

Art Students Enjoy Meeting Ex-Classmate

Scribblers Club Group
Welcomes Founder
Back to City.

BY BEATRICE BURGAN

WHILE Miss Ruth Osborne is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde E. Osborne, before returning to art studies at Stephens College, she is enjoying reunions with former classmates.

Miss Osborne was one of the founders of the Scribblers Club which met in her studio to paint and exchange criticism of each others' work.

While she has been away studying painting and drawing at college, the girls have continued to meet. Her work was so distinctive that the college faculty chose her to take part in the six-weeks' summer art course.

Former Orchard Pupil

She had had all her previous art instruction at Orchard School, where Patty and Margaret Jameson, Marjorie Jean Mueller, Susan Gatch, Fayette Ann Miller, Jeannette Tarkington and Priscilla Johnson, all club members, studied with her.

The other members include Jean Ehrlich, Rachael Clark, Jane Axell, Jane Spencer and Dorothy Jean Hendrickson.

Miss Osborne, next year is to be president of Tau Sigma Tau, honorary art sorority of Stephens.

Patty and Margaret are going to Lake Maxinkuckee with their mother, Mrs. Donald Jameson, and brother, Fenton, next Wednesday. They are to spend the summer with Mr. Jameson's cousin, John J. Peckham, at the cottage of his late mother, Mrs. Orville Peckham.

Mr. Jameson's grandfather, Dr. Patrick Henry Jameson, and Robert McQuat's grandfather, built the first cottages at the popular summer resort. The John Judah family now summers in the old Jameson lake home.

After the Park School commencement exercises Friday, Mrs. Francis Dunn and a group of eight grade classmates of her son, Wesley, are to leave for a week-end house party at Maxinkuckee. G. M. Garrett, one of the school masters, is to accompany the party, to include John Frantz, William Elder, Jack Brant, Sheldon Sayles, William Mooney, Jack Mertz, Arnold Sanders, Robert Noland, Charles Burr and Jerry Smith.

Mrs. Dunn is to return Sunday with the boys and later is to go back to the lake to spend the summer.

Mrs. Charles Harvey Bradley is taking Mike Keene, Harry Stout and Peter Hackleman to the lake with her son, Harvey, on Friday. Harvey is to remain at the lake for the summer with the exception of several days after joining Boy Scout campers June 15.

Several Park classmates of Cornelius Allig Jr. are securing their wardrobes for overalls to wear to Cornelius' barn party at Questover, the estate of his grandmother, on Frank Stalaker, Tuesday. A bewhiskered farmer on the invitation warns, "Don't forget to wear your jeans."

Co-eds to Take Part in Butler Horse Show



Miss Margaret Spencer, Waveland (left), is walking briskly across the Butler University campus with Miss Betty Long, Fort Wayne, and Miss Peggy Kiefer (right) on her way to a practice ride before the university horse show tomorrow. They are entered in the first annual show to be at 4 at Gregg Farm, 106th and Meridian-sts. Fifty co-eds have entered the event, sponsored by the women's physical education department.

The GLAMOROUS ADVENTURE

by Jean Seivwright © 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Gail Everett, winner of a prize for costume design offered by a large silk manufacturing company, comes to New York to find work. She is hired—due to a stroke of luck—by Madame Lisette, proprietor of an exclusive shop. Madame proves temperamental and difficult to work for.

Derek Hargreaves, young artist, is interested in Gail, and offers her friendly advice. Frequently Gail sees Dick Seavies, whose sister, Rosemary, was her roommate at school.

Meanwhile, in Arizona, Mark Chapman, long a wanderer, returns to find his old home in the hands of the Travers Mining Co. Mark suspects the deal is crooked. He does not know the whereabouts of his niece, Gail, right-hand owner of the property.

Rex Hall, Madame Lisette's son, is representing The Travers company. Gail finds a week-end at the Seavies home. Dick asks her to marry him and again she refuses.

