

Founding Celebration Scheduled

Department Club Charter and Life Members Also to Be Honored.

Woman's Department Club will observe its founder, charter and life members' day Tuesday at the club-house, with Mrs. Arthur R. Dewey in charge of arrangements. The reception will be held at 12:30, and in the line will be Mrs. Dewey, Mrs. R. O. McAlexander, president; Mrs. Felix T. McWhirter, Mrs. H. B. Burket and Mrs. Alvin T. Coate, founders; Mrs. John Curry, representing charter members; Mrs. Frederick Baltz, life members; Mrs. W. W. Thornton and Mrs. Everett M. Schofield, former presidents.

Mrs. Dewey will be assisted by Mrs. A. C. Barbour, luncheon chairman; Mrs. Roscoe C. Leavitt, decorations; Mrs. J. M. Dungan, publicity; Mrs. William Dobson, ushers; Mrs. Merritt Wolff, courtesy; Mrs. M. B. Hedges, reservations, and Mrs. Everett Lett, aids.

Mrs. Barbour, chairman of ways and means, and Mrs. J. M. Milner, co-chairman, will have charge of a luncheon to be served at 1 in the tearoom. Their assistants will be Mesdames W. E. Kennedy, W. H. Blodgett, F. H. Bowers, J. M. Dungan, R. T. Ramsey, William McQuire, Lewis Pohlman, Robert Shingler, E. A. Johnson and Miss Mary Brice.

In the dining room Miss Bertha Edwards, chairman, will be aided by Mrs. Irving Blue and Mrs. Edgar Lawrence, co-chairmen; Dr. Mabel Bibler, Mesdames R. J. Anderson, John Borns, Otis Carmichael, M. E. Elsteen, William C. Ellery, Harold G. Feighner, Martha Higgins, C. A. James, Paul T. Rochford, W. D. Keenan, Ralph E. Simpson, Jerome H. Trunkey, Martin Wallack and Carl J. Winkler.

Ideals to Be Discussed

Mrs. Dewey will preside at the luncheon program and will speak on the general theme, "The Ideals of Our Club." Those responding will be Mrs. McAlexander, greetings; Mrs. McWhirter, "The Dreams Come True"; Mrs. Burnet, "The Dream of Art Come True"; Mrs. Coate, "The True Club Spirit"; Mrs. Curry, "Our Heritage"; Mrs. Baltz, "The Bridge Builders of Club Life."

A musicalie by Mrs. Jane Johnson Burroughs, soprano, accompanied by Walter Whitworth, will follow in the auditorium.

The Wednesday afternoon program will include a meeting of the applied education section of the American home department. At 1 Mrs. Henry Von Grimmenstein will discuss Sinclair Lewis' "Ann Vickers" and "Collected Poems of William Butler Yeats."

Dr. Coulter to Speak

At 2 Mrs. Bert Gadd, chairman of the American home department, will preside when Dr. Stanley C. Coulter will talk on "Contributions of Good Citizenship to the American Home." Music will be under the direction of Mrs. Frank Walker and Mrs. C. F. Dillenbeck.

Mrs. Roscoe Leavitt, chairman of the general hosts committee, will be assisted by Mesdames John Engelke, Robert T. Ramsey and Edna Sharp. At the tea Mrs. W. C. Smith and Mrs. Paul T. Hurt will pour, assisted by Mesdames W. H. Schmidt, Howard E. Nyhart, Raymond Whorley, W. J. Wood, Edward T. Lawrence, L. B. Warner, Robert Rotbart, Victor H. Rothay, Albert Power, Ethel M. Rotbart, and Miss Jessie M. Stewart.

Monday Guild, section of the community welfare department, will meet Monday at the clubhouse and will be addressed by the Rev. W. A. Shulberger. Community singing will be directed by Mrs. May Guthrie and Miss Mabel Orndorf will give a talk on "My Favorite Radio Star." Mrs. George A. Van Dyke will be hostess at a social hour and Mrs. John Connor, chairman, will preside.

CHURCH WOMEN WILL ENTERTAIN

St. Joan of Arc Women's Club will entertain with a bridge tea and food sale at the school hall at 2 Wednesday. Mrs. Francis Ohlyer, Mrs. Thomas D. McGee and Mrs. Charles W. Dowd, chairmen, will be assisted by Mesdames Joseph Hilsenberg, Oscar Larson, Joseph Brady, Edward Ford, George Madalen, C. J. Brinkworth, Robert Husson, Daniel Brosnan, D. J. Grady, Robert Engle, Edward Kearns, John Lau, Joseph Leikheim, William Coughlin, J. B. Langan, Albert Moseman, Frank Slupsky, A. H. Johnson, George Hoffman, John Rice, Robert Fritz, Albert Dessauer, William Dwyer, Garner Bramwood, John Royse, Charles Wagner, John Fitzpatrick, Howard Davis, Clyde Bowers, R. E. Tackie, Thomas Devine, William Durkin, Victor Beckerich, Leo Hurley, John Lawler and Edward Elliott.

