

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMEN

Clubs

A wedding of charming simplicity was that of Miss Marie Olive Berg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Berg, of this city, and Henry Albert Hoover, of Chicago, Ill., which took place Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock at the parsonage of the First Methodist Episcopal church. Rev. J. N. Greene read the ceremony before the members of the immediate families.

The bride wore a gown of midnight blue tulle with a hat of gold lace, with a hat to match, and a corsage of bride's roses and valley lilies. Miss Vada Berg, who attended as bridesmaid, wore a frock of midnight blue tulle and a hat of the same material. Her corsage was of Aaron Ward roses and valley lilies. The groomsmen were Mr. Johnson, nephew of the bride, and Mr. Baker.

Following the ceremony a wedding supper was served at the home of the bride's parents. Table and house decorations were of spring flowers used in profusion.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoover left for an extended trip in the east and will be at home at 221 North Shore dr., after June 1.

Mrs. L. H. Orvis, 617 S. Clinton st., was hostess at the meeting of the Thursday club held at her home Thursday afternoon. The election of officers took place during the business session with the following results: Mrs. George Phillips was re-elected president; Mrs. Ira Ellery was re-elected vice president; Mrs. G. H. Gerphide was elected corresponding secretary; Mrs. E. S. Webster, recording secretary; Mrs. E. L. Mossey, treasurer, and Mrs. Earl Yost and Mrs. C. L. Smith, critics. The following members were named delegates to the 11th district of Indiana Federation of Clubs, Mrs. Ira Ellery, Mrs. J. C. Otis, Mrs. L. H. Orvis and Mrs. E. S. Webster, while the alternates are Mrs. Charles Gaskill, Mrs. Ida North and Mrs. C. L. Smith. A vote of thanks was extended to George Phillips for the trees which he provided and planted on the Coitax Memorial highway. Roll call was responded to with current events and Victrola music was enjoyed during the social hour. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. C. L. Smith, 801 E. Cedar st., May 6.

Mrs. Charles Woolf, 109 N. Sibley st., was hostess to six members and one guest of the Nonpareil club at her home Thursday afternoon. Following the transaction of the routine business Mrs. C. H. DeFree finished reading the book, "The Re-Creation of Brian Kent." Refreshments were served during the social hour. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. DeFree, 315 S. Taylor st., May 6.

Announcement has been made by Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hudson, 223 N. Carlele st., of the marriage of their daughter, Miss Gladys Hudson, to Joseph Castle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Castle, 2409 Linden av. The wedding took place March 24 at St. Joseph, Mich. The ceremony was officiated by Rev. J. N. Greene. A shower was given Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. Castle. Games and music were diversions of the evening at the close of which a luncheon was served.

The Jolly Crochet club was entertained Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Fred Nitz, 518 Adams st. During the business session Mrs. Frank Smith was elected president of the club. Needlework was the diversion of the social time at the close of which refreshments were served to ten members and two guests. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Henry Theley, 117 N. Hill st., May 6.

The Snowflake club held its regular meeting with Mrs. William Simpson, 2046 W. Berkey st., as hostess Thursday afternoon. The time was spent socially with needlework and contests in which the favors were awarded to Mrs. Frank Lemmerhart and Mrs. J. Beagle. Refreshments were served to nine members. In two weeks the club will be entertained by Mrs. Arthur Priebe, 2231 W. Washington av.

Miss Gladys Waters, 312 S. Williams st., entertained 20 members of the Phi Sigma society at a district supper at 8:30 o'clock Thursday evening. A business session was held and the evening spent socially. Miss Mildred Paul, of Berkeley, Cal., the house guest of Miss Vernice Ebel, was an out of town guest. The next meeting will be held at the home of Miss Mary Russ, 410 W. Washington av., May 6.

The Helena Rebekah Sewing circle held a thirteenth Thursday afternoon at the L. O. O. F. hall. A brief business session was held and a social time enjoyed during which needlework was the main diversion. Refreshments were served to 48 members by the hostesses, Mrs. George Aslin, Mrs. Esther Mennel

Circles

The Circle of Mercy held its regular meeting Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. W. G. Crabb, 117 North Shore dr. The usual business session was followed by a social hour during which refreshments were served to 45 members. Mrs. Thomas Williams, 1049 Lincoln way W., will be hostess to the circle at her home in two weeks.

The last of the prenuptial affairs for Miss Dorothy McCance whose marriage to Don Lower will take place Saturday morning was a miscellaneous shower given by Miss Ruth Entzian at her home, 805 N. Main st., Thursday evening. The time was spent socially with music as the main diversion and a luncheon was served to 18 guests.

More than 50 members of the faculty and day students of the Thomas Commercial school and their friends were entertained at Thorn Acres, the country home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Thomas, at Thorn Acres, Mich., Thursday evening. An enjoyable evening was spent with games and music and a picnic supper was served.

