

Society

Campbell-Encell. Miss Mary Abba Encell, daughter of Mrs. Ella Encell, 925 South Thirty-sixth street, was married Wednesday at the home of Mrs. L. M. Beadle, Papillion, to Leslie James Campbell. The Beadle home is the same building in which Mrs. Campbell's parents were married 50 years ago.

Tri Delta Meets. Delta Delta Delta alumnae will entertain at tea Friday afternoon, 4 o'clock, in the Brandeis tea room for Miss Pearl Boustel, national secretary of the sorority, who is visiting the chapters throughout the country.

Miss Boustel recently returned from Tours, France, where she spent a year at the Foyer, a relief station for the women and children of France, established by Delta, Delta, Delta during the war.

The association also conducts a vocational guidance bureau at the national headquarters in Chicago. Delta, Delta, Delta sorority was established 31 years ago, on the eve of Thanksgiving in 1888, at the Boston university.

Board Members Receive Guests. Mesdames Charles Hubbard, H. H. Baldrige, Henry W. Wyman, Ralph Peters, Arthur Mullen and E. S. Reed, members of the Salvation Army board, will act as a reception committee when members of the Omaha Woman's club visit the old and new Salvation Army homes Friday afternoon at the invitation of H. E. Roulfus.

A chartered car will leave Seventeenth and Harvey streets at 2:30 o'clock. The old home at Twenty-fourth and Spaulding streets will be visited first. The new home is located at Sixteenth and Grant streets.

Order of Does. The Benevolent and Patriotic Order of Does will meet Friday, 2 p. m. in the Elks club rooms. A full attendance is desired.

Members have been invited to visit the old and new Salvation Army rescue homes some day next week and the date will be decided upon at this meeting.

Pythian Bazar. Lillian Temple, Pythian Sisters, will have a sale of hand made articles and home made candy in the lobby of the Sun theater Friday and Saturday.

Extension Society. The Extension society will meet Friday, 2:30 p. m., with Mrs. Louis Simonis, 3401 North Sixteenth street.

Bazar. Fern Camp 3165, R. N. A. will hold a bazar Friday evening in the Swedish auditorium.

Personals

Mrs. Arthur Guion has returned from Sioux City, where she spent 10 days.

A son was born December 7, at the Stewart hospital to Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Anderson.

Miss Clara Bull of Pasadena who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert French left Thursday for her home.

Mrs. Edward Johnson left Thursday to spend Friday at Grand Island at the convention of Baptist women there.

Mrs. Stella P. Ritter of Fairbury will spend the Christmas holidays with her sister, Mrs. Bradley Roy and Mr. Roy.

Mrs. Ellery Davis of Lincoln, who has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Davis, left Thursday morning for her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Yale Holland will leave shortly before Christmas to visit Mrs. Holland's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Casper, in St. Paul.

Miss Lucille Hoffman has returned from Chicago, where she spent three weeks with Miss Ruby Haskett, who is attending the university there.

Mrs. J. F. Coad and daughters, Mrs. Ellen Coad Jensen, and Miss Beatrice Coad, left Tuesday evening for California, where they will spend the remainder of the winter.

Miss Marion Hamilton, who went on to Washington to attend the debut of a school friend, Miss Mary Hamilton, and to visit her aunt, Mrs. Daniel Stapleton, has put off her return to Omaha until just before Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Barton Millard, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Clarke leave Friday morning for Kansas City for the Junior League frolic, in which Miss Dorothy Belt of Omaha is taking part.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Spiegel of Davenport, Ia., announce the birth of a daughter, June Theo, on December 5. Mr. and Mrs. Spiegel were formerly of this city, and Mrs. Spiegel was, before her marriage, Miss Sylvia Orloff.

Several former Omahans are gathered this week at the home of Mrs. Samuel Shultz in Chicago, Pa. They are Mr. and Mrs. James Irwin Johnson of Greenfield, Mass., and Mrs. Nancy J. Moore, now of Chicago. Mrs. Moore will spend Christmas in Omaha.

Mrs. Paul Gallagher was taken to Enger hospital, midnight Sunday and underwent an operation for appendicitis Monday morning. Her mother, Mrs. P. H. Kincaid of Kansas City, arrived Tuesday morning. At latest reports Mrs. Gallagher was doing as well as possible.

Things You'll Love To Make



Here is an exquisite purse of velvet, beads and silk. Make the body of the bag of soft black velvet. Cut a piece of silk to fit across the top of the bag, a piece for the back and one for the front. Make them two inches shorter than half the length of the bag. This silk may be of gray or of any color you like, perhaps of a color to match your frock or wrap. Cut the lower edges into square tabs as shown. Read these silk pieces with small strips of black beads, set closely together. Now cut three strips of silk for each side; they should fit across the tabs as illustrated, and reach to the bottom of the velvet purse. Read these strips, too. Stitch these beaded strips to the velvet and fasten all into the frame. Finish the bottom of the tabs and strips with loop of beads. This purse of velvet, beads and silk is exceedingly attractive and out of the ordinary.

