

MARION COUNTY MEMBERS HOSTESSES FOR MEETING

Grand Officers to Be Present at Gathering—Activities Begin With Registration of Delegates Tuesday Morning.

The national convention of American War Mothers is to be held in Indianapolis, at the Hotel Severin, Oct. 3, 4 and 5, with the following national officers present: Mrs. Mabel C. Digney, White Plains, N. Y., national war mother; Mrs. H. H. McClellan, Kansas City, Mo., first vice war mother; Mrs. Carrie M. Root, Gardner, Ill., second vice war mother; Mrs. M. B. Huffman, Louisville, Ky., custodian of records; Mrs. V. H. Black, Juanita, Pa., and Mrs. Frank De Kay, Blackfoot, Idaho, auditors. The formal session will be Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Martha J. Stubbs will give a tribute to Gold Star Mothers, and one to Deceased War Mothers by Mrs. Harry Morrison. A banner will be presented to the largest delegation, after which the convention will adjourn.

Marion County War Mothers will be hostesses during the convention and at the luncheon Wednesday in the Hotel Severin will be in charge of the arrangements. The luncheon committee includes Mrs. H. F. Reynolds, Mrs. Jonas Joseph, Mrs. T. P. Fumphrey, Mrs. Frank Callon and Mrs. L. B. King. Mrs. Elizabeth S. Carr will be toastmistress and guests of honor will be national officers, Gov. and Mrs. Warren T. McCray, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dean Barr, Mayor and Mrs. Samuel Lewis Shank, former Governor and Mrs. Samuel M. Ralston, former Senator and Mrs. Albert J. Beveridge, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Clawson, Miss Grace Hawk, Sheldon M. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. R. Arman, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Rumpf, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Kennington and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Barcus.

Tuesday evening an informal reception will be held from 7 to 8 o'clock, followed by a community sing, led by the Rev. Frank Huston. The Rev. William Carson will lead the devotions, followed by an address of welcome by Governor Warren T. McCray. The Tuesday evening program will include a tribute to mothers by former Governor Samuel Ralston.

Wednesday morning reports of the officers will be given and Wednesday afternoon a trip around the city, ending with a visit to the Palace Theater, is planned. Wednesday evening the College of Music and Fine Arts will give a musical and Sheldon M. Foote, supreme loyal dad, will welcome.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

To aid the James Whitcomb Riley Memorial Hospital fund, the Woman's Research Club will give up its annual club day luncheon, according to an announcement today. Money usually spent for the luncheon—\$60 to \$65—will be donated to the fund.

Instead of the luncheon, a program meeting will be held at 2:30 p. m. Monday in the parlors of the Third Christian Church. Mrs. Edmund D. Clark, chairman of program committee, will have charge of a Riley program.

The Et-Cetera Club held its President's Day luncheon at Ma-Lo's country place this noon. Covers were laid for fifteen members, the table being decorated with autumn leaves and flowers. Talks were given by Mrs. Ross E. Kennington, incoming president, and Mrs. J. E. Florea, retiring president. Mrs. Florea was toastmistress.

Mrs. J. E. Andrews of N. Delaware St. was hostess to the members of the Hoosier Tourists Club, which met

Martha Lee HER COLUMN

Martha Lee will be glad to answer questions of a timely nature regarding problems of love, courtship and marriage. For personal reply, send stamped, self-addressed envelope. Questions will be withheld from publication at the writers' request.

The snaky Theda Bara vampire is coming into her own again.

Long skirts, long hair, long ears mark her return.

But I don't think she will remain very long.

She is more typical of European women than of American. In the drawing-rooms of London and Paris she appears in an appropriate setting.

But in America, where the flapper, the baby vamp, has reigned supreme for several years, the sophisticated charmer is a false note in the picture.

