ARMENIANS LOVE BANNER OF U. S.

Big Flag Used in Pageant Is Sent to Children by Near East Relief.

Armenian children and others of the Bible lands worship the United States flag, it is said. A big American banner which Mrs. Alice M. French used in playing the part of America in the Armenian pageant last week, was placed by Mrs. French in a carload of old clothing which Near East Relief yesterday started for New Orleans to go to Armenia.

In a letter Mrs. French asked that the flag be unfurled over the largest orphanage in the stricken land. In the letter she said: "It was a great honor for me to represent America in the appeal to rouse a spirit of sympathy in our country for Armenia, to share something more than bread with the people whose sons fought for justice and humanity alongside our gallant sons who crossed the ocean to a foreign land to fight for the principles upon which our Government is founded."

From Alexandropol, Armenia, center of a 3,000-year-old civilization, comes the word of the first "swat the fly" campaign known to the Near East, started by Dr. Russesll T. Uhls, director of the Near East Relief Trachoma Hospital in Alexandropol.

Social Activities

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Berry will entertain with a bridal dinner this evening at their home in honor of their daughter, Helen, whose marriage to Lawrence Early will take place at 8:30 o'clock tomorrow evening in the First Baptist Church, Dr. Frederick E. Taylor officiating. The crystal appointments for the table are family heirlooms and the centerpiece will be a miniature lake. Covers will be laid for Miss Mildred Daugherty, who will sing at the wedding; Miss Jean Tarlton of St. Louis, Mo., maid of honor; Miss Lola Noble and Miss Blanche White, bridesmaids; Miss Marjorie Case and Miss Barbara Babcock, flower girls; Master Brooks Mellett, ring bearer; Herbert Haaschberger, best man, and H. H. Bloemker, H. F. Geiger, R. L. Harriman and R. H. Cobb, ushers.

Out-of-town guests who will come for the wedding include Dr. and Mrs. Harold Scudder and son Hugh of Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Tarlton, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Cobb, Mrs. W. E. Berry of St. Louis, Mo., and Mrs. F. W. Harris of Broadmore, Texas.

* * *

The Hoosier Athletic Club entertained Thursday evening for members and their guests in honor of the opening of the 1922-1923 season. Dancing on the roof and in the ball room, from 9 until 12 o'clock, and special swimming events in the pool were the chief events of the evening.

* * *

Mrs. Robert Hammond was the hostess today for the regular meeting of the Central W. C. T. U., at which the election of officers was held.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. James Hodgson will spend the week end in Madison and Louisville, Ky.

* * *

Mrs. S. H. Smith, of N. Meridian St., has as her guest her grandson, Robert Snyder of Pasadena, Cal.

* * *

The district directors of the Indiana League of Women Voters will meet Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 2 o'clock, followed by a meeting at 7:45 of the appointment committee. On Thursday, Sept. 21, the State board will meet at 10:30 o'clock at the Claypool Hotel.

* * *

The first anniversary of the Omega Nu Tau Sorority was celebrated with a banquet in the Lincoln room of the Hotel Lincoln Thursday evening, at which Mrs. Mildred Irons and Miss Lillian Reinking gave the toasts, and vocal and instrumental numbers were given by Miss Helen Rowe, Miss Ruth Reinking, Miss Lillian Reinking and Mrs. Irons.

Black and gold, the sorority colors, were used in the table appointments and favors were small fans. The Omega Nu Tau officers for the coming year are: President, Mrs. Mildred Irons; vice president, Miss Helen Rowe; secretary, Miss Lucile Dichmann; treasurer, Miss Florence Monfort; society editor, Miss Helen Taylor; sergeant-at-arms, Miss Norma Ernsting.

* * *

Miss Alice Logsdon will leave Indianapolis next week for Ward Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Chic Jackson have as their guests Miss Esther Shaw of Chicago, Ill., and Miss Lola Jackson of Muncie.

* * *

Miss Emma Martindale of N. Pennsylvania St., accompanied by her brother, Col. E. B. Martindale, will sail next week for Paris.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Hommold of Kansas, Ill., are the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Lehman of the Richelieu Apartments.

* * *

Miss Caroline Kane and Miss Fern Kane of the Barton Hotel are visiting friends in Fairmount.

