

SOCIETY AND WOMAN'S PAGE

Are Light Hose to Go? 'No!' Say Fashionable Omahans

The merchants confess that they don't know yet which way the style wind will blow in the matter of hose for fall wear, so the social scribe sought the wishes of a few of our fashionables on the subject.

Mrs. Allan Tukey hopes that light hose will "stay," "they're such a smart contrast to one's gown," she says by way of explanation.

Mrs. C. Louis Meyer shares her views for they "brighten up any costume, and tones of light beige harmonize with everything one wears. What use is it to be well shod if one's footwear isn't set off properly by one's hose?" she queries, affirming that in a complimentary capacity light hose are peerless.

Miss Josephine Schurman says "Perhaps not as light as we have been wearing, but I couldn't bear to go back to black. In all probability I shall wear shades of bright brown."

Mrs. Bentley G. McCloud of Kenilworth, brings a Chicagoan's view point to the discussion when she hopes that "they will modify the present nude shades, but will not revert to black."

Miss Emma Nash speaks for the younger set when she says they are undoubtedly smarter looking.

"More becoming than black hose," is the opinion of Mrs. James E. Davidson. "At first many women thought they made the ankles look larger, but I think they don't make a particle of difference. They make a pretty contrast, especially with black shoes."

Miss Dorothy Davidson, like her mother, favors light hose and plans to wear them until the dark ones are necessary for her school uniform.

Showing which way the wind doth blow in college circles, Miss Julia Caldwell says, "We had a terrible battle with authorities at the Emma Willard school to get permission to wear light hose, and finally succeeded for week days, but always wore dark ones on Sunday. I think we will continue light hose these this year."

Miss Charlotte McDonald and Anne Marie Kennedy will be other Emma Willard students this year.

Mrs. Frank Judson and her daughter, Mrs. Wallace Shepard, are others who laud the attractions of light hose, and insist that they will sponsor them this winter.

"Get-Out-the-Vote" Worker



Miss Ruth B. McIntosh

Miss Ruth Blue McIntosh has arrived in the city from national headquarters of the League of Women Voters, Washington, D.C., to arouse interest in the Get-Out-the-Vote campaign, sponsored by the league. She will work with various organizations in an effort to stimulate registration before October 25 and voting thereafter. Miss McIntosh will carry on her activity in eight states, having been appointed secretary of the sixth region for the league. Mrs. Charles Dietrich of Hastings is president of the region. Prior to her arrival here, Miss McIntosh worked in Lincoln with results which the league considers gratifying. She is a graduate of the University of Utah and has done post graduate work at Vassar.

YOUR PROBLEMS

Martha Allen

Wants to Be Called Sweetheart.
Dear Miss Allen: Here is my problem, the boy I love, who has been going with me for three years, told me the other day, "Oh, I love you so, you are just like a mother to me." Martha Allen, I was unhappy about this ever since. I don't want him to feel that way towards me, still I know he must love me, but is it the right love when he feels so?
I am hurt, Martha Allen, probably more so because I'm a year older, he being 21. Does he love me? Can he feel that way then? Another thing, sometimes he tells me he loves me and always shows it, but I'd like to be called nice names like "sweetheart" and others. We are intending to become engaged Christmas. I'm so hungry for real love making and saying so many nice things one hears about. Is this so foolish of me, or is he strange? Do you think he would say these things more if he really, truly loves me?
Please answer in the morning Bee. I sign myself, DISSATISFIED.
Is it love you want or just love making? Some boys call a girl "sweetheart" without loving her; other boys may love a girl without calling her sweetheart. If the feeling is all right between you two, the love making will come. Some boys are shy, which is much better than overconfidence and boldness.
I wouldn't encourage that "mother" feeling. It suggests too much dependence upon you.

A Big Risk.
Dear Martha Allen: I am in love with a young man of 24, which is older than I am. We want to get married, but would have to live with his mother and young brother, whom he very largely supports. My mother also depends upon me, but he says she could come and live at his house. Do you think this would work out happily?
I am afraid it would not, Lenore. You are in a very difficult position. You are both young. Why not wait a few years, saving what you can in the meantime. His young brother may soon be old enough to help toward the support of his mother, and your mother could live with you if you had your own home.
Love No Respector of Age.
Dear Miss Allen: How old must a man be to fall in love, and how will he know when he is? Please tell us that, Martha Allen.
JUST SOME FELLOWS.
Love is no respecter of age. Some boys begin tumbling into it before they are in long trousers and others wait until middle age before real love comes into their lives. Some people love often, and I think there are those who never love at all—except themselves. Those who love often do not love deeply.
Love is not a certain thing like a bushel of potatoes or a yard of cloth. Love is as variable as people themselves. That is one of the sad things about it. The dishonest, small-minded, erratic person can't give a love that is as fine as the love given by an even-tempered, upstanding person.



Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

Wondering what jest Katherine was concealing, but convinced that it had something to do with Mollie Fawcett's exploration of the farm, I followed her down the kitchen, where I found Katie standing by the window, gazing toward the barn, with all the signs of an incipient tantrum hovering about her.
"Have you something for me to eat, Katie?" I asked pleasantly. "I am almost starved."
Katie wheeled and looked at me darkly. There was no sign in her face of the beaming alacrity with which she usually greets any request of mine for food. My little maid is a wonderful cook, and there is nothing she usually likes better than an appreciation of her skill. But patently there was room for nothing in her mind but gloom, deep and deadly.
"Got you want?" she countered shortly.
"Oh, anything you have handy?" I temporized. "You must have something left from lunch."
"Dere not mooch," she sniffed. "Got bunch of soup presens in men's pants and does children eat most every ting cop on me. But I feex you something, eef I don't go and pouneh somebody's face off her shoulders first."
What Madge Saw!
The alternative was couched in a much lowered tone, and it was uttered after I had turned away from her, for with knowledge of Katie's tantrums, I hastily had abandoned yalor, chosen discretion for a steed and cantered off. I pretended not to hear it, until with Katherine at my heels, I had reached the dining room with the door closed upon my temperamental little maid. Then turned to find Katherine, helpless with laughter, leaning against the wall.
"What in the world?" I began.
"Come out doors," she gurgled, "and I'll show you. 'Tis the funnest thing, but,—with a sobering note—'I suppose it isn't particularly funny to Katie."
I followed her out of the side veranda door, noting that she carefully made a detour, so that we were out of sight of the kitchen until we reached the barn.
"Now," she said, "Katie can't see us, so come up this path and wait by the big cherry tree."
I did as she bade me, and in a few seconds she gripped my arm and pointed to a ludicrous little procession which came down the winding path from the woodland upon the hillside above the farm.
Jerry Ticer appeared first, firmly holding by the bridle his antiquated steed. "Lady," the apple, or at least the crapple of his eye. Upon "Lady's" back, where Junior and Marlon joyously have learned to ride, was perched Mollie Fawcett, and I was aware of a jealous little joy that Dickie was not present to see the exquisite picture she made, as in Marlon's knickerbockers, Katherine's shoes and stockings, and my sweater, she bestrode the horse, patiently trying to conquer the fear of one who never has ridden before.
Junior, with Marlon holding to his hand, trudged manfully by the side of the horse, looking adoringly up at her.
Jerry Ticer also had his neck craned at an uncomfortable angle in the same time.
But the figure at which I looked longest was that of Jim, Katie's stolid, dependable Jim, who clucked "Lady's" saddle with hands that were eloquent of his determination to keep steady at any cost, and stumbled along with his vision above him.
"You see?" Katherine gurgled. "The entire masculine population! That's what it is to be in your teens, beautiful, and with a 'come hither' look in your eye. I suppose if Jack and Dickie were here,—she paused, started quickly again—"they—"
She did not catch herself quite quickly enough. It was not her merry naming of Jack and Dickie, but the startled second when she paused which told me that she feared to meet me. I interrupted her frantic resumption of her sentence.
"Would be attired in cowboy chaps and riding gaily along at her side," I said with as good an imitation of a carefree laugh as I could manage. "But who could blame them, any more than one could poor old Jim, and moon-struck Jerry Ticer? Could you?"
"Nary to blame," Katherine assented. "She is the prettiest thing! Besides I'll wager you remember as well as I, occasions in our teens, when staid married men enjoyed a little harmless conversation with us."
Her beautiful brown eyes were twinkling with amused reminiscence, and with a little shamefaced assenting flush I joined in her laugh.
"I don't believe Katie's memories of her girlhood are consulting her any at this time," I said dryly a second later, as I saw my little maid come flying toward the barn.

Miss Information



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55c		
45c cans Hunt's Supreme Fruit Salad, 2 cans.....		
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A-B-C Always Be Careful

Hansen-Nachtigal.
The wedding of Miss Emma E. Nachtigal, daughter of this city, and Howard E. Hansen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Hansen, of Dannebrog, Neb., was solemnized at the Third Presbyterian church on Saturday, August 30, at 8 p. m., Rev. W. H. Jordan officiating.
The bride's gown was of white satin combined with Venice lace. She wore a veil of tulle with pearl bands, carrying a shower bouquet of bride's roses. Mrs. Edward Edelman, matron of honor, wore a dress of orchid crepe and carried a shower bouquet of yellow Ophelia roses. Miss Pearl Hansen of Dannebrog, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid. She was attired in pale yellow chiffon and carried a shower bouquet of orchid Ophelia roses.
Little Jean Larson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer J. Larson, was flower girl.
Mr. S. H. Sorensen of Norfolk, Neb., served as best man. Mr. William H. Vickery and Mr. Floyd Rosenfelt were the ushers.
The church was decorated with palms, ferns and cream colored gladiolus. Mrs. Charles Watts played the wedding march and Charles Vickery sang "O Promise Me."
An informal reception followed in the parlors of the church.
The young couple will be at home after September 15, at the Lafayette

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Dainty white booties finished in rosebud trimming.

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