

Christamore Dinner Set for Monday

Mrs. Roy Elder Adams to
Preside at Annual
Board Event.

BY BEATRICE BURGAN
Times Woman's Page Editor

Society has its serious as well as its lighter moments. It assumes a thoughtful attitude toward its philanthropies and gives time unstintingly to sponsorship of such projects. Christamore House provides an outlet for the energy of several men and women whose time often is bid for by numerous social and professional interests.

But once a month men and women on the board turn aside all demands for their time to attend the Christamore meetings and once a year review their accomplishments at a dinner served by members of the house's Woman's Club.

Mrs. John N. Carey, a member of the board since the settlement house was opened in 1905, is one of the faithful workers to share her time. It was Mrs. Carey's daughter, Miss Martha Carey, who led the kindergarten when it began, after Anna Stover and Edith Surley founded the settlement to promote the welfare, happiness and growth of the community.

Today the residence building honors the memory of Miss Carey, who died while the unit was being constructed 10 years ago.

Chicago Woman to Speak

This year's dinner meeting will be held on Monday night when Mrs. Roy Elder Adams, vice-president, will preside in the absence of the president, Peter C. Reilly. She will introduce Miss Harriet Vittum, the guest speaker, who will come from her post at the Northwestern University Settlement, Chicago.

Sitting in at the meeting will be other board members, Mesdames Julian Bobbs, William C. Griffith, J. K. Lilly Jr., Frank Hamilton, Thomas D. Sheerin and Messrs. Fred Appel, Earl Barnes, Arthur V. Brown, H. Foster Clippinger, A. Kiefer Mayer, Malcolm Moore, William E. Munk, J. S. Watson and Russell Willson, and Mrs. O. D. Edwards, house director.

The board members will hear this year's report with gratification. The house, run to meet the educational, recreational and health needs of the neighborhood, served 75,000 persons last year, averaging 227 members of the district a day.

All ages are represented in the 33 organized clubs, which include 12 afternoon clubs for school children, 21 evening groups for older boys and girls and men, a Woman's Club and a Kindergarten Mothers' Club.

Serves in Many Ways

The board has shared in the building up of the kindergarten, the clinics which supply dental, infant and pre-natal services, and the recreational facilities which include a playground, bowling alleys, ping pong tables, wading pool, dancing and other entertainment facilities, arts and crafts instruction, athletics, and dramatics.

In addition to the aid of the board, the settlement house profits by the volunteer services offered by the young matrons and society women belonging to the Christamore Aid Society. At its meetings the members, led by Mrs. Conrad Ruckelshaus, sew on layettes for the baby clinic. Miss Carey organized the society, which provides financial aid, as well as sending its members to assist at the settlement house. Some members aid in the kindergarten; others assist the girls' clubs and in the baby clinic.

From early morning to late at night the Christamore house doors are open to the members of the community, served by the men and women who turn from their own work to lend a helping hand.

**ALUMNAE MEET
AT TRASK HOME**

Mrs. Verne A. Trask was hostess for a luncheon-meeting of Alpha Chi Omega Alumnae Club today, assisted by Mesdames Robert Howell, Raymond Du Bois, Eber Spence, E. C. Hurd, H. B. Hubbard, Ethel Davis, and H. K. Weirick, Miss Esther Yancey and Miss Edith Allen.

Mrs. Thor G. Wiesenber, chairman of the Women's Council of Butler University, was guest speaker.

Literary Club to Meet

Maurice E. Tennant will talk to members of the Indianapolis Literary Club on "The Irish Guards" at a regular meeting Monday night at the D. A. R. chapter house.

'LOVABLE'

BY MARY RAYMOND

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Ann Hollister breaks her engagement to Tom, but the two are still friends, that everything is over between them. Tom thinks he still cares for Valerie, but when chance brings the two together again, Ann says she will marry him she agrees.

Tom is a doctor and she is happy there until Peter, a recalled home, his family comes. Ann and Valerie tries to make amends, but Peter is still angry that Pete is furnishing the house. Convinced that he plans to divorce her and marry her, Tom goes to see the doctor.

