

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMEN

Clubs

The Live Oak drill team entertained with a birthday party Monday evening honoring Mrs. Laura Cobb and Mrs. Louise Moore at the home of the latter, 620 Pennsylvania av. The time was spent socially with games and contests, the favors being won by Mrs. Fay Wyman, Mrs. Cora Martindale, Mrs. Edward Harris and Mrs. Jewell Whaley. Refreshments were served to 23 members and guests. The place of the next meeting will be held May 3 will be announced later.

Mrs. E. J. Sudart gave a book review of Dickens' " Tale of Two Cities," at the meeting of the Lincoln Literary club which was held at the home of Mrs. C. A. Pitcher, 228 N. Cushing st., Monday afternoon. The current events were in charge of Mrs. George Enterline. A short business session preceded the program. Refreshments were served during the social hour to ten members. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Edward Vogt, 1655 Portage av., May 16.

At the last meeting of the art department of the Progress club which was held Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the club rooms an interesting history of Oriental rugs was given by P. M. Goshgarian who accompanied the story by an exhibition of thirty or more different kinds of rugs. There were 60 members present. A special business session will be called soon.

The Monday afternoon Bridge club was entertained at the home of Mrs. J. W. Bryan, 225 E. Navarre st., Monday. A luncheon was served and the afternoon spent playing auction bridge, the prizes being won by Mrs. Howard Edmonds and Mrs. W. E. Bryan. The club will be entertained in two weeks by Mrs. Fred Cook, 1904 Woodward av.

The Misses Ethel and Zora Zeiler, 742 Sanome av., entertained twenty friends at a miscellaneous shower Saturday evening in honor of Miss Alma Gustafson whose marriage will take place this week. A color motif of pink and white was carried out in the decorations.

The marriage of Miss Viola Fetters, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Fetters, 102 N. St. Louis blvd., to Henry Davenport, residing west of the city, took place Monday morning at 10 o'clock at St. Joseph, Mich., Mr. and Mrs. Davenport left immediately for Lansing, Mich., where they will reside.

The Married Folks' Dancing club held its last dance of the season on Monday evening at the Indiana club. More than 30 couples enjoyed the program of dances played by Messick's orchestra.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer McDonald, 1814 Lincoln way W., entertained the members of the Triple Four club at their home Saturday evening. The time was occupied with games and contests, the favor winners in the latter being, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Rogers, Charles San Puseo and Elmer McDonald. Refreshments were served at the close of the evening to 14 guests.

A meeting of more than usual interest will be held at the Progress club Tuesday afternoon at 3:45 o'clock when C. J. Morrison of Mount Pleasant, Mich., will address the nature study department. Mr. Morrison has made a special study of the life and habits of the bee and will speak on bee culture. Miss Wilda Shonts will have charge of the musical program for the afternoon. Mrs. Charles Miller, Miss Florence Seiser and Mrs. Fred Weidman will read papers.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Engledrum, 215 W. Navarre st., were surprised at their home Sunday evening by 50 of their friends. A delightful program was presented and included the rendition of the "Forenoon" song from "In Vietus" by Elton Crepeau, an interpretation of the Egyptian Dance by Little Miss Elmore Engledrum and the Dance of Spring by Miss Lucile Swank, a recitation by Dr. J. H. Eagan and several readings by Honorable Charles A. Cavanaugh of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Notice—All Illini! Meet at Y. M. C. A. community club room Tuesday, April 27, at 7:15 sharp, to form Illini club. We expect you, 3131-27

Circles

PRINCESS PAYS \$5 A DROP FOR NEW PERFUME IN PARIS



Paris society is gossiping about a sensational discovery of perfume. The Princess of Rosignol, an American girl, purchased five hundred drops at \$5 a drop. The perfume is the finest and most expensive in existence. One ton of seaweed yields only five drops of the substance from which the perfume is made.

Revelations of a Wife

My Heart and My Husband

BY ADELE GARRISON

WHY MADGE LISTENED FEARFULLY TO DICKY'S NEWS.

"I'd like to be Rita's old fashioned dad for about 15 minutes," Dicky growled as he hurried over to our own home to get wraps for the visit to "The Sand Pile," upon which Miss Brown had insisted.