Answer to ANNETTE: It is true that the "flapper" has lost favor. However, if you naturally look more like a flapper than a dark, mysterious vampire, do not try to make yourself over into a vamp. Of course, you will follow fashion, as practically every other girl will. But keep your own individuality. Don't try to act sophisticated and mysterious, even though that is the "style."

The Thracian Club gave a "rush" party this afternoon at the home of Miss Lydia Bates on Middle Drive, Woodruff Pl.

The New Era Club will meet for the first time this season, Monday afternoon, with Mrs. C. G. Tyner. A report of last year's work by the secretary and treasurer echoes from the members will be given.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. P. Sturgeon entertained with a house-warming last evening at their new home on Sheffield Ave.

A dinner in the Travertine room at the Hotel Lincoln this evening will end Memorial Week in Marion County for the Indiana University Memorial Fund. Alumni and students of the university and their friends are invited, reservations to be made with Mrs. Frank D. Hatfield, who is in charge of arrangements.

The President's Day luncheon of the Wednesday Afternoon Club will be held Oct. 4 at the Spink-Arms Hotel. Mrs. N. C. Steffey is the incoming president.

The Thracian Club gave a "rush" party this afternoon at the home of Miss Lydia Bates on Middle Drive, Woodruff Pl.

The Ladies Auxiliary will give a card party Friday evening in Brightwood Hall.

The Ladies Auxiliary to A. O. H. will give a card party Thursday evening in St. Anthony's Hall on Waukegan Ave. Hostesses will be Miss Sarah Spellman, Mrs. Mary Boil, Mrs. Bridget Shaw, Mrs. Mary Sweeney, Mrs. Gertrude Scanlon and Mrs. Catherine Shook.

Answer to PRETTY: If you are so pretty, and only 15, I'd advise you to stop worrying about how you can keep your "perfect" complexion. The best way to keep it is to eat whole-foods at regular hours, get eight hours' sleep every night and exercise a great deal out-of-doors.

Answer to ALICIA: It is not necessary to answer a thank-you note, unless you wish to keep up correspondence with the person.

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

BRIDE-ELECT OF BLUFFTON MAN



MISS THELMA DOLD

Miss Thelma Marie Dold is a bride-elect whose marriage to Wendell Smith of Bluffton is to take place in October. Miss Dold is the daughter of Mrs. Charles Dold. Several parties have been given in her honor.

RAGGEDY ANN AND ANDY

By JOHNNY GRUELLE

Raggedy Ann, Raggedy Andy, Eddie and Effie Elf walked down the road leading away from the Wooden Town. And running in front of them, kicking up his heels and having a good time, was little Wooden Willie.

Raggedy Ann and the others had many laughs as they watched Wooden Willie, for, as he was just new from the factory where the wooden people were made, everything was new and strange to him and he shouted and laughed at everything he saw. Wooden Willie cried to the others: "Hurry up and see these pretty flowers!" And as the others walked on they saw a mass of yellow and red and blue flowers growing beside the roadway. Wooden Willie caught hold of a flower, intending to pick it, but he pulled and pulled, stretching the stem of the flower out until he could pull no more. Then, when he let go of the flower, the flower snapped back so hard it hit Raggedy Andy and knocked him over backward.

The flower hit Raggedy Andy so hard it made the dust fly from his waist. But, of course, it did not hurt Raggedy Andy even a smidgen, for he was made of cloth and stuffed with nice clean white cotton.

"You can't hurt me," laughed Raggedy Andy, "but who ever heard of rubber flowers before?"

"I have," said Raggedy Ann, "years and years ago, the ladies used to wear rubber flowers upon their hats, but I never knew that they grew wild." While Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Wooden Willie and Eddie Elf and Effie Elf were looking at the flower, they heard shouting in back of them and saw six of the wooden soldiers running toward them as fast as they could come.

When the wooden soldiers came within shouting distance they cried: "We are coming to take you back to the Wooden King. He has changed his mind and now he wants to keep you prisoners."

