

SHRINERS' NIGHT SCORES BIG HIT

Murat Chanters Sing on Times Program.

Shriners' Night on the Indianapolis Times radio program over WFBM, Merchants Heat and Light Company, from the Severin last night, proved to be one of the biggest air entertainments ever broadcast from this city.

The Murat Chanters, the Victor Herbert Ensemble and the soloists gave what radio fans declared to be in telegrams and telephone messages the "best program on the air."

The Murat Chanters under the direction of Bertrand Orr sang two great groups of songs. Dallas Galbraith, baritone of the Chanters, accompanied by Miss Mary Ellen Galbraith at the Baldwin Grand, sang two solos. Songs of the day were sung by A. Furb, representative of Shaprio Bernstein and Korn Aylward, representing Irving Berlin. Miss Mary Maze was at the piano.

Under the direction of E. E. Kern, the Victor Herbert Ensemble gave a program of which a large symphony orchestra would be proud.

SCHWAB WILL ARRIVE

Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the board of directors of the Stutz Motor Car Company, and a group of New York bankers will arrive here Sunday afternoon to attend a convention at the Stutz factory, it was announced today. Following breakfast and a reception at the Indianapolis Athletic Club Monday morning, the party will go to the Stutz factory to meet several hundred members of the Stutz organization. Stutz directors who will accompany Schwab are Eugene W. R. Thayer, C. J. Schmidlapp and Charles Reed.

Christian Science—New Generation

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This church is not connected with the

organization now known as the First

Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston,

Mass.

JOANNA

(Continued From Page 8)

more nondescript performers, had been allowed to enter the grounds. There had been frantic efforts in many quarters to break through the barrier so firmly guarded by watchmen, but none had been successful. Even the telephone, except that line which reached the offices of the servants, had been shut off. So it was that even the intimates of Villa Amette, those had watched the preparations from day to day, were utterly amazed at the splendor, the lavishness, the consummate artistry of the spectacle into which they had been drawn.

Teddy Dorninster, who had been one of those whose call during the day had been little, stood amazed when with his sister, Betty Weymouth at his side, he turned about, on the highest terrace, to look over the sloping lawns. Betty exclaimed:

"Truly, an appropriate whim for a Golden Girl!"

"During, brilliant, extravagant!" Lord Teddy murmured. "But just the sort of thing we might expect—nothing from her! It's not barbaric; there is nothing flaunting. It is a splash of countless money and magnificence but a mellow splash. Somehow I can see a note of wisdom in it all."

Betty Weymouth was silent a moment. Then she said:

"Do you know, Teddy, I think you're right. There's something in this scene tonight, in this fete, that isn't mere extravagance! It's uncanny, I know, but I believe there's a sadness in it, somehow."

"Yes. Like a beautiful woman. There's joy always but for someone, sadness, too!"

Betty looked at her brother quickly and understandingly. The sadness he sensed would be for him—that the girl whose spirit was being given expression tonight was beyond his honest want of her. "Come!" Betty said, "this is no time to be sentimental. There's Roddy Kenilworth, looking none the worse for that thrilling adventure he's rumored to have experienced last night with Joanna. Perhaps he'll tell us something. Nobody seems to know the straight of it."

Kenilworth, who frankly admitted that he was provoked by Joanna's refusal to hear from him during the day, treated the inquiries by Lord Teddy and Betty whimsically. "Whatever you've heard isn't true," he said. "And what's true isn't interesting. Just a comic opera hold-up, with something fishy about it. The Monaco police notified me today that all valuables taken by the bandits had been mysteriously delivered to them in a package with the terse suggestion that they be returned to their owners."

"But Joanna?" Betty Weymouth asked. "You should never have taken her up La Turbie, Roddy. There are ugly hints about."

Kenilworth ignored the probing. "It is 10 o'clock already," he observed. "And neither she nor Yvonne has appeared. Both of them have an admirable sense of the dramatic."

Footmen in scarlet and gold moved among the guests bearing trays on which cobwebby glasses and silver decanters clinked. Wines of Brittany, and the more sensuous fluids of Bordeaux flowed freely. A young debutante from America, one of those whom Joanna used to copy, but who, now, planned long and earnestly to hit upon ways of copying her, exclaimed to her companion:

"It's like a scene in a stupendous movie only so different! A movie party is always so coarse and cheap. Here everything is on such a scale of splendor that is romantic! There is so much wine and champagne about, but no one is silly!"

On the carpet of flowers a troop of dancing girls from Cairo whirled into their rhythmic involutions, their sinuous bodies giving cadence to a mule language of love. An English countess whirled away on the mimosa bowered dance floor with a partner borrowed from the moment from a celebrated beauty from the chorus of the Folies Bergere. An Indian Prince, scornful of the rules of his caste, wrapped a spell with his somber black eyes about a gentle girl in satin and pearls. A Deputy of France discussed his wife with a Monte Carlo mascot in whose saucy head reposed the secrets of many other wives.

