

## SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Mrs. Ethel P. Clarke was the principal speaker at the opening business session of the twenty-fourth meeting of the Indiana State Nurses' Association and the nineteenth meeting of the Indiana State League of Nursing Education at the Lincoln this morning. The convention will close Saturday. Mrs. Clarke is director of the Indiana School of Nursing and president of the Indiana State League of Nursing Education.

Reports were given by Mrs. Blanche Morton, secretary, and Miss Clara E. Brooke. Mrs. Alma J. Scott gave a report of the biennial convention of the American Nurses' Association at Atlantic City.

During the afternoon session Miss Emma Colbert, dean of the Teacher's College of Indianapolis, gave an address on "Project Method of Teaching." "Psychology and Its Place in the School of Nursing" was the subject of H. H. Young of Indiana University.

Officers of the Indiana State Nurses' Association are Miss Lizzie Goepfner, R. N., president; Miss Anna M. Holtman, R. N., first vice president; Miss Fannie Thomas, R. N., second vice president; Miss Elizabeth Putnam, R. N., secretary, and Miss Mary Elma Thompson, R. N., treasurer.

Officers of the Indiana State League of Nursing Education are Mrs. Ethel P. Clarke, R. N., president; Mrs. Blanche Morton, R. N., secretary, and Miss Clara E. Brooke, R. N., treasurer.

## Reception Given

A reception was given Wednesday evening for the Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Spaulding of the East Park Methodist Episcopal Church.

The church was decorated with palms and garden flowers. The Spauldings and the immediate family had place of honor. A musical program was given during the evening and refreshments were served to two hundred guests.

## Irvington Mothers' Study Club

The Irvington Mothers' Study Club met Wednesday to observe presidents' day in honor of the new president, Mrs. C. E. Flowers.

Covers were marked for twenty-six members with new club yearbooks and the cables were decorated with the club colors of yellow and green. A musical program and a book review were given. Mrs. L. G. Beck gave an outline of the year's work.

Others officers for the year are Mrs. E. W. Springer, vice president; Mrs. R. Campbell, secretary; Mrs. E. W. Lawson, treasurer; Mrs. A. P. Vestal, publicity chairman, and Mrs. W. E. Jones, chairman entertainment committee.

## Mrs. Arnold Spencer, Hostess

Dahlas in Dresden shades were used to decorate the home of Mrs. Arnold Spencer, who was hostess for the first series of bridge parties Tuesday at her home, 222 N. Meridian St.

Guests were Mesdames Harry J. Teague, Robert O. Bonner, F. H. Sterling Jr., Horace Mitchell, Charles Stern, Joseph R. Rauba, Carl R. Ayres, L. Guy Long, Fred G. Ciner, Frederick McNeely, Ed. B. Soltan and Harry Hirschmann.

## Log Cabin Girls Club

The Log Cabin girls, a group of ten girls who have had annual reunions since 1918, when they met



—Photo by Moorefield, Inc.

## Winning Club's President



—Photo by Moorefield, Inc.

The new president of the Home Economics Club, which took third place in the recent star program contest of the Indiana Federation of Clubs is Mrs. H. G. Woodbury, 536 N. Central Ct. Mrs. J. W. Marks is honorary president and chairman of the program committee.

## Saint and Sinner

By ANNE AUSTIN

Without giving Faith a chance to utter the shocked protests that were trembling on her lips, Cherry slipped into the dining room, snatched her impudent little hat from her head, and flung it expertly so that it became a saucy headgear for the green glass bowl of artificial fruit on the sideboard.

"Hello, Daddy!" In her musical voice there was no hint of anger or resentment for the whipping he had given her the night before. She flung herself like a child against the breast of the stooped, haggard-faced man coming on slow, tired feet into the dining room, his spectacles pushed high on his forehead. "Let's kiss and make up, Daddy," she said laying her cheek against the grayish leather of his face, and smiling like a repentant child.

"All right. Let's eat supper," her father said gruffly, his arm stiff about her slim shoulders, but there were tears in his kind brown eyes. "But no more shenanigans from you, young lady!" he cautioned her with a feeble attempt to impress his authority upon her.

"Gee, you sure know how to use the soft soap, Cherry!" Joy, coming in to supper in a soiled and torn play frock, giggled at the unusual tableau of Cherry kissing her father.

"You shut up!" Cherry whirled upon her, her repentant mood shattered. "You needn't think just because Muggy's sick—for heaven's sake, look at that dress! And your hands and face! You look as if you'd been wallowing in mud!"

"I ain't done it!" Joy grumbled, wiping her hands on the front of her dress. "Mae and Grace been makin' mud pies under the house—that's all. Faith give us some dried up coconut to make cocoanut layer cakes with. We got a whole bakery, with teeny biscuits, 'n' choc'late cakes 'n' choc'late pies 'n'—"

"For goodness sake, go and wash!" Cherry screamed. "Faith, does this child have to go around looking like this? Honestly, I'll die if anybody should happen to drop in and find her looking like that!"

