

SOCIETY AND WOMAN'S PAGE

Engagement of Miss Helena Chase.

Mrs. Clement Chase has announced the engagement of her daughter, Helena W. Chase, to Mr. H. McClure Johnson of Chicago. Mr. Johnson is associated with Mrs. Chase's uncle, Mr. S. Hinton, in a prominent legal firm in Chicago.

Mrs. Chase has taken an apartment in New York for the winter at 44 West Ninetieth street. She will have with her Miss Mildred Rogers and Miss Chase, both of whom are studying in the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts, whose founder and president is Frank Alvah Parsons, well known as a lecturer on art to Omaha audiences.

Visitors from Dubuque Here for the Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward James Connor will entertain at luncheon at the Athletic Club Wednesday noon in honor of Mrs. John McDonald of Dubuque, Ia., who is enroute to California with her mother, Mrs. P. H. Hank of Dubuque. Mrs. McDonald and her daughter, Mrs. A. Y. McDonald of Dubuque, are also in the party. They will leave for the west Wednesday evening.

To Live in Omaha.

Announcement was made Sunday of the engagement of Miss Marian Edith Stout, only daughter of former Dean O. V. Stout of the University of Nebraska, and Mr. Stuart to Charles H. Rank, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Rank of Dubuque. The wedding will take place November 1 at the First Baptist church at Lincoln at 10 o'clock. Miss Stout attended the University of Nebraska where she is a member of Gamma Phi Beta and Mr. Rank is a member of Alpha Theta Chi at the university. After January 1, upon their return from a trip east, Mr. Rank and his bride will be at home in Omaha. Ralph Clayton of Omaha will be best man. Richard P. Stott, brother of the bride, will give her in marriage in the absence of her father who is in California.

Ord Club.

Mrs. J. G. Ackerman of Atkinson, Neb., president of the Sixth district of the Nebraska Federation of Women's clubs addressed the club women of Ord and neighboring towns at the Ord club women's meeting at the Ord club women were present from Burwell, North Loup, Scotia, Loup City and Arcadia. There are three study clubs at Ord: the Fortnightly, the Laurel and the Woman's. All of these were largely represented at the meeting. A reception for the visiting ladies was given in the evening. Out of town guests were entertained in the homes of the Ord club women.

Problems That Perplex

Is Love Tyranny?
Dear Miss Fairfax: I will be 25 next month and I am very much in love with a girl of 22. She says she loves me and has promised to marry me. Last spring she was very anxious to bob her hair, but I asked her not to and she said she wouldn't. The other evening I called on her as usual and found she had done it. When I complained about it she said it was a personal affair and her mother didn't object and, as her best girl friend had decided to bob hers, they went together to have it cut, as her girl friend had asked her to and they wished to be alike. Do you think she can care very much for me to wish to please a girl friend rather than me?

I must confess that she looks prettier with her hair short. A. J. C.

Do you think the point you raise is worth a real man's consideration? I know it seems a trifling matter, but it is a matter often do? But when you stand off and look at the thing, is love tyranny? Do you feel that you are showing your unselfish devotion when you try to interfere in a harmless thing which you confess beautifies the girl you love? You have an old-fashioned prejudice against a style that is sanitary and time saving and that works no damage of any sort. And you are quarreling over an affront to your masculine pride. Be a bigger man than this and don't make your love a prison.

Both Very Young.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and have been going about steadily with a young man my own age for three years. He asked me some time ago to marry him. I consented, although he has never given me any engagement ring.

He has a job that does not pay a very high salary. He turns most of it home and the rest he spends foolishly, but never goes anywhere without me.

I have brought up the question of saving some, but he thinks we should pay for our furniture after we are married on the installment plan.

In the last week we had a quarrel and are not on speaking terms. If he should try to gain my friendship again should I give him any, or what should I do? HEARTBROKEN.

You are both very young to be engaged and to be thinking of getting married. Have you both had your friends' advice and do you enter into an engagement when you are older. Then you will be better able to overcome the differences and quarrels. Wait! This is the thing for you to do.

Somewhat Unwise.
Dear Miss Fairfax: Have recently been engaged to a fellow that I have seen going with for eight months. He is going on his vacation soon and has asked me to go along with him. Would you kindly advise me whether it would be better for me to go with him and stop at the same place or not?

A critical world would be likely to misinterpret your taking your vacation unchaperoned and with the man you are going to marry. What have you to gain by permitting your reputation to be smeared in the thoughts of folks in base snipes and insinuations you can easily avoid. You are going to be married soon, and you want everything to be beautiful and free. Don't put yourself in a position to be criticized.

N. F. You have written me for a copy of *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Working* a stamp for reply. You live in the city, I note, and I believe it is only fair for you to stop and buy the paper every Sunday when you are downtown.

