

Society

Christianson-Nelson. Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Elsie Harriet Nelson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nelson of Colon, Neb., to August Christianson, also of Colon. The ceremony took place in Omaha Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. James Trimble. The bride wore a dark sarge suit and rose-colored hat and carried a corsage of sweetpeas. Mr. and Mrs. Christianson will live in Colon.

Mrs. Hall a Popular Visitor. Many affairs are being given for Mrs. W. H. Hall of Kansas City who arrived Wednesday morning to be the guest of Mrs. L. A. Kerr for 10 days. Mr. and Mrs. Hall formerly lived in Omaha. Friday Mrs. Kerr will entertain at a bridge luncheon for her guest when covers will be laid for the Mesdames E. A. Bartholomew, James Bone, O. A. Runyon, C. E. Lowry, C. R. Hamilton, L. B. Knudsen, George F. Ashton, John H. Thompson, Jr., Franklin Stearn and Daniel Brown.

Monday Mrs. Hall will be the guest of Mrs. J. H. Patton, Jr., at a luncheon and bridge party at the Athletic club. Tuesday Mrs. Kerr will give a dinner for 12 at her home for Mrs. Hall. Wednesday she will be honor guest at a luncheon bridge given by Mrs. E. A. Bartholomew, and Thursday Mrs. James Bone will entertain in her honor.

Bridge Luncheon Club. Mrs. Clinton R. Hamilton entertained the Wednesday bridge luncheon club at the Athletic club Wednesday afternoon. Members of the club include Mesdames J. F. Gable, Benjamin F. Roth, E. W. Miller, J. H. Purdon, R. L. Owen, Howard Hawk and C. E. Lowry.

Mrs. W. H. Hall of Kansas City, formerly of Omaha, and Mrs. L. A. Kerr were guests of the club. Mrs. Hawk will be hostess for the club at the Prettiest Mile club on March 22.

Tea for Eastern Visitor. About 60 covers were present Thursday afternoon at a pretty tea given by Mrs. W. P. Hane for her house guest, Miss Helen Hagedorn. The house was decorated with daffodils and yellow candles. Assisting the hostess were the Mesdames Will Guind, Ralph Hitchcock, Edward Armstrong, William Wherry, Lynn Campbell and Jack Algaier.

Drama League. Children are especially invited to attend with their mothers the Drama league performance at the Fontenelle hotel at 4 p. m., according to Mrs. Samuel Burns, publicity chairman. The program will be given by Miss Marguerite Beckman's "Children's School of the Theater," and will include scenes from "The Tempest" and "The Three Wishes."

Job's Daughters. Job's Daughters will hold a business meeting Saturday at 2 p. m. at the Masonic temple. The organization is working up an amateur play for presentation after Lent, coached by Mrs. Irving Beaulken. Programs are being presented at the business meetings, including songs, dancing and readings.

Personals

Charles Mead left Thursday afternoon for a trip to Denver.

Mrs. G. G. Gideon of Omaha is at Excelsior Springs this week.

Miss Zerlina Brisbin returned Tuesday morning from a several weeks' stay in Denver and Kansas City.

Mrs. L. H. Hall and small son arrived this morning from Eugene, Ore., to visit Mrs. Hall's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Carter.

Miss Henrietta Rees writes from Karnak, Egypt, of a beautiful trip up the Nile. She has also visited the famous temples of Karnak.

Mrs. Henry M. Simpson leaves Friday for Los Angeles, Cal., where she will visit her son, Harold Simpson. She will be gone six weeks.

Mrs. Bertha Clark Hughes, supreme president of the P. E. O., is leaving early in April for California, where she will visit local chapters and attend the state chapter meeting in Pasadena.

A cable has been received from Mrs. Joseph Latenser and her daughter, Miss Josephine Latenser, announcing they have landed in Naples. They left Omaha February 18.

John P. Stout and his daughter, Miss Gertrude Stout, returned Wednesday evening from California. They spent a month in Los Angeles and motoring about in southern California.

Miss Elizabeth McDonald will spend her spring vacation on a cruise to Bermuda. She will sail from New York March 24, with a party of school friends from Bradford academy, where Miss McDonald is a student. They will be gone about two weeks.

