

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

A reception of the Far East Gun Club at the Spink Arms Thursday night was in honor of the Rev. and Mrs. Walter G. Menzies, who have returned here after twenty-five years of missionary work in India. Frank C. Haezler was club host. A welcoming speech, expressing the organization's appreciation of the missionaries' work, was made by Ross H. Wallace.

The Rev. and Mrs. Menzies told of the various experiences during their residence in the Orient, and their three children, Dorothy, Robert and Walter, gave a pageant dressed in native oriental costume. The Menzies family has been stationed at Pondra Road, Central Province, India.

The Far East Gun Club is an organization of business and professional men and women, formed five years ago, to furnish ammunition for the protection of missionary stations. Since then the club has conducted various enterprises in the Far East relative to missionary work.

In honor of Miss Rosalind Barnes of Detroit, Mich., and Miss Nellie Levison and Miss Sonia Zenger, both of New York, Mrs. Louis Robert Markum and Mrs. Harold E. Platt entertained today at the Lincoln with a luncheon-bridge. The guests included Mesdames George L. Levy, Marylin H. Wiseman, Hans Cohen, E. R. Gliddehaus and Leonard A. Murchison.

Assisted by her mother, Mrs. M. M. Kistner, 5315 Central Ave., Miss Harriet Kistner entertained at bridge Thursday afternoon. The guests included Misses Louise Sumner, Sarah Bosman, Elizabeth Johnson, Eldena Stamm, Pearl Bartley, Margaret Bell, Helen Kingham, Dorothy Duesenberg, Katherine Rank and Ruth Emington.

The marriage of Miss Gladys Marie Woody, daughter of Mr. and Mrs.

William B. Woody, 5415 Winthrop Ave., and E. Bruce Leavitt of Hammond, Ill., is announced. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents, Thursday afternoon, the Rev. William B. McClaslin, officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt are on a wedding trip and will be at home in Hammond, Ill., after Sept. 1.

At the home of her mother, Mrs. Walther, 721 Cottage Ave., Mrs. Oscar Kerbox entertained Wednesday evening with a surprise miscellaneous shower for Miss Violet Tex, who will be married to Louis A. Walther, Saturday. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Walther.

Attractive decorations of garden flowers were in the bridal colors of pink and blue and the bride-elect's gifts were presented to her in a large hat box, with great bows of the two colors. Guests with Miss Tex were: Mesdames Harry Walther, Luther E. Tex, Harry Bollinger, Edward Kenninger, R. H. Austin, G. R. Gross, E. A. Tex, George Gross, Lee Templeton, John Kennington and Misses Clara, Gladys and Lillian Kenninger.

Former residents of Fountain County will hold their annual reunion at Brookside Park, Sunday at 2 p. m. Guy F. Spinning is president. Mrs. Robert E. Lee, secretary treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. MacBeth, 820 N. Alabama St., have returned from an extended visit to Atlantic City, Philadelphia and other Eastern cities.

The George H. Thomas' W. R. C. 20, will meet at the new G. A. R. hall, 512 N. Delaware St., Sunday at 2 p. m. Mrs. Maud Allman, president. Mrs. Guy E. Lee, secretary treasurer.

A picnic for the benefit of the church will be given Sunday afternoon, and evening at Columbia Park by the Holy Name Society of St. Roch's. From 5 to 7 p. m. a chicken dinner will be served. There will be a card party in the afternoon, beginning at 3 p. m. and dancing in the evening.

Mrs. Ralph W. Leonard and Miss Mary Leonard, 1428 N. New Jersey St., are visiting Mrs. J. Edward Hollwedel at her camp on Lake Champlain at North Hero, Vt. Mrs. Hollwedel, a resident of New York City, and a sister of Mrs. Leonard, is well known in Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kitzing, 4230 Guilford Ave., and Mr. and Mrs. Jewett Beyers and son Jack of 2021 N. Harding St., are at Lake Noyana, near Rochester, Ind., for two weeks.

Camp 3, P. O. of A., will hold its regular meeting at the hall at 39 1/2 S. Delaware St., this evening. Mrs. E. Shucraft will preside.

E. A. McCarty, 1309 N. Pennsylvania St., announces a Gosport "home-coming" Sunday for Gosport and former Gosport residents. There will be a basket dinner. A program has been arranged by the Gosport Band and the Gosport quartet.

Miss Katherine Foster, 3524 Kenwood Ave., will entertain at the regular meeting of Sigma Epsilon bridge club this evening. A picnic has been planned by the sorority for Aug. 20. Miss Florence Donovan is chairman and will be assisted by Miss Mildred Harris and Miss Katherine Foster.