* * *

Mrs. L. Briggs announces the marriage of her daughter, Dorothy M., to M. Albert Raftery, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Raftery, which took place Wednesday morning at St. Joseph's Church, Monsignor F. B. Dowd officiating. The bridal music was played by Miss Mabel Raftery, violinist, and Mrs. Joseph Schattner sang several solos. The bride was attended by Miss Kathryn Briggs and Mrs. William H. Eyster, John Raftery, brother of the groom, was best man and Edward and Frances Raftery were ushers. Mr. and Mrs. Raftery left for a trip after a wedding breakfast at the home of the bride.

* * *

Miss Charlotte Howe will entertain with an informal dinner party this evening at her home in Irvington in honor of Miss Margaret Mann of Smith College, who is her house guest.

* * *

The President's Day luncheon of the Meridian Heights Inter-Se Club will be held Sept. 26 with Mrs. P. E. Powell as hostess.

* * *

Miss Thelma O'Connor left today to spend the winter in Bethel, Wis.

MUSICIAN TO WED SEPTEMBER 16

RUTH ELIZABETH MURHPY

The marriage of Miss Ruth Elizabeth Murphy to Robert O. Bonner will take place Sept. 16 at the Central Christian Church. Miss Murphy is a member of the faculty of the Metropolitan School of Music and takes an active part in musical affairs. She has chosen as her attendants Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Webber and Miss Prudence Louise Rhoads of New York. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Balch of College Ave., will entertain this evening in her honor.

Baked Pears With Rice

By BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH of Columbia University

12 pears	1 egg
Inch piece of cinnamon	2 tablespoons sugar
2 cups milk	½ teaspoon salt
½ cup rice	2 cups sugar

1 cup water

Pare, cut in halves, and remove the seeds from the pears. Make a sirup by cooking sugar, water and cinnamon together for five minutes. In this sirup cook the pears, a few at a time, until they are soft but not mushy. Cook rice in milk for one hour—add sugar, salt and egg and cook five minutes. Turn into a mold and chill. Turn onto a serving dish, surround with pears and sirup.

Hard winter pears, or the early fall pears, or seckel pears, are all good cooked in this way.

Sometimes a little preserved ginger instead of the cinnamon is used.

THE ADVENTURES OF RAGGEDY ANN AND ANDY

By JOHNNY GRUELLE

Henry Heron carried Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy to Jim Crow's nest and there they stopped and ate a lolly-pop apiece while Henry Heron rested. Henry Heron had great, strong wings, but it tired him to fly with Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy hanging onto his long legs.

"There's nothing like a nice lolly-pop to eat when you get to thinking of how good a lolly-pop tastes."

Raggedy Andy and Henry Heron thought this was true, for before they had eaten half of their lolly-pops they did not feel a bit tired.

"HELLO GRAMPA CONSTANTINE CROW!" LAUGHED RAGGEDY ANN.

Jim Crow was very much surprised to see some one sitting in his nest when he and Mrs. Jim Chow came home. At first they could not make out who it was, and they flew in circles way above their home and cried, "Caw! Caw! Caw!" as loud as they could.

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy stood up tnd moved their hands at Jim and Jane Crow, and this made them "Caw" ever so much louder, until all the Crows living within a mile of Jim Crow's nest came flying to see what was causing all the excitement. Old Grampa Constantine Crow did not fly in a circle above the nest as the other Crows were doing. Instead, Grampa Constantine Crow flew to a tree near by and sat upon a bare limb, from which he could look right down on Jim Crow's nest. Then Grampa Constantine Crow put on his Crow spectacles and chuckled to himself, for right away he saw that it was Henry Heron and Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy.

So Grampa Constantine Crow flew to Jim Crow's nest. "Look out!" all the other Crows cawed to Grampa Constantine Crow, "It may be a Doodlebuzzer or a Wingwhang!" But Grampa Constantine Crow just chuckled to himself and lit right between Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy on the edge of Jim Crow's nest.

"Hello Grampa Constantine Crow!" laughed Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Henry Heron. "It looks like you had been eating lolly-pops!" said Grampa Constantine Crow after he said "Hello!"

Raggedy Ann laughed, for she knew Grampa Constantine Crow was very sly and while he was too polite to come right out and ask for a lolly-pop, nevertheless, he would like one very much. So Raggedy Ann just wished for a whole lot of lolly-pops; red ones, green ones and all other flavored lolly-pops. Then she asked Grampa Constantine Crow to call all the other Crows so that each could have a nice lolly-pop.