Of interest to South Bend people was the marriage of Miss Gertrude Tremel, daughter of Mrs. Mary Tremel of Mishawaka, and Joseph La Fortune, son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis La Fortune, 1016 E. Howard st., which took place Thursday morning at 9 o'clock at the St. Joseph church at Mishawaka. Rev. Dean L. A. Moench said the nuptial mass which was attended by a number of relatives and friends.

As the bridal party approached the altar which was banked with ferns and spring flowers, Prof. A. G. Hoerstrman played "The Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" and for the recessional rendered Mendelssohn's wedding march.

The bride was attended by her sister, Marguerite, who wore a suit of dark blue tulle with hat of rose georgette and a corsage of sweet peas and valley lilies. The bride's costume was a dark blue suit of tulle with hat to match. Her flowers were bride's roses and orange blossoms. Wilfred La Fortune, a brother of the groom, attended as best man, and Joseph Tremel and Edmund La Fortune served as ushers.

A wedding breakfast was served at noon at the home of the bride's parents, Mrs. Mary Tremel, 1016 E. Howard st. The guests included: Mrs. Edna Barcome and Isabelle Barcome, Table and house decorations were spring flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. La Fortune left for Chicago and Kansas City on a short wedding trip. They will be at home in Tulsa, Okla., after May 15.

On the first day the news reached Joe that P. C. Harris had raised him to the silver bars by direction of the president and by recessal. First Lieut. Joseph sallied forth dressed accordingly. Fate appeared kind when he entered the street car on his way down town, for he happened to find a seat by the side of a charming young miss. The car was full of uniformed gents ranking from the hard boiled colonel who stood near Joe's seat to the new recruit. But Joe had the bon sector.

It proved an uncertain honor, after all, for this girl was paying no attention to the occupants of the car, not even Joe's silver bars. She was gazing steadily through the window at the passing scenery. It even appeared to Joe that she had forgotten the bundle that was lying on the floor between them. In a few minutes she arose and left the car. Joe noticed that she had not touched the bundle. Now was the time for him to be gallant. To the rescue. Don Quixote. Picking up the bundle he rushed after the forgetful maiden.

"You have forgotten your package," he said to her as he stepped upon the pavement.

"I had no bundle—I don't know what you mean," she replied. Just as the car started up, a voice yelled out, "You blankety, blank subaltern, what are you doing with my laundry?" It was the colonel's. He had left his bundle under the seat when he vacated it to the young lady, shortly before Joe entered.

But Joe, poor Joe was left standing on the street; the lady was tripping in one direction; the street car was speeding in the other. Joe took the next car to his quarters, downhearted, opened the bundle. The colonel's collars were two sizes too big.

As a tribute to the memory of Catherine C. Esmay, whose death on April 3 of this year marked the close of a life which for 25 years had been largely devoted to the interests of the Progress club, the club has adopted a resolution expressing its sorrow at the loss of a valued member. The resolution follows:

Resolved: That in the death of Catherine C. Esmay, first president of the Progress club of South Bend, Ind., the club has sustained the loss of a noble woman, under whose leadership we were so ably piloted through our organization period and the infant years. She left to her successors in office and to the body of earnest women in the club, high ideals of their duties as citizens of the community, the state and the nation. During the three years of her presidency the club attained a recognized standing at home and through the state as a working force in the civic, philanthropic, educational and cultural lines.

We, the members of the club, feel that we have been blessed and honored in the privilege of being associated with this beloved woman for the last 25 years, and we hope that her fineness of character, strength of purpose and lofty ideals may ever be a guide to us.

Resolved: That we convey to Miss Esmay's family and the family of Mrs. Emma Chapin our sympathy in their loss, that we put upon our club records a copy of these resolutions and publish the same in our city papers.

The Progress club by Mary Stull Studabaker, Mary Porter Le Van, Elizabeth Greene Kettinger.

SOCIETY

Joseph Muffley of Lapaz, Ind., which took place Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock at the parsonage of the Broadway Evangelical church. Rev. E. G. Johnson reading the ceremony. The bride wore a traveling suit of navy blue tulle and a corsage of valley lilies and bride's roses. The couple was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Roland Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Muffley left Thursday morning for Detroit, Mich., where they will make their home.

The Modern Mothers' club met Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Arthur Wass, 840 W. Colfax av. The afternoon was spent socially. Mrs. Albert Wass contributed several musical selections. Luncheon was served. There will be a meeting held May 5 at the home of Mrs. Paul Nash, Lindsey st.

Announcements

The Knights of Columbus ladies will entertain with a card party at the St. Patrick's hall the evening of April 30.

