

Couple to Wed Here Today in Rite at Church

Mary Sluss to Be Bride of David Rothrock Jr., Bloomington.

David A. Rothrock Jr., Bloomington, with his bride, Miss Mary Sluss, are to leave on a trip to Canada following their marriage at 4 p. m. today at the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church. After the trip the couple is to go to Providence, R. I., where Mr. Rothrock is to be an instructor at Brown University.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Edward Sluss are to entertain with a reception at their home following the ceremony to be performed by Dr. J. C. Todd, Bloomington. Misses Jane Diddle, Mary Love Hewlett, Josephine Welch, Mrs. Max Lewis, Miss Mary Dorothy Johnston, Vincennes and Miss Mary Siebenthal, Bloomington, are to assist in serving at the reception while Pasquale Montani is to present a program of harp music.

Altar to Be Decorated

The couple is to exchange vows before an altar arranged with palms, ferns, baskets of flowers and lighted by candles. The altar is to be decorated with a "Because" and "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" preceding the ceremony.

The bride, to be given in marriage by her father, is to wear a white satin gown. A lace train falls from the fitted lace jacket buttoned down the front. A band of sweetheart roses is to circle the cap of the tulle veil. The bride's bouquet is to be of gardenias and lilies of the valley.

Mrs. Thomas Arnold, as matron of honor, is to attend in a cornflower blue chiffon gown, designed with full skirt and a finger-tip length cape falling from the shoulders. Her hair is to be arranged with yellow roses, matching her arm bouquet.

Graduates of Indiana U.

Philip Rothrock, the bridegroom's brother, is to be best man. Henry Rothrock, Wilmington, Del., another brother; William Holland, Charles Harrell and Henry Snyder, all of Bloomington, and Alfred Beck, Chicago, are to be ushers.

Mrs. Sluss' gown is to be of pastel flowered chiffon and her corsage of gardenias. The bridegroom's parents, Dean and Mrs. D. A. Rothrock, Bloomington, are to attend, and Mrs. Rothrock's gown is to be of peach chiffon and her corsage of gardenias.

Latest Fashions From Local Shops



of peach chiffon and her corsage of gardenias.

Sprayer Aids Ironing

A touch of the finger on an automatic clothes sprayer lays down an even all-over film of misty moisture. Bring in the line-dry clothes, spray them, start ironing at once. No rolling-up and overnight wait necessary.

BY MARJORIE BINFORD WOODS
Times Fashion Editor

There are girls and girls! Some are straight and tall and slender, Others cute and small and tender, Some fat, Some lean, Some in-between; But there's one thing they all go for, And that's a real hat-buying-bender!

So Much for Love

BEGIN HERE TODAY

HELENA DERRICK, youthful head of the women's sports department at Helix's store, accepts an invitation from one of her customers, SANDRA LEIGH, to join a week-end party at Crest Mountain Lodge.

Helena goes. Also a member of the party is handsome PETER HENDERSON from a nearby town. It is a case of love at first sight between Helena and Peter. Almost immediately he asks her to marry him. Helena hesitates, finally agrees.

CHAPTER III

IT was Sandra Leigh herself who went for the minister, using the broken down roustabout car owned by the caretaker of the lodge. She was to return with him well before noon, and in the meantime Crest Mountain Lodge was a beehive of activity. Sandra's friends delightedly decorated the big main room of the lodge with fir boughs, and strips of colored paper which the lodgekeeper's wife resubjected.

These are from a New Year's party that was held here once, she told them. "And when it was over, I saved all the decorations. I had a feeling they might come in useful some time. And, sure enough, they do." She sighed romantically. "I declare, I never thought the place would see a wedding—although I'll confess I've seen a heap of love affairs begin here. I bet turned out in weddings before very long."

More excited than any were Peter Henderson and Helena. For the most part they kept close to their respective rooms, trembling about the time when Sandra would return with the minister.

Several times Helena, stricken by sudden panic, debated whether to escape to the station. Suppose it was all a horrible mistake? There were a hundred things that could happen. She might discover that Peter was imprudent and given to drink; for Helena had heard that these evils often went with charm.

AND she might learn too late—that Peter was one of those men who found all women attractive, and was in turn admired by them. There came back to Helena a casual remark of Sandra's: "No woman can resist the charm of his..." What had she meant by that? Perhaps it was a calculated statement, a remark designed to warn a friend, to make her think. "But if Sandra had known of any reason why I shouldn't marry Peter she'd have told me," Helena reminded herself stoutly.