A. E. J. I have been going steady with a fellow for some time. There was one story in the Friday afternoon paper, October 20.

Where a divorce must be placed above a man's honor, the man who is under a cloud should not be allowed to wear a badge.

Officers at State Club Convention



The 27th state convention of the Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs opened Tuesday morning at North Platte, with the federated women's clubs of North Platte as hostesses. The gavel of the president, Mrs. Edgar Penney of Fullerton, fell at 9:45 o'clock.

Mrs. Penney has served one year of her two-year term of office and has proved popular and efficient officer. There will be no elections this year.

Mrs. James T. Lees of Lincoln is not only vice president of the state federations, but also editor of the Bulletin, the state magazine of the clubs. This is her third year in this important capacity.

Other state officers are Mrs. R. D. Kingsbury, Grand Island, recording secretary; Mrs. M. E. Minder of Oakland, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Paul C. Perryman of Oak, treasurer; Mrs. S. C. Stoner of Newark, auditor; Mrs. John Slaker of Hastings, past president, is now general federation director. Officers made their annual reports Tuesday morning.

District presidents in the order of their districts are: Mrs. S. P. Cressat, Nebraska City; Mrs. E. S. Nickerson, Papillion; Mrs. C. A. Miller, North Bend; Mrs. S. L. Maina, Crete; Mrs. A. J. Jensen, Harvard; and Mrs. J. G. Ackerman, Atkinson. They were the principal speakers Tuesday evening.

"No More War" is the slogan for this convention.

Monday evening was given over to an executive board meeting and conferences among district presidents, division chairmen and club presidents.

My Marriage Problems

Adèle Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife."

The Wild Suspicion Dr. Pett Voted to Mangle.

"Mrs. Underwood says you wished to see me, Mrs. Graham."

Dr. Pett, with his professional dignity, in Dicky's parlance, "working overtime," and with only his eyes showing the strain under which he had been working over Tom Chester, came into the library where I had asked Lillian to send him.

"Yes, I do," I answered bluntly. "Please sit down. You must be exhausted."

"Thank you, I am not tired." His tone held the cold, awkward stiffness which repels so many of his acquaintances and which completely hides the real goodness and kindness of the man.

I refused to be impressed, however, and pushed a chair toward him.

"But I am," I said pettishly, "and it tires me to see you standing."

What Madge Asked.

"In that case, of course, I have no choice," he said stiffly, and sat down in the chair, unconsciously settling into the comfort with a relaxing movement which betrayed his fatigue. I felt a bit conscience-stricken about laughing so tired a man, but my unbusiness over the meaning of his little speech concerning Dicky was like a barb pricking me in, and I went directly to the point.

"Dr. Pett, I must ask you what you meant when you asked me if I were sure my husband was in the Adirondacks?"

He straightened in the chair with the effect of a jerk, and his eyes showed fatigue no longer. I had the old notion that something had just kindled a fire behind them.

"So you have reconsidered your answer," he said, and his tone betrayed the fierce eagerness which was in him.

"Not necessarily," I parried. "I simply wished to know what was behind your question. There must have been something."

"There was," he answered grimly. "But the answer you gave to my question disposed of it. Unless," there came a shrewd look into his eyes, "unless you wish to reconsider your answer. In that case I will ask my question again. Are you sure your husband is in the Adirondacks?"

His manner was the offensive, arrogant one of the old-time pedagogue. I told myself that all he needed was a heavy switch under his arm, to make a shrewd look into his eyes, unless you wish to reconsider your answer. In that case I will ask my question again. Are you sure your husband is in the Adirondacks?"

A Biting Rejoinder.

His manner was the offensive, arrogant one of the old-time pedagogue. I told myself that all he needed was a heavy switch under his arm, to make a shrewd look into his eyes, unless you wish to reconsider your answer. In that case I will ask my question again. Are you sure your husband is in the Adirondacks?"

Personals

Mrs. Warren Blackwell returned Monday from Chicago.

Mrs. Charles A. Greene, who has been spending the past few weeks at the Bluebonnets, leaves Friday for Chicago.

Mrs. William Bryson, a prominent club woman of Muskogee, Okla., is the house guest of Mrs. Dora Alexander Talley. Several dinners and the after parties are being given in her honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hubbard left by motor this morning for Chicago and Indianapolis. They will later drive through to Los Angeles, where they will reside at 3715 West Twenty-fifth street for the present.

Mrs. Charles McDonald has returned from the east with her mother, Mrs. Everett Clark. Mrs. McDonald has been spending some time in Connecticut, following the entrance of her daughter, Charlotte, in the Emma Willard school.

Put a gate at the head of stairs where the baby plays.

Kellogg's Bran is guaranteed to relieve severe constipation!