Sets Date for Tea

Miss Mildred Weston will be hostess at a tea Thursday, December 22, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Howard Martin of Sioux City.

Dance at Hanscom

There will be an informal dance at the Hanscom Park pavilion December 10 under the auspices of the Uppike Grain company.

Board Members Receive Guests

Mesdames Charles Hubbard, H. H. Baldrige, Henry W. Wyman, Ralph Peters, Arthur Mullen and E. S. Reed, members of the Salvation Army board, will act as a reception committee when members of the Omaha Woman's club visit the old and new Salvation Army homes Friday afternoon at the invitation of H. E. Roulfus.

Order of Does

The Benevolent and Patriotic Order of Does will meet Friday, 2 p. m. in the Elks club rooms. A full attendance is desired.

Pythian Bazar

Lillian Temple, Pythian Sisters, will have a sale of hand made articles and home made candy in the lobby of the Sun theater Friday and Saturday.

Extension Society

The Extension society will meet Friday, 2:30 p. m., with Mrs. Louis Simonis, 3401 North Sixteenth street.

Bazar

Fern Camp 3165, R. N. A. will hold a bazar Friday evening in the Swedish auditorium.

Personals

Mrs. Arthur Guion has returned from Sioux City, where she spent 10 days.

A son was born December 7, at the Stewart hospital to Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Anderson.

Miss Clara Bull of Pasadena who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert French left Thursday for her home.

Mrs. Edward Johnson left Thursday to spend Friday at Grand Island at the convention of Baptist women there.

Mrs. Stella P. Ritter of Fairbury will spend the Christmas holidays with her sister, Mrs. Bradley Roy and Mr. Roy.

Mrs. Ellery Davis of Lincoln, who has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Davis, left Thursday morning for her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Yale Holland will leave shortly before Christmas to visit Mrs. Holland's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Casper, in St. Paul.

Miss Lucille Hoffman has returned from Chicago, where she spent three weeks with Miss Ruby Haskett, who is attending the university there.

Mrs. J. F. Coad and daughters, Mrs. Ellen Coad Jensen, and Miss Beatrice Coad, left Tuesday evening for California, where they will spend the remainder of the winter.

Miss Marion Hamilton, who went on to Washington to attend the debut of a school friend, Miss Mary Hamilton, and to visit her aunt, Mrs. Daniel Stapleton, has put off her return to Omaha until just before Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Barton Millard, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Clarke leave Friday morning for Kansas City for the Junior League frolic, in which Miss Dorothy Belt of Omaha is taking part.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Spiegel of Davenport, Ia., announce the birth of a daughter, June Theo, on December 5. Mr. and Mrs. Spiegel were formerly of this city, and Mrs. Spiegel was, before her marriage, Miss Sylvia Orloff.

Several former Omahans are gathered this week at the home of Mrs. Samuel Shultz in Chicago, Pa. They are Mr. and Mrs. James Irwin Johnson of Greenfield, Mass., and Mrs. Nancy J. Moore, now of Chicago. Mrs. Moore will spend Christmas in Omaha.

Mrs. Paul Gallagher was taken to Enger hospital, midnight Sunday and underwent an operation for appendicitis Monday morning. Her mother, Mrs. P. H. Kincaid of Kansas City, arrived Tuesday morning. At latest reports Mrs. Gallagher was doing as well as possible.

American Red Cross Begins Its Drive With Enthusiasm

The Red Cross will hold a rally luncheon Friday noon at 1 o'clock at the Brandeis tea room for all Red Cross workers and all heads of auxiliaries during the war. They are urged to get back into harness and put the Red Cross drive over. Wednesday at a meeting at Red Cross headquarters Harry Doory was elected the active chairman of the drive, which begins next Sunday, for given by the student dramatic association of the University of Nebraska on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week. Mrs. Burt's daughter, Miss Frances Burt, plays the role of Perdita. Miss Burt has a great deal of dramatic ability and has taken part in several student productions this fall.

Mrs. Burt Will See Her Daughter in Play

Mrs. J. W. Burt will go down to Lincoln Saturday to see the performance of "The Winter's Tale," given by the student dramatic association of the University of Nebraska on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week. Mrs. Burt's daughter, Miss Frances Burt, plays the role of Perdita. Miss Burt has a great deal of dramatic ability and has taken part in several student productions this fall.

Church Bazaars

Leifer Memorial, First Church of the Brethren, St. Pauls Episcopal and Good Shepherd will hold their bazaars in the court house Friday and Saturday.