Into this enchanted garden the Golden Girl walked at last, with Yvonne beside her. In a bit her face the eye could discern was there a memory of the night before; of the bitter, disastrous hour in the little room at the club house on La Turbie; of the desperate drive down the mountain, or of the scene at the fireplace with Yvonne and John as the actors. The police of her was regal, arrogant. The crowd that watched the turn of her head, the shimmer of her gold brown hair, the dancing of a thousand phantoms in her deep brown eyes, saw only the pride and consciousness of her golden aura and her self-indulgence. It seemed to every one in that gay crowd that when Joanna had looked upon them, had accepted greetings and expressions of wonder, she gave



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her brown crowned head a merry toss and then plunged into the seething torrent her golden wand had conjured.

Kenilworth managed to reach her. He caught her hands and hurried into a cascade of questions about the outcome of the night after the bandits took her away but she laughed at him.

"I'll think and talk of no yesterday tonight, Roddy," she bantered. "I'm living now just for the hour. Every one who dislikes me, every one who scorns me, every one who loves me—is here tonight. Yesterday they were scattered. Tomorrow, who knows? You may have with me once—a walk. I think Roddy. You may hold me close. I want every one to hold me close, tonight! But you mustn't talk—of anything except of me just as I am tonight. Come!"

HE led him to the nearest dance space. At every vision of her, wherever she went, orchestras burst into their melodies. She stopped the band that assayed a fox trot and ordered a waltz, and danced it silently with Kenilworth. When the music died she turned to another, waving her hand as she swept away.

Dorninster also captured her for a fleeting minute. He found her standing at the side of one of the fairy pools, shut off from view by a cluster of columns which supported one of the arcs that spread the imitation moonlight. The little lake was one of those that were permanently part of the landscape scheme of the grounds, and the home of a group of swans. One of the majestic creatures, petulant at the noisy inroad upon accustomed hours of slumber, had approached the slender figure at the water's edge angrily, with a rasping protest. When it saw that the single form was that of its mistress it soothed its wings and craned its neck toward her. She had offered it no crumb, but it did not withdraw its outstretching head. Its head-like eyes remained fixed upon her. The appearance of Dorninster, who had trailed her, drove the water bird away. Joanna turned on the newcomer.

"Why did you come, just then, Teddy?" she protested. "I think in another minute it would have sung. I've always wanted to know what a swan's song sounds like!"

"Then listen to me," he returned gallily. "I'll make mine merry. I'm always singing when I'm with you, you know."

"Singing foolish riddles, Teddy. Only foolish ones. You mustn't do that, now. I'll permit no one to be serious—or disconsolate!"

He wanted to talk of himself, and of her. It was the subject he always fell upon, but she outwitted him easily. She was about to command him to take her back to her guests, when she was suddenly pale. Teddy saw and looked about quickly. John had trailed her, too, and was coming up to them. Teddy knew the significance of that sudden paleness, and went away with a gaily easy word over his shoulder.

"I've tried to get to you all day!" John exclaimed. He tried to reach for her but she eluded him.

"I have been busy," she explained, shyly. "There's been so much to attend to—bills to be gathered up and put in a package before they get lost. And—other things to do. I've seen no one today."

"Will you give me time, Jo, to talk with you? I can't be frivolous like everyone else, tonight. I'm full of something that is different. It is something that is for you. Can't we have a half hour?"

"Some other time, John. Tomorrow or next week, perhaps. There's no room inside of me for anything but life chatter. You may take me back to my guests."

"Tomorrow, then?"

"Tomorrow."

HE let him have her hand for a moment, but withdrew it gently. Once or twice she stole a glance into his eyes and saw that they teemed with earnest things, just as his lips had spoken only inner anxieties. When they were about to move out of the shelter of the flower hung pillars he took her suddenly in his arms. She did not resist, but yielded to him limply. He felt no response in the slim little body and released her. He was conscious, though, that in that embrace he had said much that he wanted to say, and that she would understand. He was more content, then, to wait until the morrow.

