

## SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton, vice chairman of the national Republican committee, will speak at a luncheon to be given by the Indiana Woman's Republican Club Wednesday, Oct. 11, in the Chateau room of the Claypool Hotel.

All Republican women are invited. Reservations should be made with Mrs. Harry D. Tuteviler of Park Ave. before Oct. 7. Mrs. Ovid Butler Jameson, president of the club, will preside.

Mrs. Upton, whose home is in Warren, Ohio, has been active in suffrage work for more than a quarter of a century. She was treasurer of the National Woman Suffrage Association for fifteen years. She is author of "Our Early Presidents, Their Wives and Children."

Mrs. Upton will tour Indiana Oct. 14 in interests of the Republican campaign.

The Indianapolis section of the Council of Jewish Women will celebrate President's Day, Thursday, Oct. 6, with a luncheon at the Indianapolis Club, followed by a program. Mrs. M. H. Kahn, will pronounce grace, which will be followed by a greeting by Mrs. Emma Eckhouse, honorary president. Dr. Morris M. Feuerlicht will deliver a short address and Mrs. Nathan A. Kahn, the incoming president will give her message. Dr. Solomon B. Freed of the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati will be the principal speaker for the afternoon and Miss Ruth Sterling will sing several selections accompanied by Mrs. S. L. Kiser. The incoming officers will be special guests. They are: Mrs. Nathan Kahn, president; Mrs. David Lurvey, first vice president; Mrs. Leo Krause, second vice president; Mrs. Henry Blatt, recording secretary; Mrs. Samuel Mantel, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. Helen Dauby, treasurer; Mrs. Hert Selig, auditor and Mrs. Benjamin Mark, financial secretary.

Chairmen of committees for the year are: Mrs. Louis Bornstein, ways and means; Mrs. David Lurvey, program and music; Mrs. Phil Efremson, hospitality; Mrs. Edgar Kiser, membership; Mrs. Julius Fallender, religious

Mrs. F. C. Millan and Miss Alice Rudebeck, will entertain with a miscellaneous shower Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Margaret Managhan, whose marriage to Harold C. Braun will take place Oct. 18 at Our Lady of Lourdes Church. Miss Managhan has chosen as her only attendant her sister, Miss Dorothy Managhan. The bride-elect, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Managhan, is a graduate of St. John's and St. Philip Neri schools in Indianapolis. Mrs. Julius Braun gave a linen shower Wednesday evening in her honor.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Forbes will come from Chicago Sunday to visit friends in Indianapolis until Oct. 15, when they will move to Washington, D. C., and from there to Miami, Fla.

Indianapolis chapter of the American Association of University Women will hold a reception from 3 to 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon at the Herter Art Institute in honor of the new teachers of the Indianapolis schools. A feature of the entertainment will be a series of short talks by Miss Anne Hasselman, curatrix, on various exhibits in the Art Institute. In the receiving line will be Mrs. Frank Streightoff, Mrs. Thomas C. Howe, Mrs. Jessie Cameron Moore, Mrs. Robert Hartley

and Mrs. William Earl Bourne

Mrs. William Earl Bourne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McDermott, was Miss Anne McDermott before her marriage, which took place Sept. 26. Mr. Bourne is well known in amateur athletic circles of the city and is the son of W. A. Bourne of N. Capitol Ave.

Sherwood, Miss Amelia Warring Platter, Mrs. N. J. Hasselman, Miss Florence Morrison, Miss Elsa Huebner, Mrs. Hilton U. Brown, Mrs. Grace

Julian Clarke and Mrs. Frank D. Hatfield, Mrs. Streightoff will outline the plans for the association's work in the coming year. The following committees for the 1922-1923 season have been announced: Program, Mrs. T. C. Howe, Mrs. Frank Streightoff, Mrs. J. C. Moore, Mrs. Frank D. Hatfield, Hospitality, Mrs. J. C. Moore, Mrs. Robert H. Sherwood, Mrs. Fred Terry, Miss Mabel Godard, Miss Anne Hasselman and Miss Frederica Allen. Membership, Miss Olga Schleschmidt, Miss Evelyn Butler, Miss Madeline Hixon, State and national memberships, Mrs. C. C. Heustis, Greencastle; Miss Adelaide S. Baller, Washington, D. C.; Miss Josephine Cox, Huntington; Miss Martha Doss, Richmond; Miss Florence Johnson, Franklin; Miss Evelyn Kletzing, Wilmette, Ill., and Miss Eleanor L. Smith, Muncie. Rural education, Mrs. James M. Rawdin, Miss Martha Doan, Mrs. Carl Fletcher, Miss Helen Tichenor, Mrs. Meredith Nicholson, Mrs. Bella Terra.

The department of drama of the Woman's Department Club will open the 1922-1923 season with a luncheon at the clubhouse at 12:30 o'clock Wednesday noon. Reservations are limited to 125, and should be made at the door.

