

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Mrs. R. D. Weaver entertained the members of the Thursday Lyceum Club this afternoon at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. J. A. Hundley was hostess for an "old-fashioned" luncheon and party today for the members of the Round Table Club. Covers were laid for twelve guests, all of whom came in quaint costumes. The table was decorated with baskets of thistles, sweet peas and cosmos, and lighted with candles. A short program on the subject of "Grandmother" was given following the luncheon. Mrs. Hundley was assisted by her granddaughters, Mrs. Otto Suesz and Mrs. I. Izenthal.

Mrs. Harry Dove spoke on "The Political Divisions of South America" at a meeting of the Hoosier Tourists Club today in the home of Mrs. C. A. Call. Mrs. F. C. Robinson took "The Romance of the Amazon" for her subject and Mrs. J. E. Andrews talked on "Vagabonding Down the Andes."

Mrs. Franz Binnerger entertained the U-Tak-A Club this afternoon at her home on N. Capitol Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert S. Gadd, Mrs. Walter Hawkins and Miss Sadie Hamilton spent a week visiting by motor all historical places in Southern Indiana, stopping at the Fauntleroy home, New Harmony, the home of William Henry Harrison, Vincennes, Madison and other points of interest.

Mrs. Laura Woodbridge entertained at luncheon today in Ayres' tea room, in honor of Miss Eliza Paratore, a bride-elect.

Miss Verne Lowman will entertain Saturday evening for Miss Gladys Wilkison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Wilkison, whose marriage to Joseph W. Kaercher is to take place, Oct. 25.

Miss Helen Tipton will entertain for Miss Edna Hind, Oct. 21.

Miss Hind, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Hind of Irvington, will sail Nov. 16 for Yokohama, Japan, where her marriage to John Craig Sample, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Sample, will take place, at the All Souls Unitarian Church,

EDUCATOR TO SPEAK

Mrs. M. L. Johnson Will Deliver Two Lectures on Child Training.

Mrs. Mariette L. Johnson, who is head of a school at Fairhope, Ala., which is well known among educational circles for its pioneer work along the lines of creative education for children, will speak at 4 o'clock this afternoon and 8 o'clock this evening in the auditorium of the library under the auspices of the Orchard School. Her subject is "Discipline and Creative Action" and parents and teachers are invited. Mrs. Johnson is noted for her unusually individual ideas concerning individual attention in teaching.

Marriage a la Mode

Small marriages are unknown in Borneo and so are wedding invitations. A wedding is a neighborhood event in which every one is supposed to have a hand.

The maid's dress the bride and deck her out with flowers.

The matrons attend to the preparing of the feast and the men see there's liquor enough assembled to last as long as the celebration continues, which may be anywhere from a day to a week.

Mrs. Charles Wesley Flint, wife of the new chancellor of Syracuse University, and Mrs. Florence E. S. Knapp, dean of the College of Home Economics, Syracuse University, have developed the finest type of womanhood.

"I have no patience with reformers who cry that American womanhood is on the decline. I think every true woman refutes such statements. The college girl is being trained today to regard her home as the ultimate goal in life, and is taught that her duty lies therein.

"As for the flapper, I think that her children will profit by her experience. It will be a bitter one, in the long run, and she will be anxious to spare her own from a like ordeal. This applies, of course, to the extreme type, the real flapper."

Mrs. Flint agrees that girls of today approach marriage and motherhood with greater intelligence and efficiency than did their mothers or grandmothers.

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THE FLAMING JEWEL By Robert W. Chambers

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SYNOPSIS

It was QUINTANA and his band of international bandits who first stole the priceless gem, the Flaming Jewel, from the COURTESY OF ESTHONIA. Love of the woman and desire to see her again drives JAMES DARRAGH to seek the gem and trace it to the despicable "hotel" in the ADOBE. Under the name of HAL SMITH, Darragh works at the Clinch "hotel" to meet Clinch's beautiful stand-up girl, Eve STRAYER, the one great influence for good in the crime-stained career of Clinch. While Clinch and Hal Smith plot the victim, both Clinch and Hal Smith know they will stop at nothing to regain the lost diamond and the royal casket. Clinch determines to hide the jewels more safely.

She heard Clinch's light step on the uncarpeted stair; went on making up Smith's bed, and smiled as her step-father came into the room, still carrying his rifle.

He had something else in his hand—too flat, thin packet wrapped in heavy paper and sealed all over with black wax.

"Girlie," he said, "I want you should do a little errand for me this morning. If you're spy it won't take long—time to go there and get back to help with noon dinner."

"Very well, dad."

"Go git your pants on, girlie."

"You want me to go into the woods?"

"I want you to go to the hole in the rocks under Star Peak and lay this packet in the hootch cache."

She nodded, tucked in the sheets, smoothed blanket and pillow with deft hands, went out to her own room. Clinch seated himself and turned a blank face to the window.

It was a sudden decision. He realized now that he couldn't keep the jewels in his house. War was on with Quintana. The "hotel" would be the goal for Quintana and his gang. And for Smith, too. If ever temptation overpowered him, he would be liable to an attempt at robbery any night, now—and day, perhaps. It was no place for the packet he had taken from Jose Quintana.

