

Society

Wertz-Hibbard.

On Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, Miss Hope Hibbard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Hibbard, was married to Mr. Ray H. Wertz of Trenton, Neb., at the home of the bride's parents, 4026 South Twenty-third street. The Rev. Charles F. Holler performed the ceremony.

The bride wore a gown of white tulle and a tulle veil trimmed with lace from her mother's wedding dress.

The attendants were Miss Helen Reed of San Francisco, Calif. and Neil F. Anderson of Crest, Neb. Both are college friends of the couple, who are graduates of Doane college.

The couple will spend their honeymoon in Estes Park, Colo.

Bathe in Gingham



Social leaders shun flapper one-piece bathing suits. Mrs. Harvey Schaeffer, New York society woman, wears the kind of bathing dress universally used by bathers at the exclusive Southampton, Long Island, beach.

Summer Tarts and Pastry Dainties

Warm weather brings a desire for lighter food and cold drinks, but the housewife must be careful to see that her family receives sufficient food values at each meal, even with appetites diminished. Strawberries are now in the market in abundance as are also many vegetables from which to choose.

Also this month brides-to-be are trying their hands at pastry making. So this week several recipes are given for a number of kinds of pies. To make good pie crust requires experience, but if the rules are followed, the process becomes quite simple.

Use pastry flour if possible. Have your shortening very cold. Any kind of fat may be used. Cut the fat into the flour with a knife. Do not rub together with the fingers unless you have very cold hands.

Add only enough water to make the pastry stick together, as it will not be tender when extra flour must be added to make it dry enough to roll.

Roll the pastry before rolling. Pastry may be made up and kept in the icebox ready for use. Roll lightly on a smooth surface. Bake lightly in a hot oven. For pastry shells for pies, such as mince, whose filling does not require cooking, use a hot oven during the whole process. For fruit and custard pies, which require a longer cooking, use a hot oven for 10 minutes, then lower the temperature.

Chill the pastry before rolling. Pastry may be made up and kept in the icebox ready for use. Roll lightly on a smooth surface. Bake lightly in a hot oven. For pastry shells for pies, such as mince, whose filling does not require cooking, use a hot oven during the whole process. For fruit and custard pies, which require a longer cooking, use a hot oven for 10 minutes, then lower the temperature.

My Marriage Problems

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

The Picture the Saleswoman Drew of the Don's Host.

I came reluctantly out from behind the rack of draperies in the East-hampton shop, where under the pretext of examining them I had taken refuge with Junior and Marion from my mother-in-law's captiousness in shopping. But I knew there was no possible way to safeguard the summons she had just given me. Were I to fail to answer her, she was capable of bringing all business to a standstill until she had found us.

But as I advanced toward her I was miserably conscious that the eyes of the people in the front of the store were fixed upon me in amazed curiosity, for my mother-in-law's tone had been the peremptory one which some mothers invariably use toward their erring small children. And my only consolation lay in the fact that the eyes of the mysterious Don Ramon Almiraz behind their thick-lensed glasses, were carefully averted from my direction. I felt a psychic little conviction that those eyes were filled with sardonic laughter—mirth which I had seen before and would recognize could I get beneath the puzzling mask of glasses, snowy beard and moustache and foreign air.

"Are they anybody?" "Where have you been?" Mother Graham demanded tartly. "I thought you came to help me shop."

in-law wishes help or advice in shopping about as much as a Turkish prince needs assistance in selecting a wife. But it is her pleasure to pretend that she does, and I was properly apologetic.

"I just stepped over to examine those draperies," I said indicating the rack behind which I had taken refuge. "They are unusually attractive."

"Humph!" Her tone indicated that nothing in a shop as far from the city could possibly have any merit. "You always were tacky about curtains. Look here." She beckoned me close to her and lowered her voice to a whisper. "I want you to see that tall foreigner in the front of the store they're all knowing to. He's just a high-class confidence man making a fool of them all and laughing in his sleeve. And—some way—I'm sure I've seen him before. Does he remind you of anybody?"

"I was quickly vehement in my denial, and wondered at my own denial. "Nobody in the world!" I said. "But, with a swift recollection that opposition always made my mother-in-law more determined, I dare say you're right about him. He doesn't look quite genuine to me."