"There's nothing to do except come along with us!" cried captain of the wooden soldiers. "Attention!" he cried to the other wooden soldiers. All the wooden soldiers lined up. "When I count three, we will rush upon them and catch them!" said the captain.

"Quick!" whispered Raggedy Andy. "Get on the other side of the rubber flowers!" Raggedy Ann, Eddie and Effie Elf and Wooden Willie ran

This Laxative Works Fine on Old People

Thousands have kept themselves healthy with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

ADVANCING age with its subdued ambitions and strivings could be made very happy if only good health accompanied it, and the basis of good health, as everyone learns upon reaching the age of 60, is a regular daily movement of the bowels. If it can be effected through the food you eat, the water you drink and the exercise you take, so much the better. But if nature will not operate it must be assisted or sickness will follow. Neglected constipation causes the blood pressure to go up 22 per cent, and that is the forerunner of hardening of the arteries. It makes rheumatism and gout worse.

The Daughters of America will give a card party Friday evening in Brightwood Hall.

Ladies of Holy Angels Church, Section 2, will give a card party Friday evening in Holy Angels Hall, at Twenty-Eighth St., and Northwestern Ave.

Answer to BROWN EYES: With your coloring—brown hair, brown eyes and a fair skin—you should look well in many of the shades of brown that are so popular this year. Choose warm and golden shades, rather than the very dark ones. Blue, red and gray also probably would be becoming to you. In fact, there are few colors you could not wear. Black might make you look pale, if your skin is very fair.

Answer to L. C. J.: It is your duty to call on your new neighbor first. The first call should be a formal one, lasting about fifteen or twenty minutes.

Answer to PRETTY: If you are so pretty, and only 15, I'd advise you to stop worrying about how you can keep your "perfect" complexion. The best way to keep it is to eat whole-foods at regular hours, get eight hours' sleep every night and exercise a great deal out-of-doors.

Answer to ALICIA: It is not necessary to answer a thank-you note, unless you wish to keep up correspondence with the person.

Attractive sleeves of a new pink crepe flock are entirely covered with tiny roses of velvet in a much deeper shade of rose.

TAKE DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN
The family laxative

Alias the Lone Wolf

(Continued)

The woman stood alone, in silhouette against the glow of the companionway, her arms thrust out as if to ward off some threatened danger. A second cry broke from her lips, shrill with terror, she tottered and fell, dropping her cigarette, Lanyard ran to her.

His vision dazzled by the flame of the match, he sought in vain for any cause for her apparent fright. For all he could see, the deck was as empty as he had presumed it to be all through their conversation.

"Popinot!" she cried, as Lanyard hastily took the glasses away. "Popinot—he was there—I saw him standing there!"

A trembling arm indicated the starboard deck just forward of the companion housing. But, of course, when Lanyard looked, there was no one there . . . if there had ever been . . .

"Impossible!" Phinuit commented when told of the Apache's appearance.

"Nonsense," Monk added, speaking directly to Liane.

She had recovered much of her composure, enough to enable her to shrug her disdain of such stupidity.

"I tell you only what my two eyes saw."

"And I tell you, while that assassin is at liberty aboard this yacht, not one of our lives is worth a sou—no, not one!"

"Oh, we shall search." Monk gave in as one who indulges a childish whim. "But I can tell you now what we'll find—or won't."

"Then heaven help us all!" Liane went swiftly to the door of her room, but there hesitated, looking back in appeal to Lanyard. "I am afraid . . ."

"Let me have a look round first."

And when Lanyard had satisfied himself there was nobody concealed in any part of Liane's suite, and had been rewarded with a glance of gratitude—"I shall look myself in, of course," the woman said from the threshold—"and I have my pistol, too."

Lanyard, scrutinizing the deck with the flashlight, stooped, picked up something, and offered it on an outspread palm upon which he trained the clear electric beam.

"Cigarette stub?" Monk said, and snuffed.