The regular business meeting of the civic and philanthropy department of the Progress club will be held at 3:15 o'clock in the club rooms, following which Joseph Taylor will give an address.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McGill have returned from an extended visit in Phoenix, Ariz., and are visiting at the home of their daughter, Mrs. C. W. Chas, Ashland av.

Miss Margaret Sykes, physical director of the Y. W. C. A., left on Thursday for Chicago to attend the middle west conference of physical directors.



THE COLLARS WERE TOO BIG, ALAS.

Joe was a shavetail who had worked hard for promotion and had finally gotten it. He was proud of his silver bars. For many things he figured that he could make twice as many hits with the ladies, when Uncle Sam made him a "1st Lieut." For that was his weakness—the ladies. You couldn't hardly blame Joe. It was said that all his ancestors came to the same weakness by decree of nature.

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PROGRESS CLUB PAYS TRIBUTE TO MEMORY OF CATHERINE ESMAY

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Suffrage

Revelations of a Wife

My Heart and My Husband

BY ADELE GARRISON

HAS ALICE HOLCOMBE COME TO AID MADGE IN A DIFFICULT SITUATION?

The movie theater was darkened for the second run when we reached it, and we had difficulty in finding seats.

At last the usher found two about midway down the hall, next the wall and we climbed over a number of resentful people to our places. We had no means of knowing whether Miss Dean was in the house until the film, to my mind an unusually dreary and uninteresting one, had been run out, and the lights were flashed on for two or three minutes before the next feature.

Dicky saw her first. He had been eagerly looking for her since the moment the lights came on, and I pretended to share his interest, although I would have been glad indeed to have been assured of the girl's absence from the place.

"There she is," my husband exclaimed in a tone which he forgot or didn't care to lower. At any rate it turned several heads in our direction, and made me draw back flushed and resentfully embarrassed at the attention we were attracting. He nudged me as he spoke, and I followed his glance to a point almost directly opposite us, but on the other side of the theater, where Bess Dean, in the flame colored gown she had worn at the Stockbridge reception, sat beside Alice Holcombe.

"Don't worry,"

"What do you know about that?" Dicky muttered in a tone that betrayed annoyance. "She's got the old girl with her. I didn't count on having to play the gallant to her." I could not help but smile at his masculine obtuseness, even while I hotly resented his disrespectful allusion to the woman I cared most for in the whole roll of Bayview teachers, the woman whom I had grown to have a sincere affection. Man-like, Dicky was figuring that Miss Holcombe's presence meant that he had lost a little chance for Miss Dean's society, while any woman could have told him that the younger woman had brought the other woman along to talk to me so that she could secure Dicky's undivided attention.

"Don't worry," I assured him in a whisper. "Alice Holcombe and I always have oceans of words to say to each other, so I'll relieve you of that responsibility."

Winifred Black Writes About:

Cave-Man Tactics

The cave-man is up to his old tricks.

A woman in London had a man arrested the other day because she said he acted like a roaring lion, and she was afraid of lions.

Moreover he was 50 years old, and not particularly good-looking and was 25—besides he was married.

So she found it a good deal of a nuisance to have him jumping out of doorways and pouncing into halls and suddenly appearing at her elbow on muddy street crossings.

And telling her that he loved her so madly that he was going to go crazy if she didn't run away with him, and declaring that he couldn't eat or sleep and couldn't work and couldn't think—all on account of her.

The worst of it was he said over and over again that if he couldn't have her, no one else could, and she thought that was really too bad of him, so she went to court and asked the judge if he wouldn't please do something about it.

The judge issued a warrant and had the man arrested, and by this time he was probably wishing that he could get something to eat besides prison food and had something beside a prison cell for a bed.

Girls Now Know Men.

But Joe, poor Joe was left standing on the street; the lady was tripping in one direction; the street car was speeding in the other. Joe took the next car to his quarters, downhearted, opened the bundle. The colonel's collars were two sizes too big.

What an awakening he must have had when he found that the cave-man wooing him had heard so much about didn't make the right impression at all.

Somewhat, I wonder if those cave-men tactics ever really do make any real impression on men. I've heard men tell about the women they wooed and won by such performances, but I never have heard women say very much about it.

The modern woman is a little bit too wide-awake to be completely deceived by any such melodramatic goings-on.

The modern girl knows men, not as they'd like to have her think they are, but as they really are. She sits in an office right in the midst of a whole lot of men.

Or she belongs to a country club and plays golf and tennis with them, or she swims with them in the summer, and whenever a man begins to make a fool of himself over a woman, she observes that the other

"I didn't quite mean that," Dicky said contritely after we had both acknowledged Bess Dean's gay smile and wave of the hand and Alice Holcombe's sober salutation.