"Genuine!" she retorted. "He's a genuine crook, that's all, and so those people will find out."

She turned abruptly to the quiet saleswoman, who must have over-

heard our conversation, but gave no hint of it in her perfect manner.

"What are those people in the front of the store?" she demanded.

"They are from Southampton," the woman returned. "The name is Smythe-Hopkins."

There was not the ghost of an expression in her monotonous low-toned voice, but I suddenly had the Smythe-Hopkins family ticketed and shoved into a third-class compartment, and I gave a furtive, appraising look at the woman behind the counter.

She was of medium height, middle-aged, slender, with a not-quite-healthy pallor, but there was something about her features etched like a cameo, her carriage and her voice that made me think of Hawthorne's novels. That she belonged to an old Long Island or New England family, from which there is no more intendant aristocracy, I was sure. So I waited with tense interest for her to speak again.

But it was my mother-in-law who spoke. "Spelled with a 'y' and not 'e' I'll bet," she said caustically. "They look like a lot of money. Are they anybody?"

"What Madge Guessed."

"They are very wealthy," the colorless voice behind the counter said. "But they are comparatively new in Southampton. They have been there only since the war."

I detected the faintest tremor in her voice and saw the reason as I caught a glimpse of a gold star in her dress.

With a single stroke of the brush she had given us the picture of the people in the front of the store. War profiteers, ignorant, underbred beneath their veneer, storming vainly at the citadels of a social clique

which ignored them, I could understand their fawning attitude toward the mysterious foreigner.

"And this don, or whatever they call him," my mother-in-law persisted.

"He is supposed to be a titled and wealthy personage," the other replied. "He never has been in here before, but I have seen him with them often, and have heard of him frequently. He has been staying with them some time. I understand Mr. Smythe-Hopkins is interested in some properties in South America which the son owns."

"Mr. Smythe-Hopkins would better look out," my mother-in-law retorted tartly, "or the don will take his eyeteeth away."

The faintest possible smile drifted across the gold-star-mother's lips, and I had the sudden conviction that she would be fiercely glad if my mother-in-law's prediction could come true literally, with a bit of medieval torture back of the process.

"Without the veterinarian such diseases as tick fever and hog cholera would decimate the stock of this country," he said. "But at present the veterinarian's income is at low ebb, partly because of a recent big fall in livestock prices and also be-

cause of a temporary surplus of practitioners."

Addresses yesterday afternoon were made by George A. Hawthorne, Clarinda, Ia.; R. F. Bourns, Fort Collins, Colo.; G. P. Statter, Sioux City, and W. E. Muldoon, Manhattan, Kan.

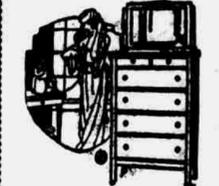
The Bee Want Ads are best business boosters.

Bowens

THE VALUE GIVING STORE Many buyers visited our store Monday morning in response to our announcing our July Inventory Sale in Sunday papers. The people of Omaha and vicinity know when Bowen's say they are making extra value-giving prices for this month, they will not be disappointed when they see the articles upon which the low prices have been placed. It is our intention to make this July Sale the largest in the history of the store as far as number of sales made. To accomplish this we have made big reductions on more items than ever before. Come and take advantage of these wonderful bargains.



\$6.45



\$22.50



\$18.75



\$16.75



\$15.00



\$49.75



\$49.75

Exchange Department You will always find Bargains in our Exchange Department. If you have an old piece of Furniture you have no need of, let us exchange a new piece for it allowing you what your old piece is worth.

A.R. Bowen Co

Expression Lies in the Arms

"Show me a woman's arms and I will tell you her fortune, her temperament, and her history," says a psychic. "It is in her arms that a beautiful woman carries her soul."

For the arms of women are particularly eloquent. A man's arms express mainly his strength and power. Owing to her indulgence in sports, the arm of the modern woman is said to be growing ugly, but whatever it may lack in physical perfection it retains its expressiveness.

The woman who is interesting or temperamental cannot lean against a balustrade or rest on a chair without involuntarily attracting attention to her arms. The modern artist and illustrator, even the photographer, have expressed her in a thousand haunting attitudes in which the position of the arms is the keynote of the picture.