Mrs. Harry Hunsaker arrived Wednesday morning from Denver to spend a few days. She is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Brandt. Miss Winifred Brandt and Mrs. Hunsaker's son, James Hunsaker, of Omaha, are to be married next month.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Gamble of Omaha arrived in New York Monday on the "Arabia" from Naples, Italy, and Mr. Gamble reached Omaha this morning. Mrs. Gamble went to Boston for a visit, and will also stop in Buffalo before her return to Omaha early in April. Mr. and Mrs. Gamble spent two months abroad.

Birth Announcements.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Harris announce the birth of a daughter, Jane Allen, March 9.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenza Curione announce the birth of a son March 7 at St. Joseph hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Harman announce the birth of a son, Charles W. Jr., March 7, at St. Joseph hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Vine announce the birth of a daughter, Mary Lou, at the Nicholas-Senn hospital, March 7.

Home and a Career Possible Says Great Artist



Margaret Matzenauer.

Margaret Matzenauer, who will sing at the Auditorium March 24, believes it is possible to combine motherhood and a career. She is the mother of an 8-year-old daughter, Adrienne. She accomplishes this by never doing things by halves. "When I am on the opera stage," she said, "I am not half a singer, but I endeavor with all my heart and all my soul and all my mind to be a mother."

Adrienne lives most of the year at the country home of the family in Westchester county, New York, with her pets and flowers. She does not go to the theater, to concerts, and especially not to the "movies." In fact, she is kept away from crowds in accordance with her mother's ideas.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"HOW should a man love?" writes Elsie. "Should he be matter-of-fact and businesslike even when he cares for a girl, or should he be romantic and full of sentiment? My chum thinks a man who is worth the name should always be stern and strong, and that even if a girl is silly in his character."

"I, on the other hand, feel that unless a man can give me tenderness and thrills there's nothing like real love between us. If a man wouldn't give up any engagement, business or otherwise, to come at my call, I'd say he didn't love me. I've broken my engagement because the man to whom I was ready to give everything, would neglect me any time for work. I didn't see much happiness in such a marriage as ours would have been. I've an idea you'll say I'm right."

Common Sense

Do You Expect Perfection in Your Partner? When a husband or a wife expects a flawless partner, someone is due to get a shock—none is perfect.

Every person has one or more peculiarities. Few persons but have several traits disagreeable to others.

When a woman gets dissatisfied with her husband because of some faults which she thinks he possesses, she may feel that she knows of some other man who would not do or be like her erring husband.

But she may not know that her own husband has many admirable qualities which the man she thinks so perfect in comparison does not possess.

A man in comparing his wife with other women many times may see ways wherein she does not measure up to someone he has in mind, but the chances are that if he is fair, he will find that she is far superior to the one with whom he compares her.

Husbands and wives should realize that no matter how perfect imagination may picture, reality does not discover one who perfects in all things.

There would be fewer divorcees if persons made greater effort to be pleasing to the husband or the wife, and that ought to be rather easy since the only one whose opinion really matters is the husband or the wife, as the case may be.

Train School Mothers.

Mrs. Fred Keutcher and Mrs. Joseph Lindra will entertain the Train School Mothers club Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Keutcher, 130 Lincoln boulevard.

Advertisement.

Speaks Highly of This Home Made Cough Remedy Says It Acts With Unusual Speed—Loosens the Mucus—Relieves the Irritation and Stops the Cough Costs Next to Nothing—for a Big Supply.

Whenever anyone in my family catches cold and begins to cough and sneeze, and hawk and breathe heavy, it doesn't take me many minutes to fix up a remedy that will drive away all such troubles in double quick time.

It's no secret—anyone can make a half pint of the finest cough medicine in the world for a trifling sum.

Get from any druggist one ounce of Parment (double strength)—to this add a little granulated sugar and enough water to make one-half pint—that's all there is to it.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF MASTER MEADOW MOUSE BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XVIII.

Under the snow Winter had come. The snow lay deep over Pleasant Valley. But Master Meadow Mouse didn't object to that. On the contrary, he had welcomed the snow. Even Johnnie Green, peeping out of his chamber window at the first snowfall of the season, had been a happier over it than Master Meadow Mouse was.

At last he could scamper about the meadow without being seen by anybody. For he set to work at once to make tunnels beneath the snow. They ran in every direction from his house. And he was forever pushing them farther and farther.

