THE OMAHA BEE: SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1922.

GIG-M

## Miss Fodrea Announces Wedding Plans.

Mise Nellie Fodrea, whose wed-ding to James Krebs takes place August 23 at 8:30 in the morning at Johns church, has chosen her sister, Miss Maud, as bridesmaid Charles Rogers will serve as the groomsman. The wedding march will be played by Miss Margaret Judge, organist, with a violin obli-gato by Will Hetherington and Miss Frances Fodrea, apother sizter of the bride.

The ceremony will be followed by a wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Penn Fodrea. Covers will be placed for 26,

Saturday, August 19, Miss On Mary Dugdale will compliment Miss Fodrea at luncheon for 16 at her home.

## Bridge for Guests.

Miss Mary Findley entertained last evening at a bridge party comolimentary to Miss Nancy Leach of Minneapolis, who is the guest of Miss De Weenta Conrad, and Miss Grace Marsh of Highland Park, who is visiting Miss Almarine Campbell. Later in the evening' the party danced at the Athletic club. Those present were the Misses Leach, Marsh, Campbell, Conrad, Charlotte Acer, Margaret Parish, Izetta Smith, Mildred Weston, Emily Burke, Helen

Rogers, Frances Castetter, Edith Josephine Schurman the atta, Messrs, Jack Squires, Sidney Culling-ham, Dean Smith, Milton Rogers, dillard Rogers, Frank Campbell, Sam Carlysle, John Reed, George Metcalfe, Brooks Vance, Bàyliss Spain, George Murphy, Walter Pres-ton. Miss Marsh and Miss Leach were honor guests Friday morning at a bridge given by Miss Miriam Wiley in the afternoon they were the guests of Miss Charlotte Denny at a bridge party. Five tables were set for the game.

## Camp Brewster.

The Girls Friendly society of Council Bluffs and the Omaha Y. W. 2. A. Alumni club are among the groups registered to spend this weekend at Camp Brewster.

junior tennis tournament The closed Friday morning with a match between Ruth Buffington and Alice other Colorado points. Louise Westcott of Plattsmouth, Neb. The trophy is the "Nestor Cup

of England," given by Mrs. Fred A. month's stay at Cape Cod, Mass. where he will visit with a number of Outdoor vesper services Sunday his Dartmouth friends.

afternoon at 5 o'clock. The public Mrs. J. T. Kelly and son, Jack, left is welcome.

For Mrs. Griffith.

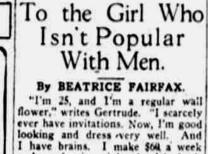
Kelley's mother, Mrs. Samuel Colt. Mrs. G. W. Noble will entertain 15 guests at the Happy Hollow club plimentary to her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Griffith of Pittsburgh, Pa. On Thursday of next week Mrs. Noble will be hostess at a luncheon at Happy Hollow in honce where they have been during the past Mrs. Clarence Bergman and daugh-

For Mrs. Carl Stein.

Mrs. Sam Burns. They will be gone On Wednesday Mrs. W. E. John-ston entertained at luncheon at the until the end of September. Brandeis tea room in honor of her Dr. W. E. Wolcott and Mrs. Wol-

daughter, Mrs. Carl Stein, of Lin-coln. Mrs. J. C. Summers gave a icheon Thursday at Happy Hollow complimentary to the

Mrs. C. P. Rodman left Thursday



and am forging right ahead in busi-ness. But I keep seeing girls, who are inferior to me in every way, courted and feted, while I am passed by. I'm no flapper and I won't come off my dignity for any man. "I don't see any need of catering to masculine conceit. But I'm so desperate that I'm ready to do just about anything for the sake of winning what I feel is due me. I can't see why I shouldn't be invited out and courted a little. What do you think is the matter with the modern man? Does he always pass by the girl with brains and self-respect

him. No woman can be lovable as long as she regards herself with so

much admiration and satisfaction

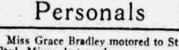
Miss Elizabeth Fry.

