

WOMAN'S PAGE—MAGAZINE FEATURES

Announcement Engagement.
Mr. and Mrs. Hillel Chernoff of Denver announced the engagement of their daughter, Katherine, on Sunday at their home, to Jack J. Weinman of Omaha. No date has been set for the wedding.

Wedding Trip.
Mr. and Mrs. Willard Orr, who were married Wednesday, August 30, have gone to the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Doud at Allan's Park, Colo., to spend 19 days.
Afterwards they will go to Abbia, Ia., to attend the golden wedding celebration of Mr. Orr's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Orr. The young couple will reside in Tarkio, Mo.

July Wedding Announced.
Mr. and Mrs. E. B. McGirr of Beatrice, Neb., have announced the marriage of their daughter, Myrtle, on July 1 at Missouri Valley, Ia., to Philip S. Briggs, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen S. Briggs of this city.
The wedding has been kept a secret until this time.
The bride is well known in Omaha and is a graduate nurse of the Methodist hospital of this city, and has also done work for the Visiting Nurses' association.
The young couple are motoring through the east and after a month's honeymoon will make their home in Omaha.

Miss Fairfield Honored.
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mallory entertained four tables of bridge last evening complimenting Miss Wynne Fairfield, guest of Miss Helen Rogers. In the afternoon Miss Fairfield was honor guest at a bridge party given by Mrs. Lester Klapp at her home, when those present were the Mesdames Charles Burgess, Harold White, and the Mesdames Helen Rogers, DeWenta, Conrad, Letta Smith, Dorothy Judson, Dorothy Ilieth, Gretchen Hess of Council Bluffs, Jeanette Johnson and Josephine Schurman.

Picnic at Elmwood.
The Fraternal Aid union Kensington will give a picnic Saturday, September 9, at 6:30 at Elmwood park for all members and their friends.

Personals

W. F. Baxter will return September 13 from New London, Conn.

Mrs. J. H. Hansen with her two sons is motoring home from Fair Isle at Cass Lake, Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Reed and Miss Erna Reed arrived home Friday morning from Wino, Mass., where they spent six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Beveridge and son, John, Jr., of Grant, Neb., are visiting at the home of Mr. Beveridge's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Beveridge.

S. Arion Lewis, Jr., left Thursday for Lincoln to enter his senior year at the university law school after a vacation spent in Colorado, Wyoming and Omaha.

Mrs. R. H. Olmsted will leave the last of the month to visit her daughter, Mrs. Bentley G. McCloud, in Kenilworth, Ill. Mrs. McCloud was formerly Miss Florence Olmsted.

Harry Wilkins Rushton of New York City has arrived to visit his sister, Mrs. Brandon Howell. He will be in Omaha, which is his former home, for about two weeks.

Mrs. Charles E. Black is expected home Saturday after a month's visit in Chicago. She motored east with Congressman and Mrs. A. W. Jefferson when they returned to Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wadleigh of Correctionville, Ia., announce the birth of a son, Harold Herbert, Jr., on Sunday, September 3. Mrs. Wadleigh was formerly Miss Gertrude Wadleigh of this city.

J. H. Hansen returned to the United States Thursday on the S. S. Homeric after seven weeks spent in Europe. He will go to Detroit for the Cadillac dealers' meeting before arriving in Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Pearce are making plans to accompany Miss Virginia on her trip east when she will enter Pine Manor at Dana Hall. They will leave the 25th of the month and will visit Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Perfect in New York City. Miss Virginia will go to Pine Manor October 5.

Bridal Couple Visits Here



Li and Mrs. Alfred Gruenther. (Small photo)

Lieut. and Mrs. Alfred Gruenther, whose wedding took place in Jeffersonville, Ind., August 22, are spending several weeks in Omaha with Lieut. Gruenther's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Gruenther, en route to Fort Snelling, Minn., where they will be at home after December 1.

Lieut. Gruenther and his bride will go to Columbus and Platte Center next week for a visit with relatives.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

His Feelings Were Hurt.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have come to grief over what I thought at first to be a small matter, but now it is not so small as I thought.

I have been going with a young gentleman for about eight months. Lately I have gone with two other young men. I had no idea at the time that it would hurt this other gentleman so much. He avoids as much as possible seeing me, but when he does he will not speak to me.

Please advise me as soon as possible what I should do to win his friendship back, since I found it has hurt my best friend's feelings I have not gone with any one. Is this right or wrong for me to do?

Thanking you, I am, JANET.

