

MISS PHILLIPS IS WEDDED TO J. S. GRESHAM

Downey Avenue Christian Church Scene of Pretty Ceremony.

Miss Mary Virginia Phillips, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard R. Phillips, 44 S. Hawthorne Lane, became the bride of James S. Gresham, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Gresham, at a pretty church wedding early Sunday evening at the Downey Avenue Christian Church.

Mrs. W. W. Mendenhall, organist, played a group of bridal numbers as the guests were assembled and Miss Margaret Cordon, just before the entry of the bridal party, sang "Love's Old Sweet Song" and "All for You."

Maid of Honor

The maid of honor, Miss Elizabeth Phillips, sister of the bride, was dressed in peach colored georgette, fashioned bouffant and with a basque waist. She wore a large velvet picture hat and carried an arm bouquet of pink roses. Best man was James Moffett.

The bride wore a light blue gown of crepe romaine, made with basque waist and very full, tucked skirt, a black velvet picture hat, with deep, drooping brim and she carried a shower bouquet of butterfly roses and lilles of the valley.

Reception Held

Following the ceremony, a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents. Among the out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rice of Logansport, Ind.; Mrs. Frank Walker and daughter of Pontiac, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Whitesell of Greenfield, Ind.; Dean Bacon of Detroit, Mich., and Lionel Gibson of Kalamazoo, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham left immediately on a wedding trip and will be at home at Pontiac, Mich., after Aug. 15.

A WOMAN'S DAY ABROAD

By Allene Summer

PARIS, Aug. 2.—I have just returned from the races—the most famous races in the world. But I did not see a horse—not a single horse.

It was the world-famous Grand Prix classic at Longchamps, the yearly race which attracts horse lovers from the world over.

I repeat, I did not see a single horse. But, oh babette—as we French say, what clothes did see!

Most people, anyway, go to the races to see clothes—and, not horses. It seems that here in Paris the race track at Longchamps is only an excuse for wearing all the clothes and diamonds and aigrettes that they wear when presented at court in England or at a White House reception at home.

It seems strangely like the French who refuse butter with bread, but serve it as an appetizer with pickled snails and cravash, to choose a dusty race track whither to wear costumes which would grace a ballroom.

My gentle readers may be interested in my own costume for Longchamps before I launch into a description of that which draped the Queen of Spain.

I wore some brown oxfords coated with a rich layer of bole de rose mud and beige dust. My tweed coat had a plaque of green grass spots and my hat had a coy dip where Pansy Herring had accidentally sat on it at lunch.

To be really truthful, I did not assemble this chic costume for the races, but for a picnic in the Bois de Boulogne.

We had just eaten the last sardine when the people began to go by.

We thought it was a fire and started following—by taxi. As I have said, one can ride forty-three miles for a nickel, so we made no inquiries about cost, but merely indicated that we would be vouchsafed to follow the people.

And so we came to Longchamps. The reason we knew we were at Longchamps was because the taxi man held up his hands ten times and looked fierce, which meant that we had to pay 100 francs or he would call the gendarmes.

To add insult to injury he took us to the hot pollo gate and we had to walk back to the main entrance of nobility and mannequins, where we left our lunch basket, behind the hind legs of the horse of the leader of the gang which was all lined up to greet the king and queen of Spain and the president and premier of France.

So that's how I came to Longchamps in my own special costume. Now I will say a word or so about some others.

It gives a conservative American quite a shock at first to see gowns of silver and gold lace, aigrettes, diamonds' and emerald and sapphire bracelets, wraps of cerise and jade brocade straying down the dusty roads to the race tracks, but no one else seemed to mind.

The Queen of Spain, who sat where she could see both horses and the mannequins, whereas most folks could see only mannequins, wore a white lace garden frock with white fox bordered white coat and large white feathered hat.

The Spanish ladies in her party were gay summery frocks of flower prints, mostly in nasturtium and creche shades.

Flower crepes and chiffons predominate everywhere. One mannequin wore a gown painted with one mass of flowers, huge garden flowers like hollyhock and tiger lilies, from hem to neckline. Sleeveless.

Many of the gowns were bouffant and ankle length. Some emphasized the winter vogue of maline or tulie hem from knees to ankles.

Date for Wedding Set



Miss Helen V. Sullivan —Photo by Cox Studio.

One of the pretty mid-summer church weddings, will be that of Miss Helen V. Sullivan, who will be married to George F. Roaker at St. Patrick's Church morning of Aug. 11. Miss Sullivan has chosen her attendants her sister, Miss Bess Sul-

livan, maid of honor; Misses Margaret Roaker and Ann McGinley, bridesmaids; and little Helen Estelle Forestal and Margie Murray, flower girls.