Dr. Sayres J. Miller, 3840 N. Pennsylvania St., and Frederick M. Patterson, 25 W. Twenty-Third St.,

Will Study Music in New York



Miss Victoria Montani

Leaving this week for New York City, Miss Victoria Montani, 3245 N. Illinois St., will continue study of the harp with A. Francis Plato of the New York College of Music. This fall she will resume her vocal work with her uncle, Nicola A. Montani, after his return to New York from abroad. Miss Montani, a pupil of Miss Adelaide Conte, won a vocal scholarship from the Irvington school of Music some time ago.

have gone to Lake Dewey, Mich., for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mort Martin and daughter Elizabeth Jean, 3766 N. Pennsylvania St., have gone on a trip to Niagara Falls and Toronto, Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McClure and son, Fred Jr., of St. Louis, Mo., are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Donald McClure, 2480 E. Fall Creek Blvd.

Mrs. W. W. Winslow, 942 N. Meridian St., and grandson, Walker William Winslow, left Thursday for Lake Maxinkuckee. Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Winslow and children will leave Saturday for the lake and will stay a week.

Miss Ruth Cochran, 2402 N. New Jersey St., and Miss Margaret Scovder, 2058 Central Ave., have gone to Philadelphia, New York City and Washington, staying several days in each city.

Sister Mary's Kitchen

BREAKFAST—Fresh plums, oatmeal with thin cream, fried dried beef, crisp whole wheat toast, milk, coffee.

LUNCHEON—Open tomato sandwich, iced cocoa.

DINNER—Fried chicken country style, potatoes au gratin, French fried onions, cottage cheese and curried jelly salad, apple ice cream, corn sticks, milk, coffee.

Plums make a delicious breakfast fruit. They should be served whole after careful washing. Fruit knives and finger bowls are included in the "set up" for the fruit service.

Apple Ice Cream

One pint milk, one pint cream, one pint whipping cream, two cups apple pulp, one and one-half cups sugar, one-eighth teaspoon salt.

Combine milk and thin cream and scald in double boiler. Add sugar and salt and cook. Bake seven or eight tart apples. Scrape out pulp and put through a ricer. Add to cooled milk and sugar mixture and turn into freezer. Freeze to a "mush" and add cream whipped until stiff.

Or the whipped cream can be added just before freezing. This ice cream can be frozen with or without stirring. If frozen without stirring use four parts ice to one part of salt and let stand four hours.

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A WOMAN'S DAY ABROAD
By Allene Sumner
Through Normandy to Paris. "The dinners they are full madame, 'till five o'clock this afternoon. Will you buy ticket for to eat then?"
Thus does France greet his at high noon.

We have disembarked at Cherbourg. We have battled the boat porters grabbing at our purses. We have collected our various luggage, and at high noon, weak and weary, sunk into our train compartment for a moment before seeking lunch.

"If you do not get to the diner now," a Serbian girl in our compartment tells you, "you must wait 'till a station stop, get off the train, walk back to the diner, eat, and get back here before the train starts again, or wait until the next stop."

"We make our pilgrimage only to be told by the guardian of the gate that tables are booked five hours ahead."

And we eschewed a boat breakfast because that pristine meal was served at 6 a. m. in order that the palatial spaces of our Tourist III cabin dining room might be ready for the French immigration officials.

The first class table in downy ease until 8 o'clock on docking day, a steward takes care of their visas, but we hold polio are herded into the dining room two hours before the harbor official enters.

But one's lowly estate has its advantages when tipping time comes. Only poor students and professors and newspaper writers are supposed to be in this class, and the night before a slip is passed around, stating the decent amount of tip expected.

One dollar and a half to table steward, reads the edict. Same to stateroom steward, and deck steward who serves the daily morning bouillon and afternoon tea, same to library steward who dishes up the writing paper and stamps and prattles on the virtues of such books as "Alice in Wonderland" and "East Lynne" as he takes them from the case.

"They told me that baths were booked for a week after the boat docked," a girl at our table said. "I shall tip the bath steward nothing."

"I haven't had any water, since the first day," said a college lad bent for Oxford. "I'll make it a zero."

One does not exit from steamer to tender via romantic rope ladder. Merely a tippy gangplank.

Now begins the great national sport betwixt American and Frenchmen.

"Pouboire!" "Pouboire!" cry the boat hands on the tender to passengers on the big boat above who fling them pennies, nickels and dimes.

The white chalky walls of old Cherbourg rise in the midst. Hundreds of Cherbourgeois scuttle down to the wharf on bicycles, all crying, "Pouboire."

We and our four bags are hustled to customs.

"Du tobac, du cigarets?" ask the mustached customs man. We answer "Non."

"Ouvre," says he. We open the handbags. A shake of a kimona and hair brush, a sniff at a box of candy, and he marks our bags with his rubber. The two larger ones are marked without opening at all.

Some one has settled for the little matter of porter tipping by telling us to give about what we would in our native heath.