As the morning wore on, she began to dress herself for the wedding. Sandra had told her that she might wear simple sport clothes for the ceremony, and Helena had been mildly amused at the suggestion. In her week-end bag she had packed only three outfits; one for swimming, one for hiking through woods, and a sports outfit adaptable to whatever informal affair might take place. But she had never dreamed that any "informal affair" might turn out to be her own wedding!

Just as she completed dressing she heard Sandra's familiar voice on the veranda.

"I couldn't find a minister—but I found a justice of the peace, and he insists he can marry people legally."

marriages, you know. Though I did find a justice of the peace. He can't see very well, and he has whiskers, but I'm sure you'll adore him. He was a little suspicious at first. Said he wouldn't have anything to do with what he called a 'gin wedding.' But finally I managed to assure him that nobody had taken a drink at Crest Mountain Lodge for at least 10 hours."

"Maybe you shouldn't have done that," Helena faltered. "I feel as if I might do with a cocktail."

Sandra put her arm about Helena's shoulder. "Buck up, baby. Girls get married every minute—and live. It's the bridegroom who really needs a drink. He takes all the responsibility." Sandra grinned mischievously. "And I'd be willing to bet that Peter has had one or two."

WHEN Helena accompanied Sandra out into the giant living room with its roaring fire she discovered that the Leigh girl was right. Peter had taken a drink or two, although he did not show it. Helena would never have realized it had she not detected the sweetish odor of liquor. She didn't blame him. The fact was that she rather enjoyed the false assurance the alcohol had given Peter. How did a man feel when he was about to agree, before God and the world, to take unto himself a woman and support her for the rest of their natural lives?

It seemed odd that a ceremony which was to bind two people for life should consume so little time. When it was over she stood as if stunned, and then suddenly Peter took her in his arms and kissed her. She heard the delighted squeals—they were really that, she remembered afterward—of the wedding party.

PAIN SUITER and Jack Gose and the rest insisted upon kissing the bride, despite the protests of Peter; and at length she found herself in a corner of the big room, trembling and scared—yet somehow happy.

She was grateful when Peter came to her again. "There'll be time to think this out," he whispered. "The thing for you to remember, until we can be alone, is that I love you. Will you remember that?"

"Always," Helena said. "And you'll remember that—that it goes double!"

He kissed her again. "We'll have a real honeymoon, darling. And I'll get you a ring that is ring."

For the "ring" had been Peter's own, used because there was neither time, nor place, to get another.

"I won't want to change rings now," Helena said slowly. "No ring could mean as much to me as this one."

She saw Sandra coming toward them. "Well," the Leigh girl exclaimed, "it's all over now. And, just to celebrate, we're all going for a swim—after the caretaker has brought us cocktails to drink to the bride."

Peter turned to her. "You've been grand, Sandy. Helena and I will never be able to thank you enough. But we'll slip out on the evening train. If you don't mind, I know you won't expect us to stay over Sunday. I mean..."

He stopped, as embarrassed as a boy. "Well, after all, there's been a marriage, Sandy."

"Of course there has," the Leigh girl laughed. "We all expected you'd leave on the night train. Good heavens, Peter, you didn't think we all expected to stay with you the remainder of your married life, did you?"

Helena had a sudden, frightening thought. "I'd forgotten to telephone Miss Landes at Helix's that I won't be at work Monday."

"Skip it," Sandra told her. "I've wired her, and she'll get it Monday morning!" She turned toward the group around the table where the cocktails had been set out. "A toast to the bride! And then everybody into their swim suits!"

Bernard Reiter laughed, raising a glass. "Right, Sandy! A toast to the bride—and then we'll launch the bridegroom in the lake. I've always wanted to see a bridegroom launched."

"In fact," I mentioned Jack Gose. "I'm afraid I'm on breaking the bottle of champagne over his head!"

It was over an hour before they really got into their swimming togs and were headed toward the shore of the lake. And meanwhile there had been more than a toast to the bride. A toast to the bride had called for a toast to the bridegroom—been this time followed by a toast to Helena for her bravery. After that, there were cocktails consumed without any particular reason; and Helena nervously saw that Peter took even more than the rest.

Despite his drinking he remained sensible and courteous and she thought in sudden panic: He's used to drinking a lot. She noticed, too, how the women of the party clustered around him, obviously attracted by his charm. "I mustn't be foolishly jealous," she told herself. "I've heard how women have wrecked their marriages by being foolishly jealous. Peter's good-looking, and I'll have to expect that women will like him. But nevertheless a small, hurting fear clutched at her heart."

The last cocktail finished, Sandra gave them all 10 minutes in which to get into their suits. Nervous and trembling, Helena took longer—and when she appeared on the lodge veranda she discovered that the rest were already down on the shore.