There was a flash of comprehension in Dorothy's brown eyes.

TANGO

By VIDA HURST
REGISTER AND TRIBUNE SYNDICATE

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Pretty Treasure McGuire and swarthy Carolyn Bermuda win the admiration of the audience when they dance the tango at Pete Fernando's night club. Treasure is thrilled at her first night of night life making. When he takes her home her father, Mrs. McGuire, has left, leaving his wife, Ellen, and five children penniless. Treasure pays no attention to Carlos' objections to her job, but tells her mother she is going to be a dancer knowing she would object to the other position. Mrs. McGuire's wife, mother of a school girl, who desires her baby.

Now Go on With the Story.

CHAPTER THREE

THE orchestra was playing but there were only two couples on the floor. Treasure, hesitating at the door, met Oliver Keith's eyes who nodded from the piano. Uncertain what to do next she felt the eyes of the check stand girl upon her.

"No! That is, yes, if you please. May I speak to Mr. Fernando?" "Mr. Fernando is not in now."

"Oh," gasped Treasure, fearing he might have changed his mind. "He told me to be here at 7 tonight."

A pair of hard blue eyes swept her from head to foot.

"I can call him, if you have an appointment."

She beckoned to one of the waiters and said something which Treasure did not hear and after a few moments Pete Fernando waddled in from the kitchen. His smile was business-like and reassuring.

"You are here, yes? Take your hat and coat off there and I will introduce you to the other girls. This is Gladys Murphy, Miss . . . she puffed, fumbling for her name. "McGuire, Treasure McGuire."

The check girl snickered. It was not the first time Treasure had been reminded that her name was an unusual one but she ignored it. She also pretended not to notice as she took off her coat and ran a comb through her shining hair, that all the time she was doing this Gladys Murphy was watching her with mockery and a sort of subtle antagonism.

"I hope the other two are not as unpleasant as this one," thought Treasure, bracing herself for the ordeal of meeting them.

Mr. Fernando led the way to a table near the door where they were sitting. Two girls exactly opposite in type sipped languidly from glasses containing an amber colored liquid which looked like whisky, but was cold tea.

"This is Treasure McGuire, Miss. She's going to join you for awhile. Juanita DeFoe," he explained nodding toward the tall girl with snapping black eyes and bands of hair like varnished jet, "and Dorothy Durfee," indicating with a pudgy hand a short hoydenish-looking blonde with brown eyes and flaxen hair.

That Dorothy's hair had been bleached was obvious from the dark roots and its stiff straw-like quality. Her skin was sallow. Her features nondescript. At first glance Treasure liked the statuesque Juanita better, but even Pete Fernando seemed taken back by the frigidity of their reception.

"Sit down here for a while and let them tell you what it's all about," he said hastily and patted off leaving her in the chilliest, most unfriendly atmosphere she had ever encountered.

Juanita's beady eyes set too close together stared at the dance floor. Dorothy sipped her drink. Neither said a word over at that table I know."

Treasure looked about blankly.

"Together I mean," Dorothy explained. "There's a bunch of fellows over at that table I know."

It all sounded very strange to Treasure but she rose obediently.

"I'll lead," Dorothy offered.

She was an excellent dancer, but just as Treasure was beginning to enjoy it Dorothy stopped to speak to the group at a large table.

"Hello, Dick!" Good evening, Mr. Matthews. Meet Miss McGuire."

Treasure could not remember any of the names she repeated, but she found herself sitting with a large, red-faced man on one side. A gray-haired, thick-lipped man on the other.

To each of these in turn she lifted innocent eyes, smiled confidingly and listened while they talked.

Dorothy ordered sidecars and Treasure followed suit. The result was a second innocuous portion of cold tea. Then the tall, thin-lipped man asked her if she cared to dance.

Treasure said "Oh, yes," so eagerly that he looked surprised.

He was not a good dancer, and for the first time, but not she suspected, the last, she knew the agony of dragging about the floor with a partner who had no sense of rhythm. He confided that he had a daughter just about her age, inquiring anxiously if she thought he looked that old. He was, he confessed, almost 50, but he liked young persons and felt more at home with them than those of his own age. Women, he added, after they were 40.

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