So Grampa Constantine Crow called to all the other crows, "Cawwwww;" and all the other Crows came and sat upon the limb about Jim and Jane Crow's nest and ate lolly-pops.

"If the two funny little old women ever chase you again," said Jim Crow, "you must call us and we will come and peck them right on top of their heads!"—Copyright, 1922.

GIRLS! LEMONS BLEACH FRECKLES AND WHITEN SKIN

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, which any drug store will supply for a few cents, shake well, and you have a quarter-pint of the best freckle and tan bleach, and complexion whitener.

Massage this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes bleach out and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes.—Advertisement.

Resurrection Rock by EDWIN PALMER

(Continued)

"My mother!" Barney's lips formed to himself. "Mother!"

Yet now he had to know beyond speculation. He saw that Mrs. Wain was just within the door; so he dropped back to her and turned to her in an appeal which she could not refuse. "She is my mother?"

"Your mother, sir," the housekeeper said. "If she calls you in her sleep, sir—or awake, if she says Dick, she means you, sir. Dick—you understand?"

"I understand," Barney whispered. "You mean she has been asking for me?"

"When she did not know it, she asked for you. 'Dick, my baby; my boy—Dick,' she said this morning. That was why I brought you."

Barney's eyes dimmed.

"How long has she been ill?"

"Since the injury, sir, when the ship was torpedoed."

"What ship?"

"The ship that she was going back to France on, sir, last September to find you. The Gallantic."

"To find me?" Barney repeated dazedly.

"Yes, sir. You see, Mr. Dick, she'd just got track of you at last. All your life, for twenty-three years, she'd been searching for you, and then——" Mrs. Wain stopped.

Late in the evening Barney went to Scott St. and presented himself at the house which was his mother's and asked for Mrs. Wain.

"Nothing more has happened, Mrs. Wain," Barney said to her at once to quiet the alarm which his appearance at that hour had aroused. "She"—he hesitated and then did not name his mother, but repeated—"she was gaining strength when I left. Of course, I understand much more than I did this morning; but of course I want to know everything—everything you can tell me."

"It's always been between her and him," the housekeeper iterated incoherently, "between her and him——"

"Her and—God?" Barney asked, bewildered.

"God?" the housekeeper repeated and laughed. "The Devil on earth himself; Mr. Lucas Cullen, Senior! Don't you see? She's fought him since she was a child, a little girl, sir, and he downed her; he disgraced her and—and she lost you! Then she came here and beat him—beat him—beat him and his family; all of them; she beat them all. But she couldn't find you and she couldn't—" the housekeeper stopped. "Listen!" she appealed again, steadying herself. "She found you last fall, I told you; then that happened! And they thought she was dead; so she let them think she was dead, to beat them—beat them so they could never down her again. But he did it. He came here the other day; that day Ethel Carew left—remember?"

"I remember," Barney said.

"He thinks he's safe now; for he's beaten you both. But he's not beaten her. He thinks he has; for he thinks she is dead. But she's going to get well and fight him for you and for her. So she'll send for you soon; she'll tell you what she should; trust her and wait!"

* * *

At half-past seven on that same morning, Lucas Cullen, Sr., was at breakfast when his eyes struck an item headed, "Open Draw Claims Another Victim."

It was under that open draw heading; and the paragraphs, when carefully, very recklessly driven, had dashed up the approach of the Rush St. bridge and the driver, disregarding the danger signals, hurled his car through the barrier and into the river. The bodies were recovered; and there followed very fair descriptions of Miss Platt's husband and the girl who had been frequently seen with Kincheloe.

CHAPTER XVII.

The English medium, Mrs. Brand, came to Chicago, "sitting" in private homes of several of the most prominent people of the city and demonstrating evidences of communication to the full satisfaction of the increasing groups of devoteees, and daily convincing the skeptical of the reality of her powers to reach the world beyond.

She established, therefore, most ideal conditions for the trial of Lucas' plan to demonstrate the fact of Agnes Cullen's presence in the realm of the dead.

Shortly after Lucas Cullen, Senior, had communicated to his family, his decision to attend the "sitting" of Mrs. Brand at Mrs. Stanton-Fleming's, Barney received by special messenger one of those cards which admitted the holder to Mrs. Stanton-Fielding's drawing-room between 4:30 and 5:30.

