

## DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMEN

## Clubs

Mrs. Kenneth Beers, 1422 Michawaka av., was hostess to the Young Women's Home Missionary of the First M. E. church at her home Monday evening. The nine boxes were opened during the business session after which a letter of thanks from Dr. J. A. Burns, of Oneida, Ky., was read and a chapter of the text book, "Christian Americanization," was read by Miss Anna Greene. A social time was enjoyed and refreshments served to 25 members. The place and date of the next meeting will be announced later.

Mrs. W. E. Bryan, 101 North Shore dr., entertained the Monday Afternoon Bridge club at a 1 o'clock luncheon at her home Monday afternoon. Yellow jonquils forming the attractive centerpiece of the daintily appointed table. Auction bridge was played at three tables, the first prize being awarded to Mrs. Fred Cook and the second to Mrs. Fred Reed. Mrs. Russell Downey was a guest of the club. Mrs. J. W. Bryan, 225 E. Navarre st., was hostess to the club in two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Frank, of the Oliver hotel, entertained with a 6 o'clock dinner in the Oliver dining room Sunday evening in honor of Miss Cecil Smith, of St. Mary's college, who will return to her home in Nashville, Tenn. Covers were laid for nine at a table attractively centered with spring flowers. Among the guests were Mrs. J. S. Thompson of Nashville, Tenn.; Joseph Thompson, Peter Smith and Harry Holton, all of Notre Dame; the Misses Smith and Miss Hortense Holton, students of St. Mary's.

The Silver Side club was entertained at an Orpheum theater party Sunday evening in honor of the 17th birthday anniversary of Miss Marie Singler. Following the performance informal entertainment was enjoyed at the home of the Misses Lillian and Marie Singler, 115 S. Hill st., dancing and singing being the diversions. A luncheon was served to 14 members. Miss Garnet De Graff, of Niles, was an out-of-town guest.

The Lincoln Literary club met on Monday afternoon with Mrs. Emma Reed, 1051 Laporte av. Following the regular business session a short program was given consisting of current history by the members, which was in charge of Mrs. George Myler, and a book review of "Little Dorrit," by Charles Dickens, by Mrs. Fannie Copp. A social hour was enjoyed and refreshments served to nine members. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. C. A. Pitcher, 528 N. Cushing st., on April 26.

The Woman's auxiliary of the Elsworth hospital held its regular monthly meeting Monday afternoon at the nurses' home. A brief business session was held, after which the time was spent in discussing the graduating exercises which will take place the latter part of May. The next meeting will be held at the same place May 10.

The Security Benefit association will hold a social meeting at the W. O. W. hall Wednesday evening. The program will consist of a musical sketch, "How the Story Grew," will be presented and readings, singing and dancing will be enjoyed. All the members are invited to attend and to bring their friends.

The marriage of Miss Myra Eleanor Barts, daughter of Mrs. T. A. Barts, 213 S. Notre Dame av., and Joseph M. Cooper, son of Mr. and Mrs. Irvin H. Cooper, 919 N. Eddy st., was solemnized Monday morning at the parsonage of St. Patrick's church. Rev. John P. DeGroote, C. S. C., performing the ceremony. The couple was attended by Miss Sybil Jennings as bridesmaid and Lawrence Daveline as best man. Miss Jennings wore a suit dark blue with hat to match and a corsage bouquet of valley lilies and sweet peas. The bride was attractive in a traveling suit of dark blue trimmed with velvet of black maline. Her flowers were also valley lilies and sweet peas. After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Cooper will be at home at 213 S. Notre Dame st.

A pretty wedding of marked simplicity was that of Mrs. Sophia Whitner, 612 1-2 Lafayette Blvd., and Raymond P. Smith, of Mich., which took place Monday morning at 10 o'clock at the parsonage of the Westminster Presbyterian church, Rev. A. M. Ellis read

## Circles

the service. The bride wore a gown of navy blue georgette and a corsage of delicate pink roses. For the present Mr. and Mrs. Smith will reside in South Bend.

One of the attractive affairs of the closing club season will be the program and informal tea to be given by the members of the home department of the South Bend Women's club for the members of the general club Tuesday afternoon in the club rooms. A feature of the entertainment will be an original playlet entitled "A Home in the Making" and a group of songs by Mrs. Harry Barnes.

Mrs. C. H. DeFrees, 215 S. Taylor st., was hostess to the members of the Norman Eddy W. R. C. at a masquerade party which was held at her home Saturday evening. During the evening Miss Ruth Parks, Mrs. Ray Vorhees and Mrs. William Hege contributed vocal selections. Mrs. Andrew Hildebrand acting as accompanist. Luncheon was served to 40 guests at the close of the evening.

