Society

The six Omaha girls who are leaving the end of next week for the trip abroad, which they won in The Bee Good Will Contest, are being entertained at numerous affairs before their departure.

Miss Mabel Leary of the Union Pacific was given a party Wednesday by a number of her office friends and Saturday evening the Catholic Daughters of America will give a dinner in her honor at the Lakoma club. The same organization will give a picnic breakfast for Miss Leary Sunday morning at Elmwood park.

Miss Kathleen O'Brien was hostess last evening at a farewell party at her home. Miss O'Brien leaves Saturday for Chicago, where she will spend a week with her sister, Miss Mary O'Brien.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Rapier entertained last evening complimentary to Miss Ella Fenn, and a number of other parties are being planned for her.

Miss Elizabeth Kauffman was honor guest Tuesday at a dinner at the Country club given by Mr. and Mrs. Ford Hovey, when covers were laid for 10. Miss Elizabeth Zimmerman is arranging a party to be given at the Athletic club next week for Miss Kauffman.

Armstrong-Abbott.

The marriage of Miss Esther Maxine Abbott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Edward Abbott, and Hugh G. Armstrong, jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh G. Armstrong, sr., took place at Trinity cathedral Tuesday. Dean Stephen McGinley performed the ceremony.

The bride wore a gown of white georgette with a hat of georgette and straw. She carried a bouquet of rosebuds. The bride's sister, Miss Grace Abbott, was bridesmaid. She wore tan georgette with picture hat to match. C. A. Abrahamson was best man.

Following a wedding breakfast at the parish house for the immediate family, the couple left for a honeymoon at Troutdale-in-the-Pines and Estes park. Mr. Armstrong and his bride will live in Omaha.

Slafter-Button.

The wedding of Miss Genevieve Button, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Button, to Carlos Slafter took place Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, the Rev. G. M. Coffer of Arlington officiating. Miss Lillian Wallingford sang "At Dawning" and Mrs. Allan Mactier played the wedding march. Little Marjorie Lieder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Lieder, carried a basket of rosebuds and sweetpeas. The bride wore white silk crepe faille with a long veil, heavily embroidered and caught with lilies of the valley, and carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses.

Miss Fleming a Visitor.

Miss Olive Fleming of Burlington, Ia., is the guest of Mrs. Lawrence Brinker for two weeks. Miss Fleming arrived Tuesday evening by motor with Miss Daphne Peters and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bohling, who motored to Burlington last week to attend a house party given by Miss Martha Moir, who was an attendant in the Peters-Hess wedding. Miss Fleming was honor guest Wednesday at a luncheon given at the Country club by Miss Catherine Thummell, when covers were laid for 22 guests. Last evening Miss Fleming and Mr. and Mrs. Brinker were among the guests at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. John Madden. They will picnic at Kirkwood in a Dutch treat party Thursday, and Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Wharton will entertain at dinner in Miss Fleming's honor.

Benefit Card Party.

Among those who have made reservations for the benefit card party to be given by the Omaha Council of Catholic Women Friday afternoon at Happy Hollow club are Mesdames L. C. Nash, J. J. Laughlin, C. R. Caughlin, Mary Bacon, A. F. Mullen, Fred Busch, the Misses Grace Lansing, Margaret McShane, Sadie Hayden, Nell Daugherty and members of the Research club.

Tables may be reserved at the headquarters of the council, Atlantic 3804. The affair is open to the public.

For Miss Peycke.

Mrs. Arthur Metz entertained eight guests at a bridge luncheon Wednesday at her home, complimentary to her niece, Miss Helen Peycke, of Seattle, Wash., who is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Howard Payne.

Mrs. Robert Garrett gave a luncheon Tuesday at her home in honor of Miss Peycke. On Saturday Miss Martha Gyger will entertain at bridge for Miss Peycke.

Nebraska Pioneers.

Douglas County Association of Nebraska Pioneers meets Thursday, 2:30 p. m., in the pioneer room, courthouse.

Personals

Miss Martha Shafer is spending two weeks in Estes Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shafer of Amorilla, Tex., arrive Saturday to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Shafer.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hansen and sister, Miss Mildred McAuley, have gone to Colorado to spend the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Charles G. Hayes of Chicago, accompanied by her daughter, Catherine, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Albert E. Parmelee at Carter Lake club.