If you care enough for the young man to give up all your other masculine friends for him you are at perfect liberty to do so. And if you are sure it was your going about with them that hurt him and drove him away it would be all right to ask him to come and see you some evening and talk things over. But I would be sure that was at the bottom of his coldness before I asked him to call. If he merely grows tired of your society you would be making yourself ridiculous unnecessarily.

Friends Wanted.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I should like very much to have some advice from you. I need it dreadfully. To me my trouble is so great I cannot much longer bear it. I am a French girl. I have been in America for 12 years and attended the public schools. I am handsome. I cannot make friends easily. My mother and father are in France and I live with some friends of the family. I know by reading your lovely column that you do not allow addresses to be sent through you. I mean you do not try to make acquaintances, and I myself think it in some cases a good thing. But Miss Fairfax, oh I am so lonely. I want friends that I can understand and who can understand me. But these American girls they are so silly. I, too, like boys, but I don't love every one who comes along. Could you not make an exception to

My Marriage Problems

Adele Garrison's New Phase of "REVELATIONS OF A WIFE" (Copyright 1922)

The Report Allen Drake Gave Madge and Lillian.

If I had not seen his face I never would have recognized Allen Drake. Usually the most fastidious of men, an "elegant" if ever a man deserved the name, the brilliant diplomatic agent faced us with disheveled hair and clothing splashed with water and greasy with ointment, while from his face—always pallid, but now gray and drawn—his eyes shot an imperative message at us. He wasted no time in preliminaries, but spoke sharply.

"Which of you can best take Munson's gun and guard Smith for a few minutes?" he queried.
Lillian answered him quickly.
"I can," and I acquiesced her of any self-conceit. She knew that she was better fitted by experience and training for such a duty, and characteristically she wasted no second of precious time in false modesty.

"Will He Live?"

"All right," Mr. Drake answered. "Is the bed ready for Chester?"

Lillian swept her arm toward the bed in answer, and Mr. Drake nodded assent.

"Stay here, Mrs. Graham, till we bring him up," he said. "You'd better know, He's unconscious. That's what we need the man guarding Smith for, to help carry him up."

"Are you using a stretcher?" Lillian turned from the door to make the inquiry.
"No. There isn't time. Besides, there aren't any broken bones or internal injuries, you know."

"Then let me suggest that Mrs. Graham help also," Lillian suggested practically. "It will take all three of you to carry him, and Mrs. Graham can support his head."

Mr. Drake looked searchingly at me for a second, then nodded as if satisfied.

"Good idea," he said. "Come along, Mrs. Graham, I'll make just one proviso. You can help after we've brought him out of the kitchen. That kitchen's no sight for anybody just now. I'm going down and clean up after we get young Chester fixed in bed."

So efficiently did he co-ordinate his action and conversation that we were on the stairs by the time he had finished speaking. Lillian put a low-voiced query:

"I strained my ears for the answer, 'God knows,' he answered soberly. 'He fainted with the pain, poor devil—I nearly keeled over myself. I don't mind telling you, but he came out of that, then lapsed into unconsciousness again. The chief's afraid of

poison's working, but, of course, we can't tell yet."

Lillian's Plan.
"Of course—Smith knows what the poison is and its antidote," Lillian said reflectively.

"What's on your mind?" Allen Drake turned to stare at her curiously.
"Nothing weighed," Lillian retorted flippantly. "But tell me"—she laid a detaining hand upon his arm as he started toward the kitchen—"is that stiletto still efficient from a Borgia point of view?"

"Absolutely," he returned. "There's enough dope on there to kill eight men. But look here, you're spoiling a pet plan of mine. I had quite reckoned upon giving Mr. Smith a little persuasion with the primitive kitchen remedies we were obliged to use on poor young Chester."

"There was a sinister determination in his tone which told me how relentless Allen Drake could be in avenging a wrong or punishing a crime. I was chilled at the knowledge, but Lillian only laughed lightly.

"Better leave it to me," she said. "It will be quicker, and not half so messy. We want the stiletto!"

"On a mantel with a paper under it. Be mighty careful in handling it."

"I'm not anxious to be singled," she retorted. "I'll send Munson right out, and—don't send him back. I don't mind you folks, but I'm not anxious for any curious witnesses, in the next half hour."

With a little wave of the hand she disappeared through the library door, and after a wait of a couple of minutes, Munson, the operative, appeared with an apology for his delay.

"Mrs. Drake would wait to look over Smith's bonds," he said, "and then she had me take an extra half hitch on him. He's sure trusted up now for fair."

"He needs to be," Allen Drake returned grimly. "Come with me."