She arrives home late Monday evening to find two messengers asking her to call Derek.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

"GOOD morning, Miss Everett,"

Gail exclaimed. Miss Caroline next morning. "I guess you'll have to carry on alone again today, for Madame can't come down. If there's anything I can do to help you, just let me know. Better keep right on with the models for the 'Re-Holiday Parade.'"

"All right," Gail said as she hurried to her desk. But as soon as she had things started for the day she stepped into the telephone booth and called Derek. There was no answer. "They are entered in the first annual show to be at 4 at Gregg Farm, 106th and Meridian-sts. Fifty co-eds have entered the event, sponsored by the women's physical education department."

GAIL had gone with decided misgivings, for Ariadne had been far from helpful. The moment Gail's back was turned Ariadne would slip from the fitting room, and time as well as patience had to be wasted hunting for her. And while she posed, Ariadne kept complaining about everything, as if the young designer hadn't enough worries already. What made Gail especially annoyed was that, when they were at Madame's, Ariadne took particular pains to be most charming.

Gail wondered about this as she directed Toinelette with her work on Friday afternoon. Perhaps the finisher sensed what was in the girl's mind, for she said, "You mustn't mind Ariadne. You see, Madame promised her that she'd give her a chance to do some designing. She never has and that's why Ariadne is so disagreeable."

"So that explains it! Well, I'll see if I can't do something about that."

But at that moment Lita entered. "Rita Cordell's in the show room and Miss Cordell says for you to show her some of the fashion show styles. If she wants photographs, ask her to tell you which models she can use and we'll have the pictures made for her."

"All right, Lita. I'll be there in a minute," Gail said, and hastily finished explaining to Toinelette about some ruffles.

A MOMENT later she went forward to meet the newspaper fashion editor.

"How do you do, Miss Everett," Rita Cordell said. "I hear Madame Lisette's had quite a nasty accident."

"Yes," Gail replied, "but I think surely by next week she'll be able to come back again. I'll have Clivie slip on some of the things we've been making for our 'Re-Holiday Parade.'"

"Oh, but that's too much trouble for you. I can look at them on the hangers."

"You'll get a much better idea of the lines if you see them on a model," Gail said as she summoned Clivie.

For the next half hour the fashion editor studied the new gowns. Then she said, "I must congratulate you, Miss Everett. Your things are lovely. I'd like to use that green sport ensemble and the little tea dance frock on my page."

"All right, Miss Cordell is having photographs made and she'll send them to you."

"Oh, thanks. Remember if there's anything I can do for you at any time, don't hesitate to call on me. Skill, I don't suppose you'll be thinking of making a change—at least not for some time?"

"I don't think so, but I'll give you a call if I do."

"Fine! Be sure to read the Sunday paper—I mean the one a week from this coming Sunday. That's when I'm planning to use your dresses."

GAIL ate a hurried dinner at the club house that evening and was ready to leave when she ran into Natalie in the hall.

"Say, where have you been keeping yourself, Gail? I've knocked at

your door till my knuckles are skinned!"

"I've been working late. Madame's still away. If she gets back next week, let's make a night of it Monday."

"Why not tonight?" questioned Natalie.

"Sorry, I can't make it. I'm going to the library to look up some special period costumes."

"Well, don't work too hard!" Natalie was annoyed. She had counted on having Gail's company whenever she wished it, for she knew the other girl had few friends in the city.

As she walked rather disconsolately toward the elevator she heard a bellhop shouting, "Call for Miss Everett."

"Quickly she hurried toward him. 'Miss Everett's just stepped out doors. If you rush you may catch her.'"

A moment later she saw Gail enter the foyer with the bellhop. Natalie stepped into the elevator. Even if she did want to know who was calling Gail, she couldn't very well question her now.

GAIL entered the booth and said over the telephone, "Do you wish to speak to Gail Everett?"

"You bet I do," came the vibrant voice of Derek Hargreaves. "But first I want to apologize for not taking you to the Ferrara Gallery. I was called out of town unexpectedly, and didn't have a moment to write you. I hope you'll forgive me."

