

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 activities will open Tuesday morning with registration from 10 to 12 o'clock. Mrs. E. Mae Hahn is hospitality chairman. Committees will be appointed and at 1 o'clock there will be a State executive board meeting. The formal opening session will be at 2 o'clock with the president, Mrs. Daisy Douglas Barr, presiding.

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 musicale and Sheldon M. Foote, supreme loyal dad, will welcome the delegates.

Marion County War Mothers will be hostesses during the convention and at the luncheon Wednesday at the Hotel Severin will be in charge of the arrangements. The luncheon committee includes Mrs. H. F. Reynolds, Mrs. Jonas Joseph, Mrs. T. P. Humphrey, 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. Artman, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Rump, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Kennington and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Barcus.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

To aid the James Whitcomb Riley Memorial Hospital fund, the Woman's Research Club will give its annual club day luncheon, according to announcement today. Money usually spent for the luncheon—about \$55—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-La'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 "Times" readers regarding problems of love, clothes and etiquette. For personal reply, send stamped, self-addressed envelope. Questions will be published under publication at the writers' request.

The snaky, Theda Bara vampire is coming into her own again. Long skirts, long hair, long earrings 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 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."

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."

Answer to T. N. L.: Mannish coats for girls are favored this year for everyday wear. They are made of soft woolen materials. Large loose sleeves are good.

Answer to P. G.: Your parents surely do not object to the man without some reason. You take the attitude that they just do not want you to be happy.

Ask them what they base their objections. Then either you can show them wherein they are wrong, or they will show you that they are right. Always remember that, although mothers and fathers sometimes are mistaken, they always are working for their children's happiness.

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, some 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.

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 up 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 rubber flowers 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 up on 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

around to the other side of the rubber flowers and stretched it back as far as they could pull it. "Now wait until the Wooden Soldiers get real close, then let go of the rubber flowers!" said Raggedy Andy.

"Oh we can walk right through that flower bed!" laughed the Captain of the Wooden Soldiers. Then he counted, "One, two, three! Catch them!" And the six wooden soldiers marched up to the rubber flowers intending to walk right through and catch their friends, but when the six wooden soldiers got close enough, Raggedy Andy cried, "Let Go!" and he and Raggedy Ann and Eddie and Effie Elf and the Wooden Willie let go of the rubber flowers each stretched as far as they could. Then, what happened to Raggedy Andy when Wooden Willie had stretched the rubber flower, happened to the Wooden Soldiers. The rubber flowers snapped against their wooden coats. "Pop!" and "knocked them head over heels and when they got to their feet again, the same thing happened until the Wooden Soldiers grew tired of being knocked over by the rubber flowers and the captain said, "We'll go back home and get 150 Wooden Soldiers, then you won't be able to knock us all down with the rubber flowers and we can catch you!"

And facing his Wooden Soldiers toward the Wooden Town, the captain marched them away. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed Raggedy Andy to his friends. "Maybe they think we will wait here until they return! But we will fool them!"

This is just what the Wooden Soldiers did think, for the captain turned and cried to Raggedy Andy and his friends, "You wait there and we will be back in about fifteen minutes!"

"We'd better run," said Wooden Willie. "We will wait until they get out of sight!" said Raggedy Andy. "For if they see us running here, they will hurry. But if they leave thinking that we intend staying here, then they will be surprised when they come back and find that we have escaped!"

So Raggedy Andy and Raggedy Ann and Eddie Elf and Effie Elf and Wooden Willie waited until the Wooden Soldiers were out of sight, then catching hands, they ran as hard as they could go. "Wheel! Now they were able to catch us!" cried Raggedy Andy.—Copyright, 1922.

This Laxative Works Fine on Old People

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

ANY FAMILY MAY TRY IT FREE

Thousands of parents are asking themselves, "Where can I find a trustworthy laxative that anyone in the family can use when constipated?" I urge you to try Syrup Pepsin. I will gladly provide a liberal free sample bottle, sufficient for an adequate test. Write me where to send it. Address Dr. W. E. Caldwell, 515 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois. Do it now!

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 the 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 25 per cent, and that is the forerunner of hardening of the arteries. It makes rheumatism and gout worse, too.

The ideal constipation remedy for people of advancing years is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a vegetable compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with pleasant-tasting aromatics. It is gentle and mild, and does not cramp or gripe. It is a mistake to think you need a violent salt or powder or pill, calomel, coal-tar drugs and such things. They purge and

weaken you, and their reaction tends to make you more constipated than before.

Now try the milder method. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin does not lose its good effect with repeated use, and increased doses are unnecessary. Mrs. E. M. Burgess of Enfield, N. C., who is 73, keeps herself in good health with it, and Mr. Charles Chorman of Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., wasted fifteen years and considerable money on other remedies before finding steady relief with Syrup Pepsin.

Use Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin yourself the next time you suffer from constipation, biliousness, headache, sleeplessness, indigestion, piles or night cramps. Many thousands of elderly people use nothing else, and it costs them less than a cent a dose. Druggists have sold it successfully for 30 years, and it is the most widely bought family laxative in the world.



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TAKE DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

THE family laxative

Alias the Lone Wolf

by LOUIS J. VANCE

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(Continued)
The woman stood alone, on 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 as, dropping his 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 been he would have seen her.

"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 sniffed.

"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 painful 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 Idea?"

CHAPTER XX
The Trap for the Wolf

"They are such, monsieur," Monk said with that deliberation which 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 twitching at the corners of his lips, Lanyard leaned back and studied the deck beams. Liane DeLorme 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 sharply 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, messieurs, 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.

"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 land-fall—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 L'Orme!" 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 bedclothes.

"It's me—Mussie."

Lanyard enquired wittily: "Mussie?"

"I had to have a bit of a talk with you without anybody's catching on."

"Well," Lanyard said, "I'm damned!"

"Look here..." "I want to ask a personal question. Is it isn't your right name Lanyard, Michael Lanyard?"

"That's an unusual name, Michael Lanyard," cautiously replied its proprietor. "How did you get hold of it?"

"They say it's the right name of the Lone Wolf. Guess I don't have to tell you who the Lone Wolf is."

"They say? Who, please, are they?"

"Oh, there's a lot of talk going around the ship. You know how it is, a crew will gossip. And God knows they've got enough excuse this cruise."

This was constructively evasive. Lanyard wondered who had betrayed him.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

Marriage a la Mode

At the smallest home wedding the throwing of her bouquet, to be scrambled for by the members of her bridal party, is one of the features the American bride does not forget.

The German bride does not throw her flowers, but one of her white satin bridal slippers. The significance, however, is the same. Whoever is successful in catching the souvenir will be married soon.

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Boys' Sports Shoes	Women's Boudoir Slippers	Men's Outing Shoes
Good, heavy soles. Fine for gym work or basketball. \$1	All colors and sizes. Hand turned soles. An exceptional value at—\$1	REAL ELKSKIN \$2

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