"Why?" I asked innocently, although, woman like, my pulses were leaping at my husband's evidently genuine irritation at the girl whom I so disliked.

"So that I could stand at one end of a good hickory switch with her at the other and give her the tanning she needs. Of all the fool stunts this is the limit."

"I thought you liked an occasional evening in a cabaret," I said demurely, deliberately feeding his ill-humor. I knew I was being catfish but I felt that I could listen to many more strictures upon Rita Brown without satiety.

"What Dicky Declared," "So I do," Dicky retorted, "but there's a time for all things, as I've heard somewhere. Shakespeare or Scripture—anyway it's true. Here's one of the most perfect spring days you could find, with a moonlight evening coming on—I'll bet it will be plenty warm enough to sit on the veranda and watch the moon over the lake through the apple blossoms, and nothing will do that blasted cat but a trip to this cafe of all places. Any cafe would be

bad enough on a night like this, but 'The Sand Pile'!"

He paused as if he could think of no words strong enough to express his disgust. I slipped in another query.

"Is it so bad, then?"

"He turned on me angrily. 'What are you trying to do? Kid me? I'm not worrying about the wickedness of the thing—indeed, if it were clever and wicked there might be some sense in going there if it were in the winter time, or if we were stranded in an apartment or a hotel, and had no place like this to get to. But of all stupid, uninteresting places on the face of the inhabited globe that cafe is the worst.'

"Two hat boys from one of the most aggravating restaurants as to price and service in all New York—and that's going some—got so much money planted in their jeans that they didn't know what to do with it, so they started this thing out here. It has all the bad things the New York places have without one of the redeeming features of the city proprietors do slip in occasionally when they're asleep. The food is bad, the drinks are worse, the cabaret features vulgar and sensational without a streak of cleverness, and the prices outside New York."

"Oh, it's a fine stunt little Rita has steered us up against, believe me. I'm surprised Alf falls for it. And yet of course—with hasty qualifications—he can't do anything else as long as she's his guest. But if this stunt of hers doesn't open the eyes of that uninitiated idiot—who between you and me is just about on the point of taking a jump over the broomstick with the lady—why, he's a goner, that's all."

"Dicky," I seized his arm impatiently, inadvertently joggling a scarf pin which he was adjusting out of his hand as I did so, "you don't mean that Alf?"

"Dippy over the dame?" he countered, stooping for the pin with an annoyed grunt. "Why, hasn't your wonderful Sherlockian brain deduced that yet? You're getting rusty, old dear. Better apply the oil can."

He settled the pin carefully, gave his hair a slow stroke or two with his military brushes, selected some handkerchiefs with deliberation, while I mentally danced with impatience to hear his next words. "What Rita wants with a husband no one knows—for goodness sake get a move on, they'll be waiting for us!" he interrupted himself irritably.

"I'm practically ready," I retorted, "but I won't stir a step until you finish telling me about this."

"Oh, you won't stir?" he teased, tucking me firmly under one arm, catching up my cloak with the other and rushing me down the stairs. "I'll tell you nothing except that for some unknown reason Rita evidently thinks she'd like to try matrimony for a change, with Alf as the coat. And she's pretty nearly got the poor chap lassoed—he's been around so long that his perspective's all focus. But I'll bet that coat I can't get into that she queers the game tonight some way."

Winifred Black Writes About: The Love of a Bad Woman

The soldier is home from the war. And he isn't having a good time as he thought he would have when he got home.

Over there, in the trenches, and in the dug-outs, and even in the Y. M. C. A. huts, he used to sit and dream about home, and oh, what a beautiful place it was!

Warm, first of all, and very dry. He couldn't seem to remember ever being really wet, clear through, back home; and if you were, all you had to do was to dry out and get a bath—a nice hot one, and some fresh things, and there you were, all the better for a little sprinkling.

And things to eat—apple pie, and chocolate layer cake, and chicken and dumplings, like mother used to make, and second helpings or third, if you wanted them, and all the coffee you could drink and white tablecloths. And girls—the prettiest girls in the world, and the best, and the most affectionate.