"Hurry," Sandra called to her. "We've begun a diving contest. I'm putting up a secret prize."

PETER'S blond head popped up from the lake. "Hello, Mrs. Henderson!" he called. With a few swift strokes he was ashore. "I'm cutting this contest short right now," he announced. "I'll dive from that tree—it's higher than the top rung of the diving platform."

"Don't be a fool," Jack Gose told him seriously. "It's at least 10 feet higher."

Peter answered him with a glance slightly alcoholic in his bravery. "After all," he said, "it's my wedding day—and if I feel like diving from a tree—I'm going to do it!"

No one considered, then, just what was happening—not even Helena. More with pride than with fear, she watched Peter climb recklessly, swiftly, to the topmost branch of the tall fir which stood by the shore of the lake. Almost before she had realized it, he had dived. She saw his body hurtling, saw it strike the water and disappear beneath the surface.

There was cheering laughter from the crowd. Then silence. Silence during which the surface of the lake smoothed itself. Suddenly Helena knew that something had happened to Peter. She knew it even before Pain Suiter said in a queer voice, "There might be submerged stumps at the bottom..."

(To Be Continued)

END PLAY MAKES SLAM

South is playing the hand at three no trump. He has won the opening lead and now starts the club suit. There is a tricky play or two in the handling of this suit.

♠ J 8 3
♥ 8 5 4
♦ A 8 7 6 4 2
♣ Q 10 8 2

W N E S
Dealer
♠ A 7 5 3
♥ A K Q
♦ A 5 2
♣ A 9

N. & S. vul. Opener—♠ 2
Solution in next issue. 11

Today's Contract Problem

South is playing the hand at three no trump. He has won the opening lead and now starts the club suit. There is a tricky play or two in the handling of this suit.

♠ J 8 3
♥ 8 5 4
♦ A 8 7 6 4 2
♣ Q 10 8 2

W N E S
Dealer
♠ A 7 5 3
♥ A K Q
♦ A 5 2
♣ A 9

N. & S. vul. Opener—♠ 2
Solution in next issue. 11

Solution to Previous Contract Problem

BY WILLIAM E. MCKENNEY
American Bridge League Secretary

MRS. ROBERT B. FULLER, vice president of the women's auxiliary of the American Bridge League, recently conducted a women's duplicate pair game in New York City. The prize was free entrance to the women's pair championship event at the national tournament of the league, to be held in Asbury Park, N. J.

Among contestants were Mrs. Mabel Ullrich and Mrs. Bertine Teichmann, both of New Jersey, and present holders of the championship, and Mrs. Maud Zontlein, who with Mrs. Olive Peterson, won the event in 1930, when the cup, presented by the late Wilbur C. Whitehead, was first put in competition.

However, all the champions fell by the wayside, and the event was won by Mrs. M. D. Rothschild and Mrs. Blanche Moore, both of New York.

One of the many interesting hands was played neatly by Mrs. Teichmann to fulfill her small slam contract. Opening lead, the club queen, was won with the ace and declarer could see 12 sure tricks, if diamonds broke.

Two rounds of diamonds were led. When West showed out, South saw she must take a successful spade finesse to make the hand. She led the spade seven and breathed easier when the ten held the trick.

Now all that was needed was an even break in the spades. So the ace was led, then three rounds of hearts, and the king of clubs.

Now South led her last spade. When West failed to follow suit, the king was cashed. East was thrown in with the last spade, to lead up to dummy's diamonds, and South fulfilled her contract with a neatly executed end play.

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Young 'Alibi' Seen to Need Parental Talk

Correct the Habit Early, Mothers Are Advised by Expert.

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

When Timothy comes in blubbering that he got his clothes muddy because Buzzy pushed him, don't listen at all.

His crime consists in blaming the other fellow, not in getting dirty. Perhaps Buzzy did push him, but the chances are that they were playing a game and both forgot the puddle was there.

If Timothy isn't a chronic "squealer," then we can afford to look into things and treat the matter as it deserves. But the little boy or girl who refuses constantly to face the results of his own faults gets to be unbearable.

Habit Quickly Acquired

The habit seems to grow from almost nothing. One day Timothy is a real sport, and then something happens to turn him to alibi-hunter. Maybe a little fear has poked up its head. Maybe he's done something he's been warned about and suddenly finds the need of excuse. Or perhaps without realizing it, his parents have over-punished for something he really couldn't help.

But more than likely his mother has taken his part some time and blamed an incident on another little boy. Suddenly Timothy realized how good it felt to be let off.

After that he didn't need any help. He could do his own accusing. Not only Buzzy, but Pete and Jim and Hector were convenient pegs to hang his conscience on.