The two men went rapidly toward the kitchen whither I braced myself for the ordeal of helping carry unconscious Tom Chester up the stairway.

Clergy Visits Willard Hall.

Three hundred and fifty ministers who are attending the Methodist Episcopal conference in Omaha this week were entertained at luncheon Thursday at Willard Hall, the new home for working girls on South Tenth street. An inspection of the building followed the luncheon.

Add a raw prune to the pot when making after dinner coffee. It will give it a piquant touch liked by many.



Happy-Time Tales

FURTHER TALES OF JIMMY RABBIT BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER X

The Plot Part of a Feast.

"Come and dine with me!" Tommy Fox invited Jimmy Rabbit when the two happened to meet one evening. "Oh! no, thank you," said Jimmy quickly. "—I have an engagement."

But Tommy wouldn't take "no" for an answer. "I've asked you often to dine with me, and you've never yet accepted," he reminded Jimmy Rabbit. "You must come tonight. I can promise you that I'm going to have a good dinner, and the last course will be the best of all."

Jimmy Rabbit wanted to smile. All the same, he felt anything but happy. He knew of no hollow tree, no old log, no Woodchuck's hole, nor even Skunk's, into which he might run and hide from Tommy Fox. If he ran without having a place nearby into which to dodge, Jimmy couldn't tell how long Jimmy would be out and overtaken him.

"Well," said Jimmy Rabbit at last, "you're very kind. And since



But Tommy Fox never finished his remark.

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you've so keen to have me for your guest I'll go large with you, although my friends are expecting me."

"That's fine," Tommy told him. "And I'm sorry your friends can't come—especially for the last course."

So they walked off together towards the woods, keeping a sharp eye on each other. For Jimmy Rabbit had had for a chance to escape, while Tommy Fox kept himself ready to spring the moment Jimmy Rabbit jumped.

Jimmy was in no hurry to reach Tommy Fox's home at the place where the woods and the pasture met. He dawdled.

"Let's walk a little faster," Tommy urged him. "It would be a pity if somebody found our dinner and dug it up and ate it. It's in my doorway—all but the last course."

Jimmy Rabbit shivered. Yet it wasn't a cold evening. To his dismay he saw no way at all to get out of Tommy's clutches. And at last they stood in front of Tommy's doorway.

"Now," said Tommy, "I'll have dinner ready in a jiffy. And without taking his eyes off his guest, he began to dig. Soon he had uncovered a number of ribs, which he set out in a row upon the ground.

"Now," he said, "punch in!" And he began to eat. After he had eaten for a little while he stopped short. "What's the matter with you?" he asked. "Have you lost your appetite?"

"No! Oh, no!" Jimmy Rabbit answered. "I have it with me."

"Then you don't like my dinner," Tommy Fox cried. And he tried to appear very sad, even pretending to wipe away a tear. "Do try a leg of this mutton!" he begged.

"No, thank you," said Jimmy Rabbit with a shudder.

"Then gnaw this chicken wing!" "No, thank you!" Jimmy stammered.

"I know what's wrong," Tommy exclaimed suddenly. "You don't like meat. You prefer salads—don't you?"

"Yes!"

"How stupid of me!" Tommy said. "I declare, I forgot all about your odd tastes."

"Well, you watch me eat! In a few minutes I'll be ready for the last course. It's a pity, but that's going to be a meat course, too. It's going to be—"

He had intended to say "rabbit," as Jimmy Rabbit knew very well. But Tommy Fox never finished his remark. A sudden bark—and a long-drawn howl—made him leap high into the air. When he came down upon all fours he dashed for

his hole and in another instant his brush had whisked out of sight. Jimmy Rabbit hopped right over Tommy's hole and dived into the bushes. He left the scene of the dinner not an instant too soon. In another moment Old Dog Spot was snuffing and snorting about Tommy's doorway, scratching in the dirt and calling to Tommy Fox to come out if he dared.

Running through the woods, Jimmy Rabbit heard Spot's taunts and sniffs.

"He won't come out," he said to himself. "Tommy Fox won't come out while Old Spot's there—not even to get that last course that he talked so much about."

"If he did come out, the last course would be Fox," he chuckled, and old Dog Spot would be the one to enjoy it."

(Copyright, 1922.)

Country Clubs

At the Field Club.
Mrs. G. C. Meiergruber had reservations for nine at the Field club for luncheon Friday.

At Happy Hollow.
For luncheon Friday at Happy Hollow, Miss Eleanor Pickard had 4, and at dinner Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Belden had 9. Saturday evening J. K. Morrison had reservations for 6. W. H. Jones for 9 and Frank Clark 12.