Dr. George F. Simanek has returned from Washington, D. C., where he attended the annual convention of the Catholic Hospital association.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Carey will leave soon for Cheyenne, where they will attend the Frontier day celebration, July 25, enroute to their ranch near Cheyenne.

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Shaw of Scottsbluffs, Neb., announce the birth of a son, James, jr., July 9. Mrs. Shaw was formerly Miss Cynthia Raymond of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sunderland with their daughters, Helen and Ruth, and their son, John, will motor to Clear Water lake the last of July to remain a month.

Mrs. John Voltz sails July 16 for Europe, where she will spend the summer months. She will be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Chris Glissman and her daughter, Greta.

Mrs. Russell E. Wagner has returned from Weeping Water, Neb., where she has been the guest of Miss Dorothy Dunn. Mr. Wagner will return the end of the week from Kearney.

Mrs. John Smith and her daughter, Joan, leave Saturday for New York, where they will visit Mrs. Smith's sister, Mrs. Frank Magel, for three months. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Mathews will join Mrs. Smith in three weeks and they will go on a number of short trips through the east together, and into Canada.

Business Woman's Club.

Miss Ora E. Johnson will entertain the Omaha Business Woman's club at a chicken dinner and lawn party at her home Tuesday evening, July 18.

An Anxious Moment.

So long I've waited just to catch her eye,
To know, at last, she sees and understands,
Yet, though my glances plead, she passes by,
Ignoring me whose fate is in her hands.

So deftly coy, so really ruby rare,
So needful to my life this very hour,
How can she be so cruel, yet so fair,
To helpless me so fallen in her power.

Ah, yes, 'tis true, at last she turns my way!
No longer need I breathe the saddened sigh,
And now she's here, ho, hum, which shall I say,
A pair of crullers or some apple pie?

—O. C. A. Child.

Says ye prophet: "The right kind of a sweetheart is also a friend."

Problems That Perplex

Answered by
BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Lately I have become acquainted with a young boy from Missouri, who says he had a desire to see the world and started out.

I have found he is decent and I value his friendship highly. Now the question is there is talking going around about him leaving home and being here so far from home. Of course, I have no proof, but his word, that he left of his own will. But there are people here who know nothing about him and are saying impolite things about him, etc.

He is decent as far as I know and it hurts him and myself to have him talked about.

What should I do. They tell me I am ruining my reputation by going with him.

I can't see why they should talk when they don't know anything about him. Can't you tell me anything to do? Should I give him up entirely or stick it out and show these people who are doing the talking that he is all right, as I am sure he is. He asked me for a picture of myself to send his mother. Should I give him one? From what I have told you will you answer in The Omah Bee and tell me what I should do? Another thing, I don't believe in going with boys steady but in this case I don't care to go with any other but him. I have turned several other boys down for him. Would it be better for me to go with them even if I do not really care to?

I am young to be going with boys, Miss Fairfax, and will appreciate your advice. I'm 16, but consider that old enough. Thanking you, I remain, GRACE.

My Dear Grace: I admire you for sticking up for the boy from Missouri, and I think you are right to stand by him in the face of unjustified criticism. There is nothing more cruel than provincialism which attacks a newcomer in town just because he is a stranger. "So far from home," they say, "he must be a shady character." And all because he has chosen to stand on his own feet in the world, and perhaps had the courage to break away from some town where he lacked opportunity and start for himself. Why shouldn't a boy see something of the world and broaden his horizon a bit, if he works and keeps steady while he is doing it? That is the pioneer spirit we admire. The trouble with his critics probably is that they never stepptd out of their own township in their lives. It might help them if they tried a little traveling on their own account. If the boy had chosen to go to Alaska that would be nothing against him, and because he changes from one middle western state to another adjoining one they dub him a rolling stone. I often wonder how some of the women whose tongues wag so busily about other women's sons would feel if their sons happened to go to a new town—let us say in Missouri, and the people in the town treated him as if he were an escaped convict because he was away from home. It is a subject on which I feel strongly. But for your own protection, Grace, haven't you a father or a brother or an uncle to whom you could appeal to back up your own judgment on the boy? You are pretty young, as you say, and it is not hard for a young girl to make a mistake in judgment about a man. I see no reason why you should not let the boy have a picture to send his mother. If he really wants it for her it is a sign in his favor. Unless your family and friends can prove something definite to the boy's discredit I should continue to be his friend, but I would not turn down other invitations. You are too young to limit yourself to riendship with any one man. You would miss a lot of good times by so doing.