Through those tunnels, Master Meadow Mouse could look for seeds and grain in the stubble. And while he was rambling along his network of halls, he didn't have to worry about anybody's making trouble for him, unless it was Peter Mink, perhaps, or Grumpy Weasel.

Of course Master Meadow Mouse didn't stay under the snow all the time. Now and then he liked to climb up into the open air. And he made many shafts that led to the world above.

Although most of the birds had gone south to spend the winter, there were still some that Master Meadow Mouse had to shun. Old Mr. Crow was spending the winter on the farm. And there were Solomon Owl and his cousin Simon Screecher, who hunted over the meadow nightly.



When he heard it he turned quickly and hurried back where he came from.

When he heard it he turned quickly and hurried back where he came from, beat his way back and forth across the snow-covered stretches in the hope of catching one of the Meadow Mouse family unawares.

If the success of such pleasant neighbors, the big Meadow Mouse family managed to have many a gay frolic under the stars on crisp winter nights. Sometimes Johnnie Green, wandering over the fields on snowshoes by day noticed a lacy tracery in the snow, and would pick up the tiny toes of Master Meadow Mouse and his dozens of cousins. At first Johnnie almost thought that he had stumbled upon the scene of a revel of fairy mice.

But Solomon Owl and Simon Screecher and old Rough-leg, the hawk, knew all about the habits of the villagers. In fact they sometimes complained about the way the Meadow Mouse family had built their tunnels.

They agreed, though, that in there were too many holes leading down to the village streets. It gave the Meadow Mouse people too many openings into which to dive in case of a sudden surprise when they were having a moonlight party.

"It's plain that they don't like you," his cousin remarked. "Nor you, either," Solomon Owl boomed. And then all at once he burst forth with a peal of ghastly laughter. "Wha, wha, whoo-ah!"

Now, Master Meadow Mouse had just crept out of one of his dens and was looking up at the stars when that shivery sound came rattling out of the woods. When he heard it, he turned quickly and hurried back where he came from.

"There won't be any fun tonight," he grumbled.

My Marriage Problems

Adele Garrison's New Phase of "REVELATIONS OF A WIFE"

The Question the Doctor Asked

The rosy little house physician of the hotel listened with an admirable air of professional solicitude to my story of the accident which had resulted in so bizarre a discoloration of my forehead and eye, but a sudden upward glance at him revealed to me that he was eyeing me keenly as I talked. I guessed that he was weighing me and my story, and I felt a fierce little throbbing of unjust resentment at the discovery.

"It must have been a terrifying experience—I understand you were traveling alone," he said casually. Naturally I had made no allusion to the mysterious forefinger upon me with the plea of being my father's friend. But the dapper little doctor's question brought the distinguished personality of the man whom I had eluded so forcibly to my mind, that I had hard work to make my reply as casual as his comment.

"You could hardly call it traveling, Dr. McDermott," I said, as I attempted a smile, then, remembering how ghastly the effort must appear, I hurried on with my chatter. "I simply ran in from the east end of the island for a day or two, and was caught in that crush in the station. And it was a terrifying experience, but people were most kind. I was carried by some one into the waiting-room and the matron took care of me until I was able to take a taxi over here."

The physician shook his head disapprovingly. "This should not have made the journey here alone after being stunned by that blow," he said. "You might have swooned again. But now you are here," he went on more briskly. "You must not think of going out again today, or, indeed, tomorrow."

"Is the injury then so serious?" I asked in alarm. "I thought the inconvenience of a black eye was the worst I had to expect." "So it is, so it is!" He rubbed his plump, well-kept hands together. "But the shock could not help but be severe—from a blow hard enough to knock you unconscious even if it were for only a few seconds, and you must have rest and quiet."

He put an exploring delicate forefinger on the discolored surface again. "This is going to be quite painful," he said, stepping to the adjoining bathroom and turning on the hot water faucet. "And I am afraid that you will have neither strength nor inclination for the work of attending to it. Have you no woman friend in the city who could come to you for 48 hours? It would be absurd to have a trained nurse, and yet, you really should not be alone."

