

SOCIETY AND WOMAN'S PAGE

Mrs. Baxter Hostess at Tea Tuesday.

Mrs. W. F. Baxter will be hostess at tea on Tuesday at 4 o'clock to a group of women who are assisting her as chairman of the luncheon to be given at the Fontaine hotel, Saturday, October 4, 1 o'clock, in connection with "Get Out the Vote Campaign." The October luncheon price will be 75 cents and the affair is open to all organizations or individuals who are interested in the nonpolitical movement under way in Omaha, to get people to register and vote.

Mrs. Perryman Honored.

Broken Bow, Neb., Sept. 18.—Mrs. Paul C. Perryman, president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, who came recently to Broken Bow to reside, was honored at a semi-formal reception held in the L. O. O. F. hall. More than 200 club women availed themselves of this opportunity to meet the newcomer. The large hall was festively decorated with its lavish decorations of garden flowers and fall foliage. A fine program was given concluding with an address by Mrs. Perryman.

Engagement.

Miss Helen Studdenroth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Studdenroth, will become the bride of Mr. George W. Anderson, Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock at Immanuel Lutheran church. Rev. F. W. Seesko will officiate. Both the young people were born and raised in Omaha and have many friends in this city.

Sets Wedding Date.

Miss Verona DeVore, who is to wed Harold Teachout of Des Moines, has set the date for her wedding, on Tuesday, November 25. The young couple will be wed at the home of the bride's parents, the Fred F. DeVores.

Miss Barker Hostess.

The picnic Miss Virginia Barker was to have given on Tuesday for Miss Frederica Nash, and Dick Stewart will be held on Sunday. If rain prevents, Miss Barker will give a buffet supper at home instead.

Davis Party Returns.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Davis, their daughter, Elizabeth, and Mrs. Ben B. Wood, Jr., landed from England, and will be in Omaha on Tuesday.

Birthday Party.

Little Miss Jane Barker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barker, will have six small guests on Monday afternoon to celebrate her fourth birthday.

Lindenwood College Luncheon.

At the Brandeis restaurant on Monday, September 22, Lindenwood college of St. Charles, Mo., will give a luncheon at 1 o'clock in honor of former students of its college who reside in Nebraska and the western part of Iowa.

Miss Alice A. Linnemann, head of the art department of the college and college secretary of the alumnae association and clerk, will act as hostess for the college.

Lindenwood is the oldest woman's college west of the Mississippi river and many names from Omaha and other places in Nebraska are inscribed in the roll of former students. Dr. John L. Roemer is president of the college.

Free Citizenship Class.

A class in citizenship, free of charge, will open at the Young Women's Christian association on Friday evening, September 19, at 7 o'clock. Women and girls of Omaha are urged to take advantage of this instruction on intelligent voting.

Your Problems

Martha Allen

Team Work.

Dear Miss Allen: I read your advice every day and I think it splendid. If I had any trouble I sure would come to you, but don't you get tired of always hearing of trouble and sorrow? Would you, just once, like to hear from some one who is happy? If so, I am one. I have been married five years. I was married when I was 17. My husband was 18. Before then I was very unhappy. My mother was dead, and after dad was married again he, too, died. My stepmother was mean. But now I am happy and these things are forgotten, and here I would like to say to some of those broken-hearted ones. Perhaps if they would find something to do—some work, I mean—they would have less time to worry about themselves and would be better off. We have both worked ever since we were married, and this summer we are going like to hear from some one who is happy? Oh, Miss Allen and every one, I love life, I think it's wonderful to live. We must share sorrows and troubles in order to appreciate life when there are no troubles. My hubby agrees. BOBBY.

The Housewife's Idea Box

Keep the Sickroom Attractive.

The sick room should be kept as attractive as possible. One way to do this is to place a blooming potted plant in the room. Change it every few days to vary the surroundings.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

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Country Clubs

At Happy Hollow.

Additional reservations for the bridge-dinner at Happy Hollow club tonight have been made by Dr. C. W. Crowley, four; B. Fowler, four; C. D. Glover, 12.