New Y Director

Miss Elizabeth Fry, who comes to Of course, the modern man doesn't aways pass by the worthwhile girl for the silly little goose type. But the Omaha Young Women's Christian association September as assistant in the department of health edu- almost any man will respond to cation, is a graduate of the Chicago Normal School of Physical Educa-tion.

modest flappers?"

Miss Fry is at present engaged in to cultivate these qualities. social work at the Community House The girl who is so sure that she's right and the world is wrong is like the private in the army, who insisted that every one was out of step with



that she can't have a margin of ad-miration left over for any one else. Paul, Minn., last week. Mrs. Adelaide Lowe is spending The girl who attracts men reaches

our toward them eagerly and gracithe summer months on a ranch near heyenne, Wyo. ously, instead of sitting with downcurved lips daring them to like her-Miss Tennie Sunderland and Miss

or plodding along with a satisfied feeling that if they knew what is what, they would be bound to ad-mire her. Neither bitterness nor Mae Baxter have gone to Estes Park, Colo., for a vacation trip. Miss Helen Inches and Miss smug satisfaction has any drawing Stephanie Zosaki are enjoying a mo tor trip to Ironwood, Mich.

If the unpopular girl would cease Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Russell centering her thoughts on herself and daughter Mrs. Edward Undeand inviting envy and bitterness into every situation, and would face life with the feeling that it's pretty fair and square and that folks are decent site end of the plank, with Cuffy land, left Tuesday for Estes park and

Roland Jefferson left Tuesday for and kindly, she would at once create clinging to it, slowly sink. There an atmosphere of friendliness insteady of one of gloom.

The unpopular girl is a miser. She wants to get something from life. She doesn't remember that every-body's lonesome and everybody's Friday for Colorado Springs, where they will spend a month with Mrs. shy. It never occurs to her to look around for someone who is more of off his end of the plank, leaving notha wallflower than she herself.

she meets, instead of trying to win their regard. She may strive to at-

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Brinker left last evening for Salter's Point, Mass., where they will join Mr. and and too self-centered to bother with unharmed. someone he has mentally ticketed as "lemon.

the hero everyone is seeking, the unpopular girl would show a little sympathy and interest in the boy



FIELATU

The Way Madge and Lillian "Turned where I halted for the few seconds to" to Aid Katie. which Lillian, after making a hurried which Lillian, after making a hurried excuse to young Mr. Chester, need-Katie's explanation only increased ed to catch up with me.

IRIES

my bewilderment. For a second or "Wait," I barred her ascent of the two I stared helplessly at her highstairs with a gesture. "Perhaps I can ly-colored and black-besmeared face, the sugar-house in the maple woods. Wondring how I was to get her in save time by telling you the trouble shape to come downstairs as Lillian first. Katie informs me that she has against the stone wall near by in-had requested. I knew that wild been practicing to go into the movtending to carry it down to the horses would not drag Katie where ies, and her face is smeared with red farmyard the next time he drove that Allen Drake could see her face in and black paint."

way. One end of the plank rested on the ground, while the other stuck "Practicing exercises so you could me by the arm as if-1 reflected while the other stuck "Practicing exercises so you could be by the arm as if-1 reflected "My sainted aunt!" Lillian clutched up in the air oh the farther side of go in the movies," I repeated mechan-the wall. the wall. Romping down into the little clear-ing where the sugar-house nestled. Uffy Bear caught sight of the alark poison. Lucky her skin is good. What has she done to get it off? Cuffy Bear caught sight of the plank to me "you'll have to tell me about it some other time. Just now you're "You can't catch me," he called to needed in something more exciting Washed it, of course." "Scrubbed it with soap," I returned

clean soft rags."

than any movie. Have you tried to She chased after him at once, gueaking joyfully as Cuffy ran up the "Vot you say, tried? Have I tried?" She chased after film at on the squeaking joyfully as Cuffy ran up the plank a little way ahead of her. With vash eet mit two kinds of soap, und "Find the lard for me," st vash eet mit two kinds of soap, und "Find the lard for me," st vash eet mit two kinds of soap. and Lillian grinned at the mental picture, even as she started on a hur-"Find the lard for me." she said.

towel!" Katie's Dilemna.