## Announcements

The Ladies Aid society of the St. Paul memorial church will be entertained at the home of Mrs. M. M. Stull, 1203 S. Michigan st., on Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

The Pleasant View W. C. T. U. will hold a meeting Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Herman Sunbedissen, 1021 Johnson st. The Shakespeare circle will meet with Mrs. W. O. Williams, 610 N. Michigan st., Wednesday afternoon. The league of women voters will meet for the first time at 2:30 o'clock at the Y. W. C. A., Thursday instead of Wednesday, as previously announced. Reports will be given of the convention held last week at Indianapolis. The public is invited to attend this meeting.

## Personals

Miss Esther Hoke, 814 Ashland av., left Monday for Indianapolis, where she will attend the annual convention of the Phi Sigma sorority and the state dance which will be held in the Riley room of the Claypool hotel Thursday night. En route home Miss Hoke will visit in Frankfort, Ind.

## AUTUMN CHAPEL

Mr. and Mrs. John Auten attended the funeral of Mr. Longacher of South Bend last Monday.

Auten and family visited at the home of Mr. Amel Guche, Sunday.

The Dorcas Society will hold its next meeting with Mrs. Chas. Strickler Wed. April 21. Every member is requested to be present as election of officers takes place.

The Live Wires will meet at the Weller home Friday night.

Mrs. Anna Johnson spent Sunday evening in Mishawaka.

George Weller and Earl Rerrick and families were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. John Tuesing, River Side Drive, South Bend.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Palmer entertained at dinner Sunday the following guests: Mr. Charles Geyer of South Bend, Mr. Frank Fries of Mishawaka, and Mr. and Mrs. Palmer of South Bend.

Mr. Ralph Weller was a guest of friends in Elkhart Sunday.

An interesting program was given Sunday night at the Church by the Dorcas Society.

Miss Inez Rupel visited in Lakeville Sunday.

Miss Mardel and Miss Leora Smith visited at the home of F. L. Smith Sunday.

The eighth grade examination will take place next Saturday at the Palmer's Prairie School.

Miss Clara Strickler had as her guests over Sunday, Miss Elva and Miss Lavene Ehrlich.

Miss Vennie Robertson spent the week end with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Poole visited C. N. Utley Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Palmer are visiting Mr. Frank Palmer Sr.

Miss Edna Hartman has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Cassius Miller of South Bend.

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## Revelations of a Wife

My Heart and My Husband

BY ADELE GARRISON

## WHY IS MADGE'S FATHER CELEBRATING A "SPECIAL DAY?"

"Are you going to be very busy tomorrow, daddy?"

"My father looked up from his morning grape fruit at me a bit wistfully. With a remorseful twinge I realized that in the whirl of my many duties at school and at home I had given very little attention to my father since Dicky's return to civilian life, or, indeed, before."

It was the Friday morning following Dicky's appearance at the Bayview high school, and he had been so preoccupied with his work in the city that I had had very little opportunity for conversation with him. I knew that orders were coming to him rapidly, and that his illustrations for the serial "Alfred Durkee" had given him were not yet finished, but I had hoped, secretly, that the next day, Saturday, on which I was free from school duties, might bring me one of the old, delightful, little trips with my husband which used to be red letter days in my life.

It was not alone the desire for a day with Dicky that actuated my wish. I would have welcomed almost anything which would take my thoughts away from the haunting fear that had obsessed me ever since our evening at my principal's home. I had no fresh reason for uneasiness, for there was nothing in Mr. Stockbridge's manner to indicate that he even remembered any unusual occurrence and Alice Holcombe and I had, with a world-wide understanding, carefully avoided the subject of Milly Stockbridge's mania.

Dicky is busy. But I couldn't help my own forebodings though I held them in check, fearful lest Dicky should observe my alarm. Fortunately, the whole ugly undercurrent of the affair, not the least pleasing of which I suspected, was the memory of Miss Dean in her flame-colored gown.

I couldn't resist sending a furtive, appealing look in Dicky's direction, even as I answered my father's question.

"Why, I have nothing on at all of my own affairs, father," I returned. "I don't know what Dicky has planned."

"Dicky has planned nothing," my husband retorted promptly. "What's more, he will plan nothing for some sweet time to come. I'm a working man, my dear, trying to make up for lost time. So if he had wanted to do anything ahead with you, I couldn't even invite you to meet me for dinner, for I've got

an engagement that I can't get out of."

"With an art editor, I suppose," the words snapped out, almost without my own volition. The next moment I would have given much to have recalled them. But the memory of the time when Dicky had made an excuse of "engagements with art editors" to cover other engagements to which he knew I would object was still with me, had been stirred by the old hateful phrase.

A Rare Treat. "Yes, with an art editor. Worden of 'Targen's', Dicky replied belligerently. "What of it?"

The tone, the words, were brusque, rude, but I didn't resent them. Indeed, I felt that I had in some measure deserved them. I tried to make amends.

"Absolutely nothing," I laughed, trying to turn the incident off lightly. "And I can do whatever father wishes with a clear conscience."

I looked at my father questioningly. He smiled at me indulgently.

