

SOCIETY AND WOMAN'S PAGE

Former Omaha Girl Makes Her Debut in Tacoma.

Word has come from Tacoma, Wash. of the debut party of a former Omaha girl, Miss Dorothy Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewellyn Jones, who will be known here. Mrs. Jones was formerly Miss Louise Doherty, sister of Robert Doherty of Omaha.

The debut took place at "Carters," the beautiful summer home of the family at Interlaken, just outside of Tacoma. The grounds were hung with gay lanterns and the court and wide verandas were arranged with fringed hangings and easy chairs.

Miss Jones graduated a year ago from the Annie Wright seminary and during the past winter she attended Mount Vernon seminary. Many Omahans will remember her.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Winer will entertain at a reception Sunday evening, August 6, to announce the engagement of their daughter, Anne, to Mr. Michael Cohen, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Cohen.

Here for Wedding. Judge and Mrs. E. A. Rice of Washington, who came to Omaha last week to attend the wedding of Miss Vera Jones and Roscoe Rice, have gone to visit in Iowa before their return to the east.

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Sorority Girl a Visitor



Miss Mary Brundage, Miss Gertrude Harte. Miss Mary Brundage of Tecumseh, Neb., who has been the guest of Miss Gertrude Harte, left Tuesday for her home after a gay visit with her Omahans.

Personals

Mrs. Frank Wirthsater and daughter, Ida, left last Thursday for two months in California.

Mrs. William Hill Clarke is at Moon Lake, Wis., and will be there until September 15.

Mrs. C. W. Morton and Miss Dorothy are guests at the Hotel Windmere, Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smalls have taken the Howard Dunham home in Dundee for the month.

Miss Eva Mahoney and her sister, Miss May Mahoney, are in Estes park on a vacation trip.

Mrs. F. W. Clarke and Mrs. Lloyd Smith are sailing from Cherbourg to New York on August 12.

Mr. and Mrs. William McHugh, jr., left Tuesday for Estes Park. They are making the trip by motor.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rogers and daughter, Miss Helen, returned Tuesday from Waquetonsing, Mich.

Sigsby Sears left last week for San Francisco and for Portland, Ore. He was accompanied by Clay Beisel.

Mrs. W. C. Crosby is leaving the first of this month for a visit with her aunt, Mrs. W. C. Hayes of Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dising and family left Monday for a motor trip to Lake Okoboji, where they have taken a cottage.

E. G. McGilton has returned from a trip to Estes, followed by a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Williams at Hugo, Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Goodell of St. Louis, formerly of Omaha, spent Saturday in the city with Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Jones, enroute to Estes park.

John Kvenild, son of Mr. and Mrs. Birger Kvenild, fractured both arms in a fall last week. John is at Evergreen, Colo., with his mother and brother, Robert.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Tukey left Monday for Lake Okoboji for a week, their small daughter, Catherine Anne, is staying with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Dinning.

My Marriage Problems

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

(Copyright 1922)

How Harry Underwood Gently Aided Madge. "Are you sure you feel able to drive?" In Harry Underwood's voice, tender and solicitous, there was no betrayal of any chagrin at the rebuff I had just given him. Evidently he meant to accept my silent dictum, and drop the sentimental pose he had adopted, when, at his request that I tell him of Grace Draper's connection with Junior's kidnapping I had succumbed to the nervous, blind dizziness which comes over me sometimes at the remembrance of that awful time.

An affirmative response was on my lips, for I would rather drive a car than do almost anything else in the world, and nothing makes me quite so uncomfortable as to sit beside another driver. But it occurred to me that Harry Underwood drove the car and listened at the same time to the information of Grace Draper for which he had asked, he would have neither time nor opportunity for sentiment—a state of affairs for which I earnestly wished.

"I'm not quite myself," I said. "You drive, do you not?" and then, with a remembrance of his ambulance service during the war, I flushed at my own stupidity. "If I don't get into any thick traffic," he drawled, even as I stammered an embarrassed: "Pardon so ridiculous a question."

"If I don't get into any thick traffic," he drawled, even as I stammered an embarrassed: "Pardon so ridiculous a question." "Well!" Mr. Underwood's drawing voice broke the spell. "When your spirit or your astral body or whatever you call it has returned from the place it's winged itself, perhaps you'll inform me if I am to drive. I thought an invitation to tool this chariot trembled upon your dainty lips but a moment since. However, I've learned in the course of a troubled life never to take anything for granted."

"Of course I'd like you to drive," I returned a bit impatiently. "And please pardon my absence of mind. I was thinking—" "Very dangerous thing to do," he interrupted with a preternaturally grave face. "You never know what the consequences may be. Personally, I never indulge myself in the habit. Now, if you'll just move over, Lady Fair, I'll try my luck with this gear shift. Let's see, first, rear, left; second, forward, right; third, rear, right; reverse, forward, left. Is that it?"

He had alighted from the car as he was speaking and walked around the front of it to the side upon which I was sitting. And I guessed that his seemingly anxious query as to the gear shift was only a subterfuge to give me time to pull myself together. He was too experienced a driver not to have noted the things for which he had asked.

"You have them exactly," I said sedately, moving over in the seat, and for the next five minutes Mr. Underwood gave his exclusive attention to the car. "There, I've got her number now," he said when he had shifted gears, reversed and experimented with the spark until he had satisfied himself that no emergency would find him unfamiliar with the mechanism. "Now to resume our interrupted journey. Are you sure you're all right?"

I read between the lines of the query. For fear of the possible effect upon me, he would not ask me to tell him the story of Grace Draper's crime. But I knew that my father had requested it, so with a mighty effort I braced myself for the telling.

