

SOCIETY AND WOMAN'S PAGE

Driving to Lincoln for Curtice-Risser Wedding

The Misses Corrine and Elizabeth Elliott are motoring to Lincoln Wednesday with their brother, Loring, and Messrs. Phil Downs, and Guy Beckett for the wedding of Miss Marian Risser of Lincoln to Norman Curtice. Miss Risser and Miss Elizabeth are old friends having been schoolmates at Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Naasson Young, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Clarke and Dean Weaver are also planning to go down.

The attendants, Miss Helen Curtice, sister of the groom, who will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids, Marian Youngblut, Olive Ladd, Latta Watson and Mildred Doyle are all well known in Omaha having been frequent guests in the city.

Held by Forest Fires

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Kirkpatrick, who have been staying at Lake Vermillion, Minn., had an adventure with a heavy forest fire en route home. They were making the trip by motor, and on the first day ran into a fire just after they had passed Biwabik, Minn.

The settlers in the region told them to turn back, but it was not until the sky was black with smoke and until they could see sparks sailing through the trees that they gave up and returned to the little town to spend a day and night before the fire could be gotten under control.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick arrived in Omaha, Sunday.

Rush Party

The Alpha Epsilon chapter of the Alpha Delta Pi sorority entertained 11 "rushes" at the World theater Saturday afternoon, followed by tea at the Brandeis restaurants. The Misses Clarinda Delano, Ruth True and Juanita Johnston were the members of the active chapter who drove up from Lincoln for the event. Miss Sylvia Kunshe of Holbrook and Miss Margaret Fahnestock of Lincoln were also among the out-of-town guests. Miss Mildred Othmer is rush captain for the sorority in Omaha.

Visitor Honored

Mrs. M. C. Pfeiffer and Mrs. Harvey Wing entertained at luncheon Sunday at the Athletic club complimentary to Mrs. Samuel Wayman of Kansas City, who is visiting Mrs. Earl Sherman.

Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Fayl Bradley will entertain at an evening party at their home in honor of Mrs. Wayman and her hostess.

Wilson-Hulette, announcing the marriage of Miss Ida B. Hulette of Louisville, Ky., to Mr. Landis Wilson of Tampico, Mexico. Miss Hulette was formerly superintendent of nurses at the Wise Memorial hospital. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson will make their home in Tampico.

Mrs. Wilson met her husband in Tampico, where she was in charge of the nurses at the American hospital.

Omahans at Lake Superior

Yale Holland has gone to Madeline Island, Lake Superior, to join Mrs. Holland, who has been spending the summer there. They will return September 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Burgess, who were the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Holland for several days, have returned to Omaha.

Mrs. George De Lacy who is also summering at Lake Madeline, is expected home early in September.

Guests of Mrs. Baldwin

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Smith and their children, Gertrude and Linda, of Memphis, Tenn., and Miss Gertrude Norelle of St. Louis arrived Monday to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John N. Baldwin. Mrs. Smith, Miss Norelle and Mrs. Baldwin are sisters. A number of informal affairs are being planned in their honor.

Week-End Visitor

Phil Hardy of Lincoln has been the guest of Nelson Updike, jr., over the week-end. On Saturday Mr. Updike entertained at dinner at the Country club in honor of his visitor, and on Sunday they dined with Cornelius Clarke at his home.

Personals

William Marsh, jr., is spending the week at Lake Okoboji.

Fred Daugherty and Isaac Carpenter are at the Lewiston, in Estes Park.

Dr. Charles F. Crowley has gone to Wyoming on a three-weeks' fishing trip.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Rannon left Saturday for Chicago and New York, to spend several weeks with relatives and friends.

L. S. Lambert and E. L. Ward and their families of Omaha registered Friday at North Shore hotel, Evanston, Ill.

Mr. Charles Offutt, Mrs. Victor Caldwell and Miss Helen Hibbard left Monday on a motor trip to Estes Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stack returned last week from Lake Vermillion, Minn., where they have had a cottage this summer.

Byron Hastings and daughter, Miss Natalie, arrived home Monday from a short visit in Denver and Estes Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh A. Myers, and daughter, Mrs. Fred Baumeister, of Council Bluffs, will arrive Friday after a month spent in California.

Miss Kathryn English is in Milwaukee, Wis., visiting Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Fitzgerald, formerly of Omaha. She will visit relatives in Chicago en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Johnson and daughters, Miss Beatrice and Miss Margaret, arrived home Saturday from a four weeks' motor trip to Okoboji and Glenwood, Minn.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Skankey, who have been at Lake Minnewaska for the past three weeks, leave Sunday morning for Duluth and Isle Royal. They will return to Omaha about September 1.