DRESSES

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Best Home Treatment for All Hairy Growths

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Every woman should have a small package of delicate handy, for its timely use will keep the skin free from beauty-marring hairy growths.

To remove hair or fuzz from arms or neck, make a thick paste with some of the powdered delicate and water. Apply to hairy surface and after two or three minutes rub off, wash the skin and it will be free from hair or blemish. To avoid disfigurement, be sure you get real delicate and mix fresh.

Have You a Fiddle

Guitar, Saxophone, Cello, Cornet, Clarinet, or any small musical instrument you are not using? If so why not trade it to us for a Phonograph or Piano. We will make you a good "swap"

Bring Your Instrument to OAKFORD Music Co. 419 S. 16th Omaha

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65c Djer Kiss Face Powder for \$1.25
\$1.25 Pinnaud's Lilac Vegetal at 88c
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15c Anami Shampoo, 11c
\$1.50 Djer Kiss Vegetal for \$1.10
25c Odorono 42c
25c 3 and 3 1/2-inch Puffs, 10c
\$1.10 Pyron, for the teeth and gums, for 73c
\$1.00 Krank's Lemon Cream for 79c
50c 1/2-lb. Theatrical Cold Cream 35c
60c Milkweed Cream, 39c
50c box Linen Stationery, special for 24c

SUNDRIES
\$2.00 1-pint Vacuum Bottle for 89c
\$2.50 Electric Hot Plates for \$1.98
\$2.25 Washable Automobile Chamois for 89c
\$2.00 2-qt. Velvet Hot Water Bottle and Fountain Syringe for \$1.25
\$1.50 2-qt. Velvet Fountain Syringe for 89c
\$1.25 Pocket Knives, 79c

CIGARS
8c Lord Curzon Invincibles for 5c
Box of 50, \$2.25
15c Sirena, Corona size, 2 for 5c
Box of 50, \$3.50
15c Mozart, Americanos, 3 for 25c
Box of 50, \$3.50

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Fresh made (not government supplies.)
All You Want at These Prices
Camels, Lucky Strikes, 2 pkgs. for 25c
Per carton \$1.25
Add 5c per carton or box on mail orders for postage and packing.

DRUG WANTS
\$1.00 Yeast Foam Tablets for 69c
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\$1.00 Nujol 89c
25c Mavis Talcum 17c
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60c Resinol Ointment, 42c
30c Phenolax 22c
35c Freestone 25c
50c Hinkle Pills 19c
35c Nature's Remedy Tablets for 17c
\$1.25 Lyko Tonic 98c
30c Mentholatum 17c
50c Phillips' Milk of Magnesia for 36c
\$1.25 Swamp Root 84c
35c Sal Hepatica 21c

SOAPS
30c Packer's Tar Soap, 19c
30c Woodbury Facial Soap at 18c
30c Rosin Soap 22c
15c Lux or Fab Chips, 10c

GOGGLES
\$1.00 and \$2.00 Automobile Goggles, choice 59c

FOR MEN
\$1.00 Gillette Razors, 69c
\$1.00 Gillette Blades, 69c
50c Durban Daplex Blades, 39c
\$1.00 Auto-Strip Blades, 85c
\$1.00 Gem, Ever-Ready or Auto Strip Razors, 79c
\$2.50 Hair Clippers, \$1.49

Low Shoes to Be Vogue This Winter, Say Dealers

Spats Will Be Preferred to Keep Out Snow, But Gashes, 'Tis Said, Are Gone Forever.

Oxfords, pumps and low-cut shoes with straps attached will be the last word in women's footwear this winter, according to local retailers who believe that high shoes are going to be about as hard to sell to the women folks as it would be to sell gas to drivers of electric.

With skirts longer, heels on the shoes will be higher—the average ranging from one to two and one-quarter inches in height—the heels, not the skirts. The ideal heel will be one and three-quarter inches high. This will be the third winter the local dealers have not put in supplies of high shoes. If the snow gets too deep, spats may be worn—just gashes, never! Like Tosti's song, "they're gone forever!"

We have anticipated the fall styles and Omaha women may find here the shoe they want in the proper style and at extremely low prices.

The Shoe Market
"Omaha's Popular Priced Ladies' Shoe Store"
320 South 16th Street

Omaha's Newest Ready-to-Wear Store Will Open Saturday, September 9

with a complete showing of the very latest creations in Coats · Suits · Dresses Skirts · Blouses

Fall and winter fashions most favored fancies find expression in the fascinating offerings in this opening display.

We extend you a most cordial invitation

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