

Asks Advise to Stop Men Proposing

THE girl who cannot seem to get along with men; the one about the girl who has not met any men; the triangles in their various and sundry forms, but here is a brand new something to puzzle over. Just what does a girl do who is too attractive? When she is annoyed with having to watch practically every man who meets her fall in love with her.

So you see the solution to some people's troubles is not necessarily the beginning of wisdom for others, and what solves things for one person might mean a lot of grief to someone else.

This sweet young thing says:

Dear Miss Lee— I am a reader of your column and must say that you give me a never failing something that would lead to a solution of my problem, help me.

I wonder if you know why it is that fellows always get so set on girls, especially when they know that their salaries would justify them in getting married.

I am a decent and respectable and come from a refined family. I have many friends and have gone with a number of them, but never been asked to marry. And I will say that among them, none has been disengaged.

I am a good girl and I am sure that all my friends are not satisfied with being my friends. Instead they want to be my sweethearts, girlfriends and even husbands.

Now, Miss Lee, I do not know how you feel about this, but I consider it a rather serious matter. I like to have friends and I like good places to go to, especially when I am not working.

But I have a good home position and until I am certain that I can make a living on my own, I will not marry.

The boys tell me that I am a wonderful girl, not another in a million like me, and that I am too good for them. But I don't believe them as I know it is very easy to talk, that I suppose they hand all the girls over to them. I am not the only one, and the longer I go with them the worse it gets. So I am just forced to leave them. I am afraid if any of them really loves me, but folks tell me that they do. I am not afraid of them when they say how much they like me.

I don't want to be asked to get away about me. I am a dutiful young girl and am obliged to turn them down cold in order to prevent such things. I do not know another way out. Could you suggest something?

M. K.

You might try wearing a linen duster and carrying a sand pall and a buggy whip in your hands when you go out. No one can make love to any one who looks ridiculous. You would be performing a great good—keep a dozen or so good fellows in circulation, amused, interested, and, above all, light headed. If you make them laugh they will not have time to think of their unrequited love. You might practice up on not being quite so sweet, also. That often helps in a situation of this kind.

Seriously, though, if you do want to have dates and you can't seem to have them without simply bawling over every man you go out with, try the laugh tonic. They will not want to make love when they are being amused some other way.

YOUR CHILD

Difficult Task Helps Child

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

I DO not believe in "forcing" children. There is seldom anything gained in hammering away at a child day in and day out to get him to do something that is absolutely beyond his comprehension.

Nothing is likely to result from that but mental confusion.

But on the other hand I should not encourage him to give up too easily. It is good for a child occasionally to have things to do that are not quite within his scope of understanding or accomplishment.

If we were always to do the things we know how to do perfectly, there would be no advancement.

There isn't a thing wrong once in a blue moon for the mother of twelve-year-old Elizabeth to say, "I won't be home in time to get dinner this evening, but there is plenty of food to cook. You see that your father and the boys are fed."

Elizabeth may be thunderstruck, unhappy and indignant. Furthermore her father may have to get out his indigestion pills afterwards and the boys sneak off to the hot-dog stand an hour later to fill up the vacuum that nature seems to abhor, but Elizabeth surely will have learned something of culinary skill in the experiment and make mistakes she won't make again.

Jack's father may say to him, "I ordered some lumber today for the partitions in the vegetable cellar your mother has been wanting. Tomorrow is Saturday and I want you to get at it and do what you can."

Jack may not claim cousinship with the gentleman of the rhyme, "This is the house that Jack built."

Perhaps he knows no more about a hammer and a saw than I know about wireless telegraphy. But if he is worth his salt he is going to put together some boards in such a way that the potatoes, apples, cabbages, carrots and the turnips, or whatever else one keeps on the dirt floor of a "vegetable cellar" through the winter, won't be rubbing elbows with one another.

The next time he does any carpenter work, he will know more about wood and nails, angles and corners, sawing and planing, than he did before.

It need not be cooking. It need not be hammering. It need indeed be nothing requiring physical prowess or cleverness, but merely a process of the mind.

No one deserves praise so much for the things he knows how to do well, as for the thing that he does not know how to do, but isn't afraid to tackle.

It is one of the greatest character builders I know. But, of course, like all other things, should be done within reason. And allowances should be made for failure.

Street Pumps

Autumn walking shoes, concentrate on the pump. Cash-skin, lizard, sharkskin and suede are the favorite media.

Shoe Trees

Shoes are often stretched by having too large shoe trees inserted. Trees should be just the length of the shoe, as well as just as wide in the tip.