But now he's home, and he's used to the food, and he doesn't see what there is so grand about a white tablecloth, after all, and he feels sort of cooped up and tied down and nobody jesses him, and he wishes—oh, he doesn't know what he wishes—and then there's the girl.

He knows The Truth. She isn't a good girl, and he knows it. He knows it all the time, but he's in love with her just the same, and she's gone away and married another man. But the other night, when he met her at a party, she gave him the old look, and he knew that she would run away from her husband and go with him to the end of the earth, if he just asked her. And why shouldn't he ask her? he says. He's crazy about her, and he doesn't care whether she's good or not. She's as good as he is, anyhow—and all that old talk about a woman's character, what does that amount to?

Life's short. Why, he's seen it snuffed out in an instant, the little flickering lamp of life—over there at the front. Why not make it sweet while it lasts? What if they do quarrel and part? Wouldn't it be worth it? What's the use of living if you must measure and mark, and weigh and argue over everything?

Kitchen Economies

SOLVING SOME NEW-POTATO PROBLEMS DELICIOUSLY.

Sometimes the best part of the potato is thrown away merely because of carelessness in peeling. Close to the skin are the mineral salts, which are just as valuable as the starchy component of potatoes. If the potatoes are pared thickly this will be thrown away.

Potatoes should not be pared, but scraped, being held under cold water during the process. With the new potatoes this is very quickly done. In fact, sometimes a good stiff brush will remove from new potatoes the skin-like outer skin, and then nothing is wasted.

New potatoes should be handled differently from old ones. Old potatoes are thrown into slightly salted cold water and boiled until soft enough to pierce with a fork. New potatoes, however, should be thrown into boiling water and salted when partly done. Twenty minutes should be sufficient to boil new potatoes. When finished, drain off the water, then replace the cover of the saucepan and heat until dry.

New Potato Balls.

2 pounds of new potatoes
1 tablespoonful of salt
1 tablespoonful of lemon juice
1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley
3 tablespoonfuls of butter
1 tablespoonful of chopped mint
Scrape the potatoes, and scoop out into balls with a potato scoop. Boil until tender in water to which salt and mint have been added when partly cooked. Then melt the butter in a saucepan, add the parsley and lemon juice, and heat the potato balls in this mixture for a few minutes. Stir until each ball is well coated, and serve hot.

Potato Puffs.

Cut the peeled potatoes into slices about one-eighth-inch thick, the full length of the potatoes, and let stand in ice water for 20 minutes. Then drain and dry. Drop in deep, hot fat a few moments until soft, but not browned. Then drain, fry the fat become smoking hot and again drop in the potatoes, trying to get a golden brown, when they will puff out. Drain, and lightly dust with salt.

French Fried Potato Balls.

With the vegetable scoop cut out small balls of the scraped raw potato. Drain and dry with a soft cloth. Then drop into hot fat and cook a few moments until a golden brown. This is prepared as French fried potatoes, except that if small balls are made they will not require so long a cooking before becoming tender.

Creamed New Potatoes.

4 cupsful of cooked new potatoes
2 tablespoonfuls of butter
1 tablespoonful of flour
1 cupful of milk
1 teaspoonful of chopped parsley
Salt, pepper
Melt the butter in the saucepan, rub in the flour, and gradually add the milk and seasonings, stirring constantly to a smooth consistency. Then add the potatoes and reheat. Serve hot.

(Copyright, 1920.)

ELKS' PICTURES WEDNESDAY. The Orpheum has to give a special showing of the Elks' picnic pictures at each performance on Wednesday, in addition to the regular bill. This picture created quite a good deal of favorable comment when first displayed and will be repeated at this time by request.

3128-28

TO DELIVER TALK.

Mrs. Loren Jones will address members of the Business Women's Bible class at the regular meeting to be held at the Y. W. C. A. Tuesday evening. All members are urged to be present.

See the Elks' picnic pictures at the Orpheum, shown each performance Wednesday.

3122-28

thing? A week or two of happiness—that's something to live for, even if you never get anything else in life. He's so hungry and so thirsty for happiness, poor lad—oh, he can't wait and starve and parch. Why should he?