At the foot of the companionway steps, Popinot, no phantom but the veritable Apache himself, was writhing and having convulsively, and even as Lanyard looked, the huge body of the creature lifted from the floor 'n one last, heroic spasm, then collapsed, and moved no more.

Viewing this hideous tableau, appreciating what it meant—that Popinot, forearmed with advice from a trusted quarter, had stationed himself outside the door to Monk's state room, to waylay and garrote the man whom he expected to emerge therefrom laden with the plunder of Monk's safe—Lanyard appreciated further that he had done Mr. Mussey a great wrong.

For he had all the time believed that it would be a fool to associate myself with people of a low grade of intellect, wanting even enough to hold fast that which they have thieved!"

"Come through," Phinuit advised in a dangerous voice. "Just what do you mean?"

"I mean that you, knowing I have but one object, to wit: the recovery of the jewels of Madame la Montalais, have not had sufficient wit to prevent my securing those jewels under your very noses."

"Extremely ingenious, monsieur." "It'll have to be pulled off tomorrow night or not at all," the mutter urged with an eager accent.

"My thought, precisely. Now to do what I will have to do, I must have ten minutes of absolute darkness, can that be arranged?"

"Absolute darkness?" the mutter had a rising inflection of dubiety. "Why, by nightfall we ought to be off Block Island, in traffic as heavy as on Fifth Ave.: isn't there some other way?"

"Not with lights to hamper my operations. But if some temporary accident were to put the dynamics out of commission—figure to yourself what would happen."

"The engines would have to be slowed down until oil tanks could be substituted for the binnacle, masthead, and side-lights, also for the engine room."

"And there would be excitement and confusion, eh? Everybody would make for the deck, even the captain would leave his cabin unguarded long enough."

"I get you—with a sigh. 'It's wrong, all wrong, but—well, I suppose it's got to be done,'"

Lanyard treated himself to a smile of triumph, there in the darkness.

CHAPTER XXI  
The Trap Is Sprung

On their last night, a heavy fog settled down to aid the work of Lanyard and his volunteer assistant, Mr. Mussey. At 10:30 p. m. every light went out.

Mr. Mussey had not failed to keep his pact of treachery.

Lanyard was out of his chair before the first call of excited remonstrance rang out on deck—to be echoed in clamor.

And in that time of Stygian gloom violence was done swiftly, surely, and without mercy; with pity, yes, and with regret. Lanyard was sorry for the man at the wheel. But what was to be done could not be done in any other way.

The fellow offered barely a show of opposition. Swung bodily away from the wheel, he went over the rail to the forward deck like a bag of sugar. Immediately Lanyard turned to the binnacle.

Thrusting a hand into the opening, Lanyard groped for the adjustable magnets in their racks, and one by one removed and dropped them to the grating at the foot of the binnacle.

The compass ought now to be just as constant to the magnetic pole as a hummingbird to one especial rose. Guiding himself by a hand that lightly touched the rail, Lanyard regained his chair, carefully composing himself in the position in which he had been resting when the lights went out.

The next instant, however, he was on his feet again. A beam of light had swept across the saloon skylight, coming from below, the beam of a portable electric torch.

It might have been the signal for the first piercing scream of Liane

## BRIDE OF AMATEUR ATHLETE

Martha Lee  
HER  
COLUMN

Martha Lee will be glad to answer questions on any of the personal problems of love, clothes and etiquette. For personal reply, send stamped, self-addressed envelope. Questions will be withheld from publication at the writers' request.

The art of imitation is badly overworked especially by susceptible young girls. Actresses, both of the stage and of the screen, usually are the idols of the imitators.

A few years ago girls throughout the country stood in front of mirrors for hours trying to coax their straight locks into curls like those flaunted by Mary Pickford.

Later, as Theda Bara dashed upon the horizon of fame, slick hair and arched eyebrows marked her school-girl imitators.

Marguerite Clark, Bebe Daniels, Elsie Ferguson—each was followed by admiring disciples of her particular brand of charm.

But the imitators, of course, were not effective to any notable extent.

Imitators never are.

Answer to Admirer: Don't be an imitator; be real. If your description of yourself is a true one, you do not at all resemble the actress whom you admire. Perhaps in your own way you are quite as charming as she.

Instead of trying to imitate this actress, bring out the good points in your appearance and manners.

DEAR MISS MARTHA LEE: I am 16 years old and am about 5 feet 4 inches. I have been hanging around her house for about two years. I have never proposed to her, but she has gotten me in my first start to right and wrong. I should like to know whether she cares for me. Her name is Florence.

ANSWER: Do not attempt to read minds. E. V. W. I cannot tell whether or not this girl cares for you. However, if she does, I hope it is as a friend, and not as a lover, as you seem to wish.

If I were you I should not think of proposing for several years. Be good friends with the girl now, and by the time you are old enough to marry perhaps she will care for you.