She goes to work in a book store. One rainy night she meets Allan, a man who has been drinking. They meet again, and Allan says that he admits his sister is away. Ann realizes she has been tricked. Frightened, she plans to escape.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

IN the kitchen Allan was making progress slowly. He smiled at her over the stove and moved uncertainly about the room. Ann was a little witch, he thought, masking an entirely different personality under her nun-like attire.

A plate slipped from his nervous fingers and crashed to the floor. He called. "Guess you'd better help me dish up. I'm breaking all the chin."

There was no answer. He waited a moment and called again. "Say, Ann, you never did have that cocktail. Want one now?"

Still no answer. At the same moment he felt a rush of cold air. A door must be open. A door—Allan ran to the hall. A black expanse met his bewildered gaze. The front door was wide. He could see the dark outline of the trees, branches swaying near the porch. His hands felt for the switch. He cursed softly. So that was why she had wanted supper! Well, she couldn't get far with this game.

A quick survey convinced him that Ann was really gone. He would find her, he thought furiously. It would have been better for her if she hadn't played him a trick like this. It would be only a matter of minutes before his car would cover the distance and he would bring her back.

Ann, crouched behind tall shrubs near the sun porch, heard him drive away. As soon as the sound of the motor died she opened the door, removed her wet coat and hat, putting them on a chair in the hall and called a taxi company.

"Want a cab sent in a hurry to the Ingleside section. You know where it is?"

"Sure, lady. What street?"

"No. 44 Cherry Circle. Write it down, please, I'm in a great hurry."

"I have it. Forty-four Cherry."

"It's the fourth house after you turn in from town. Back among some trees."

"I think I know the place. Anyway I'll find it."

"How long will it take you to get there?"

"It's a half hour run."

"Please hurry."

"Okay, lady."

Ann closed the door. She turned out the lights in the hall, turned back into her old room and turned on a light by the dressing table.

IT was fully 20 minutes before Allan returned. He had finally given up the search. He could look all night, crashing about among trees that lined the highway and still not find Ann. How she could have gotten away so quickly was a mystery. He was raging angry, wet and cold.

The door was shut. Between the drawn shades in a room on the left wing was a thin yellow streak. A light in Ann's room. The front door was locked. Allan rang the bell angrily.

Ann opened the door. "Allan, where in the world did you go? I heard you dashing away in the rain."

"Where were you—hiding from me, weren't you? He caught her roughly by the shoulders."

"Don't be silly. Why should I hide? I was back in my room doing things to my face. I ran to the front door and called you, but I guess you didn't hear."

He was still staring at her suspiciously. "No tricks, Ann. If I thought—"

Ann said gently, slipping her arm through his. "You've been drinking too much. It's made you imagine foolish things. Is my supper ready? I suppose I shall have to heat the coffee again."

She was leading him, with an insistent little pressure against his arm, to the kitchen.

"Everything's ruined," he grumbled.

"And all my fault, I suppose, because I went to powder my nose," Ann said lightly.

"Well, let's forget it!"

"Take off your wet coat, Allan." Oh, she was glad to get him away from the hall where her own soaked coat and hat were.

He poured two drinks. Ann sipped her own and then, feeling his eyes upon her, finished the drink quickly.

"Want another?"

"Later. I'm going to scramble more eggs, if you don't mind. I never could eat cold eggs."

He had slumped down in a chair, watching her gloomily as she mixed the eggs in a bowl and whipped them steadily.

She turned to the stove, stirred them into a hot skillet. Oh, why didn't the taxi come! The cab driver reported. "The wife of that millionaire. She's in a drug store at the corner of Constance and Roland-sts. Yes, I'll follow her and meet you at the drug store in a few minutes."

He went back to the drug store. Ann had disappeared.

(To Be Continued)

LUNCHEON GIVEN FOR BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Katherine Mulrey was hostess today at luncheon for friends of Miss Mary Adelaide Carriger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carriger, who will be married to George Buskirk in February. Silver and green appointments were used.

