

# SOCIETY AND WOMAN'S PAGE

## Many Motoring Parties Will Leave Saturday for the Lincoln Game

Saturday morning will find Greenwood and Waverly draped in dust from the wheels of motoring parties that leave many parties of Omaha people to the Missouri-Nebraska game at Lincoln that afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller are meeting Mr. and Mrs. Burton C. Whitmore of Valley, and will drive down to join Mrs. Miller's parents and brother, the Messrs. and Mesdames M. W. Folson and Willard Folson. Following the game they will dine with the senior Folsons at their home.

The Wayne Bellows are leaving early today with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Loomis.

A box party will include Mr. and Mrs. Naasson Young, Dr. and Mrs. George Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reasener and Nelson Updike, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Lee Huff and Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Bekins will make the trip together, and on their return Sunday will bring Miss Edna Fitzsimmons of Lincoln to be the guest of Mrs. Bekins for the following week.

In another party will be Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Robertson and Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCague.

Miss Almarie Campbell left Friday afternoon and was a guest that evening at the Phi Gamma Delta dance as a preliminary to the game Saturday.

There will be 150 visitors to the game, representatives of the South Omaha stock yard interests. They will leave on an early train with the mess, male and female of Ak-Sar-Ben, and with them will depart the fancy stock that the university will send to the International Stock show, and have luncheon as guests of the domestic science department at the state farm.

Among those in the party will be the Messrs. and Mesdames Everett Buckingham, William Wood and Mr. Charles Saunders.

## The Harry Wilkins and Miss Davis Motor East.

Miss Elizabeth Davis will leave on Saturday by motor with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilkins for a week's trip to Chicago, where they will meet Mrs. Henry Bohling, who is spending a month in Hot Springs, W. Va., with Mrs. C. B. Bohling.

On Thursday Harry Bohling will join the party and they will return to Omaha early the following week.

## For Mrs. De Haven.

Mrs. J. H. Hansen entertained eight guests at luncheon at the Brandeis tea room Friday in honor of Mrs. Irvin Christian De Haven of Indianapolis, who is the guest of Mrs. John B. Morrison. Following luncheon the party played bridge at the home of Mrs. Hansen. On Monday Mrs. Lester Irish will be the hostess to Mrs. De Haven.

## Planned for Mrs. Royce.

Miss Erna Reed is planning a luncheon for Monday, October 30, in honor of Mrs. Stephen Royce of Pasadena, Cal., who, with her small daughter, is visiting Mrs. Anna Thomas. Miss Corrine Elliott will also be hostess to Mrs. Royce during the first week in November.

## For Mrs. Barkalow.

Mrs. F. H. Davis will entertain Tuesday at luncheon in honor of Mrs. S. D. Barkalow of Washington, D. C., who, with Mr. Barkalow and Miss Caroline Barkalow, will arrive on Saturday to be her guest.

## Announcement.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Allen announce the engagement of their daughter, Emily Rosemary, to Carlos C. Kohler of Los Angeles, Cal. Miss Allen is a graduate of the Omaha Central High school and attended the University of Omaha law school for one year. Mr. Kohler is a graduate of the University of California and a member of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity. The wedding will be solemnized in November.

## Dorcas Club Luncheon.

The Dorcas club met Friday for luncheon at the home of Mrs. A. H. Allerhagen. There are 12 members of the club, and they are at present working on baby clothes for the American Legion auxiliary.

## For Miss Jenks.

Miss Mildred Rhoades entertained at bridge last evening in honor of Miss Florence Jenks, a bride of the month.

## Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"I contend that there can be no love without jealousy. The lukewarm way, not love at all. I know whereof I speak for I love a girl devotedly, affection that permits the beloved to flirt and gallivant and to have its own but when I see her interested in other men, I see red," writes J. B. C.

"Do you believe a woman can love a man truly and deeply without having a lot of jealousy mixed in with her feelings?" asks Grace D. "I don't. But my husband says that if I really cared for him, I'd want him to enjoy himself and not resent his taking a little interest in other women. But I say either I'm enough for him—or he doesn't care for me. Don't you think I'm right in demanding all his thoughts or else feeling that I have nothing worth counting on from him?"