And yet, and yet—

I hope some good friend will come and take him away somewhere, outdoors into the man's world, where it's clean and cool, and where the earth hears to swell like spring and the tumbling waters are full and brown and rushing, and where the bare branches of the trees begin to give a little promise of budding, and where the great, clean wind will smite him on the back, like a friendly "Buddy," and where he will see the stars sparkling in the vaulted skies, and where he can get well of the ache and the fever that consumes him.

For it is nothing but a fever—such love as this. It isn't love at all. It is a mad passion, a wild infatuation, and such things never brought anything but misery to any man or any woman on earth who gave way to them.

She leaves her husband for you today, my boy. Tomorrow she will leave you for some one else. How are you going to hear about the bitterness of that hour?

Be careful. Be very careful. From such things as these spring murder and suicide and all the dreadful tale of vicious tragedy.

Forget It—And Her.

The papers are full of these stories. Life is full of them. It is a part of the aftermath of war.

The love of a good woman is worth life and worth death, and worth suffering and worth all agony of soul and body, to get and to hold. The love of a bad woman is the most dreadful curse you can call down upon your head. Believe it or not today, some day you will believe it. Forget this light woman and her appeal to everything that is base in you. You are not light like her. You cannot play the game she plays and win.

Forget it, and her—and turn your mind to some true heart that will not tear your life to rending pieces. (Copyright, 1920.)

Personals

John P. Sabo, Jr., 135 N. Hoyce st., has returned to his studies at the University of Illinois after spending the week-end with his parents.

Franklin D. Schurz, 292 S. Lafayette blvd., has returned to Harvard university, Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Wm. Lichtenberger, formerly of this city, now of Los Angeles, Cal., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Fancil, 1330 E. Indiana avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Allen, 1189 Indiana av., spent the week-end in Chicago with relatives.

E. A. Miller, 1207 E. Jefferson blvd., has returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Ragen, of Indianapolis, are the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Perley, 707 E. Madison st.

GLAMOUR, A New Novel

A Bobbs-Merrill book just out is "Glamour" by B. Maxwell. The story deals with the problem of a man in middle life happily married with every good thing that could be desired his own, who suddenly comes under the spell of the woman he had loved in his youth. Mr. Maxwell, an English novelist of note, spends most of his time at Lichfield House, Richmond, Surrey. His home is a beautiful old place, the house of the time of Queen Anne, with a long formal garden close at hand and just beyond a wide expanse of valley country with the famously beautiful Thames stretching through it like a thread of silver as far as the eye can see. The house itself is spacious and handsome, but does Mr. Maxwell write in one of the handsomely appointed rooms with a gold pen in his hand and a liveried servant to constantly refill the ink pot? No, Mr. Maxwell is a quite human author who displays the usual artistic temperament by hating off to one of the outbuildings which used to be a stable. And there in a cool, paper littered and undisturbed by servants den, he does the books which have marked him as a novelist of note. "The Devil's Garden," "Glamour," all of his more important themes were written there. "Glamour" is his sweetest and generally conceded best novel, he not only tells a gripping story, but weaves in much of the real life of England.

RALPH SMITH EPIGRAM.

"I have read somewhere of a candidate for congress, who to excuse his inability to discuss the campaign issues, and tell where he stands, says it is 'imperative that you have men of action rather than words to represent you in your legislative bodies.' Very well, send a dumb man to congress if you want to. The 'dumb' man, articulating with his hands, is the best specimen of action rather than words that I know of." Ralph N. Smith is a democratic candidate for the nomination for congress in the 13th Indiana district.

ATTENDS MEETING.

Miss Irma Collier, secretary of the St. Joseph County Tuberculosis League, has returned from St. Louis, Mo., where she attended the annual meeting of the National Society for Prevention of Tuberculosis.

Watch Toner, He's the Winner.

3127-3

E. E. MANGOLD
The Leading Photographer
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

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Since 1894.
THE STORE FOR MEN AND BOYS

Union Trust Company
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Advertisers make profits from volume—not prices.