CHAPTER V.

Tommy Fox and His Party.

Each spring, when the Bear family waked from their winter's sleep, they were terribly hungry. And at that time of the year there was none too much food to be found in the

"The chicken and myself!" he said.

woods. So Cuffy Bear was much pleased when old Mr. Crow told him a bit of news.

"Tommy Fox is going to have a party," Mr. Crow said to Cuffy one day in his husky voice.

"Good!" Cuffy cried.

Old Mr. Crow gave him a sidewise glance.

"I haven't heard," he remarked, "that you're going to be invited."

"Tommy Fox won't leave me out of the party," Cuffy retorted. "Why, I'm one of the best-known people in Pleasant Valley."

"Perhaps!" the old gentleman replied somewhat sourly. "Anyhow, you certainly have the best-known appetite."

"Has Tommy Fox asked you to come to his party?" Cuffy inquired.

Mr. Crow said he was too busy to answer any questions. And he flapped away, leaving Cuffy Bear in a most eager mood.

"I must find Tommy Fox," Cuffy decided. So he began to prowl down the mountainside. And not far from the back pasture he discovered the sly Thomas watching a mouse hole beneath a tree.

"I hear you're going to have a party," Cuffy began.

"Yes!" said Tommy Fox. "And it will be a good one."

"I suppose," Cuffy remarked, "there'll be plenty to eat."

"Yes, indeedy!" Tommy replied. "There'll be enough for everybody."

"What do you expect to have for refreshments?" Cuffy Bear inquired.

"Chicken!" said Tommy Fox with a grin that showed his sharp teeth. And he licked his lips as he spoke.

"Chicken!" Cuffy Bears repeated. "Where are you going to get it?"

"I know a good place," was Tommy's answer. "It's not a thousand miles from here, either." And he glanced over his shoulder toward the farm buildings, which nestled in the valley below.

"When are you going to have your party " Cuffy demanded.

"Tonight!" Tommy replied. "Tonight, if everything goes well. Of course one can never tell exactly when a party will take place, because one can't always be sure about the refreshments. And you know yourself that's what makes a party."

Cuffy Bear nodded his head.

"I could come tonight," he said boldly, "or tomorrow night, or the night after that."

And then Cuffy had a great disappointment. For Tommy Fox yawned and said, "I'm not going to invite any more people. The party's all made up. Everything's settled. I can't change my plans."

"Oh, dear!" Cuffy exclaimed. "I wish I'd met you before."

"I couldn't have asked you, anyhow," Tommy replied.

"How many are you going to have at your party?" Cuffy asked him.

"Two!" said Tommy Fox.

"Two!" Cuffy Bear cried in wonder. "Is that all?"

"Yes!" Tommy Fox answered. "That's exactly the number to suit me. If there were one more or one less the party would be ruined."

"Who's going to be there?" Cuffy wanted to know.

Tommy Fox gave a sly smile before he replied.

"The chicken and myself!" he said.

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Common Sense

Are You Blind to Opportunities for Advancement?

When are you going to wake up to the opportunities you have today for the grasping, and get to work?

The reason you do not see or hear of opportunities along your line is because you are not enough in earnest, and you do not concentrate mentally on the thing you call the "desire of your heart."

You manage to keep going in your desultory fashion, but to be alive and awake to what is going on about you—you are not there.

You have looked in a magnifying glass and have been astonished to see all sorts of things going on about you in the air, in the water you drink, in short, find millions of living creatures or organisms where otherwise you thought there was nothing.

Suppose you concentrate on your idea of advancement and think what would seem an opportunity to you, if it came.

Then proceed to get ready for the contingency as fast as you can, and, 10 to one, if you are ready you will find more opportunities than you could have dreamed possible.

The world is sick today because of so many opportunities for leaders in every line and none big enough, mentally nor morally, to take the leadership and keep it. Be in earnest for truth.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Many of the sport shoes of the summer are of washable leather. As one girl put it, anything from yellow laundry soap to scented toilet soap answered the purpose of washing them very well. The point seems to be to wash off the sole first, so that any mud there won't be smudged around the white or beige part of the shoe. The rest is quite easy.