A Dutch treat party will include Messrs. and Mesdames Vincent Hascall, Roy Ralph, J. H. Beaton, W. R. McFarland, R. Barten, Dr. C. C. Tomlinson, John W. Welsh, N. H. Tyson.

Dr. L. E. Myers will have six; Dr. J. F. Purney, four; Lee Hamlin, eight; I. Shuler, four; H. B. Noyes, 12; O. J. Wilson, two; J. H. Morton, two.

At Lakoma Club.

Mrs. L. E. Walter Sherry entertained Thursday at a golf breakfast, when her guests were Mesdames E. S. Ledwich, M. L. King, Henry J. Beal, Arthur Mullen, R. S. Reynolds, W. F. Price, John Urion, M. L. Shawcross, M. J. Lahr, Joe Murphy, Stella Lynch, J. E. Rail, Cass Bean and George L. Hume of Austin, Tex.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Skoglund will entertain 21 guests at the dinner-dance at Lakoma Country club on Saturday evening. Covers will be placed for Messrs. and Mesdames M. L. Shawcross, A. F. Rasp, W. A. Truelson, Sam Dressler, L. O. Moore, C. Tyson, George Graham, E. E. Dougherty, H. T. Cutler, J. T. Hallsey and E. Bihler.

For the Morocms.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Brogan will entertain at dinner Saturday evening for Mr. and Mrs. Bailey Morcom.

Personals

Mrs. L. C. Nash left Thursday for New York City and Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Francis are the chafante hotel, Atlantic City.

Mrs. C. H. Hopkins and daughter, Miss Phyllis Hopkins, have returned from a summer in the east.

Mrs. Richard Guttman and her mother, Mrs. W. H. Koenig, may sail in November for Austria.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Madden and son, John, arrived home Sunday morning from a summer abroad.

Miss Information

I WANNA BUY A MOUTH ORGAN. I PLAY 'EM BY EAR.

WE HAVE ONLY THE KIND YOU PLAY BY MOUTH.

INFORMATION

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Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

The Astonishing Advice That Dicky Gave Me.

"Margaret! Richard! Come here at once!" Mother Graham's excited old voice rang through the upper hall of the farmhouse. It held the same peremptory ring that she would have used in summoning Junior, and though I was bitterly at variance with my husband, and I felt that I should never wish to smile again, there was a distinct tug at my risibles as I saw him taking the stairs two at a time in his haste to answer that peremptory call before his irascible parent should altogether lose the patience which is never very firmly in her possession.

I reached her door at almost the instant of Dicky's arrival, and he stepped back for me to enter with the courteous gesture which is one of his fascinating little ways. But there was no hint of recognition in his face or in mine, as with a formal little nod of acknowledgement, I entered the room before him. We were keeping strictly to the compact of outward courtesy and secret ignoring of each other which we had made upon the night of our quarrel over Mollie Fawcett.

"Just read this!" Mother Graham extended a letter to me in a hand that shook pitifully. "It's from Edwin and Harriet!"

Dutifully I turned toward Dicky and held out the letter for his mother to read. But her voice, crisp, emphatic, stopped me. "If I had wanted Richard to read that letter about I should have handed it to him," she snapped. "He generally reads as if he had munched in his mouth, anyway, and whatever other faults you may have, Margaret, her tone implied that they were too many to enumerate—"you can read aloud so it is a pleasure to listen to you."

"Thank you," I said meekly, understanding that my mother-in-law, prohibited by my plea from taking Dicky to task about Mollie Fawcett, was losing no opportunity, even so small a one as this, of evincing her displeasure against him.

Harriet's Letter. "Dear Mother, Richard, Margaret and our darling Junior," it began, and I permitted myself a start of surprise at the expansive greeting, so different from Harriet's usual stilted style.

"Somewhere in South America," and we dare give no other address, for the mails may be watched. But if Mrs. Underwood will open the envelope we gave her when we left her, you will find the address of an attorney in New York, through whom you can cable us at any time and we will forward you any letters from us which we may write. We do not intend to come back until everything is settled, no matter how long it takes, so I wish you or Richard would look after these things."