"Whenever I go to see a capable actress I watch her arms," an artist said. "I may begin by observing her face, but as the play unfolds and the actress progresses in feeling and understanding my eyes are drawn irresistibly to her arms."

For a long time past famous dancers of all countries have been interpreting for us lyrics, tragedies and love stories, some mythological, some oriental, mystic and idolatrous. How many in the audience, watching these dancers, have understood the secret of their power? It is not to be learned through watching their feet or their faces, but through watching their arms.

Driving a Nail Into Plaster. When driving a nail into a plastered wall first place nail in hot water until it is thoroughly heated. You can then drive it without breaking or chipping any of the surrounding plaster.

Things You'll Love To Make



From a Two-Piece Frock. The woman who is interesting or temperamental cannot lean against a balustrade or rest on a chair without involuntarily attracting attention to her arms. The modern artist and illustrator, even the photographer, have expressed her in a thousand haunting attitudes in which the position of the arms is the keynote of the picture.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Postered by the Boys. Dear Miss Fairfax: Why do boys always wish to kiss a girl good night? I have spent many delightful evenings with boys, and always before we part they ask for a kiss. I do not think I do anything to lead them on, but always it is the same question each night. My girl friends have also had the same experiences, so I don't think it is my actions which cause them to ask this question. If you didn't believe in these casual kisses, what answer would be proper? Hoping to see your answer soon, I remain, CURIOUS NELL.

Movies and Jazz. Dear Miss Fairfax: Am a daily reader of your column. Now, I wish to ask you a few questions. If it is not taking up your time, are movies immoral and a bad place to go? Some pictures teach us a good lesson, do they not? Shall jazz be cured? What can we do to get rid of it? ROBE.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Drishaus are spending six weeks in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shireman have gone to New York City, where they will reside.

Frank Scott has returned from New York City, where he spent the past 10 days.

Mrs. Lloyd Holsapple has gone east to spend a few weeks visiting her parents at Hudson, N. Y.

Miss Elizabeth Cogan leaves Friday for Estes Park and other Colorado points. She will return to Omaha in the early fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Funkhouser of Omaha spent the week end in Lincoln with Mrs. Funkhouser's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Richardson.

Miss Helen Howe, who went to New York to attend a Delta Gamma convention, is planning a trip up the St. Lawrence before her return to Omaha.

Miss Isobel Bostwick of Pasadena, Cal., is expected next week to be the guest of Mrs. Victor Caldwell. Miss Bostwick is at present visiting in Chillicothe, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. James Pros and son, James, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Isaakson and Mrs. C. L. Rhamay and daughter, Ruth Ann, spent the past week at Kings lake, Valley, Neb.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Burdic of Herman, Neb., are motoring to Omaha for a week with Mrs. Burdic's mother, Mrs. Alfred Darlow. They will arrive Tuesday morning and are accompanied by their children, Ann and Darlow.

Mrs. James McGeachin of Orleans, Neb., her daughter, Miss Jean, and son, James, are spending 10 days with Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Means of Omaha. An elder son, Will McGeachin, of Lincoln, spent the week end at the Means home, returning to Lincoln Sunday night.

Mrs. John Caldwell and her little son, John, Jr., are in Washington, D. C., where they are visiting Mrs. Caldwell's mother, Mrs. Arthur L. Willard and Captain Willard. John, Jr., has been suffering with an attack of the mumps, and their return to Omaha has been delayed.

Major and Mrs. Carlyle Whiting, who have for the last two years been stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., arrived Sunday to visit Mrs. Whiting's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Sweet. Maj. Whiting was formerly stationed at Fort Crook. He is an entry in the Transmississippi golf meet, now being played on the Country club links.

Quaker Bread advertisement featuring a woman holding a loaf of bread. Text: "Quaker Bread IT'S MADE WITH MILK LET THE QUAKER BE YOUR BAKER"

Betsy Ross Confidence advertisement for The Jay Burns Baking Company. Features a large illustration of a loaf of bread and text: "Betsy Ross Confidence Omaha Believes in The Jay Burns Baking Company"