My Marriage Problems

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

(Copyright 1922)

What Don Ramon Wanted Madge to Do.

It took all the firmness at my command to meet the situation which the sudden dash of the mysterious Don Ramon Almirez toward the door of the shop brought to me. That his pretended paroxysm of coughing was but a ruse and that he meant to speak to me under its cover, I was very sure, and I was terrified lest the people with him, or worse still, my mother-in-law, should detect his purpose.

"Oh! Don Ramon!" The exclamation sounded from three voices as the people with him followed him solicitiously. But he waved them back, with a choking:

"Please—people with me disturb me. I shall be all right presently."

"But, you should—" the pompous man began fussily, when his daughter interrupted him.

"Do shut up, Dad," she said with the appalling disrespect of some modern children. "Can't you see he doesn't want us watching him cough and choke? You wouldn't like it yourself. Don't watch him.".

I was guiding Junior through the door by this time, taking swift advantage of the delay in Don Ramon's progress caused by the fussy father's interruption. But before I had reached the street, he was close behind me, had jostled Junior, with a clever pretended inadvertence and was apologizing, hat in hand:

"A thousand pardons, madame—ah, but you are the discreet person! Listen, you must give this to your father from me—"

A Secret Message.

He had stooped to the ground and now brought up in his hand a woman's handkerchief—which I realized he must have carried for just this encounter—and was holding it out to me as if because of his jostling I had dropped it. Mechanically I put out my hand for it and felt it pressed into my hand with something else that rustled—paper, I decided, and then Don Ramon, bowing again, turned away.

But something entirely outside my own volition brought low quick words of warning to my lips.

"Don't go back till we have gone," I murmured. "She thinks she knows you."

He uttered but one word—

"Ca-r-ram-ba!" Then he walked rapidly toward the nearest drug store, as I climbed into my car, smiling even through my trepidation at the burlesque which he had put into the melodramatic word.

I guessed that the eyes behind the thick-lensed glasses were gleaming sardonically at me, and I was sure of it, when safe in the shelter of the druggist's doorway, he turned toward the car, swept off his hat and made a low bow, and then put his finger on his lips with an air which made me bite my lips to keep from laughing outright.

I turned my switch key and started the car, having first stuffed the handkerchief and the rustling paper enclosure deep into my bag. And then my mother-in-law and Marion came out of the door of the shop.

"Go on ahead, Marion," I heard Mother Graham say while she stopped and looked searchingly up and down the street.

Madge Explains.

I cast an involuntary glance toward the druggist's door and was thankful indeed that I culd see nothing of the mysterious Don Ramon. He must have gone to the back of the chemist's shop, I decided, and drew a breath of relief at this small advantage in the catechism I saw before me.

"Where did that jackanapes go?" my mother-in-law asked, when Marion very prettily had assisted her into the tonneau where Junior was already ensconced, and had then climbed in beside me.

"What jackanapes?" I asked innocently, putting the gear in first, and moving slowly away from the curb where we were parked.

"Don't try to pull any wool over my eyes, Margaret!" my mother-in-law retorted tartly. "You know very well whom I mean, that Don—whatever he calls himself—who went out right after you did. I saw him bowing and scraping like the educated chimpanzee in the zoo—"

"Well, he ought to have bowed and scraped!" I declared with as much pretended indignation as I could muster. "He nearly knocked Junior off his feet in his hurry to get out, and my handkerchief flew out of my hand, and of course he picked it up and returned it. But he is a flourisher, isn't he? I wonder if he'll try his airs on the druggist. I saw him go in there, I suppose for something for his cough."

"You're explaining as much as if you knew the man and were trying to keep it dark," she commented caustically, but the suspicion had gone from her voice, and I knew that my explanation had satisfied her. But the nearness to the truth of her observation gave me some uneasy moments, and I hurried the car along toward home, for I was anxious to see my father, tell him the story of my first meeting with the mysterious Don Ramon—a tale I never had found the opportunity to relate—and give him the message which had just been handed me.