Guests at the luncheon with the honor guest were Mesdames Paul S. McNamara, John Silver, Victor Mussawis, Sylvester Ahlehing and Miss Catherine Sullivan, Mattoon, Ill., formerly of Indianapolis, Misses Sara Wishard, H. H. Hornbrook, William Perry Hahn, Charles P. Emerson, Nathan P. Graham, St. Clair Parry and Rudolph Aufderheide.

Assistants for the afternoon include Miss Blanche Stillson, Miss Katherine M. Brown, and Mrs. Meier and Mesdames Edward Zink, John P. Collett, Evans Woollen, G. H. A. Clowes, Albert J. Beveridge, W. Richardson Sinclair, Willis D. Gatch, Russell Fortune, Nicholas H. Noyes, Samuel L. Reid, William Niles Wishard, H. H. Hornbrook, William Perry Hahn, Charles P. Emerson, Nathan P. Graham, St. Clair Parry and Rudolph Aufderheide.

Also on the hostess committee are Mesdames Paul H. White, Pauline Moon Haueisen, William A. Atkins, H. A. O. Speers, William R. Teel, Christopher B. Coleman, John Morris Haines, William H. Kennedy, Woodbury T. Morris, Russell Sullivan, John M. Shaw, Hugh McGowen, William W. Knight, James H. Genung, J. Otis Adams, William H. Thompson, J. Irving Holcomb, and Charles Lynn.

MAYFLOWER BOARD
TO HOLD MEETING

Mrs. Fred Hoke, governor of the Society of Mayflower Descendants, has called a luncheon meeting of the board of assistance for noon Monday at the Young Women's Christian Association.

Mrs. Tilden F. Greer, treasurer, is in charge of the reservations.

Contract Bridge

Today's Contract Problem

South is playing the hand at six spades. West opens the king of hearts. What safety play must South make to insure against unfavorable distribution in the diamond suit?

♦ K Q 8
♦ A 6 4 3
♦ 10 9 5 4
♦ 6 2

♦ 5 2
♦ K Q J
10
♦ Q J 8 2
♦ 10 8 4

♦ A 5 9 7 2
♦ 5
♦ A K 6 3
♦ A K

Solution in next issue. 5

Solution to Previous Contract Problem

BY W. E. MCKENNEY
Secretary American Bridge League

THE open pair championship, recently held in New York, was won by John Rau and Charles Lodridge, two who have come close to winning several pair championships in the last 18 months and who only fulfilled natural expectations in heading the field on this occasion.

In talking with this pair of brilliant young players, I have noticed how frequently they use the adjective "constructive" in describing this or that bidding move. As a pair they excel in keeping the bidding low and getting in the greatest amount of mutual information and exchanges of inferences before a danger point is reached, whether the objective be game or slam.

East could have thrown all his hearts and retained the king and another diamond, thereby making sure of the last trick. This is not a criticism of West's opening, as it was hard to tell that such a situation existed.

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CITY FOLK ATTEND WEDDING AT PERU

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Connor and Miss Constance Roche went to Peru to attend the wedding of Miss Louise Graham Cox and Walter E. Crow, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Crow, Williamsport. The wedding took place at the country home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Cox, near Peru. Dr. H. E. Nyce, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Peru, officiated.

He remembered now. It was an old street filled with cheap brick apartment buildings. "I think I know where it is."

It was a moment. The girl answered in a husky tone, "Do you know where Roland-st is?"

Roland-st had to think a moment. "It's on the east side of town."

He was still staring at her suspiciously. "No tricks, Ann. If I thought—"

Ann said gently, slipping her arm through his. "You've been drinking too much. It's made you imagine foolish things. Is my supper ready? I suppose I shall have to heat the coffee again."

She was leading him, with an insistent little pressure against his arm, to the kitchen.

"Everything's ruined," he grumbled.

"And all my fault, I suppose, because I went to powder my nose," Ann said lightly.

"Well, let's forget it!"

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