"Why, I am feeling so much better that I should like to escort you on an outing! I haven't had the honor in a long time, my most never, in fact."

There was a quaver in his voice that reminded me of his long search for me, the daughter, who had been lost to him for so many years. He had spoken truly. We had had very few outings together yet to accompany him anywhere was a rare treat. "The Quester" of Broadway was a connoisseur of delights, an expert of food. Any affair of which he was host was sure to be perfectly appointed, to be full of a rare zest.

"How wonderful, father!" I exclaimed, though I held them in check, fearful lest Dicky should observe my alarm. Fortunately, the whole ugly undercurrent of the affair, not the least pleasing of which I suspected, was the memory of Miss Dean in her flame-colored gown.

"I'd like to make a day of it if you don't mind," he said, his thin face flushing like a boy's. "I thought we might go in for lunch on at—" he named one of the most exclusive restaurants in the city, "where a matinee of that play you spoke of the other day—in fact I have the tickets—give wherever you choose, and then if you are tired, come home, if not, choose whatever you would like to do. It's rather a special day with me; in fact, I'm celebrating."

He didn't explain further. I saw Dicky cast a quick glance at him, recognized in my mother-in-law's gaze a shrewd conjecture as to his meaning.

For myself, I didn't dare to hope what might be meant by his words, and the elaborate costly day he had planned, a day such as I knew the present state of his finances did not warrant.

## Winifred Black Writes About:

## Springtime and a Fortune

She is poor and tired and puzzled. There are three children, and the husband and father are dead. Johnnie wants to be an engineer and Jim intends to be an aviator and Kate is determined to teach school, and in the meantime Mother must keep a roof over their heads and teach them to brush their clothes and take care of their shoes and see that they don't fall behind in their classes, and get the girl into the right Sunday school, and wonder what sort of boys there are in that new "bunch" Jimmie's always talking about, and save the pennies and turn and dye and mend—and she's tired of it dreadfully tired. Especially in the spring, she is tired.

All winter long she stands it well enough—the work and the worry and the fussing over little things and planning over big ones. But in the spring when the violets begin to bloom in the florist's windows, and the yellow daffodils nod at the street corners, something clutches at her heart, and she remembers with sup-

come in and sit down, he had a strange story to tell her.

It's Different Now. Her sister was dead—the sister she hadn't seen for years, and she had left no heirs, and the poor, little widow had come into something like \$150,000 and—

She doesn't know what on earth to do with it. She's afraid to leave it in the bank, because once she and her husband had \$250 saved up, and they put it in the little bank in the country where they lived, and the cashier ran away, and they never saw a cent of the money again. Not a cent.

And, yet, she can't think of home and put it under the mattress. She never noticed it before, but now that she comes to think of it, there are a lot of awfully queer-looking people in the neighborhood, and if they ever heard she had so much money, she'd be murdered in her bed—not a doubt of it.

A very nice looking man has made her a splendid offer to invest every cent of it in the oil fields. He says she will make a million dollars. If she does, and make it in less than six months.

She had almost decided to do that, when a man from a real estate office came to see her and he told her that the oil man was just a shark after her money, and the things he said about the oil man made the little woman feel as if she'd seen a snake—and she went and called up "Rosy" McGuire, the lawyer, and "Rosy" told her not to invest the money in oil fields at all, without consulting him.

And Johnnie wants a motorcycle, but Jim says it must be an automobile—only they simply cannot agree on the make. One wants a long, low racing car for two, and the other wants a big, high-powered touring car, so the "bunch" can go along. And Kate wants one of those new polo coats, some silk stockings, and a pair of high-heeled slippers just like those that Kitty Anderson wore to the school exhibit.

And they'll have to move into another house. This one is too small—and new curtains and carpets, they'll have to have—and the little woman is sure to overrun with visitors, and can't get time to do a thing.

What Will Happen? You see, the story of the good luck was printed in the newspaper, and everybody is so glad of it. People who never took the trouble to speak to her before have just been perfectly lovely and there's so much good that she can do—for hospitals and orphan asylums and homes for the aged, she feels wicked if she doesn't do some of it. And yet, she can't choose which one—and if she gives to them all, she won't have a cent left for herself and children, and that would never do.

There's an awfully good-looking young man, who came to take her out to look at a new house the other day. Well, not exactly handsome, but oh, such a way with him! You can see he understands women, and he's so sorry for this little woman and admires her so much for the struggle she has made, and he's so fond of children, too, and thinks Johnnie and Jimmie the finest kids he ever saw.

Ah, me! I wish the violets were not so sweet in the spring sunshine. Whenever I think of the young man and the way with him, and poor, lovelorn Mary and the fight she's had with life—I'm afraid—dear me, I am really afraid.

(Copyright, 1920.) Notice to all members of the W. O. W. who are interested in either indoor or outdoor baseball, please attend meeting April 15th at hall, 144 E. Jefferson Blvd.

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