Dr. McDermott's Advice. I shook my head decidedly. There were only three women in the world beside Katie and my mother-in-law of whom I would ask such a favor—Lillian, Katherine and little Mrs. Durkee. The first two, of course, were out of the question, and while I knew well that it only required a word of my need over the telephone to bring "Mrs. Durkee" flying in from her Marvin home, yet I could not—would not—speak that word.

Not that I minded the friendly eyes of my little neighbor, even with the touch of amused malice with which I knew she would view my accident. But her knowledge would inevitably mean that of Edith Fairfax also. In all probability, Edith herself would come in to see me if for no other reason than to appear properly solicitous for Dicky's wife. And I knew

ADVERTISING WISE WOMEN. A famous medical man of ancient times states regarding his writings that they were but a collection of knowledge obtained from the "Wise Women."

Do you realize that in those times the women, and not the men, knew about the healing properties of medicinal plants, roots and herbs? From the earliest times, women had a knowledge of the treatment of disease and of the healing merit of roots and herbs.

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was a stolid, stupid soul, whose contrast to Katie was so great that she made me homesick for my little maid's volatile sparkling face, I passed a most miserable evening, and was glad when I heard, as I supposed, the physician's knock upon the door.



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SUNSWET PRUNE CAKE FILL: Drain cooked Sunswet Prunes, remove the stones and measure 1 cupful. Chop fine, add 1/4 cup orange marmalade, 1/4 cup finely chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Mix well and spread between layers.

SUNSWET PRUNE SOUFFLE: Take 1 cup cooked Sunswet Prunes that have been pressed through a colander. Beat whites of 4 eggs until stiff, add 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla and carefully fold in the prune pulp and 1/2 cup chopped walnuts. Pour in an ungreased pudding dish, set in pan of hot water, bake in a moderate oven until firm. Serve with custard sauce made of yolks of 2 eggs and 1 cup milk or with whipped cream.

SUNSWET PRUNE AND LEMON COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD: Remove stones from cooked, cold Sunswet Prunes. Fill with cottage cheese, place on lettuce leaves; serve with thick mayonnaise dressing.

SUNSWET PRUNE PATTIES: One-half cup Sunswet Prunes, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 yolk egg, 1/2 cup scalded milk. Beat yolk of egg, add sugar, and remaining dry ingredients, line 6 patte pans with flaky pastry, fill with the mixture. Bake in a medium hot oven until firm. Cool slightly, cover with meringue made of stiffly beaten egg white and 2 tablespoons sugar. Bake in slow oven eight minutes.

SUNSWET PRUNE STEAMED PUDGING: 1 cup soft bread crumbs, 1 cup chopped suet, also 1 cup chopped apples, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 cup chopped, uncooked Sunswet Prunes, 1/2 cup shredded citron, 1 cup flour sifted with 1/2 teaspoon each of salt, soda, nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves and allspice, 1/2 cup molasses, 3 eggs, beaten separately. Mix in the order given, folding in the beaten white of egg at the last. Grease a pudding mold, pour in the mixture, having mold only two-thirds filled. Adjust cover and place on a rack in a kettle of boiling water and steam about three hours, having water boiling constantly. The water should be about two-thirds of the depth of the mold.

SUNSWET PRUNE SALAD—PINEAPPLE DRESSING: Cooked Sunswet Prunes, pitted and drained; allow 4 prunes and 1 slice of pineapple for each serving. Place the pineapple on a crisp lettuce leaf. Fill prunes with a small portion of salad dressing and arrange around the prunes.

SUNSWET PRUNE COFFEE CAKE: Two eggs well beaten; 1 cup sugar; 1/2 cup milk; 2 cups sifted flour; 2 teaspoons baking powder; 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Beat eggs, add sugar, sift flour and baking powder, add to mixture gradually with milk, beat until smooth, then add melted shortening and extract. Pour into two greased layer cake pans, cover entire top with uncooked pitted Sunswet Prunes. Bake in moderate oven.

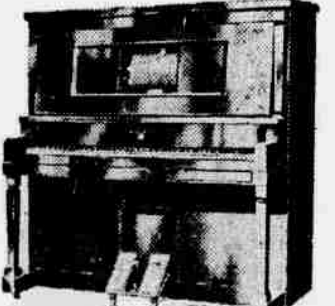
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through your menu thoughts should always be SUNSWET PRUNES.

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