Now Timothy comes in whimpering about stones and gates and green apples as well as people. If that old rock hadn't been there he wouldn't have stumbled. If the chair hadn't been out of place he wouldn't have cracked his ankle. If the old tree hadn't dropped its apple he wouldn't have tried one and got a stomach ache.

Affects Adult Life

You can't call such a child a tattletale exactly, because his idea of involving others is not a desire to see them suffer, merely to be excused himself. He is simply refusing to acknowledge that he has any responsibility at all, because he likes to excuse himself, to himself.

As he grows, the habit will color his whole outlook. Nothing that happens, by any possible chance, will ever be his own fault entirely, so he figures.

It soon passes from "things" and "people" to situations. If he is late it will forever be something beyond his own control that kept him. If he doesn't get along in school, "the teacher is too strict" or "the class is too busy," "the family won't help him," or "all my books are torn." Any reason—but the right one, his own lack of perseverance.

Once this stage is reached the man in him is pretty well lost. We fail and blame the Buzbys and the Petes for splashing mud. Every car that's wrecked isn't the other fellow's fault. Oh, how we hate to acknowledge that one second we took our eye off the road. It isn't one bit different from Timothy's failure to see the puddle when he and his pal were playing tag.

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Chorus Is Feted

Corra Bernhardt was hostess yesterday at a luncheon and business meeting of the Seventh District Federation chorus.

That Shade Feels Good, They Agree



Mrs. John Wardrobe (left) and Mrs. John Heid enjoy the shade near the eighteenth green of the Indianapolis Country Club golf course as a vantage point to watch their friends come in from a round.

Rosa Rudami, Former Actress, Finds New Career in Antiques

BY MARY MARGARET M'BRIE
NEA Service Staff Correspondent

NEW YORK, July 18.—David Warfield talked about Rosa Rudami's "boudoir eyes" when she played with him in "The Merchant of Venice."

The critics nicknamed her the Black Orchid of the screen because of her dark, slumberous orbs. And then came a day when Rosa, working in a picture with Cecil de Mille, realized that she was gradually losing her vision, that she could scarcely see out of the beautiful eyes for which she was famous.

"I kept on working even after it was dangerous for me to do it," she recalled. "In one picture, particularly, where we were filming shots at the top of the Palisades and using a wind machine, one misstep over the precipice, blown by the false wind, might have meant an end, since nobody knew that I could scarcely see. It was my pride."

This is why it is so necessary to teach very young children not to run in and blame the Buzbys and the Petes for splashing mud. Every car that's wrecked isn't the other fellow's fault. Oh, how we hate to acknowledge that one second we took our eye off the road. It isn't one bit different from Timothy's failure to see the puddle when he and his pal were playing tag.

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Good to Eat

COOKING FOR ONE

COOKING for two is always a problem, but cooking for one is really a dismal business. I dare say that most people who have only themselves to cook for prefer to open cans for their meals. Now, there's no reason why this should be. Let me give you some suggestions—on a dinner consisting of a small meat loaf, baked potatoes, creamed carrots, tomato salad and small cakes.

MEAT LOAF FOR ONE

1/2 lb. chopped meat
2 slices salt bread
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 teaspoon salt
1 tomato, chopped
Dash of pepper

Mix all the ingredients together into a compact flat loaf and bake in a hot 400° oven for 30 minutes. Eat it as 4 medium, or cut potatoes at the same time. For a vegetable, turn the contents of a can of carrots (smallest size) into a buttered casserole and pour 1-4 cup cream, salt, pepper over them. Heat in the oven at the same time the meat loaf and potatoes are baking.

The left-over meat loaf can be broiled in patties, spread with mustard for a second dinner.

Here's a top-of-the-stove dinner—lamb chop, sautéed sweet potatoes, buttered cabbage, lettuce hearts, chocolate pudding.

Place the chops over high heat until they are nicely browned. Then turn heat low and let them continue to cook for 15 minutes. Buy a very small cabbage, shred enough to make 1 1/2 cups and cook in rapidly boiling salted water for six to eight minutes. Drain, add 1 tablespoon of butter, salt and pepper.

The chocolate pudding I suggested is the easiest in the world to prepare, for you make up 1/4 package of prepared chocolate pudding according to directions on the package, usually merely adding milk. Let it cool and serve with plain or whipped cream.

Tomorrow you can easily use any chocolate pudding left over for another dessert. Buy one or two cup cakes, cut in halves and cover the halves generously with chocolate pudding, topped with whipped cream.

