

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMEN

Clubs

Circles

SOCIETY

Suffrage

Philanthropy

The Woman's Foreign Missionary society of the Lowell Heights M. E. church held its honorary member meeting in the parlors of the church Thursday afternoon. The devotional and song service was lead by Rev. C. C. Jordan. U. S. Vaughn talked on "The Origin of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and Its Progress." Two musical selections were given by the church quartet, and Mrs. C. C. Jordan explained the purpose of the Boston Jubilee Bell after which the mystery box was conducted by Mrs. U. S. Vaughn. Miss Ernest Peach closed the meeting with prayer. The next meeting will be held on Sept. 11, the place of which will be announced later.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brown, 427 N. Cushing st., entertained 30 guests Thursday night in honor of Mr. Brown's 64th birthday anniversary. A musical program was given by Mrs. George Weaver, Miss Helen Rock and Miss Molly Simmons. Garde dowers formed attractive decorations and refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Burmeister, 713 N. Scott st., were pleasantly surprised by their Sunday school class of St. Peter's Evangelical church Thursday night. Mrs. Burmeister was formerly teacher of the class of which 18 were present. Games and music were the diversions of the evening and refreshments were served.

The twelfth annual reunion of the Wipperman family was held at the Leeper park Thursday. At noon a pot-luck dinner was served to 53 members. During the afternoon games and contests were enjoyed and a picnic supper concluded the festivity. The out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kibler and three daughters, Marjorie, Irene and Dora of Toledo, O., and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Beal and son, Eugene of Constantine, Mich. The next annual reunion will be held August 21, 1920.

Miss Sarah Witwer, 1614 S. Michigan st., entertained 14 guests Thursday afternoon at a tea in honor of Mrs. Armin Fisher of St. Louis. Mrs. the guest of Dr. and Mrs. F. P. Eastman, and Mrs. Carl Kohlmeier, who will leave next week for her new home in Kansas City, Mo. The table was attractively decorated with pink gingham and the assistant hostesses were Miss Helen and Miss Mary Russ. Mrs. Everett Leisure, 213 N. Taylor st., will entertain Friday as a courtesy to Mrs. Kohlmeier.

Mrs. Adaline Weaver, 802 Alabama st., S. Moor et. Mishawaka, entertained Mrs. Jack Willing of Chicago, Ill., and Mrs. Henry Erdert, 515 Alabama st., at a 12 o'clock luncheon Thursday. A bowl of brightly colored garden roses formed the centerpiece.

Mrs. Alice Rudduck, 714 George st., was pleasantly surprised Thursday evening by her children and grandchildren, who entertained with a 6 o'clock dinner in honor of her 68th birthday. Covers were laid for 17. Mrs. Rudduck was presented with a gold watch and chain.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Broadway Evangelical church met at the home of Mrs. Henry C. Heintzel, 461 E. Indiana av., Thursday afternoon. After a business meeting refreshments were served to 25 members by Mrs. Margaret Heintzel, the hostess. Mrs. Hester Carroll st., will entertain September 11th.

The Culver Black Horse troop was entertained at the South Bend Country Club Thursday evening. More than 150 guests enjoyed the program of dances furnished by Donahue's orchestra.

Announcements

A K. of P. basket picnic will be held Saturday at Pottawatonia park. The Pythian sisters are invited to bring baskets and attend.

Personals

Mrs. Frank Breckner and son, Junior Breckner, 718 California av., left Wednesday for Detroit, Mich. and Windsor, Canada, where they will visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Marsh.

John L. Wagner, son of Mrs. Maggie Wagner, 928 N. Eddy st., has safely arrived at Camp Mills, N. Y. on the U. S. S. Julia Luckenbach after 19 months' actual service overseas.

Mrs. Emma Harrington, 197 Stull st., is spending the week at Eagle lake, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Rosenberg, of Syracuse, N. Y., who have been the guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. H. W. Kreighbaum, 1923 Lincoln Way E. since Aug. 4th, left Thursday for Chicago, from where they will take the northern route across the continent to Los Angeles. After spending the winter in California they will return to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Nicely and son, Robert, 1322 S. Main st., left for a three weeks' automobile trip to Detroit and Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. J. Kratz and son of Escanaba, Mich., are the guests of Mrs. Maxine's aunt, Mrs. L. Friesen, 715 Riverside dr.