The Women's Benefit Association of Macabees will also hold their bazar on Friday and Saturday at the court house.

Bridge Dinner

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hoske gave a bridge dinner Tuesday evening at their home for Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Roe, who leave in January to make their home in Chicago.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A Narrow-Minded View. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going about with a young man for a year and love him. This young man had another sweetheart before he met me, but they were not on speaking terms at the time of our acquaintance. They are on friendly terms again, although I believe he cares for me. I am inclined to think he still feels affectionate toward this other girl, as whenever her name is mentioned in company he always has something to say to her credit. In fact, he won't allow anyone to say a word against her. Could you tell me what I am to do in a case like this, as it is annoying when you have the idea of caring so much for another girl as he does for you? VERONICA.

Would you think well of the young man if he were not loyal to the girl he once cared for? If he spoke slightly of her or encouraged others to do so, how much faith could you place in him? By taking a petty, jealous or suspicious attitude toward him, you may well drive him from you and back to her or into another search for the right girl. Be broad-minded and generous about this relationship. All the trouble exists in your mind, and there only.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have just finished reading your advice to M. D. T., in which you state that one, who became 18 years of age before the new law in regard to minority of females went into effect last July is not now of age unless she is 21. Miss Fairfax, I think your advice on love is very sane, and always correct, but in regard to this question I'm afraid you are mistaken as to the law. If a girl had already become of age before the law went into effect that law cannot make her a minor again. The law contains the provision that all females who were past 18 at the time the law went into effect could not be affected by such a law.

Please don't think I'm trying to criticize. I'm merely mentioning the fact that I believe you have been misinformed in regard to this matter. Sincerely, E. K.

Thank you for your letter, E. K. I was misinformed in the matter. It is true that one who had become of age before the new law went into effect cannot be made a minor again.

To M. D. T. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have just finished reading your advice to M. D. T., in which you state that one, who became 18 years of age before the new law in regard to minority of females went into effect last July is not now of age unless she is 21. Miss Fairfax, I think your advice on love is very sane, and always correct, but in regard to this question I'm afraid you are mistaken as to the law. If a girl had already become of age before the law went into effect that law cannot make her a minor again. The law contains the provision that all females who were past 18 at the time the law went into effect could not be affected by such a law.

Please don't think I'm trying to criticize. I'm merely mentioning the fact that I believe you have been misinformed in regard to this matter. Sincerely, E. K.

Thank you for your letter, E. K. I was misinformed in the matter. It is true that one who had become of age before the new law went into effect cannot be made a minor again.

My Marriage Problems

Adole Garrison's New Phase of "REVELATIONS OF A WIFE" (Copyright, 1921, by "Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.")

The Guess Lillian Made About Bess Dean's Errand

"Marion, I'll wager you a nickel that you can't get dressed before I dress Junior." "The little girl sat up in bed as if galvanized at his challenge, although she had been sleepy enough before. I had slipped into Lillian's bungalow on the Cosgrove grounds at her waking hour to dress my small lad, whom I had left with her the night before, and I wished to get both children out of the way before I told Lillian of the night's dramatic happenings. Lillian raised herself on one elbow and gave me one swift, keen look. "Teaching my child to gamble, are you?" she mocked, while Marion giggled gleefully. "But if you're going to offer a wager, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

My Marriage Problems

Adole Garrison's New Phase of "REVELATIONS OF A WIFE" (Copyright, 1921, by "Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.")

The Guess Lillian Made About Bess Dean's Errand

"Marion, I'll wager you a nickel that you can't get dressed before I dress Junior." "The little girl sat up in bed as if galvanized at his challenge, although she had been sleepy enough before. I had slipped into Lillian's bungalow on the Cosgrove grounds at her waking hour to dress my small lad, whom I had left with her the night before, and I wished to get both children out of the way before I told Lillian of the night's dramatic happenings. Lillian raised herself on one elbow and gave me one swift, keen look. "Teaching my child to gamble, are you?" she mocked, while Marion giggled gleefully. "But if you're going to offer a wager, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual if she can manage it."

"All right. Come, Junior," she carolled, taking him by the hand. "All set, a cooler, give one worth betting for. I'll wager a real corn roast, Marion, with potatoes and everything, that you can cut Auntie Madge's time down a whole minute."

"Oh-h, watch me," squealed Marion, diving for her clothing, while I, of course, wisely manipulated my dressing of Junior so that she finished just inside the time prescribed by her mother. "You won both wagers, dear," I said, kissing her. "Now, will you please take Junior out for a little walk on the path? Don't let him get his feet wet, and tell Auntie Cosgrove that your mother and Auntie Madge would like to breakfast a few minutes earlier than