BRIDES IN LATE SUMMER RITES



Miss Dorothy Mae Cole, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cole, 2258 N. New Jersey St., became the bride of Frank Dilling Walker, son of William A. Walker, Sunday, Sept. 2. They will live in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Edward King was before her marriage Saturday, Sept. 1, Miss Frances E. Smith, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. F. E. Smith, 318 E. Nineteenth St. Mr. and Mrs. King are making their home in Champaign, Ill., where he is an instructor in the department of chemistry in the University of Illinois.

—Schumacher Photos.

Home-Coming Fete Planned by Auxiliary

The anniversary luncheon and home-coming celebration of the Grotto auxiliary will be held at 12 o'clock Tuesday at Haddon Hall Park. A program of entertainment is being arranged by the committee.

Plans are under the supervision of Mrs. John L. Duvall, general chairman, assisted by the following committees:

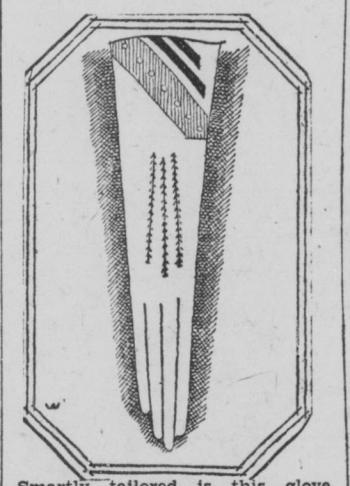
Hospitality, Mrs. Bertha Lou Williams; entertainment, Mrs. Mae Oliver; cards, Mrs. Neil Ruebel; decorations, Mrs. Otis Macy, and transportation, Mrs. Mary Routier.

All those going to dinner will meet at Massachusetts Ave. station at Tenth St. and Massachusetts Ave., not later than 11:30 where there will be cars to go to Haddon Hall. From this point cars will leave at 11:30, go north on Massachusetts Ave., about 13 miles to Oaklandon, Haddon Hall Park. After luncheon there will be cards and buncos. Members may bring guests.

Putty Undies

New lingerie goes in strong for brown shades, as do dresses. The latest sets are of exquisite nylon, in what is known as putty brown, slightly darker than beige.

TAILORED GLOVE



Smartly tailored is this glove with interesting model design appliqued diagonally across the top. A perforated beige strip and two narrow ones of brown on biscuit kid.

THE CONNOISSEUR



Very often Mr. Vandie gives a lot of invitations. To the openings and then again he follows inclinations. And betakes himself alone to sit in solitary ease. To survey the audience—his curiosity to please.

Draft Leaders of Girl Scouts Training Work

Leader's training classes will begin Monday morning at 10, Oct. 22 at the Girl Scout headquarters, 512 Board of Trade Bldg. Both old and new leaders are eligible. The same course will be given again in the evening at 7:30, Oct. 22, both classes being held every Monday thereafter.

Those wishing to use Sycamore Lodge, Pioneer Kitchen or other equipment at Camp Dellwood for overnight hikes must obtain permission at the office.

Girl Scouts from various troops have been assisting at the Better Babies contest at the State fair this week.

One hears all this and is inclined to nod a sage agreement. Then one sometimes gets a glimpse of things as they really are.

We—my brother and I—decided to turn back to an old childhood page and go fishing on a holiday not so long ago in a certain old muddy pond where grew the tastiest bullheads that ever swam.

Years ago the long hours of summer had found us beside that sedgy, reed-grown pond. Sometimes mother would give us a bag of sandwiches and cookies and bananas and we would stay all day not fishing all the time, but pushing our old flat-bottomed scow around the pond, scaring up the ripples, finding yellow and white red-winged blackbirds from the bullrushes and the blue pickered we.

The old pond was miles away from where the years had brought us, but with a before sunrise start knew that we could make it.

"Probably the fish don't bite nearly so fast as we seem to remember," we agreed, "and they're probably not nearly so big as we remember them, but it'll be a quiet, restful day anyway—there won't be a soul around—everyone will be at an amusement park." So we went.

The pond was there. The red-winged blackbirds were there. The blue pickered weed and the pond lilies were there, and so were the giant bullfrogs and sweet water-cress. But we were not alone. We counted twenty-four fishermen and women circling the little pond. Most of them, judging by the queue of autos at the pond's edge, had come a long way, too. They wore city clothes. Many of them were perched on camp stools. They lunched from

the last word in picnic kits and thermos bottles.