"Oh, that's all right!" Gail's heart was beating happily as she answered. "I tried to get you the next day. I was out with one of the girls that evening and we didn't get home until after midnight. I thought that was too late then to phone."

"Never worry about that. I'm quite accustomed to late calls! But now that I've found you I want to know if you'll come with me to a reception at Mrs. Morton's. I'll drop around for you a little before 4 Sunday afternoon if that's O. K. with you?"

"That will be lovely. Thanks ever so much."

"Fine! Everything goes all right!"

"I guess so. I'll tell you all about things Sunday." With a word of good-bye Gail hung up the receiver.

When she reached the library her thoughts were in a whirl. Derek wanted her to meet the famous Mrs. Morton. They were going to a gorgeous duplex apartment on Park avenue. She got the books on costume design and made a few sketches, but she could not concentrate on her work.

THE sound of chairs being pushed back, the quick, silent tread of attendants as they went from table to table collecting books and putting them once more in their places—usually a disappointment—was a relief to Gail. She hadn't got exactly what she'd wanted, but perhaps she'd manage to make out.

As she walked back to the clubhouse, she felt as though she was walking on air. She scarcely saw the brightly lighted streets with their crowds of men and women—many in evening dress—as they stepped from luxurious cars; humbler family parties watching the throngs; or straggling back to their homes; daring newboys shrieking the latest headlines; down-and-outers begging for nickels and dimes.

Pity might have swelled in Gail's heart at the sight of these unfortunately or enviously for those who were enjoying wealth, but such thoughts were foreign to her mind at the moment. Derek had called and on Sunday she'd be with him again! What frock would she wear? The green one with the metallic trimming? Yes, that would do, for she had all the accessories to make it a striking ensemble!

"COME in," called Gail, glancing up from the Sunday newspaper she had been reading, as she heard a knock at the door of her room. "Oh, it's you, Natalie! I didn't see you at breakfast, so I thought perhaps you were working with some of your relatives. It's such a lovely day!"

"Nothing like that. I've been loafing. Just got up. . . haven't even looked at the papers. Anything in them?"

"Nothing special. I was reading Rita Cordell's pages. Her articles are splendid!"

"Has she written you up yet?"

"Oh, no! I don't suppose she'll ever do that—unless I have my own place. Heaven knows when that will be, for it takes an awful lot to live even as simply as we do here."

"You're telling me? I've often thought it would be cheaper to have an apartment, but that means furnishing it or living with things you're sure to hate—or else having some one to share expenses. How'd you like to do that?"

"Mightn't be a bad move."

"Of course we'd have some housework to do, for I don't suppose we could afford a housekeeper at first. I hate housework. But there, I'm ravenous. It's almost 1. Let's go down to dinner!"

"All right," Gail answered, wondering how she should shake Natalie. She did not want to tell her she was going out with Derek. Yet she knew that if Natalie came back with her and saw her dressing, she'd want to know where she was going!

(To Be Continued)

15 Is Difficult Age for Girl, Jane Reminds

Not Child, Not Woman;
Writer Told to Seek
More Dignity.

Jane Jordan is glad to help you with your problem. Write today, then read her suggestions in this column.

Dear Jane Jordan—I started having dates when I was a freshman in high school, but only when my sister and I had double dates. Now I am a junior of 15 and my sister is 17. I go steady with a boy of 20, but only because my mother makes me. She says she doesn't approve of going steady, but when I try to go out with other boys she finds fault with them and says I am wild and want to go out with wild young men.

I want to be with friends my own age, but I never have a minute's peace. I dislike the boy I go with very much and he knows it but he keeps coming back. He works for my father and he feeds him a line. He hangs around mother and father. They always talk about me and plot to get me to go out with him. Every one in the family tries to make life as miserable as possible for me because they like him. If I go any place mother says I go to show off. If I try to be sociable and talk to my sister's boy friend she says I am trying to make him. Life doesn't mean anything to me as it is.