Problems That Perplex

Assured by BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

He Needs to Get Out of Himself. My Dear Miss Fairfax: It is because I have faith in you that I am going to ask you to help me. I am 23 years old. Mentally I must be about 30. At 23 I have a few gray hairs; I dress well; have a clear complexion, but have a terribly homely mug; am not very talkative; can't dance much—gave it up as a bad job; never had a steady girl, and very few others; never was popular or a favorite among young people; never had much money to spend; neither have I an education. Observation is my chief pastime at pieces of amusement. I have friends, but am not intimate with any of them. My reputation is good. I think I am missing much of life. At times I am very much discouraged and bitter, and hold everything in contempt. Then again I blame myself for everything and become despondent.

My real trouble is that I am thinking of becoming a confirmed old bachelor who does not care. Or, if I worry much more, I fear I shall turn sour. I must be in a class by myself. I should find a nice girl who would be above me. Flappers do not interest me and seem to be below me. I was looking for an intelligent, kind, quiet sort of home girl, is that expecting too much? It seems to me now that such a girl is beyond me. I see that kind of girl at times, but I guess there are social barriers between us.

Much thought of all this makes me, at times, discouraged, bitter, and disagreeable. What will it lead to? Has not my life been a failure so far? What is wrong with me? What do you think of matrimonial agencies? Are marriages contracted through agencies as successful in love and happiness as the usual kind? I hope this letter does not bore; it may seem odd, but this has troubled me for a long time. Your opinion or advice will be gratefully received. HOPELESS.

I publish almost all of your letter, because it struck me as an unusually interesting one. You say that you really must be 30. From your letter any one would think you were a discouraged old misanthrope of 70. First of all, I cannot see in what way your life has been a failure, except in so far as you have failed to get the joy out of it as you went along. And it is an old truth that you never get out of life more than you put into it. If you face the world with bitterness and contempt you cannot expect that the world will be kind to you. You find what you are looking for, particularly in people, and if you mistrust every one you meet and begin looking for dark motives in all their actions you are apt to find all their bad qualities and none of their good. And if the girls you meet do not like you, you can be sure it is this attitude of yours that repels them, and not lack of good looks. Homeliness in a man makes very little difference to most women. It is character they read in his face that attracts them, and if, by thinking hard, sour thoughts, you put dis-

agreeable lines in your face it will be no wonder if they are not drawn to you. You will think I am being pretty hard on you, so let me try to give you some helpful suggestions. You are, after all, only 23, and you have your whole life still ahead of you to do with as you like. Fight despondency and make a mental effort to look on the bright side of things. One of the rules for charm which is often quoted to girls is to cultivate a modest demeanor and an interest in other people. The same rule applies equally to men. Don't worry about yourself, and bring enough other interests into your life so that you will cease to be entirely self-centered. If you did marry a girl now, I should be rather sorry for her, for you would be thinking a good deal more of your happiness than hers. I am afraid.

You say you have no intimate friends. Friends are one of the chief compensations in life. Remember what Shakespeare said: "The friends that hate, and their adoption tries, and makes them to thy soul with hooks of steel." He knew. And to make firm friends, remember you have to give of yourself as well as take from them. You are superstitious about "class." Probably nine-tenths of the girls who you say seem to be above you would be thinking a good deal more of your happiness than hers. I am afraid.

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Miss Holt Honored. Miss Louise Watson entertained two tables of bridge Tuesday afternoon at her home complimentary to Miss Lois Holt of Chicago, who is visiting Miss Marguerite Walker. Garfield Circle. Ladies of the G. A. R., will meet Friday, 8 p. m., in Memorial hall, court house. A full attendance is desired as this is the only meeting to be held during August. Daughters of Veterans. Betsy Ross tent, Daughters of Veterans, will meet Thursday at 2 p. m., in Memorial hall, court house.

Special EGGS 5c Any Style EGGS Each Buttered Toast or Bread, 5c Ex. ALL SIX RESTAURANTS

Boys Are Getting Appl Ready for Elks' Supervisors of the public grounds have agreed to cooperate in making a success of the Elks picnic for boys at Elmwood park next Saturday afternoon. It is intended that boys who are not invited to picnics very often shall be the preferred guests on this occasion. Boys who do not enjoy picnics will be specially welcomed, though it will not be a "poor boys' picnic." The boys are to assemble at the Auditorium Saturday noon, when they will be taken to the park in chartered street cars. There is a revival of pale yellow in the color of a canary's plumage and it appears in town as often as in the country.

Bowen's THE VALUE GIVING STORE August FURNITURE SALE

10% to 50% Discounts Furniture, Rugs and Draperies Stoves and Refrigerators

All Cotton Felted Mattresses Regular \$15.00 special \$8.95 Sale Sewing Machines Used Machines \$2.50 Up New Machines \$29.50 Up

BUY-RITE STORES 10,000 bars Cream Oil Toilet Soap 3 bars for 22c

Trade Here—You Will Find It Pays BUY-RITE FRUIT DEPARTMENT One carload of fancy Idaho Apricots, in lugs or peach crates, last call for canning, while they last, per crate \$1.49

Three Good Products We Recommend Butter-Nut Coffee Per lb. 45c Butter-Nut Tea Per 1/2 lb. 45c Butter-Nut Orange Peel Per 1/2 lb. 45c

New Discovery for CORNS Steps their hurting in one minute; starts healing at once. Gets at the cause of corns. Only treatment of its kind. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Real Lemonade made of Real Lemon Juice and Not a Lemon to Squeeze IT ISN'T much fun to have to leave a merry party and go out in the kitchen and squeeze lemons to make lemonade. That's work.