Eve came in wearing gray shirt, breeches and puttees. Clinch gave her the packet.

"What's in it, dad?" she asked smilingly.

"Don't you get nosy, girlie. Come here."

She went to him. He put his left arm around her.

"You like me some, don't you, girlie?"

"You know it, dad."

"All right. You're all that matters to me—since your mother went and died—after a year—That was crool, girlie. Only a year. Well, I ain't cared none for nobody since—only you, girlie."

He touched the packet with his forefinger.

"If I step out, that's yours. But I ain't a-going to step out. Put it with the hootch. You know how to move that keystone?"

"Yes, dad."

"And watch out that no game pro- tector and none of that damn mil- lionaire's wardens see you in the woods. No, nor none of these here fancy State troopers. You gotta watch out this time, Eve. It means every- thing to us—to you, girlie—and to me. Go tip-toe. Lay low, coming and to-ward her."

"Down with that gun, damn you!"

repeated the voice, breathless from running. All around her men came floundering and crashing toward her through the undergrowth. She could see some of them.

As she stooped to place her rifle on the dead leaves, she drew the flat packet from her cartridge sack at the same time and slid it deftly under a rotting log. Then, calm but very pale, she stood upright to face events.

The first man wore a red and yellow bandanna handkerchief over the lower half of his face, pulled tightly across a bony nose. He held a long pistol nearly parallel to his own body; and when he came up to where she was standing he poked the muzzle into her stomach.

She did not flinch; he said nothing;

she looked intently into the two ratty eyes fastened on her over the edge of his bandanna.

Five other men were surrounding her, but they all wore white masks

of vizard shape, revealing chin and mouth.

They were different otherwise, also, wearing various sorts and patterns of sport clothes, brand new, and giving them an odd, foreign appearance.

What troubled her most was the silence they maintained. The man wearing the bandanna was the only one who seemed at all a familiar figure—merely, perhaps, because he was American in build, clothing, and movement.

He took her by the shoulder, turned her around and gave her a show forward. She staggered a step or two; he gave her another shove and she comprehended that she was to keep on going.

Presently she found herself in a steep, wet deer-trail rising upward through a gully. She knew that run-away. It led up Star Peak.

Behind her as she climbed she heard the snapping, panting tread of men; her wind was better than theirs; she climbed lithely upward, setting a pace which finally resulted in a vicious jerk backward—a savage, wordless admonition to go more presentment of evil.

(To be Continued)

CEMENT HELD UP

Unless shipments of cement for paving the National road west, arrive today the State highway commission will reroute the shipment, it was said today.

Cement ordered last week by the commission is alleged to have been held up by the Pennsylvania Railroad because of an embargo.

Officials of the State office said that the cement will be taken to Danville and then hauled to the road by motor truck.

At last the vast arch of the eastern sky sprang out ahead, where sendent spruces stood out against the sunshine and the intense heat of mid-day fell upon a bare table-land of rock and moss and fern.

As she came out upon the level, the man behind her took both her arms and pulled them back and some bandaged her eyes. Then a hand closed on her left arm and, so guided, she stumbled and crept forward across the rocks for a few moments until her guide halted her and forced her into a sitting position on a smooth, flat boulder.

She heard the crunching of heavy feet around her, whispering made hours by breath exhausted, movement across rock and scrub, retreat.

For an interminable time she sat there alone in the hot sun, drenched to the skin in sweat, listening, thinking, striving to find a reason for this lawless outrage.

After a long while she heard someone coming across the rocks, stiffened as she listened with some vague presentiment of evil.

(To be Continued)

STRATTON IS ELECTED

By United News

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Oct. 12.—Dr. Samuel Wesley Stratton, director of the Bureau of Standards at Washington, was elected president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Wednesday.

The election becomes effective Jan. 1, 1923. Dr. Stratton, who is a native of Litchfield, Ill., was president.

IN A STEEP WET DEER-TRAIL RISING SKYWARD.

"Haute la! Crosse en air!"

"Drop that rifle!" came another voice from behind her. "You're covered! Throw your gun on the ground!"

She stood as though paralyzed. To the right and left she heard people tramping through the thicket toward her.

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repeated the voice, breathless from running.

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Spoonful for a Penny Brings Quick Relief

Prove splendid laxative properties of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepin by test

A SCIENTIFIC test has now been made that Dr. Caldwell of Monticello asserted many years ago, that constipation will slow you up fully 25 per cent. The test was made by Dr. Donaldson of Loma Linda upon four men in the prime of life who deliberately went without a bowel movement for four days. Within 48 hours the men had coated tongue

and foul breath, walked in the mouth, no appetite, nothing to eat, indigestion, headache, depression, nervousness, cramps. The blood pressure was up 20 per cent. It is just this that Dr. Caldwell has preached, to his patients in private and to the public through the printed word ever since he began the practice of his specialty, diseases of the stomach and bowels, back in 1875.

After observing for years the satisfactory effect of his prescription for constipation, he placed it in drug stores in 1892, a simple vegetable compound of Egyptian senna and pepin with pleasant-tasting aromatics, now

known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepin. That was 30 years ago, and today over 10 million bottles are bought annually, the largest selling family laxative in the world. You will find it in any drug store you enter, a generous-size bottle costing you less than a cent a dose.

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