"Today was the first day of school," Faith said. "She wore her new tan linon dress, and of course she had to take it off to keep it nice and clean. And then half a dozen kids came over to do their homework with her, and they got under foot so that I sent them out to play. I didn't care whether they made mud pies or what they did, so long as I could do my work in peace. Slip on that faded pink chambrey dress, Joy, honey, and be sure to wash your knees."

"Where's Junior?" Mr. Lane was ladling generous helpings of Irish stew from the big bowl into the thick dinner plates.

"Here I am, Dad! I stepped on the gas when I smelled the Irish stew! Don't give me too many carrots, but lots of onions and potatoes."

"This isn't a short order lunch wagon, son!" Mr. Lane said mildly, but Faith smiled with amusement as she noted that he gave his son exactly what he had requested. "How's business today, Jimmy?"

"Middlin'," "Long" Lane grinned, as he shoved enthusiastically into his heaping plate of stew. "Cleared about \$9, I'd say: Gee, Pop, when I get the old bus paid for, and can go into business for myself dealin' with the fobbers, I'll be 'Get Rich Quick Wallingford, Jr.'—and then I won't give a doggone if you do call me Junior."

He raised his head from his almost prayerful attention to stew, to grin amiably at the members of his family. But when his good-humored, boastful glance rested on Cherry, daintily raising a forkful of meat to her mouth, his jaw dropped, and his eyes bulged ludicrously. "For cryin' out loud!" he ejaculated at last. "Where'd you get the headlight? Anybody but an expert like me'd say it was real. Funny—I didn't think Bob Hathaway'd give you a phony sparkler."

"It's not phony," Cherry smiled at him with maddening coyness, as she rested her chin on her hand, so that the big, square-cut, three-carat diamond showed to the best advantage. "And Bob Hathaway didn't

Her Own Way  
A STORY OF  
A GIRL OF TODAY

## THE FIRE

But again I could not help asking myself: 'Is this the real love that would last until death do us part? Is it the kind of love that marriage would consummate and make holy?'

I did not know.

There was only one thing that I did know—it would probably never be so thrilling as to keep me catching my breath that came hot and cold to minister to the moods of any lover.

Could one live in the rarified atmosphere of passionate love always? Would one get used to the calmness and sweetness of companionship only?

Again, on the other side of me John Meredith whispered: "Look at me, Judy, and tell me what you are thinking about. What makes you pull that soft red mouth which my lips are aching to kiss, into that decisive straight line? Judy, you must be, tonight, all softness and sweetness, you must be to me my dream of love only."

"God, girl, I did not think loving was like this; it hurts, it hurts. I've often dreamed of love, but it only came to me as something which would make me incapable of thinking. Tonight my brain is full of thoughts, long, long thoughts, great ideas, splendid ambitions. Judy, do you know that tonight I am a god, straight and perfect—yes, I am more than a god—I am a man, a man who can love and be loved"—again there came the insistent crooning whisper: "You do love me, don't you, Judy?"

Without warning there came a most deafening detonation. It sounded as though it were in the room above us. In a moment everything was excitement again.

"Fire!" shouted a silly coward, and there became a panic-stricken rush toward the outside door, which against them all opened inward.

John reached for me and caught me from under the maddened feet of a half drunken man who was muttering "Let me get out; let me get out," and crawling down every one in the way of his exit.

"Here, here, damn you, who do you think you are!" shouted a man as he casually knocked him down and yelled: "Say, is this another try of baked Alaska?"

"No," answered Jerry, who was dressing Mamie and Judy toward the door.

Then he turned to the crowd behind him and shouted: "Don't push; I don't know what is happening any more than you, but I am sure if the men in this crowd will keep from showing their yellow streaks and walk slowly ahead, everything will be—"

Again another explosion. "The hell there will," someone screamed. "There goes the front of the whole building."

Tomorrow: John's Chance.

## Times Pattern Service

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## Plaided Velveteen

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Recipes By  
Readers

NOTE—The Times will give a recipe filing cabinet for recipe 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.

Write only one recipe, name, address and dress on each sheet.

## PEANUT SAUSAGE

One-half cup peanut butter, two cups browned bread crumbs, one egg, one-fourth teaspoon salt. The bread should be sliced and toasted brown and hard; then put the toast on a board and crush with a rolling pin until it becomes a coarse powder. Mix egg, peanut butter and salt into bread crumbs and add enough milk to make a stiff batter. Make in patties and fry in hot grease. A little powdered sage may be added if the flavor is liked.

Mrs. Henry W. Ice, 516 N. Alabama St., City.

## MRS. SEDWICK TO SPEAK

Will address White People's Protective League Saturday.

Mrs. Lillian Sedwick, school board member, will speak at the regular meeting of the White People's Protective League Saturday.

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protective League, Inc., Saturday night, at the Grace M. E. Church, Thirtieth and St. and Ethel Ave., according to announcement of Omer S. Whitehead, league secretary.

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the way I was, I will gladly recommend the Vegetable Compound to them and I will answer any letters in regard to the same," Mrs. Bertha Meacham, 910 Center St