I think you are wrong. I think all jealous folks are really, miserably, tragically wrong. Jealousy is the most selfish of the vices. Jealousy is the most tyrannous and unfair of the qualities. It grows out of suspicion and unfaith. It flourishes in meanness and selfishness. And in the end it destroys love and happiness.

No matter how deeply two persons love each other, they remain separate individuals. If one, out of the other, is not relieved of the pang of hunger. If one sleeps, the other is not rested. The clothes one wears do not keep the other warm.

Nor can the payable food one receives nourish the other.

The generous love which allows freedom has nothing to fear unless it has made the blunder of mating with a weakling. No man can help respecting the wife whose tolerance permits him to seek the stimulations he requires. He comes home happy in the joy of confiding his experiences. No woman can help believing in the strength and honest assurance of a love which does not think it must claim her to be sure of her.

Jealousy destroys all beauty and peace and faith. It makes for deceit. And the love which thinks it proves itself through jealousy is nothing but a self-centered, tyrannous, conceited, and even brutal feeling based on passion and the need of devotion and admiration. But of the warmth and generosity and understanding of love, it knows nothing.

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## My Marriage Problems

By ADELE GARRISON.

### The Reason Madge Rushed to Open Katie's Door.

Lillian gave no time to further introspection concerning Dr. Pettit's mysterious reference to Dicky's whereabouts. With her hand compellingly on my arm she rushed me down the hall and into her room, putting me into a chair near the light and turning its illumination full upon my face.

"Look, dear mamma-in-law has the children," she commented, as she turned my head and turned my eyes up to her. "Sit still and close your eyes until I come back. I won't be five minutes."

She lowered her own record-primrose in her turn, laden with a basin of warm water, soap, an antiseptic lozenge, a healing ointment and plenty of soft clothes.

"Now," she said, tucking a big bath towel around my neck, "we'll have you looking like the cricket's chirp in no time. But I warn you, some of the things I'm going to do for you."

Her warning was justified. Some of her remedies did smart almost intolerably, but though I am an ardent coward and where physical pain is concerned, I set my teeth, determined not to wince, when only a few feet from my door, Tom Chester had undergone—indeed, was undergoing still—operations which made my hurts seem the merest annoyances.

But it was over at last, and with my face feeling comfortable, and my nervous tension relaxed, I opened my eyes when Lillian gave me permission, and smiled at her.

"I feel like a new woman," I said gratefully.

Lillian tipped her head to one side, looking at me critically.

### Plans in Detail.

"You look like one, that is, like the militant variety used to look after having been dragged from a hooking stand," she remarked dryly. "No," as I rose involuntarily, "you can't have any mirror. Your face will be healed over in a few days, and there's no use upsetting your vanity before then. I've something more important on hand. I'd like to see everything that happened since you left the house. Of course, I know you did the job, some way, but I'd like the details."

The note of pride of absolute confidence in her voice was most gratifying, but when I had finished recounting the incidents of my expedition, including Tom Chester's disablement, and my own wild ride upon the back of Smith's limousine, the loving, impetuous clasp of her arms, and her lavish commendation so rarely bestowed, thrilled me greatly and made me flush deeply.

"You're brave, resourceful, idiotic," she exclaimed with her arm close around me. "How easily you might have been killed! But how wonderful to think you turned the trick! That link in the chain is finished now. Sooner or later Smith will lead the way to the man we want, the wealthy, trusted, seemingly 100 per cent American, who is the spider in the center of this monstrous web of treachery and infamy. And if my lunch is good, Katherine is going straight to a house, which if not the home of the man we want is that of some one very near to him."

### "Turn Up the Light—"

"I wish she weren't going," I said impulsively. "I feel as though—"

"You feel as though you needed a good night's sleep to get the tremors out of you," Lillian retorted. "Of course you are imagining everything in the calendar that could happen to Katherine just now, and I don't wonder after your experience this evening. Katherine won't be in any danger that I know of. She's amended conscientiously—the chances are at least ten to one of her coming through safely. And tonight you had less than a 50-50. No, events are moving very smoothly. We can afford to rest on our oars a bit. Listen! Isn't that some one crying?"