With the card came a note enjoining him to be present early, to occupy an inconspicuous position and particularly to avoid recognition by the Cullens, but to closely observe them.

These directions were not signed, but Barney was sure that his mother had written them.

"You shall hear all—all," she had promised him, when she last clasped him, "all in its proper time, my son. If I told you now, I would spend too much—too much of what I've kept within me for twenty years." And he understood that she did not mean solely her strength. "But it is almost time!"

Today Barney read in those lines of his mother's handwriting that occurrences at last favored her; she had sufficient strength to play her part and the time—her time and his and Lucas Cullen's—had come.

"I explain for the benefit of those who otherwise may find confusion," said Mrs. Brand when the seance opened, "that when in the trance I appear to be generally subject to a 'control' who styles himself Doctor Keppel, whose personality employs my material body for expression."

Thereupon servants drew the window blind and turned on the lights in the ceiling.

Some profound transformation influenced Mrs. Brand's posture and her manner of utterance; and, when her lips next moved, her speech indicated the control of a markedly robust, abrupt and masculine seeming personality:

"What a cloud of witnesses are present! So many come here to meet you!"

"I would like to learn whether communication can be obtained," said a smooth, perfectly assured, feminine voice; and Barney saw, not by any motion of her own but by the attention of those seated about her, that Mrs. Lucas Cullen, Junior, was speaking, "from Mrs. Oliver Cullen—Agnes Cullen—who was lost last September on the Gallantic and presumably is dead."

Barney's sinews seemed of themselves to draw taut. This demand plainly was part of the Cullen plan which his mother was there to counter; or rather, it had been part of Lucas Cullen's scheme.

"All the while a spirit has been beside you; a man; a fine-looking man, middle-aged, with dark hair and brows. He holds a book in his hand. It is the Book of Mormon."

Evidently the Voice was replying to Mrs. Lucas Cullen, Junior. Others in the room took this as answer to her! she so understood it; beyond any doubt, Lucas Cullen at her right thus received it.

"He is showing Doctor Keppel an open space outdoors; about it is a big woods. He has cleared away the trees in the space. There is a woman there; very young; he is young too; and very strong. It is more than forty years ago; more than that, he says. It is in Michigan, he says. The young woman has a child; a little girl, he says. He kisses both of them. You are there; you come by; you are young, too; tall and very strong. You walk into the shack. He is showing the inside now; it is very plain; no furniture; just a bunk of boards; a table; a bench of boards. On the table is a book; the Book of Mormon; you pick it up; you drop it down and kick it; you kick it out the door. Something happens. Doctor Keppel gets wondering what; it is confused; he cannot see. He feels passion; strong anger; hate. Many men come—"

The "you" described by the Voice no longer was Mrs. Lucas Cullen, Jr. Clearly it was old Lucas Cullen, himself.

If any one had doubt, a glance at old Lucas was quite sufficient to find it confessed; he sat, attempting to appear unmoved, indifferent.

The Voice, which had halted, spoke on.

"Another stands near you. Now he shows a space with trees about; great trees; a forest; men cut some of the trees where is a stream of water and a mill. Doctor Keppel feels a vibrating and buzzing; it is a lumber mill. Over the door is a sign; Doctor Keppel can read it all now. H. L-A-Y-L-O-R. H. Laylor it says. He nods; yes; that is it. It looks like long ago; everything new there; but many years ago. Now there is a mist. It must be smoke; yes; he says it is smoke. Now Doctor Keppel feels like heat; flames; and much heat; roaring; great flames; a forest fire approaching the mill. He is there and tries to save the mill; he does not try to get away; not till too late—"

The Voice—full, emphatic, resonant—dominated the silent, darkened room. The Voice, which had all but materialized the presence of the departed loved ones to many others, was endowing—with all but materiality—phantoms of the past for Lucas Cullen.

"He knows," said the Voice, "he knows that all your life you wondered how much he suffered. When he came over long ago, he thought to try to punish; before he died, he swore to; but over here, he did not. He tried to help, instead, the ones who lived to suffer."

Bennet for a while had attempted indifference; but now he abandoned it and, reaching across his mother, he seized his grandfather's arm.

"You're sick," he said. "Come out with me."