I gazed at an impressionistic display in carmine and black, then back at Katie's shiny face, looking as if good coat of varnish had been spread over the smears. I rememered having heard that water only "set" paint more firmly, then with a swift decision born of the necessity for haste, I turned to the door. said with decision. "She will know what to do, I am sure."

Katie giggled relievedly. She is alshoulders.

"Meesis Underwood, she sure was an earthquake." Ma ought to know," she remarked reflectively. "She always used to put wagon

bound she landed on the plank's load dot stuff on her own face." ower end. Meanwhile Cuffy had I opened my mouth to reprove her passed over the stone wall on the impertinence, but closed it again with the judicious reflection that if I wishnew bridge that Farmer Green had thoughtlessly made there. ed Katie to be of use to Lillian I must be careful not to upset her. "Don't touch your face until I come back," I admonished.

"You bet your boots I no touch," was a jounce as he struck the Katie replied with heartfelt emphaground. And when that happened, sis. "My face, eet feels like vun new Silkle was high in the air. "Ouce-ce-ee!" she shricked. "This potato ven you rub skin off, only eet redder." She surveyed herself in the mirror with a critical air which is fun."

The next instant she dropped like made me bolt from the room. a stone, for Cuffy Bear had slipped I heard Lillian's voice in the library, mingled with Tom Chester's deep ing to hold it down. Little Silkie landed with a dreadful but boyish tones. I knew there was The unpopular girl is likely to demand the attentions of the folks thump on her side of the wall. no time for any exchange of even the perfunctory greetings of a hostess Though she had a smart shaking-up. and guest, so I knocked lightly upon she was more startled than hurt. She the door and kept out of sight when tract the attention of some much whimpered a bit, until she caught her sought after man who is too busy breath again and found that she was whimpered a bit, until she caught her Lillian answered my summons. All Right-Here Goes!"

"Please come upstairs to Katie's In a little while Cuffy coaxed her to get upon the plank again. And oom at once," I whispered. Then I If, instead of trying to conquer then they had great sport for hours, turned and sped back through the kitchen to the foot of the stairway tectering. They enjoyed it so much that they never noticed how the sun leading to my little maid's room,



Winning Baby

Gatchell Photo Ella Jean McGraw, 3 months' old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W McGraw, won first prize in the infant class in the War Mothers' Baby show last Monday. Babies from 2 weeks to 6 months were cligible in this

T'll hunt up a dish, and I want some class, and Ella Jean stood first in It was but a few seconds before,

armed with the implements she the estimation of the judges by vir-wished, we started for Katie's room, tue of her physical health and her finding my little maid seated on a good looks. The prize was a little chair, her hands planted firmly on Tiffany ring. her knees, evidently engaged in rig-

room and mine-we'll need them idly obeying my injunction not to both-also a box of rice powder. All touch her face. "Sit perfectly still, Katie, and close right. Katie, here goes!"

your eyes," Lillian commanded. "I'm She had rolled up her own sleeves, "I will call Mrs. Underwood," I not going to hurt you, but you don't and had pinned an apron of Katie's want to risk getting any of this stuff over her gown as she spoke. As I left your eyes. Madge, draw her hair the room I saw her dip her fingers tightly back from her face and twist into the lard and smear the girl's face ways happy when she has succeeded in casting her woes upon broader head, so that every strand is out of with the cold cream and powder the way. Turn down the neck of her kimono so that I won't grease it. There, that's right! Now, if you'll just get the cold cream bottles from your a human being again.



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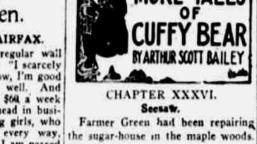
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and ran straight towards it. and chase after the silly little light- his sister, Silkie.

weights-the brainless, vampish, im-

Bear dasped.