Mrs. J. Lichman of Chicago is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Maxine, 715 Riverside dr.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Loel of Clinton, Ill., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. D. A. Friesen, 312 W. Wayne st.

THE JOYS OF MOTORING. BERNARD, Kan., Aug. 15.—J. K. Caughey, a farmer living near here, lost 10 acres of fine wheat in a peculiar accident. The wheat was set afire by the exhaust pipe of his automobile.

to South Bend, he had six months' special work at the Sarah Morris children's hospital in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Cully and children, 208 E. Sample st., have returned from a two weeks' motor trip to Akron, Cleveland and various points in Ohio.

News of Interest on the West Side

SOCIAL EVENTS.

Marion Woodka, commander of the sixth district of the Polish Falcons, was a guest of honor at a delightful surprise party given by the combined nests of Lady Falcons and Falcons Z. Balicki No. 1, and M. Romanowski at the Z. Balicki hall Thursday evening. The affair was in honor of Mr. Woodka's approaching marriage to Miss Victoria Wroblewski, which will take place Monday, Aug. 18. Over 50 members were present. Games, contests, singing and dancing made the evening an enjoyable one and refreshments were served. Music throughout the evening was contributed by Leon Chelminski and the Misses Louise Taberska, Stella Kitkowska and Helen Taberska. Mr. Woodka was the recipient of a beautiful reading lamp.

Miss Henrietta Wojtacka, Laporte av., was pleasantly surprised Thursday evening by a number of friends in honor of her 16th birthday. The evening was spent in games, contests and music. Miss Wojtacka was presented with a bouquet of roses and a handsome gift.

The Fancy Work class of the Polish Women's Alliance of America will meet Saturday afternoon at St. Hedwig's school building. Mrs. Mary Niezgodzki is in charge of the class.

Miss Harry Drzewiecka pleasantly entertained a few friends at her home, S. Taylor st., Thursday afternoon. The time was spent in needlework and a contest was next enjoyed, favors being won by Mrs. Carl Kizer and Mrs. M. T. Grove. A dainty luncheon was served by the hostess.

PERSONALS.

Martin Dembski, who has been here on a short business visit, returned to Milwaukee, Wis.

Miss Mary Hortanska of East Chicago, Ill., is the guest of Miss Elizabeth Rogers, 711 W. Wayne st.

The condition of Ladislaus Robaszewski, 169 N. Carlisle st., who has been critically ill with bronchial pneumonia, shows some improvement.

John Nadolny of Detroit, Mich., is spending a week with relatives. He is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wasowski, W. Fisher st.

Alex Markowicz has returned to his home in Cleveland, O., after a week's visit with relatives.

Pvt. Alex Strauss of Battery F., 12th field artillery, who has just recently returned from France, has received his honorable discharge at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O., and has arrived at the home of his mother, Mrs. Frances Strauss, 941 W. Thomas st. He enlisted 28 months ago and has been overseas the past 18 months. He was also wounded in action five times.

Zygmund Bartoszek of the United States navy has arrived home and is a guest of his mother, Mrs. Solomea Bartoszek, 425 S. Chapin st. He was honorably discharged at Pittsburg, Pa.

Stephen Glynn, W. Division st., has returned from Detroit, Mich., where he has been for the past few days visiting friends.

Mis. Hedwiga Jarecka returned to Hammond, Ind., after a short visit here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Knapczynski of Michigan City are here to spend a week with relatives and friends.

Albin Kolupa arrived at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Kolupa, College st., having received an honorable discharge at Camp Sherman, Ohio. Pvt. Kolupa left South Bend in 1917. He has seen considerable fighting and was wounded a few times.

Pvt. Clements Kruk, son of Mr. and Mrs. Kruk, 455 S. Phillipa st., has arrived home early Friday morning having received his honorable discharge at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O. Pvt. Kruk is a member of Battery C, 12th field artillery.

