

Motor Trip Serves for Honeymoon

Douglas Hall and Bride Travel Following Home Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armitage Hall left on a motor trip today following their marriage at the Triller home, 27 East Thirty-third street.

The bride, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter P. Triller, attended Butler university where she was a member of Alpha Chi Omega sorority, and Mr. Hall, son of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Hall was a member of Sigma Chi fraternity at Columbia university. The at-home address is for Bloomington after Sept. 15.

The Rev. George S. Southworth read the ceremony in a setting of ferns and pink roses lighted with candles in two seven-branch candelabra. Mrs. Albert Reep played wedding arias.

The bride's only attendant, her sister, Mrs. Bryon G. Sunderland, Michigan City, wore pale green lace with silver cap and slippers and carried an arm bouquet of Joanna Hill roses. The bride was given in marriage by her father. She wore white satin designed on princess lines with a Queen Anne lace collar. Her veil was of tulle, with a lace cap and she carried bride's roses.

Mrs. Triller appeared in French blue crepe with a corsage of pink roses and Mrs. Hall was gowned in black lace with a rose corsage.

Among the out-of-town guests were Dr. Bryon G. Sunderland, Michigan City; Mrs. John Henschel and Mrs. Frank Petsch, Dubuque, Ia.

Pledges to Entertain

Pledges of Alpha chapter, Omega Nu Tau sorority, will entertain tonight with a benefit bridge party at the Hoosier Athletic Club. Miss Magdalene Buck will be chairman.



Miss Margaret Jones

After a summer tour through Germany and Switzerland, Miss Margaret Jones, daughter of Mrs. Dovie O. Jones, 5524 East Michigan street, has returned home.

Miss Jones attended the Royal Academy of Music in London prior to a vacation on the continent. Before returning to Indianapolis she visited Miss Harriet Hunt, Washington.

A Day's Menu

Breakfast—
Sliced peaches, cereal, cream, sour cream waffles with butter and honey, milk, coffee.

Luncheon—
Tuna fish and celery salad, hot ice-box rolls, blueberry batter pudding, milk, tea.

Dinner—
Boiled calf's tongue on a bed of spinach, savory carrots, frozen banana salad, toasted crackers, cheese, milk, coffee.

Good Deed Starts Talk

Most normal, healthy adults, fortunately, are possessed of sufficient intelligence to know what they are doing and why they are doing it. They are not going to deliberately work injury to themselves and those dear to them. If they do have that design, then an intruder isn't a ghost of a chance, any way.

Quite often persons are doing contrary to their own standard of wise living, even when appearances are against them. It was that way with an unmarried woman in a small town who disappeared recently. Her neighbors talked about her for befriending some homeless people. The group happened to include a man who had a small child.

With the neighbors who talked had perfectly good husbands to protect them, but they didn't offer to befriend the poverty-stricken family. They left the mother to a woman who lived alone and then made comments. Now nobody in the vicinity except the gossips gave a hoot about the matter. Real persons were too busy to care what other people were doing.

The woman disappeared. The sharp-edged tongues said it was because she had done wrong, wrong with a capital W, which is supposed to spell something very bad. The woman was blameless. The tongues drove her away. Even if she had varied the conventions, it wasn't the gossips' business.

Gossip Destroys Happiness

Life and happiness are precious. Heaven doesn't last long on this earth. We are asked to help build, not destroy, another's castle. The Spanish architect of our dreams will go down swiftly enough in a storm without clutching fingers tearing apart the chimneys and breaking the window glass.

Christ, you will remember, dined at the home of a publican and was gracious to Mary Magdalene. Even if the perfectly kind and less honest woman had been less kind and less honest, certainly she was a human being worthy of being treated as one.

The proposed criminal code in Germany suggests that criminals who must die be given a poison cup or a gun to use as suicide instruments if the criminals prefer. There are plenty of persons in Germany and America and any other pink or green spot on this terrestrial globe whose suicides or disappearances are the result of a forced hemlock cup.

We arrest persons for burning houses and stealing pocketbooks. But we have no punishment for those who crush happiness and wreck lives. Happiness, after all, is worth more than a burned outbulg and a lost half dollar.

Duty and sympathetic kindness are two different things. If we can't be gracious let's keep our mouths closed.

(Copyright, 1934, N.E.A. Service, Inc.)

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Rybolt and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Littell are home after a vacation at Holland and Green Bay, Mich., and the Hillside resort, Lac Vieux Desere, Wis.

Just The Thing For College-vote Our Chic Twins

Pattern 333

Enclosed find 15 cents, for which send me Pattern No. 333.

Size _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

A FROCK like this will make any co-ed smart! To make this collie outfit you'll want washable silk for the blouse with broad-cloth for the jacket and skirt. It's designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 42. Sizes 18 requires 3 1/4 yards of 35-inch fabric for the jacket and 2 1/4 yards for the blouse.

To obtain a pattern and simple sewing chart of this model, tear out the coupon and mail it to Julia Boyd, The Indianapolis Times, 214 West Maryland street, Indianapolis, together with 15 cents in coin.

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NOTICE!

BRENNER'S

Will Be

CLOSED ALL DAY FRIDAY

In Preparation for

The Most Sensational An-

nouncement in Our History

Starting Saturday at 9

Watch Friday's Indianapolis Times

BRENNER'S

26-28 East Washington St.

RETURNS HOME

Happiness Shattered by Gossip

Instance Cited to Show How Act of Mercy Branded Woman.

BY HELEN WELSHIMER

NEA Service Staff Writer

STRANGE can do, isn't it? No wonder the prediction was once given that he that holdeth his tongue deserves several more stars in his crown than he that merely fires some guns, drops some tear gas bombs and orders some other soldiers to hand over the city keys.

The tongue that needs to be held usually belongs to a person who feels that it is his or her—sad to say it's usually a feminine urge—duty to make a little speech for your own good.

"My dear, I won't mince matters. I'm doing this for your own welfare!"

Thereby, the speaker ruins life, love and happiness and goes home to the sweet music of the crashing pieces as somebody's heaven falls.

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