Late Afternoon

Long golden shadows, woven on the loom
Of the declining sun.
Deep purple shadows in the fairy bloom
Of snowdrift bushes; one
Tall fir which stands upon the shaded lawn
Cool as pond water; green
As dusky emeralds. Fragile as the dawn
The silver beeches lean.
Above the iris, amethyst and blue
And jeweled minutes pass
Scented with Maytime, and the fragrance, new
Of sunwarm, fresh cut grass.

—Faith Baldwin.

Tree-Tips.

A tree's lips
Are its finger tips—
Tremulous and eloquent
To give its lovely wisdom vent.
And oh, it knows such wondrous things—
It knows the song the robin sings,
Star songs and tales the sun
Has brought to it of worlds begun.
It knows the earth-life—it has found
The dim blind creatures underground.
So many secrets has a tree
It cannot say them all to me—
But when the little winds pass by
It watch it write them on the sky.

—Marion Brown Shelton.

Prayer Each Day

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—Romans 8:37-39.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, in Whom we live and move and have our being, we render Thee our humble praises for Thy preservation of us from the beginning of our lives to this day; for Thy many mercies we bless and magnify Thy glorious Name. And since it is of Thy mercy, O gracious Father, that another day is added to our lives, we here dedicate both our souls and our bodies to Thee and Thy service.

We would remember before Thy Throne of Grace all those who are near and dear to us, and all for whom we are bound to pray.

Be merciful to all who are in any trouble, and be graciously pleased to take us and all things belonging to us under Thy Fatherly care and protection this day, and forevermore.

We ask it for Christ's sake. Amen.

BISHOP ETHELBERT TALBOT.
South Bethlehem, Pa.

Miss Charlotte Sharman of London is the world's oldest stenographer. She is 90, and dictates her letters into a dictaphone and then types 'em out herself.

Parents' Problems

How can boys and girls of high school age be led to take an interest in reading the lives of great men and women?

Through the use of books—the right books. Select good biographies, either long or short, and read them to and with the boys and girls. Be sure that the particular man or woman whose life you think of thus reading is of interest to the young people at that time. For instance, if they are much interested in adventure, read to them the life of some great adventurer, etc.

JOHN A. SWANSON, Pres — The Nebraska — WM. L. HOLZMAN, Treas

The "I Will" Man Says:

"Sell Every Last One"

OF THESE FIVE HUNDRED

Dresses, Coats, Wraps

THURSDAY at $10

When the "I Will" Man gets determined to clean house, prices drop right and left and the year's most sensational bargains are yours.

Hundreds of Dresses for Sport, Street and Afternoon Wear, which sold earlier in the season for $24.50 to $34.50—now for a rousing house-cleaning.

Materials: Roshanara Crepe, Crepe Knit, Crepe de Chine, Canton Crepe, Lace, Georgette and Printed Crepe, in Navy, Black, Brown, Tan, Copen, Periwinkle, Henna, Lavender, White, Rose, Tangerine, Flesh. Scores of models. Every wanted summer style in this great sale event at..... $10

More than one hundred Wraps left from our $24.50 and $34.50 lines. These must be sold and the "I Will" Man knows that here's a price that will rush them out.

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ON OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF

Highest Grade Dresses Coats and Suits Sweeps On!

Sport Coats, Wrappy Coats and Capes. Smart styles that anyone can wear anywhere. Tricotines, Silks, Poiret Twills, Shawsheen, Velours, Tweeds, Bolivias, in Reindeer, Tan, French Blue, Navy, Sorrento. Beautifully embroidered models in loose back or belted styles. Thursday at— $10

ALL WOMEN'S $39.50 to $59.50 SILK DRESSES AT HALF OFF $19.75 to $29.75

ALL WOMEN'S $8.95 to $19.50 WASH DRESSES AT HALF OFF $4.50 to $9.75

ALL WOMEN'S $39.50 to $59.50 TAILORED SUITS AT HALF OFF $19.75 to $29.75

ALL WOMEN'S $39.50 to $59.50 SMART COATS AT HALF OFF $19.75 to $29.75

All Women's Silk and Wool Skirts at ONE-HALF OFF

All Sweaters and Blouses 1/4 Off All Wash Silk Petticoats

ANOTHER EXTRA SPECIAL

One hundred high grade preshrunk gaberdine and surf satin WASH SKIRTS $1.95

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