We proffer our porter a ten franc bill, which today is about 30 cents. There rains upon us a storm of picturesque verbiage. "Figs of Americans. Daughters of a goat. Dogs of a bandit. Can we not see how worn his shoes are from his labors. Have we no mercy for a man who has eleven children to feed. We can travel. He carries bags and we bleed his heart!"

Only another ten franc checks the cloudburst.

"You're too easy," says a compartment mate. "You will learn. These boat porters know that they catch Americans before they realize what a franc can buy. They get ten times what those in Paris think a lot."

And again five hours away! Meanwhile an eye feast of lush green fields afire with poppies, wild bachelor's buttons bluing the grass, silky-haired goats, women in the Normandy head dress beating their washing upon the brook's stones, gay flowers growing from mossy thatched roofs, the farmer's two-wheeled cart drawn by lumbering oxen—
So this is France!
The longest railway tunnel in the world is the Simplon, in Switzerland and Italy. It is twelve miles, 458 yards long.

Her Own Way
A STORY OF A GIRL OF TODAY

Just then Joan came back on the porch from telephoning and we could say no more.

She immediately asked Jerry if he would book us passage on the next steamer early in the morning.

"Of course, I will do that, Miss Meredith, if you think you will wait, but honestly if I were you I would wait until I knew something about the settlement of the estate."

Joan looked annoyed. I imagined it was the first time in her life that a man in the same station as herself in life had not started immediately at her command to make her wishes come true.

I hastened to explain.

"You see, Joan, Mr. Hathaway seems to think it rather strange that you have not had anything said to you by anyone, not even your stepfather, about the final settling of your estate. You know you probably have many millions of dollars in many different securities and real estate holdings, and it will take a long while to get all these in proper shape. Have you seen Mr. Elkins lately?"

"Some way I have a faint recollection that Josiah Elkins is very ill," interrupted Jerry, "and that his son has taken over as much of his business as possible. This may possibly account for Miss Meredith's not hearing about her business."

"Well, we will find this all out in the morning," I said. "Joan, Mr. Hathaway suggests that we visit Mr. Elkins' office in the morning and notify them that we will expect a settlement on the 17th, which is a day after tomorrow."

This seemed to suggest but one thing to Joan Meredith.

"Then you are coming home with me, Judy, as my companion and business manager?" she exclaimed enthusiastically.

"If you want me, dear," I said, "I'll try to be your companion, if that is what they call them, for a while, but not your business manager. I don't know anything about business. And I don't think I'd better go home with you tonight, for your stepfather is probably very angry with me."

I had not told Joan anything about Miss Cleaver and I did not intend to unless it became absolutely necessary. But I knew that Mr. Robinson had probably been hunting me all day, and if he found me at his house there would be ructions.

"I don't see why you can't come home with me even if he is angry," pouted Joan.

"I would rather not tonight, dear," I decided. "You see, Mamie does not know where I am and I will have to make some arrangements with her before I can come to you." (Copyright, 1926, by NEA Service.)

Next—The Maternal Instinct.

People who suffer from hay fever can ward off attacks by living on a diet without meat.

Martha Lee Says
ARE YOU THE LITTLE DOORMAT AT HOME?

Keen competition now and then is relished by the best of men—and women. Nobody loves a doormat, no matter how necessary it may be in bad weather.

And besides we get so used to doormats always being exactly where we put them that we're liable to just take them for granted and even abuse them—because, you see, doormats are doormats, and they'll recover nicely. And lots of people become doormats for other people in this world—with the same results. And if folks wouldn't be such doormats for other folks, the other folks would take greater care of them—so they'd be sure to be around handy in the bad weather.

All of which points to the fact that you can not cure selfishness in other people by catering to it and humoring it. It takes a little good natured spunk now and then to make living with some people at all possible.

Need Spunk

Dear Martha Lee: Can you advise two girls what to do with two independent fellows? Our ages are 17 and 18 and their ages are 20 and 21. They seem to care more for their pool games than they do for us. They take us to the movies to see us. They never take us anywhere in the daytime. They don't take us out to be ashamed of us, for we dress nice, are considered pretty and have a good time. Of course we believe in having a good time. They seem to care for us after they get through caring for themselves and their pool games. We care a lot for these fellows, but they are purties to us. Please advise us what to do to make them take more interest in their dates than their games.

CECELIA AND AMELIA.
Sure, a little bit of their own sauce would be good for those ganders. Why can't you go swimming and get home late? Or have other dates earlier in the evening, and let these swains cool their heels on your front porch until you come? A few times of that and they'll not be so anxious to play their games. They'll be wanting to find out just what time you are getting home, and with whom you are going out. And if they persist in being late, you might go to a movie together and just not come home until you're sure they're tired of waiting and have gone. Don't be so interested in whether they come out early or late. Pretend you have something else on your minds—or someone else. Don't scold them at all for being late. Act as though you are secretly rather glad of it. Curiosity and pique will arouse their attention if nothing else.

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