"It's queer, he thinks," continued the Voice, "how all your life you wondered about him—how long he suffered and didn't think about the other at all; the other who didn't send the torch."

"Come!" Bennet commanded, almost loudly. Barney arose and stepped down the line of chairs.

"You're going to stay this out!"

Lucas gaped up at him. "You here?"

Barney caught his breath and glanced toward the medium, who was sitting silent in the big chair. "They have been asking," he said, distinctly, "for communication with Mrs. Oliver Cullen; can you obtain it for them now?"

"I am here," slowly said a controlled, vibrant voice. "I am Agnes Cullen; I—"

(To Be Concluded)

Do You Chafe?
Peterson's Ointment

To the multitude of friends who have used Peterson's ointment for eczema, itching skin and scalp, piles, ulcers and old sores of long standing Peterson says, "Tell your friends that Peterson's ointment will stop chafing in two minutes." All druggists, 35c, 60c, $1.00, $2.50, $5.00.—Advertisement.

To Discard Freckles, Tan, Pimples, Wrinkles

It is said that creams containing animal grease cause hair to grow. You run no risk of acquiring superfluous hair from using ordinary Mercolized Wax. There is nothing better for a discolored skin, as the wax actually absorbs the offensive cuticle. The latter is naturally replaced by a clear, smooth, healthy complexion, full of life and expression. It's the sensible way to discard a freckled, tanned, over-red, blotchy or pimpled skin. Get an ounce of Mercolized Wax at any druggist's and apply nightly like cold cream, erasing in the morning with soap and water. Soon you will observe a most remarkable transformation.

The ideal wrinkle remover is made by dissolving an ounce of pure powdered saxolite in a half pint of witch hazel. Bathing the face in the solution brings almost immediate results.—Advertisement.

World's Crust Is Cracked Says Scientist Peake

By United News

HULL, Sept. 8.—The world's present unstable equilibrium threatens to break civilization into a thousand fragments, Prof. H. J. Peake, noted anthropologist, warned scientists attending the convention of the British Association here.

The world's crust is cracked in many places through misunderstandings between white, black and yellow men, he said.

Japanese

Figured silks with a strong Japanese influence in the figures are made into frocks with very wide flowing sleeves and practically no broken lines. The low waistline is secured by a loose girdle of the material.

VAMPIRE TAKES FLAPPER'S PLACE

Theda Bara Says Days of Long, Slinky Lines Are Now Coming Back.

By WESTBROOK PEGLER, United News Staff Correspondent

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—The flapper has gone—yes, she's gone—and the lady of the long, slinky lines and high heels and dingle-dangle earrings is coming back.

Her name is Theda Bara. She makes you feel exotic.

In the time that Theda Bara has been missing from the movies she has written a book, traveled abroad, toured in her famous melodrama, "The Blue Flame," studied, read dozens of plays and altered her professional character from that of an unqualified siren to that of a motivated vampire, as she calls it. A motivated vampire is that which or one who encoils the victim for love's sweet sake, which makes it all right.

"And so the flapper is no longer current?"

"Oh, the flapper is still with us, bless her!" said the woman who made vamping a household word, "but if she can't dress the part of a flapper I suppose she becomes a vampire, doesn't she? She can still call things the cat's pajamas and talk about necking and clinching, but I doubt that she can remain a flapper without her flapper hat and her sweater and sneakers and her short skirt.

"Anyway, I'm rather glad the styles no longer flap. One can't be dramatic in a knee-length skirt or tweed and fuzzy blue stockings—anyway not as well as in a black lace dress or earrings of jet or jade and bare arms—vampire costume, you know."

The new school of vamping operates on the premise that every bad girl is bad for a good purpose. Hereafter if the original vampire seems to be going gay in the scenario her audience may rest assured the author has weighed the issues and decided that the only way to save the condemned husband is to vamp the perjured witness or some such matter as that. Patrons will please keep their seats, for everything will be respectable in the end.

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Extracting

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Best She Ever Experienced

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Sizes 8½ to 2.

Strong wearing soles, orthopedic lasts, low rubber heels; also some beautiful two-tone shoes with champagne tops; a value in dependable footwear that will delight every parent.

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Sizes 10 to 13½ and 1 to 6.

Very strong construction, comfortable in fit, broad toes and are guaranteed to wear. A wonderful value in dependable school footwear for the boys.