ANSWER TO AGNES: I should suggest a steak fry or a wiener roast as entertainment for your club at this season. These cool autumn evenings are just right for big bonfires. Have steaks or weiners, buns, coffee, pickles and olives, and marshmallows. You can add potato chips, cakes and any other extras you may like. But the main object is not to run out of steaks, weiners or buns.

ANSWER TO JACK: It is not at all necessary for you to show the girl with gifts, even though other men do. Perhaps the others can afford to. If she is the sort of girl who can be won through boxes of candy, flowers, theater tickets and motor rides she is hardly worth the money you might waste.

ANSWER TO FOURTEEN: Sweaters are being worn a great deal here this year. A dark blue one would be good for school wear.

DEFENDS ADMINISTRATION

Senator Watson Makes Third Speech of Campaign at Marion.

By Times Special

MARION, Ind., Sept. 29.—Senator James E. Watson in a speech at Civic Hall here last night, opening the Grant County campaign, defended the record of the present Administration. For the most part his address was taken up with a discussion of the emergency tariff and the Fordney-McCumber tariff, both of which he defended.

Marriage a la Mode

The Eskimo bride has probably the least effort connected with her marriage of any bride in the world.

Her trousseau is furnished entirely by the bridegroom, who uses his own judgment in the selection.

Her house is completely furnished by her relatives and friends, who provide everything she will need for a year.

Advertisement.

## FASHIONS ARE CHANGED

Burial Clothes Alter Every Six Months

Say Funeral Directors.

By United Press

DENVER, Colo., Sept. 29.—Fashions in burial clothes change every six months and shrouds are decidedly passe, according to delegates to the National Funeral Directors' Association, which is holding its annual convention here.

Liane Delorme said abruptly, in a choking voice: "Open the safe, please, Captain Monk."

Monk swung open the safe door, seized the metal dispatch box by the handle and set it upon the desk with a bang.

Lanyard gave no sign, but his heart sank. He had exhausted his last resource to gain time, he was now at his wit's end. Only his star could save him now.

(To Be Concluded)

Heat

Yes, the motto in many a family this winter will be: "Keep the home oil stoves burning!"—Don Marquis.

Our liberal payment plan on Apex Washers is mighty interesting.

Ask about it.

APEX  
ELECTRIC  
WASHERS

Hanning Bros.  
and Winkler  
DENTISTS

120-124 E. Washington St.

Hours, 8:30 to 6.

Evening, by appointment only.

Martha Lee

## RAGGEDY ANN AND ANDY

By JOHNNY GRUELLE

Finally Raggedy Andy, Raggedy Ann and Effie Elf and Eddie Elf and Wooden Willie came to a very narrow place in a hill. Here it was so narrow between the rocks our friends had to walk one behind the other in order to get through. The path led up and up to the top of a high hill, and when our friends reached the top Wooden Willie looked back and cried: "Look! Look! Here they come!" and sure enough, there across the valley came 150 wooden soldiers and they were coming very fast, too, for they were riding upon wooden horses.

"They will catch us before we go another mile," said Raggedy Ann.

"I knew it!" laughed Raggedy Andy to himself as he picked up a long pole which happened to be lying near.

When all the Wooden Soldiers got off their Wooden Horses, the Wooden Captain lined them up, one behind the other. "Forward march!" he cried and into the narrow place between the rocks came the long row of Wooden Soldiers, "Hep!" "Hep!"

Raggedy Andy waited until the Captain of the Wooden Soldiers was only a short distance away, then he took the long pole and pushed the Captain backwards so that in falling, the Wooden Captain fell against the Wooden Soldier in the back of him and that one fell against the soldier in back of him.

"Whoa!" Raggedy Andy cried as one soldier after another clicked against the one in back and toppled him over. "Just like a long row of dominoes!" And there, one upon another, the Wooden Soldiers were; and the one in back could not get up until the one in front of him got up. Raggedy Andy knew that this would be so, and as the Wooden Captain was the one who had to get up first in order to let the next and the next and the next Wooden Soldier up, Raggedy Andy rolled a large stone right on top of the Wooden Captain.

Then Raggedy Andy wiped the dust off his rag hands and walked up the hill to where his friends waited.

"They will be all right," he said.

"After awhile the Wooden Horses will get tired, waiting for the Wooden Soldiers and they will wander back in the Wooden Town. Then the Wooden People will know that something has happened to the Wooden Soldiers and they will come and help them up again!"—Copyright, 1922.

Johnny Gruelle

HERE THEY COME!" CRIED WOODEN WILLIE.

"Maybe we can find some place to hide," suggested Eddie Elf. But when they looked around there was not a single place where they could hide without being found in a very short time.

"Here they come!" cried Wooden Willie.

"They will never be able to ride

their Wooden Horses between the rock walls through which we just came!" said Raggedy Andy, "for it was a tight squeeze for us and their horses all have round stumblings! They will have to leave the wooden horses behind and run after us."

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