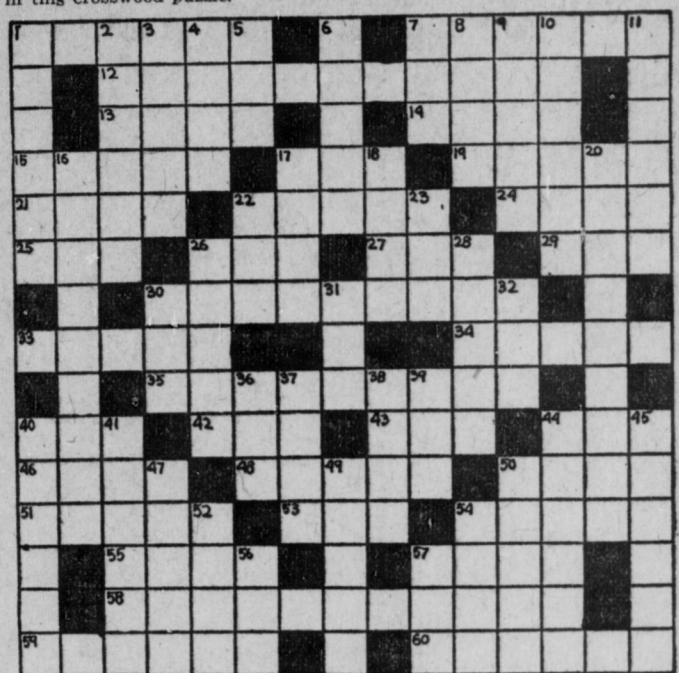
The hours passed, gay, colorful hours, that were speeded by a continuous piling up of festival surprises. No grand duke in the old days had confounded his guests with a more stupendous program of sense entertainment. But always there is a climax to such affairs—such for instance as that time when an Oriental potentate endowed his favorite companion, during a celebration on the Amette grounds, with a marvelous coat of emeralds. The guests of Joanna and Yvonne knew this time had arrived when, shortly after 2 o'clock when the fragrance of mimosa was heaviest, the moonlight arcs were swung by invisible hands until their mellow glow was concentrated upon the long, low pavilion built behind the Trianon house.

There had been a mystery about this pavilion that had whetted curiosities. During the earlier portion of the night it had been wrapped in darkness. Now it was bathed in brilliance, and a hitherto unheard orchestra was playing symphonies strains that contrasted strangely with the more accustomed jazz. With shrill laughter and strident exclamations the guests swarmed down upon the lighted pavilion and surged between its columns into the little sea of seats provided for them.

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Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

One look at No. 58 horizontal shows you what you are up against in this crossword puzzle.



HORIZONTAL

- Portion of the foot.
- Emits vapor.
- Countings.
- Heavenly bodies.
- Low tide.
- Challenges.
- Portion of a circle.
- Stairs on both sides of a fence.
- Tots.
- Graduated series of tones.
- Irishman.
- Cover.
- To bring legal proceedings.
- Constellation.
- To dine.
- Compatible.
- Leaf division of the calyx.
- A rude house.
- Contemplation.
- Because.
- Drunkard.
- See eagle.
- To hasten.
- To clothe.
- Concise.
- Matching dishes.
- Garret.
- Joined.
- Kills.
- Immediately.
- Prophet.
- Joining of tendons.
- Transferred as property.
- Runs out.

VERTICAL

- Chemical derivative of pyrogallol.
- Placed in a warehouse.
- Net weight of containers.
- Recedes.
- Yellow matter.
- Edges.
- To err.
- Digits of the foot.
- Growing out.
- Seek attainment.

before a stage draped by a quivering curtain of flower petals. When the guests all had found their way inside the pavilion the footmen and caterers began their task of gathering up the various paraphernalia of the night, and chauffeurs moved to ward their waiting cars. Whatever was to transpire within the arbored pavilion, it would be the breaking up of the Golden Girl's fete.

Kenilworth and Yvonne walked together to the cluster of seats that had been reserved for Joanna and her closest intimates. They saw that Teddy Dorninster and Betty Weymouth, Prince Michael and others who would naturally be of their party, had found their places. Brandon's absence from the fete already had been commented upon. But both Kenilworth and Yvonne were curious when they saw that Joanna was not among her guests.

"More of mystery," Kenilworth observed. "Have you yet discovered what this personally arranged affair of her's is going to be?"

"She has guarded her secret tenaciously," Yvonne replied. "It has been the main thrill of her preparations—arranging something of which nobody but she has known anything. I

have not tried to get her confidences."

They decided to look about for her, but Joanna just then came up. When Yvonne looked, suddenly, into her face, she started. The Golden Girl's eyes were shining. Yvonne sensed the tenseness of a suppressed excitement. She advanced to meet the girl, and stood with her a moment.

Stragglers brushed by them. They would have surrounded the two. Heavens, but Joanna urged them all to join the crowd under the molosa roof. When there was opportunity she took both of Yvonne's hands in her's.

"Whether my little climax is a success or a failure," she said, very softly, "or whatever happens—I want you to know my dear that I have understood many things right along, and the best of them was—you and John!"

She dropped the older girl's hands, then, and went toward the hidden door that led from the outer lawn onto the stage behind the flower curtain. Yvonne reached out to catch her, but was too late. She stood, undetermined, until Kenilworth approached her. She went with him to their seats before the stage. As if their arrival were a signal the leader of the orchestra raised his baton. The light swung extinguished. The curtain of flower petals parted. There was deathly stillness, then, like the breaking of a great wave into surf's gasp swept up from the audience.

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(To Be Continued)

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