These suggestions are, as you see, for hot meals—there are, of course, at this season any number of cold dishes easy to prepare for one, such as cold meats, salads, fruit and such. However, it is a good idea to fix yourself a good hot meal even in the warmest weather—at least two or three times a week. Nothing palls quicker than cold meals, day after day.

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St. Joan of Arc Festival Tonight

More than 300 are expected to attend the dinner to be sponsored by past and present officers of the St. Joan of Arc Women's Club tonight at the church.

The dinner is a feature of the seventh annual lawn fete sponsored by the parish.

Entertainment for children is to open the program, which includes bingo, dinner and a band concert.

Mrs. James B. Stone and Mrs. C. R. Keogh are party co-chairmen and Mrs. George Rice is dinner chairman.

Pressing Helps Clothes

One reason Louise Latimer always looks as if she stepped out of a band box is that she sees to it that her clothes are pressed each time before she puts them on. This enables her garments to hold their shape and look nicer longer than ordinarily.

Jane Suggests Mother Might Reveal Story

Inner Security, Peace of Mind May Be Result, Jordan Says.

If you need more light on your problem before making an important decision, write to Jane Jordan, who will answer your letters in this column.

Dear Jane Jordan—My parents died when I was 10 and I went to live with my grandparents. They were old and didn't believe in telling girls things they should know. At the age of 14 I had a baby girl. When I was 18 I married another man and we have a son. We lived together five years. He knew all men are his child but did not want my little girl. He was so mean to me I left him. He said he was jealous of the affair I had before he knew me. Now he has the little boy and I have my daughter.

I was determined to get ahead, so I took a course and now I have a job which is paying more than most men are making. I send my son money and have a nice home for myself and daughter. I don't have to get married for money or some one to support me. I met a man four months ago whom I like very much. He wants to get married right away, but I have put him off until fall. He knows I have been married but doesn't know about my daughter. My daughter doesn't want any one to know the facts about her. I never see any one from the place my child was born. My ex-husband told a few people where he lives because he was angry when I left, but I never see any of them.

Should I tell the man who wants to marry me about my daughter? I don't believe my ex-husband will tell him if I ask him not to. I am afraid if I tell he won't trust me, although I know all men are not alike. If he knew it he might say things which I would misinterpret. I think he would marry me anyway even if he did know, but I just want to be sure of what I am doing. I am happy now and love my work and don't want to make another big mistake.

PUSHING AHEAD.

Answer—In your place I believe I would prefer telling my story to the man I expected to marry without letting my daughter know that I had done so. In the first place, you would protect yourself against malicious gossip and save your daughter's feelings. If the man is not worthy of your confidence he is not worthy of your love.

It ought not to be difficult if the understanding between you is complete. The trouble is that you've only known the man four months and you aren't certain of his character. You deserve a good partner, one who would appreciate your hardy spirit. I feel that since you know the man and I do not, that your judgment would be better than mine.

I was just wondering if you wouldn't have more peace of mind and inner security if your husband knew all about you and was cooperating with you in shielding your daughter. You deserve a good partner, one who would appreciate your hardy spirit. I feel that since you know the man and I do not, that your judgment would be better than mine.

Let me tell you about three sisters I know who live right here in America," she urged. "These are all university graduates and each has fitted herself for a profession. One is a doctor, one a chemist and one a biologist. They are still young and they must ask permission of their parents for anything they want to do. They must be accompanied by a relative when they go out in the evening. And it is not in the least unusual for their parents to telephone at 10 o'clock wherever they are to check up on them."

"These young women are, of course, of Italian birth, but they live, let me remind you, in this country. All the same, I think that fine changes are taking place in the attitude of men toward women all over the world. Real men no longer resent the help of women, nor women's rise in the world by work, as they once did."

"Perhaps the mistake all women made at first was to feel that in order to succeed they had to become hard and unfeeling. Men resent this and women found it out. Now our business and professional women make a determined effort to preserve their femininity."

July Marriage Revealed Here

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Mehrling have announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss M. Lucille Mehrling, to Frank Eaks Bower, Fort Pierce, Fla. The wedding took place at Fort Pierce July 9.

Mrs. Mehrling attended the ceremony, and returned to her home here with another daughter, Mrs. Lewis Ruff, also of Fort Pierce. The bride is to arrive here later for a visit with her parents.

Mrs. Bower attended Stephens College at Columbia, Mo., and Mr. Bower attended Georgia Vocational and Training College at Monroe, Ga.

Party Given For 4-H Club Group

Rocky 4-H Club members who are to leave Monday for camp at the Boy Scout reservation were guests at a party given recently by Mrs. Frank M. Pittman.

Mrs. Pittman entertained for her niece, Miss Dorothy McAlvey, and others in the group.

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