I listened for a second or two, then rose abruptly.

"It's Katie," I decided. "I was afraid she'd be frightened when she awakened. Harry or she'll rouse everybody in the house."

I was in the hall before I had finished speaking, and racing down the corridor to the kitchen wing, Katie's cries—mere whimpers at first—were becoming louder, and I knew my volatile little maid's tendency to hysteria when frightened or angry. Lillian's footsteps sounded behind me, and she had caught up to me by the time I had managed to open Katie's door.

My little maid was sitting up in bed, her hands clutched at her still swollen throat upon which Smith's brutal, murderous hands had closed, her eyes

## SLEEPY-TIME TALES FATTY COON MORE OF HIS ADVENTURES

By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

### Uncle Sammy Coon and His Wooden Leg.

Uncle Sammy Coon couldn't walk without limping. He had a lame leg, which he had hurt one time when he was stealing something or other down at Farmer Green's place. He could hobble along pretty fast—and even run. But he wasn't so spry at climbing trees as he had been before his accident.

In one way Uncle Sammy Coon enjoyed having a lame leg. It gave him a fine excuse to ask the neighbors to do things for him. Often when he could have gone on some errand for himself easily enough he asked Fatty Coon or some other of the "younger fry," as he called them, to help him. Sometimes Fatty and his friends ran Uncle Sammy's errands. Sometimes they didn't. When they did, Uncle Sammy always promised to give them a treat—and usually forgot it. And when they refused he always abused them roundly, telling them that they ought to be ashamed not to do everything they could for a poor old gentleman who was wounded.



Have you ever tried a wooden leg?

Fatty Coon inquired.

"When Fatty Coon was younger he often helped Uncle Sammy. But as he grew older he had discovered that Uncle Sammy was a good-for-nothing scamp, and a fraud.

"If you're so lame," he said to Uncle Sammy one day, "why don't you do something to cure yourself?"

"There's no cure for my trouble," Uncle Sammy told him. "I've tried every herb in Aunt Polly Woodchuck's basket. But there's not one that does me the least bit of good." Aunt Polly Woodchuck was the most famous herb doctor in Pleasant Valley. When she couldn't cure you, people said you might as well give up all hope.

"Have you ever tried a wooden leg?" Fatty Coon inquired.

"Why not?" Uncle Sammy answered. "I didn't know there was any such thing."

"I advise you to get one," said Fatty Coon.

"You got a wooden leg for me and well see if it helps me," Uncle Sammy Coon told him. "You're young and spry. You haven't a lame leg. You can hunt around and find a wooden leg a good deal more easily than I can."

Fatty said he couldn't spare the time just then to look for a wooden leg. But he promised to keep an eye out for one. And when he found one he would bring it to Uncle Sammy's house beside Black Creek, over near Cedar swamp.

Well, that very day he happened to see a crooked stick that was just about the length of Uncle Sammy Coon's lame leg. So he picked it up and carried it to Uncle Sammy's house.

"Here's your wooden leg," Fatty told the old fellow.

"It's not new," Uncle Sammy grumbled as he snatched at the stick, not even thanking Fatty for his trouble. "It's an old piece of rot. Anybody could tell that."

Secretly, however, he was much pleased. When Fatty had left him, Uncle Sammy tucked the wooden leg carefully away in a corner of his house and went wandering off through the swamp. He had gone only a little way when he began to grumble to himself.

"That wooden leg is no good," he wildly darting around the dimly-lighted room, her lips uttering hoarse cries which were increasing in volume with every second. I sprang to the side of the bed, throwing a crisp round over my shoulder to Lillian.

"Turn up the light—high!"

muttered. "I can't walk any better than I could before. If I see that young Fatty Coon I'll tell him the wooden leg is too old to help me. I need a genuine new one."

And he did tell Fatty Coon exactly that, as soon as he could find him. "No good!" cried Fatty. "How can you say that? You're not wearing the wooden leg. You mustn't expect it to be of any help to you when you go off and leave it at home."