"Miss Holcombe's a mighty fine woman, no doubt, but she's too clever for me. I'm afraid of that drawl of hers—too much brains and critical power behind it. I felt the other night when I stood talking to her as though she had put me on a spindle or a pin point or whatever those scientists put the bugs they're studying on, and was looking me over to see if I had the requisite number of joints."

What Madge Gossard. "Oh, Dicky!" I expostulated, smiling in spite of myself. "You do her an injustice. She's really one of the dearest, sweetest—"

"I'll take your word for it," Dicky interrupted lazily. "Don't try to prove it to me. Besides, a woman as good looking as she is has no business to look as dowdy and old as she does tonight."

I looked at my friend, and was forced to acknowledge that Dicky's criticism was in part justified. Alice Holcombe did look old, and she wasn't her usually well groomed self. Her wonderful hair had evidently been done up hastily, she had on the same suit she had worn in her classroom that afternoon, and her whole appearance suggested that she had been lying down and had hastily arisen and come to the theater.

The conviction came to me suddenly that this was just what she had done. With a little flame of fire in my heart I saw the whole mean little scene of Bess Dean's as if I had been present when she had unfolded it.

With the idea that her own youthful prettiness would stand out more strikingly against a foil, she must have purposely delayed her request to Alice Holcombe to join us until too late for the older woman to freshen her toilet.

Another realization came to me. Alice Holcombe was too clever to allow her associate to use her unless she had a compelling motive for so doing. With a constriction of my throat I knew that my friend had come to the theater regardless of her own appearance because she fancied she might in some way aid me in a difficult situation.

They call him a "nut" or a "mut" or some such elegant term, and let it go at that. And if the girl is at all observant she will notice that the man in such a case usually does not look upon him as a romantic hero in the least.

She learns that she probably is either the first or the fourth or fifth woman that he couldn't live without—and that if she marries him, to save him she is likely to awaken some fine day to find that the cave-man has gone hunting for another wife, or that the custom of his kind, from time immemorial.

A man who's a tyrant and a brute after he's married to her, and seems to be a brutal lover. The modern girl has heard a few stories of this kind. She's been a bridesmaid once or twice and afterwards, what the bride told her.

Just Human Beings.

Twenty years ago men were a good deal of a mystery to women. They seemed to belong to a different world, and to a distinctly different species, but in these days it is a dull girl indeed who can't tell when a man is decent and sensible and well-balanced and sane, even if he is a man.

She knows too many men and understands them too well to be any more easily fooled than her brother. Men aren't heroes of romance to girls any more. They are just human beings—good ones or bad ones, sensible ones or silly ones—and it takes a very sentimental girl, indeed, to believe that a man who tries to make her marry against her will is going to pay any more attention to her wishes after she's married to him than he does before.

I'm afraid the day of the cave-man is pretty nearly over.

The sun began to go down on it on the morning when little Red Riding Hood put away her red cloak and her basket and went down town and got a job, and began to earn her own living.

(Copyright, 1920.)

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Steve Solmos, core worker, South Bend, to Laura, Paskie, South Bend.

Henry Albert Hoover, manufacturer, to Marie Olive Berg, secretary, South Bend, Ind.

Or she belongs to a country club and plays golf and tennis with them, or she swims with them in the summer, and whenever a man begins to make a fool of himself over a woman, she observes that the other

men do not look upon him as a romantic hero in the least.

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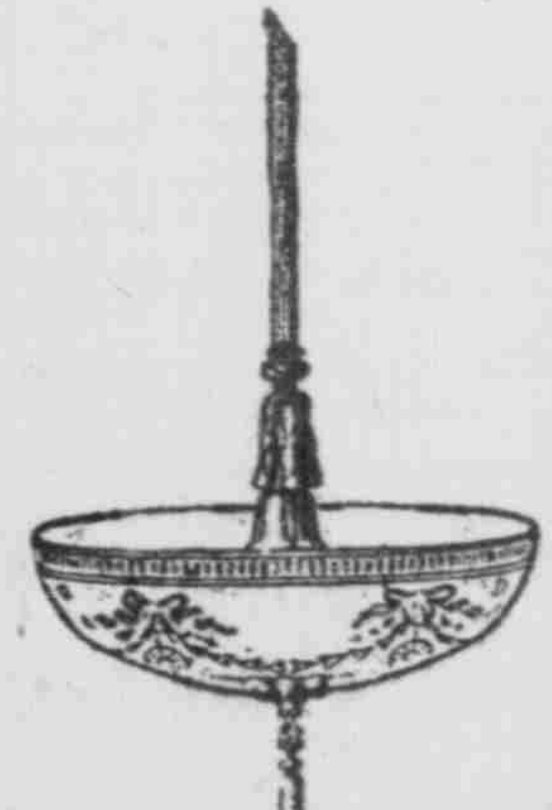
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