And their faces were fairly radiant! They loved it. They were not interlopers in our childhood's paradise. They belonged there. But the tragedy was that the out-of-the-way quiet secluded spots of earth are becoming too few to go around. And as a result there is no solitude for anyone.

But stop telling us that people no longer like "natural outdoor pleasures." Real estate men will tell you that a funny out-at-the-heels shack or cabin by a river or lake will sell like hot cakes—that the market simply doesn't meet the demand for this sort of thing.

"They don't care for conveniences," they'll tell you. "They just want lots of trees and water and birds and quiet."

Poor humans of a modern industrial day fighting not for "artificial pleasures," but for their birthright of sun and star and moon and lake and tree!

New Europe Is Topic for Travel Club

The lecture topic for this year of the International Study and Travel Club is "New Europe." Mrs. Samuel R. Artman, lecturer, will talk this week on "Enchanting Blue Grottoes of Capri Isle."

Mrs. J. J. Ryan will entertain the Elsinor chapter with a luncheon Monday. Mrs. Arthur Hoffman and Mrs. T. Jacobson, who have just returned from Denmark, will tell of their trip. Flags will be used for the decorations.

Australian chapter will meet on Tuesday afternoon for luncheon at the home of the vice president, Mrs. John F. Ruppert. The president, Mrs. Amie Jackson will assist the hosts.

The Alpine chapter and the Eidelweiss chapter will hold their opening meeting at 6:30 Tuesday evening at the Lurely tearoom. A musical program will be given by Mrs. A. H. Manning and Miss Ruth Hoover. Mrs. J. H. Marshall, president of the Eidelweiss chapter, and Miss Anna Weaver, corresponding secretary, who have been spending the summer in California, and Miss Ruth Taylor, treasurer of the Alpine chapter, who has recently returned from a tour of Europe, will be the guests of honor. Summer flowers and small flags of numerous foreign countries will decorate the tables.

The Mandalay chapter will be entertained at its first meeting of the year by its president, Mrs. J. G. Karstedt, with a 12:30 luncheon Wednesday. Mrs. C. E. Stout and Mrs. George Pugh will be the assistant hostesses. A special program of music has been arranged.

The Washington chapter will meet at the home of the president, Miss Ruth Knott, at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening. Fall flowers will be used as decorations.

The Panamanian chapter will meet for a 2:30 luncheon Thursday at the home of the president, Mrs. P. E. Vickers. Fall flowers and flags will be used as decorations. Each members will respond to roll call with a current event.

The next court of awards will be held Friday evening, Oct. 28. Any badge may be obtained at the October court, but all recommendations must be in the Girl Scout office not later than Saturday, Oct. 13.

The office staff now consists of Miss Jean Adamson, acting local director; Miss Miriam Fay and Miss Jane Alborn, field captains, and Miss Florence Stack, office secretary.

Timmerman-Huber

Miss Charlotte Faye Huber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huber, became the bride of Elvin Timmerman, son of Mrs. Christine Timmerman, Beech Grove, at the old Bethel Church Wednesday evening, the Rev. Ethelbert Lester officiating.

They were married at the church.

—Timmerman-Huber

BY SISTER MARY

BREAKFAST—Green grape plums, cereal, cream, liver and bacon patties, corn meal and graham muffins, milk, coffee.

LUNCHEON—Sweet corn souffle, sliced tomatoes with shredded green pepper, toasted muffins, cottage cheese, currant jam, milk, coffee.

DINNER—Egg and beet appetizer, lima beans in cream, buttered spinach, duck and orange jelly salad with endive, fresh peach shortcake, milk, coffee.

This dinner menu is ideal for hot weather. The appetizer and salad take care of the meat problem as well as adding vegetables to the menu.

Sweet Corn Souffle

One and one-half cups sweet corn cut from cob, one teaspoon sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, three tablespoons flour, one cup milk, four eggs.

To cut corn from cob score down through the center of each row of kernels. Cut off tops with sharp knife. With the blade edge of the knife scrape out the milk and heart. Mix and sift flour, sugar, salt and pepper over corn. Stir with a fork until thoroughly blended. Add milk and yolks of eggs beaten until thick and lemon colored. Fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Turn mixture into a well buttered dish and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. When firm to the touch, the souffle is done. Serve at once from baking dish.

FRENCH HAT

Miss Charlotte Faye Huber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huber, became the bride of Elvin Timmerman, son of Mrs. Christine Timmerman, Beech Grove, at the old Bethel Church Wednesday evening, the Rev. Ethelbert Lester officiating.

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