Nature permanently relieves constipation through the eating of BRAN—Kellogg's Bran, cooked and krummled. We guarantee that if any suffer from constipation, will eat Kellogg's Bran, regularly, that this digestive condition will be eliminated. Men, women and children should know the dangers of constipation, they should know that constipation can be blamed for 20 per cent of all illness; that it is directly the cause of Bright's disease, diabetes, all cases of indigestion of the stomach, etc. Constipation does an essential and physical damage. It therefore means power, it destroys men and women when they should be in their prime; it stunts children. Three out of four cases of the system of every member of your family by using Kellogg's Bran.

Physicians endorse the use of Kellogg's Bran for constipation because it relieves the trouble through the food you eat, because it sweeps, cleans and purifies without irritation or discomfort in a natural way. Kellogg's Bran—at least two tablespoonfuls daily, in stomach cases, with every meal—and relief will be permanent! And besides, the wonderful food elements of Bran will stimulate the brain and nerve cells, put the bloom of health into faded cheeks, and snap into step. Bran makes children grow strong and robust, keeps the stomach in delicious as a cereal or porridge over other hot or cold cereals; it relieves the itched, gummy, chapped, itchy throat and soothes other good things you need also. See Kellogg's Bran at all grocery stores! You can't afford to live any other way.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES FATTY COON MORE OF HIS ADVENTURES

CHAPTER IN.
Fatty Coon Tries to Please the Old White Mare.

Farmer Green's old white mare had something new. Jimmy Rabbit brought the news into the woods. But when the forest folk asked him what it was that the white mare had, he couldn't tell him.

"It's a strange-looking object. I don't know exactly what to call it," Jimmy Rabbit said.

"Where is the old white mare?" Fatty Coon inquired.

"She's in the pasture, and the queerest new thing is with her."

"I'm going to have a look at it," Fatty Coon announced. And right away he scrambled down out of the tree where he had been doing and started for the hillside pasture that reached up toward Blue Mountain. As he reached the pasture fence he could see the white mare grazing down near the barn at the end of the lane.

"I'll ask her to show me this thing. It might be good to eat," Fatty murmured to himself as he waddled down the hill.

The white mare saw him coming; she raised her head as Fatty drew near to her.

"What do you want?" she asked him none too pleasantly.

At that moment an odd, ungainly figure hobbled around from the far side of the pasture fence. It had a woolly tail; and though the creature was much smaller than the white mare, its legs were almost as long as hers. These legs seemed to Fatty Coon to be far too long for the tottering animal to which they belonged.

"What do you want?" the white mare repeated as Fatty Coon stopped and stared at the strange sight.

"I heard that you had something new," Fatty explained. "I came down to see it. I hoped it was something good to eat."

At this the white mare gave a sort of cackle.

"I should like to catch anybody trying to eat my colt!" she cried. "I can kick and I can bite. And if you don't believe me, just try to take a nibble out of this youngster!"

The white mare's eyes flashed and she laid back her ears, close to her head, looking so threatening that Fatty Coon hastened to assure the lady that he wouldn't dream of touching her youngster.

"I'm not hoping," he told her, "that somebody had given you a few bushes of corn. Of course I can't help being a bit disappointed. But I'm glad to see your colt. I dare say it's a good one!"

"A good one!" exclaimed the white mare, somewhat hotly. "It certainly is! This is the finest colt in the whole country. They say," she added with a smother, "that he looks like his mother."

"Does he?" Fatty inquired. "Who is his mother?"

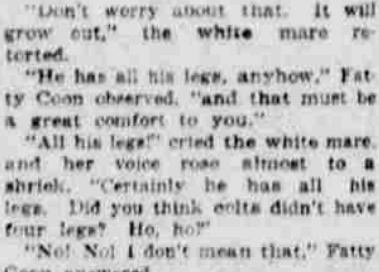
"I am," the white mare snapped. "Can't you see that his head is like mine? And his feet?"

Fatty Coon looked closely at the white mare, and then at her young son.

"But you're white and he's dark gray," said Fatty.

"His coat will fade as he grows older," said the white mare.

"But his tail is a good deal like a sheep's," Fatty remarked.



"Don't worry about that. It will grow out," the white mare retorted.

"He has all his legs, anyhow," Fatty Coon observed, "and that must be a great comfort to you."

"All his legs?" cried the white mare, and her voice rose almost to a shriek. "Certainly he has all his legs. Did you think colts didn't have four legs? Ho, ho!"

"No! No! I don't mean that," Fatty Coon answered.

"Then you better explain. And you'd better be very careful what you say, for I can bite and I can kick; and I won't have anybody making fun of my colt."

"I only meant," Fatty told the white mare, "that your son's legs won't have to grow. They're long enough already. Why, he can hardly get his head down to the ground!"

"Ho!" explained the white mare. "Don't worry about that! My son's neck will grow. When he is old enough to eat grass he won't have any trouble getting his share. And I can tell you, sir, that he's going to be a hearty eater."