This is Lace and Embroidery Week

Of Interest to THE BRIDE-TO-BE and THE GIRL GRADUATES

Laces and Embroideries dominate other Fashion Features of this season.

at Ellsworth's

You'll find a lavish display of the new fine laces and pretty embroideries, Val, Venice, Filet Edges and Insertions in all widths, for dresses, lingerie and for children's dainty wear—5c to 50c yard.

Metal embroidery on silk net—Filet Flounces, banding to match—Chantilla Lace Flounces, either black or white—Venice and Filet Collar Laces and Points.

Batiste, Swiss and Nainsook Edges with insertions to match—15c to 50c.

4 inch, 9 inch and 18 inch Petticoat Flouncings, 25c to \$1.00 yard.

Baby Flouncings, 18 to 27 inches wide, 75c to \$3.00 yard.

Organdy Flouncings, 22 to 27 inches wide, \$1.95 to \$3.00.

Ellsworth's

CHARLES B. SAX AND COMPANY
114 South Michigan Street

April Sales

Spring Apparel at Big Savings

In order to give our patrons the fullest pleasure out of these hundreds of fine Coats, Suits, Dresses and Accessories, we are letting them go now instead of waiting till June or July as is generally the custom. Selections are wonderfully fine as we have a larger stock of beautiful garments than ever before on account of the splendid growth of our garment section. Women everywhere appreciate the opportunity of replenishing their wardrobes with new and beautiful clothes at the little prices at which they will be sold.

Lower Prices in Every Department

Attention Mothers!

Visit our new Infants' Wear Section. You will find many little wearables that wonderful new baby should have. Listed below are a few of the things to be found in this new section:

Fine new line of Infants' White Dresses, Long Coats and Capes, Caps and Wash Hats, Long and Short Petticoats in Outing Flannel and Nainsook, Cashmere Sacques, Shirts and Bands, Sweaters, Bootees, Etc.

CLAUER'S
Jewelers
Silversmiths
Diamond Merchants

Come in and See

The Beautiful Wrist Watches

That We Are Showing at \$20.00 and Up.

We are featuring the famous Gruen make in many artistic models.

Never have we had quite so attractive an assortment as right now.

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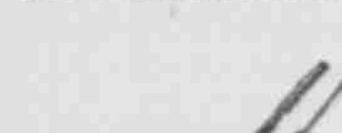
Exclusive But Not Expensive.



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South Bend's Leading Optometrist and Manufacturer of Eyeglasses. We can duplicate any pair of glasses, no matter where they were made. 325 1/2 N. MICHIGAN ST.

At Wheelock's



Demonstration and Sale of WIZARD PRODUCTS



There is a Wizard helper for every house cleaning task.

Wizard Mops, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 \$2.00



Wizard Wall Duster, \$2.00



Wizard Dus'er, \$1.00

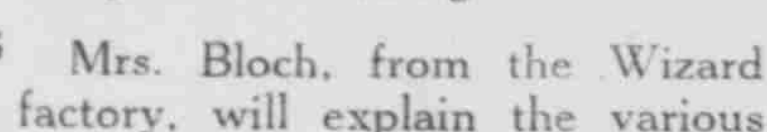
At Wheelock's

Demonstration and Sale of WIZARD PRODUCTS

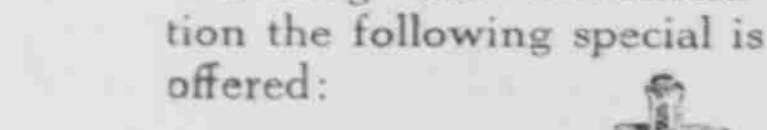


There is a Wizard helper for every house cleaning task.

Wizard Mops, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 \$2.00



Wizard Wall Duster, \$2.00



Wizard Dus'er, \$1.00

During the demonstration the following special is offered:

1 Triangular Wizard Polish Mop.

1 Bottle Wizard Polish, \$1.50 value.

Special . . . \$1.20

Houseware Dept. Third Floor.

George H. Wheelock & Company

Announcements

The Mutual Beneficial association of the South Bend Woollen Company, completed arrangements for a dancing party to be given Thursday evening in the Woodman's hall.

Trv NEWS-TIMES Want Ads.