your father's spirit, the first thing after he was dead, goes about looking for a fellow named Barney Lou-trelle. Now, spirits—all I've heard of usually go first for those closest to 'em, don't they?"

"Why, usually, grandfather."

"Well, what makes you think this is an exception?"

Ethel shrank back, comprehending less his words than the ugliness of his reflection.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

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"Well, who more natural for a father to seek than his son?" "My father," Ethel said. "You're talking about my father?" "Before he was your father. I knew him! He was about St. Florentin, quite a little! You may remember I would not have him marry my daughter. So they ran off. I knew there was a girl to go to Resurrection Rock."

Ethel flung herself at him and with her little fists clenched tight she pummeled him on the chest. "You lie! You lie! My father! You lie—you lie!"

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keeper's arms. "I'm going away; home to Wyoming, Mrs. Wain. You must help me off. And if Mr. Lou-trelle calls for me or telephones, I can not speak to him! I can't see him! Perhaps—perhaps I can write. I must never meet him again!"

CHAPTER XVI

Early that afternoon Lucas' dependence operative reported that he had followed Ethel Carey to the Union Station, where she purchased a ticket and boarded a train for Sheridan, Wyo. She had been unattended and

about yourself. My address will be Sheridan, Wyo. ETHEL.

It was several days later that Mrs. Wain, the housekeeper, phoned a request for him to call.

"I speak to you, sir," Mrs. Wain said breathlessly, after she had sunk into the seat, "upon my own responsibility, sir, entirely. So I must ask you, before I say another word, to give me your word as a gentleman that you will make no use of what I shall tell—unless I allow you."

Barney felt his pulses pounding again. "What is it?" he demanded.

"You will meet me, sir—when you're

sure you're not followed?"

"Where?"

"At the corner of Tenth and Wash."

Barney went immediately downtown. He had to wait on the corner only a few minutes before Mrs. Wain drove up in a taxi and invited him in.

"St. Luke's Hospital," she said to the driver; and when the door was closed, she vouchsafed to Barney, "she's had another operation; it was performed the day before yesterday. She rallied at first but sank later."

Still the housekeeper gave no intimation of who "she" was; and Barney was aware that direct inquiry would be vain.

Barney did not know her; when the nurse, who had been beside the bed, moved away, and Mrs. Wain held back and Barney advanced alone, he was not conscious of ever having seen the woman who lay on her side with her profile, plain against the pillow. Yet a fluttering awe—of more than awe—came over him as he halted silently beside the bed.

Her face, as she lay turned toward him, was beautiful, though illness and intense suffering had had surely endured. Her skin was clear and lovely even in its deathly pallor; her hair—black and abundant—had clung to its luster, as had her dark brows and the lashes which lay on her cheek. Even now the indomitable soul of her—that essence of her spirit which persisted, though consciousness long was gone—was keeping up the fight. Barney felt. And he wanted her to win; oh, how he wanted her to win!

It seemed to him he had never wished so for another's life; and why? Because, for the first time, he was beside some one who belonged to him by blood? Because she was his mother? (To Be Continued)

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