Ray Monaghan will be best man and John Sullivan and Ray Rice ushers.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Mrs. William W. Wilcox, Jr., of Miami, Fla., formerly Miss June Moll of this city, and Miss Ella Manna of Culver were the honor guests at a bridge party Saturday afternoon given by Mrs. T. J. Moll, mother of Mrs. Wilcox, at Mrs. Moll's home, 3015 Washington Blvd. The house and porches were gay with flowers arranged in vases and baskets and the bridge appointments were in harmonizing colors. Besides Mrs. Wilcox, who is the house guest of her parents for the summer, the guests included Mesdames O. S. Hixon, James H. Rudell, John A. McConnell, Kansas City, Mo.; Allen Wayne, Broadstreet, Greencastle; Misses Catherine Harwood, Mildred Blackridge, Esther Roush, Gladys Trick, Allegro Thompson and Margaret Borchering.

Mrs. George Killinger, 1922 N. Pennsylvania St., gave a pretty luncheon-bridge on the Columbia Club Saturday afternoon in honor of Mrs. C. O. Waterman of Los Angeles, Cal. The table was beautifully decorated, and in the center was a flat basket of pink rosebuds. The guests were: Mesdames Max Sander, William Radcliff, John Hook, E. O. Borchert, John Roys, Frank E. Kottman, Addison Goddington, Frank E. Woollen and Misses Gertrude Grinstein and Katherine Hock.

Miss Marie Fitzgerald, whose engagement to Frederick Weather- spoon has been announced and Miss Jean Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hilton U. Brown, who will be married to Clifford Wagoner next Saturday, were the guests of honor at a bridge party given by Miss Virginia Kingsbury, 317 Downton Ave., Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Lash and son Walker, 2412 N. Pennsylvania St., have gone to Lone Lake, Ind. Their guest, Miss Irene Cudworth of Chicago, returned home after a visit with Miss Tarnets Lash.

Miss Dorothy Saffell, 42314 Broadway, is the guest of Miss Mary Shumaker of Washington, D. C., formerly of Indianapolis. Miss Saffell went to Washington after a stay in Atlantic City and Stone Harbor, N. J.

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The Misses Irene and Helen Dell of Rock Island, Ill., were the honor guests at a luncheon-bridge given by Miss Katherine Reidy at the Indianapolis Athletic Club Saturday afternoon.

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Ogle, 1117 Newman St., entertained at dinner Saturday night for the following guests: Mrs. James R. Burns and son, Robert, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. William X. Grove of Columbus, Ohio, and Mrs. William Todd Grove of Urbana, Ohio.

The V. F. W. Club will play euchre Tuesday evening at the hall at 29 S. Delaware St. Mrs. Dora Beadle is in charge.

Capitol City Circle, No. 176, P. H. C., will meet Tuesday evening at the hall, 116 E. Maryland St. Officers will be installed.

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS:



The proper costume to wear while eating watermelon is a bathing suit.

Recipes By Readers

NOTE—The Times will give a recipe filing cabinet for recipes submitted by a reader and printed in this column. One recipe is printed daily, except Friday, when twenty are given. Address Recipe Editor of The Times. Cabinets will be mailed to winners.

White only recipe, name, address and date on each sheet.

PEACH ROLL

Peel and cut up fine one-half dozen peaches, and sweeten liberally. Mix together one pint of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of salt, and one tablespoon of butter. Mix with sweet milk until it can be handled without being sticky. Roll out, spread it with the sliced peaches, and roll it up, pinching the ends to give it a long narrow shape. Lay this in a deep baking dish, sift flour over it lightly, dust with pulverized sugar, add a few bits of butter and one cup of boiling water. Cover with a lid and bake for thirty minutes. Remove the lid and brown for five minutes. Serve hot from the pudding dish, and top with whipped cream. The water, flour, sugar and butter, together with the peach juice will have formed all the sauce necessary.

Mrs. M. A. Mahan, 422 E. Jefferson St., Tipton, Ind.

Her Own Way. A Story of a Girl of Today

MARRIAGE AS LAST RESORT

Joan and I were so busy getting

Lela ready for the hospital that it

seemed no time at all before the

ambulance came shrieking up to the

door.

After the first burst of grief and

honor Lela seemed apathetic. She

put herself absolutely in our hands.

"I'll have to go with her to the

hospital," said Joan to me.

"Of course," I answered, "and I'll

come along a little while afterward

to see how she is.

After they had left, I suddenly

felt physically weak. I grew faint.

I felt greatly depressed, but

why I should be I could not explain

to myself. With that startling truth,

which is almost always stranger

than fiction, providence had entered,

and ignoring our plans had taken

all of us and treating us like pawns

had settled everything.

Everything now was going on

spendly.

Because I had nothing to do

but sit and wait,

I began to think about Jerry.

Jerry was worth loving, that little

speech of Mamie's still kept bobbing

up in my mind. And measured by

it, I was sure that I did not really

know what to do.

We had lots of fun,

but we were not

as good as we used to be.

But they don't look good to us.

They are not good for us.