"Oh, my goodness! Go away!" the white mare squealed.

"Then he's like me!" Fatty Coon cried. "Did they say that—when they told you he looked like you?"

"Nonsense!" the white mare snapped. "Who ever heard of a colt and a coon being alike?"

"He may have rings on his tail, later, like mine," said Fatty hopefully.

"Oh, my goodness! Go away!" the white mare squealed. "You've started me to worrying. Please don't come near us again, when you see us in the pasture!"

So Fatty Coon turned and went back toward the woods.

"I've always heard the white mare was hard to please," he muttered. "But she is certainly delighted with that colt; and he's the queerest thing in the shape of a horse that I ever saw."

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Birth Announcements.

Mr. and Mrs. William Jacobson announce the birth of a daughter on Tuesday at the St. Joseph hospital.

A daughter, Jean Anne, was born Sunday to Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Trimeau at the St. Joseph hospital.

A daughter, Mary Magdalene, was born Sunday to Mr. and Mrs. John Mountain at the St. Joseph hospital. Mrs. Mountain was formerly Miss Carrie Welsensberger.

Drama League.
Owing to cancellation of "The Bad Man" engagement at the Brandeis, the Omaha Drama League has recalled the bulletins for the play. It will bulletin "Emperor Jones," in which Gilpin will appear on November 5.

Avoid touching the metal parts of electric light sockets and fixtures while standing on bathroom floors that may be damp.

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Believing in moderating prices on Furs we refrained from early buying and held no August Sale as in former years.

Our Judgment Has Been Vindicated

We have now secured an interesting group of Coats and other fur pieces which we place on sale now, at the very opening of winter—

Wednesday, October 25th
at prices that make a real appeal.

Fur Coats, Capes, Wraps, Coatees

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Jap Mink | Kolinsky
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Black Muskrat | Viakta Squirrel
Biege Caracul
Near Seal
Civet Cat |
|--|---|---|
- Northern Muskrat Coat**—40-inch length, seven skin dropped stripe border, new shirred-in collar, irregular skirt effect, fancy lining, at **\$295**
- Raccoon Coat**—40-inch length, 4 skin, reverse stripe border, with deep self collar and cuffs, at **\$295**
- Hudson Seal Coat**—40-inch length, new woven sash and tassels, fancy Canton crepe lining and choice of Beaver or Squirrel trimmed, at **\$375**
- Black Caracul Coat-Wrap**—45-inch length with large shawl collar and cuffs of Skunk, fancy broadened lining, at **\$450**
- Hudson Seal Coat**—45-inch length, set in sleeves, turn-back cuffs, fancy woven belt, Marten collar and cuffs, at **\$495**
- Near Seal Coat**—40-inch length, raglan sleeves, self collar, fancy Canton crepe lining, at **\$275**
- Near Seal Cape**—45-inch length, reversed worked border, Canton crepe lined, **\$295**

- Newest Sport Model Fur Coats**
- Sport Model Fur Coats**—For small women, sizes 32 to 34, developed in both Jaquette and regulation styles.
- NEAR SEAL** MARMOT
BROWN CONEY NUTRIA
- With self, Fitch and Raccoon collars. Price range—**\$49.50, \$110, \$195 and \$295**
Also special models for the larger women at moderate prices.
- Hudson Seal Coats**—45-inch length, your choice of Squirrel, Kolinsky or self trim, at **\$595**
- Scotch Mole Coat-Wrap**—45-inch length, beautifully designed and worked, deep collar and cuffs of pointed Fox **\$595**
- Fur Stoles of Hudson Seal, Kolinsky and Jap Mink.** Price range—**\$89.50 to \$195**
- Jap Mink Coats**—Price range—**\$110 to \$295**
- Northern Mink Coats**—Price range—**\$495 to \$795**
- Cape of Hudson Seal and Viakta Squirrel**—45-inch length, flared model, fancy broadened lining, at **\$350**
- Jap Mink Coat-Wrap**—45-inch length, tail trimmed around bottom, deep cuffs and ruffled style collar, novelty crepe lined, at **\$750**

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Black Diamond Information

No. 1. Our Drivers Are Business Men.

The men who drive our wagons have sole charge of their routes. They call for and deliver your bundles. They make all collections. They work on a commission, so that they really have a financial interest in the Sanitary, other than a Saturday night paycheck.

These men have your interest at heart. Their success only comes from satisfying you. Next time you see a Sanitary truck in front of your neighbor's house, ask the driver to tell you something of Sanitary service. He knows, and can tell you, just why you will like his laundry better. Also, he will explain the difference in the Sanitary's four classes of service.

Prices—Wet Wash, 50 per lb.; Dry Wash, 50 per lb.; Semi-Flat, 25 per lb.; Air Dry, 50 per lb.

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