"Oh!" said Uncle Sammy. "I didn't understand. I didn't know I had to wear the wooden leg."

"Well, you go home and put the leg on. Give it a fair trial."

"Very well," said Uncle Sammy. And he turned away. But he stopped suddenly and called to Fatty: "How shall I wear it?"

"Tie it on in place of your lame one."

"How can I do that? I always wear my lame leg."

"Cut the lame one off!" Fatty retorted.

"Cut it off!" Uncle Sammy howled. "I won't! I'll do no such thing. I wouldn't give up my lame leg on any account. In some ways it's the best leg I've got."

And then he shut his mouth together tightly, with a snap. He was afraid he had said too much.

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## State Convention W.C.T.U. Elects Delegates

Omaha delegates to the state convention of the W. C. T. U. at Lincoln returned Wednesday evening. Mrs. M. D. Veno and Mrs. C. J. Roberts, both of Omaha, were named delegates to the world conference of the W. C. T. U. which will be held in Philadelphia, November 11 to 28. Mrs. Veno, president of the Douglas county chapter, will represent Douglas county and Mrs. Roberts is delegate from the state. Mrs. Lela Eyer, elected state president, will also attend, and Mrs. C. W. Hayes will be alternate for Mrs. Veno.

Ella A. Boole of New York, national vice president of the W. C. T. U., was one of the speakers at the convention, and said that 32 nations have already sent the names of their delegates to the international convention.

All the state officers were re-elected for another year: Mrs. Byer of Boone, president; Mrs. C. C. Clayton of Lincoln, vice president; Mrs. Mary Selbert of Chapman, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Edna Maxey of Orleans, recording secretary, and Mrs. C. J. Roberts of Omaha, treasurer.

Plans were made for the seven regional conferences to be held in Nebraska during February and for a membership campaign next May. The annual meeting of the state executive board meeting in February.

To remove paint from window glass, rub a little vinegar on spots.

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- CANDY DEPT.**
- \$1.10 pound original Allegretti Chocolate Creams, The peer of all bitter sweet chocolates. Special, Saturday, per pound . . . . . 69c

- DRUG WANTS**
- \$1.00 Vita Vim Tablets, 69c
  - \$1.10 Tanlac . . . . . 94c
  - 40c Fletcher's Castoria for . . . . . 22c
  - 60c Rasinal Ointment . . . . . 42c
  - 30c Phenolax . . . . . 22c
  - 35c Frezzone . . . . . 25c
  - 35c Nature's Remedy Tablets . . . . . 17c
  - \$1.25 Liko Tonic . . . . . 95c
  - 30c Mentholatum . . . . . 17c
  - 50c Phillip's Milk of Magnesia for . . . . . 30c
  - 35c Sal Hepatica . . . . . 21c
  - \$3.75 Horlick's Hospital Size Malted Milk . . . . . \$2.89
  - 30c Zymole Troches . . . . . 18c
  - 60c DeWitt's Kidney Pills for . . . . . 42c
  - 35c Effering . . . . . 27c
  - \$1.00 Listerine . . . . . 79c
  - 50c Vick's Vapo Rub . . . . . 27c
  - \$1.00 Imported Olive Oil, pints . . . . . 73c
  - \$2.00 Imported Olive Oil, quarts . . . . . \$1.39
  - \$1.00 Bathing Alcohol, 95c
  - Hospital Cotton . . . . . 33c
  - 1 lb. Epsom Salts . . . . . 10c
  - 35c Bayer's Aspirin, 2 dozen for . . . . . 23c

- ROUGES**
- 40c Goutalbe Rouge, new shade, Begonia and Orange, in gold box . . . . . 30c
  - \$2.00 Goutalbe Combination, Rouge and Powder, in all the new shades, gold box, at . . . . . \$1.25

- FOR MEN**
- \$1.00 Gillette Razors, 69c
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- Fresh made (not government supplies) - Camels, Lucky Strikes, 2 pkgs. for 25c. Per carton . . . . . \$1.25
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  - Box of 50 . . . . . \$3.50
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- Real Leather Hand Bags Worth \$3.50 Saturday 98c

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