There followed a list of directions concerning adjustments to be made for the famous surgeon, and then after a chatty description of the activities of the children, the letter closed upon an exuberant note.

"Oh, Mother, I never knew what happiness was before! Poor Lisa and William! It seems awful that it was through their death that such bliss has come to us, but please God, we will do our best for their orphaned children, Lovingly, Harriet and Edwin."

There were tears in Mother Graham's old eyes as I finished and I knew that not only she, but Dicky, realized as I did that the dead father and mother never could have given to their children what this rarely gifted couple mistakenly thwarted of parenthood, was lavishing upon them.

"I Am Going to the City." I handed back the letter to Mother Graham, and seeing that she had no further need of me, slipped from the room.

To my surprise, Dicky followed me directly, and called to me before I had reached my own room.

In astonishment I turned to him, wondering if he were repenting of his part in the quarrel, but there was no sign of anything save cold decision in his face, and I schooled my facial muscles to nonchalant indifference as I waited for him to speak.

"I am going up to the city on the next train," he said measuredly. "I shall stay at the studio, but shall keep in touch with Lil, so if I am needed for Mother or Junior, you can send for me. But I do not wish Miss Fawcett to know where I have gone. Tell her, if she asks, that I have been called to New England."

I nodded the assent I could not utter, and he went on rapidly.

"Here is something else. Miss Fawcett has just received a letter which has disturbed her exceedingly. I do not know what is in it, but I do know or surmise this much about things in general—if you do not want Lil to think you have failed in your mission—his voice did not hold the sneer which is generally there when he speaks of my connection with Lillian's work—"you will watch the girl all day and all night and every day and night until Lillian comes, and especially if she leaves the house, follow her, unknown to her, and find out where she goes and what she does."

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The Way Midge Followed Dicky's Advice About Mollie.

As Dicky strode down the hall toward his room, I looked after him with a swirl of what the old-time novelists used to dub "mingled emotions."

Astonishment conquered resentment, and in its turn gave way to a recognition of authority backed by knowledge unshared by me.

Struggling for emergence, also, was a feeling of pride in my husband which would not be downed by the remembrance of our bitter quarrel or the realization that Dicky's demeanor betrayed no more relenting in his heart than in mine.

I stood motionless with my eyes fixed upon his shapely head and lithe figure until his door had closed behind him. Then with a start, for I had not realized I was watching him, I went back to his mother's room. I found her in a chair by the window gazing out over the distant meadows sloping down to the ocean, and holding in her hands the letter from Harriet and Edwin, with its news of her orphaned grandchildren.

There were traces of tears upon her face, and I knew that her heart was full of memories of her dead daughter, all the more poignant because she realized even more fully than the rest of us that Elizabeth Harrison had utterly failed in her motherhood.

"There's something afoot," Katherine asserted. "She's been pacing up and down the sun parlor like something demoralized ever since she received that letter. And her face could be modeled as a tragedy mask."

"Mollie's Excitement." My throat was too constricted for speech without tears, but I kissed her gratefully and fled to my own room, where I pulled myself together and went in search of Katherine. I found her in the library, and told her of the startling information which Dicky had given me, and of his injunction to watch Mollie Fawcett day and night.

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For a second I drew back, dreading to disturb her; then I walked swiftly forward, for I realized that action of any sort was far better for her than this regretful brooding.

"Mother, dear," I said crisply. "Dicky tells me that he has to go to New York on the next train, and there are reasons—connected with that work of Lillian's—why I cannot look after his going. Do you feel well enough to see Katie about something for him to eat? And soon he probably will be calling all over the house for collar buttons."

She shot a shrewd look at me, but her wise old eyes were full of kindness.

"Come here and kiss me, Margaret," she said surprisingly, opening her arms, and while I bent above her she held me tightly for a second or two, while she murmured, with a tenderness which she rarely manifests to me.

"I understand, my dear, only too well. And I'll help in whatever way I can."

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