PRISONERS RAID BOOTLEG EVIDENCE IN NEXT CELL

PARIS, Ill., Aug. 15.—Sheriff Sizer more seized some liquor in a bootlegging raid near here. For safe keeping he stored it in the county jail. A cell was graced by its presence. Adjoining were prisoners whose dust-covered throats and parched lips caused them untold agony. But the dust and parched remained not long. One of them conceived a brilliant idea. He secured a mop handle, to which a hooked wire was attached. With this the enemies of society managed to extract and empty an entire case of pint bottles of whisky. Bottles they could not draw through the bars were emptied by tilting up the larger portion of the bottle outside the bars. When the discovery was made by the sheriff the prisoners suspected of having taken the liquor were locked up in cells by themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Nicely and son, Robert, 1322 S. Main st., left for a three weeks' automobile trip to Detroit and Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. J. Kratz and son of Escanaba, Mich., are the guests of Mrs. Maxine's aunt, Mrs. L. Friesen, 715 Riverside dr.

Mrs. J. Lichman of Chicago is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Maxine, 715 Riverside dr.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Loel of Clinton, Ill., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. D. A. Friesen, 312 W. Wayne st.

THE JOYS OF MOTORING. BERNARD, Kan., Aug. 15.—J. K. Caughey, a farmer living near here, lost 10 acres of fine wheat in a peculiar accident. The wheat was set afire by the exhaust pipe of his automobile.

Adele Garrison's New Revelations of a Wife
"Their Second Honeymoon"

THE MESSAGE THAT GAME OVER THE TELEPHONE.

"Oh! Meesis Graham, you should com queek by telephone. Something awful happened to meester Graham—oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

I sprang from my bed at Katie's high pitched, trembling voice which broke off into excited emotional sobs as I opened the door.

"What do you mean, Katie? What is it?" I gasped trembling with a thought of Dicky's sick mother in another room. I put my hand over the girl's mouth, already opened wide for another burst of awful sobbing.

"Hush!" I said sternly. "You mustn't alarm Mrs. Graham. Don't say another word."

I have no idea how I got down stairs to the telephone. There is a branch phone upstairs, but I feared to use it. If, by any miracle, Dicky's mother had escaped being awoken by Katie's loud voice, I must keep her in ignorance as long as possible of whatever terrible thing awaited me at the telephone.

"Is this Mrs. Graham?" I pulled myself together and compelled myself to answer. But I couldn't keep the trembling horror from my voice.

"Oh, yes. What is it? What has happened?"

"Mr. Frederick Graham wishes me to give you a message," the impersonal voice repeated smoothly. "He says to tell you he ate a very good supper—"

"I clutched at the straw of the unfamiliar given name. "Stop!" I said excitedly. "I'm not Mrs. Frederick Graham but Mrs. Elchard Graham. I don't think your message is for me."

For through my stunned brain was creeping the recollection of my search through the local telephone register a few days before for a tradesman's number. While doing so I had idly remarked that there was another Graham besides my own name in the Marvin register. What had that given name been? "Frederick?" Yes, I was quite sure that was the name.

"Let me have the message, please," I said quietly. I must be very sure that it didn't mean Dicky before I did anything else.

"Mr. Frederick Graham wishes me to tell you that he had a very good supper, that he's feeling fine, that he has gotten hold of some books to read, and that you are not to think of coming to see him before Saturday or Sunday."

"No, that message isn't for me," I said with a voice that sang its relief. "It must be for Mrs. Frederick Graham of Gates av. Her number—" I was turning the leaves of the local register frantically. "Is—"

Curiously enough there were no happy remembrances. As if the memory of Dicky's peril pulled my perceptions until regret and remorse were the only emotions that came to me, there returned

the few seconds that intervened before I could catch my breath sufficiently to answer the interne—for such I judged to be the position of the man at the other end of the telephone—there flashed through my mind with cinema-like swiftness and fidelity to minute detail numberless episodes of the checkered emotional life my husband and I had experienced together.

Curiously enough there were no happy remembrances. As if the memory of Dicky's peril pulled my perceptions until regret and remorse were the only emotions that came to me, there returned

the few seconds that intervened before I could catch my breath sufficiently to answer the interne—for such I judged to be the position of the man at the other end of the telephone—there flashed through my mind with cinema-like swiftness and fidelity to minute detail numberless episodes of the checkered emotional life my husband and I had experienced together.

Curiously enough there were no happy remembrances. As if the memory of Dicky's peril pulled my perceptions until regret and remorse were the only emotions that came to me, there returned

the few seconds that intervened before I could catch my breath sufficiently to answer the interne—for such I judged to be the position of the man at the other end of the telephone—there flashed through my mind with cinema-like swiftness and fidelity to minute detail numberless episodes of the checkered emotional life my husband and I had experienced together.