"A cigarette manufactured by the French Regie. Who that uses that part of the deck would be apt to insult his palate with such a cigarette?"

"Then you believe it was Popinot, too?"

"I believe you would do well to make the search you have promised thorough and immediate."

"Plenty of time," Monk replied wearily. "I'll turn this old tub inside out, if you insist, in the morning."

Whether or not sleep brought Monk better counsel, the morning's ransacking of the vessel and the examination of her crew proved more pains-taking than Lanyard had expected. And the upshot was precisely as Monk had foretold, nothing. He re-

ported dryly to this effect at an informal conference in his quarters after luncheon.

"Now," Monk announced with a little bow, "for what, one imagines, Mr. Phinuit would term the Elaborate Ideal!"

CHAPTER XX

The Trap for the Wolf

"They are such, monsieur," Monk said with that deliberation which be becomes a diplomatic personage—"your talents are such that you can, if you will, become invaluable to us."

Phinuit chuckled outright at Lanyard's look of polite obtuseness.

"Never sail a straight course—can you, skipper?—when you can get there by tacking. Let me act as interpreter. Mr. Lanyard: this giddy association of malefactors here present has the honor to invite you to become a full-fledged working member and stockholder of equal interest with the rest of us, participating in all benefits of the organization, including police protection. And as added inducement, we're willing to waive initiation fee and dues. Do I make myself clear?"

Lanyard lifted his meditative gaze to the face of Phinuit.

"I find something lacking . . .

You have shown me but one side of the coin. What is the reverse? You have forgotten to name the penalty which would attach to a possible refusal."

"I guess it's safe to leave that to your imagination."

"There would be a penalty, however."

"Well, naturally, if you're not with us, you're against us. And to take that stand would oblige us, as a simple matter of self-preservation, to defend ourselves with every means at our command."

"Means which," Lanyard murmured, "you prefer not to name."

"Well, one doesn't like to be crude."

"I have my answer, monsieur—and many thanks. The parallel is complete."

With a dim smile playing in his eyes and twinkling at the corners of his lips, Lanyard leaned back and studied the other's bearing. Liane De Lorme sat up with a movement of sharp uneasiness.

"Of what my friend, are you thinking?"

"I am marveling at something everybody knows—that history does repeat itself."

The woman made a sudden hissing sound, of breath drawn shortly between closed teeth. "I hope not!" she sighed. "You see, my friend, I think I know what is in your mind, memories of old times . . ."

"True: I am thinking of those days when the Pack hunted the Lone Wolf in Paris, and made him much the same offer as you have made tonight."

"The Pack, you should know, meuseurs, was the name assumed by an association of Parisian criminals, ambitious like you, who had grown envious of the Lone Wolf's success, and wished to persuade him to run with them."

"And what happened?" Phinuit inquired.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

"As memory serves, I told them they could all go plumb to hell."

"Well," Phinuit hazarded with a good show of confidence, "I guess you won't tell us to go plumb to hell, will you?"

"No; I promise to be more original than that. You shall have your answer by the time we make our landfall—perhaps before."

Lanyard went to bed, the last night out, leaving a noisy gathering in the saloon, and read himself drowsy. Then turning out his light he slept. Some time later he found himself instantaneously awake and alert, with a clear head and every faculty on the qui vive.

He felt a presence, and knew that it waited, still, within arm's length of his head. Without much concern, he thought of Popinot, that "phantom Popinot" of Monk's derisive naming.

Well, if the vision Liane had seen on deck had taken material form here in his stateroom, Lanyard presumed it meant another fight, and the last, to a finish, that is to say, to a death.

He heard a whisper, or rather a mutter, a voice he could not place in its present pitch.

"Awake, Monsieur LeLorme?" it said. "Hush! Don't make a row, and never mind the light."

His astonishment was so overpowering that instinctively his tensed muscles relaxed and his hand fell back upon the bedding.

"It's me—Mussey."