Everything is just grand for my sister and her friend because they always sit around and make eyes at each other. Should I go with this boy I dislike so much just to please them? Do they want me to go with him because they dislike me? I went with another boy who is 16, but the family disliked him because he works in a canteen. I glory in his ambition to work. What shall I do? DISLIKED; IT SEEMS.

Answer—What your parents do not realize is that it is a difficult job to be a girl of 15. You're at one of those in-between ages where you are neither child nor woman. You have all the instincts of a woman, with her desire to attract the opposite sex without the poise to accomplish it in an inconspicuous manner; with the wish to make your own decisions and be recognized as a separate person; without the judgment which inspires the trust of your elders.

Instead of co-operating with you in this difficult task your family has wounded your feelings by being super-critical of your behavior.

It is not uncommon for a girl to think she is disliked by her family, but it is uncommon to find that she is right about it. Your family may dislike your behavior but you may rest assured that they believe everything they say and do is for your good. They are not against you but for you. It is only their failure to understand your problem that causes trouble.

At the risk of hurting your feelings, which I do not wish to do, may I point out that your viewpoint is colored by jealousy of your older sister? All your life she has been just one jump ahead because of her age and you've tried too hard to keep up with her. Her privileges as an older girl have made you feel inferior and unwilling to remain a child under your parent's guidance.

You kick and nobody knows why you kick, least of all yourself. In my opinion you should not be forced to go with a boy whom you do not like. You are not apt to like any boy whom your family picks for you no matter what his virtues may be. But if you want the privilege of choosing your own friends you must acquire more dignity and snap out of your childish revolt against authority. You can't be 17 no matter how hard you try, but you can be a more dignified and convincing 15. Try it.

MISS IVY MAE LEEDY, daughter of Mrs. Harry Hite, and Frank Brakensiek, are to exchange marriage vows at 8 tonight in a ceremony in the East Tenth Methodist Church. Dr. J. E. Green is to officiate.

Bridal music is to be played by David Mefus, organist, and Jeannette Uhl, soloist. The church altar is to be decorated with palms and lighted with candles.

The bride is to wear a white lace gown, long tulle veil and is to carry a bouquet of white roses and baby's breath. Miss Kathryn Dieck, bridesmaid, is to wear yellow lace and carry yellow roses. Mrs. Ralph Earl, the bride's cousin, is to attend in a green lace gown and is to carry yellow roses.

Pay Ellen Hite, the bride's sister, and Lois Dale Horning are to be flower girls, and are to wear pink and blue organza frocks. They are to scatter rose petals from baskets.

Edward Shirley is to be best man and Jack Edwards, Robert Hartsock and Harry Brakensiek are to be ushers.

A reception is to be held at Mrs. Hite's home. The couple is to be at home at 3508 E. 10th-st.

Arranging Dance



Miss Eleanor Sweeney is on the committee for the annual dinner dance to be given by Alpha and Beta Chapters, Gamma Phi Alpha Sorority, Saturday night at the Indianapolis Athletic Club. Other committee members are Misses Mary Cunningham, Margaret Menefee, Catherine Duffy, Helen Hachi, Rosemary Rice, Helen Turner, Eleanor Karibo and Colleen Cook.

Arrange Program of Church Group Gathering Friday

Mrs. R. R. Mitchell is to be guest speaker at the meeting of the First Evangelical Church Women's Federation from 11 to 3 tomorrow at Mrs. Fred Weiss' home, 63 N. Sherman-dr.

Mrs. Homer D. Trotter, accompanied by Mrs. Harriet Burch, is to sing, and Mrs. Raymond Gardner is to lead devotions. Missionary current events are to be presented by Mrs. Devey Gommell, and memorial services are to be conducted by Mrs. Edward F. Kramer.

Assistant hostesses are to be Mesdames Laura Magenheimer, Frank Norius, Augusta Hoke and Elmer Emigholz. Mrs. Harry W. Krause is to preside.

Leedy-Brakensiek Nuptials Tonight

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Recently Wed



—Photo by Dehmer-Galen.
Mrs. George R. Klein Jr. (above) before her marriage was Miss Alberta May Pfeiffer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Pfeiffer.

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