Curiously enough there were no happy remembrances. As if the memory of Dicky's peril pulled my perceptions until regret and remorse were the only emotions that came to me, there returned

the few seconds that intervened before I could catch my breath sufficiently to answer the interne—for such I judged to be the position of the man at the other end of the telephone—there flashed through my mind with cinema-like swiftness and fidelity to minute detail numberless episodes of the checkered emotional life my husband and I had experienced together.

Curiously enough there were no happy remembrances. As if the memory of Dicky's peril pulled my perceptions until regret and remorse were the only emotions that came to me, there returned

the few seconds that intervened before I could catch my breath sufficiently to answer the interne—for such I judged to be the position of the man at the other end of the telephone—there flashed through my mind with cinema-like swiftness and fidelity to minute detail numberless episodes of the checkered emotional life my husband and I had experienced together.

Curiously enough there were no happy remembrances. As if the memory of Dicky's peril pulled my perceptions until regret and remorse were the only emotions that came to me, there returned

the few seconds that intervened before I could catch my breath sufficiently to answer the interne—for such I judged to be the position of the man at the other end of the telephone—there flashed through my mind with cinema-like swiftness and fidelity to minute detail numberless episodes of the checkered emotional life my husband and I had experienced together.

Curiously enough there were no happy remembrances. As if the memory of Dicky's peril pulled my perceptions until regret and remorse were the only emotions that came to me, there returned

the few seconds that intervened before I could catch my breath sufficiently to answer the interne—for such I judged to be the position of the man at the other end of the telephone—there flashed through my mind with cinema-like swiftness and fidelity to minute detail numberless episodes of the checkered emotional life my husband and I had experienced together.

Curiously enough there were no happy remembrances. As if the memory of Dicky's peril pulled my perceptions until regret and remorse were the only emotions that came to me, there returned

the few seconds that intervened before I could catch my breath sufficiently to answer the interne—for such I judged to be the position of the man at the other end of the telephone—there flashed through my mind with cinema-like swiftness and fidelity to minute detail numberless episodes of the checkered emotional life my husband and I had experienced together.

Curiously enough there were no happy remembrances. As if the memory of Dicky's peril pulled my perceptions until regret and remorse were the only emotions that came to me, there returned

the few seconds that intervened before I could catch my breath sufficiently to answer the interne—for such I judged to be the position of the man at the other end of the telephone—there flashed through my mind with cinema-like swiftness and fidelity to minute detail numberless episodes of the checkered emotional life my husband and I had experienced together.

Curiously enough there were no happy remembrances. As if the memory of Dicky's peril pulled my perceptions until regret and remorse were the only emotions that came to me, there returned

the few seconds that intervened before I could catch my breath sufficiently to answer the interne—for such I judged to be the position of the man at the other end of the telephone—there flashed through my mind with cinema-like swiftness and fidelity to minute detail numberless episodes of the checkered emotional life my husband and I had experienced together.

Curiously enough there were no happy remembrances. As if the memory of Dicky's peril pulled my perceptions until regret and remorse were the only emotions that came to me, there returned

the few seconds that intervened before I could catch my breath sufficiently to answer the interne—for such I judged to be the position of the man at the other end of the telephone—there flashed through my mind with cinema-like swiftness and fidelity to minute detail numberless episodes of the checkered emotional life my husband and I had experienced together.

Curiously enough there were no happy remembrances. As if the memory of Dicky's peril pulled my perceptions until regret and remorse were the only emotions that came to me, there returned

the few seconds that intervened before I could catch my breath sufficiently to answer the interne—for such I judged to be the position of the man at the other end of the telephone—there flashed through my mind with cinema-like swiftness and fidelity to minute detail numberless episodes of the checkered emotional life my husband and I had experienced together.

Curiously enough there were no happy remembrances. As if the memory of Dicky's peril pulled my perceptions until regret and remorse were the only emotions that came to me, there returned

the few seconds that intervened before I could catch my breath sufficiently to answer the interne—for such I judged to be the position of the man at the other end of the telephone—there flashed through my mind with cinema-like swiftness and fidelity to minute detail numberless episodes of the checkered emotional life my husband and I had experienced together.

Curiously enough there were no happy remembrances. As if the memory of Dicky's peril pulled my perceptions until regret and