Miss E. Gertrude Smith, Miss Frieda Ehrenstein and Miss Ada Spetman of Council Bluffs and Miss Katherine Koehler of Omaha left Saturday afternoon motoring to Lake Okoboji, where they will spend two weeks. The party will return by way of Des Moines to attend the state fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Howard and Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller are at Camp Idlewild, Minn., where they have been for the last three weeks. The Howards' small daughter, Suzanne, is staying with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rees Gould.

Morning Swimming Party at Kirkwood

Tuesday morning Kirkwood will be the scene of a gay swimming party, followed by a Dutch treat luncheon and bridge in the afternoon, when Mrs. Glenn Wharton, whose country place it is, will be hostess.

The guests will be the Mesdames Henry Bohling, Henry T. Luberg, Douglas Peters, Barton Millard and the Misses Dorothy Belt, Dorothy Judson, Gretchen Hers and Gladys and Daphne Peters.

At Happy Hollow Club

Mrs. N. T. Tyson made reservations for 12 for luncheon Monday at Happy Hollow club. The guests were members of a bridge club.

At Auto View Rest

R. B. Updike entertained six guests at dinner Sunday at Auto View rest and a P. Elmer had five guests. Smaller parties were entertained by T. J. Hansen, J. G. Martin and F. R. Straight.

Sermo Club Picnic

The Sermo club will entertain at a picnic at Carter lake on Wednesday.

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Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

As to Kissing.

Dear Miss Fairfax: As I am a constant reader of your column, I am looking to you for a little advice—not in regard to any love affair, but merely good friendship. I have read all the articles on the subject of kissing that so many girls find such a puzzle, and certainly think that if a good many of them expressed themselves just as they felt about the boys kissing them, when they really did not approve of it, they would not have to hunt so much advice.

Now, I am 19, and my girl friend is 18. We are very good pals and keep company with two boys, her friend being two years her senior and my friend four years my senior. Now, the subject is this: As we have been keeping company with these two young men for the past summer, having known them for years, I find that we two girls differ in our opinions. On certain occasions that we go for riding or out on a picnic my friend and I enjoy ourselves very much, and she and her friend also enjoy themselves, but she is always informing me that I am too cold toward my friend. This doesn't worry me so much, as I know I could not act quite as she does. Now, she believes in hugging and kissing the most of the time, which she thinks is nice, and I do not approve of kissing at all, as we are only good friends, and I think that kissing is only for young folks who really are in love and who are also engaged. Just because I nor my young friend ever carry on in this way she is always giving me the impression that I do not treat him at all as though I cared to be in his company. Now, Miss Fairfax, do you think I am doing right? He is very much interested in me and has time and time again mentioned the fact, while not telling me, that he certainly appreciated the way I treated him rather than the way my girl friend acted with him. I always manage to have as good a time, but in a different way, and are real pals all the time, whereas they are generally quarreling and then making up.

Both of the young men work in downtown offices, and I do also, so in this way I have occasion to see them several times a day, and have known them for years, but suppose she only sees her friend when he takes her places that is why she has to make up for it. I carried on in such a way, or even if my friend would prefer acting so "mushy," that I would care to consider my friend ship so well for a long time, and upon meeting him daily. Of course, in time I may think different, but what I am writing about is, am I not treating him right, and have time to be merely good friends and wish to remain so, regardless of how cold she tells me I treat him, as long as it is the way he prefers being treated? Don't you think she will learn different in time and realize that I am not so indifferent as she thinks? She has not gone with very many boys, although I consider I have had a little experience.

I hope to see this in print, so that I may give an answer in the right way to her the next time. Always such remarks, DOTTIE.

I think, Dottie, every man reader of your letter will agree with me when I tell you that you are certainly acting the right way. Always remember, for men have told me this themselves, that every man is most anxious to kiss the girl he cannot kiss. It is the law of the race, and you cannot change the law of nature any more than you can turn the sun around in its course. So go ahead, Dottie; your attitude is the very thing that has won you so many men friends. Your men friends, I prophesy, will not only love you, but respect you, and even after you have refused to marry them they will be your friends always, and they will point you out to their wives as "a sweet girl, one of their very best friends." What greater compliment than this can any man give to woman?

Anxiously, I do not think it is any man's business to take the boy's gifts of candy and flowers, but by

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My Marriage Problems

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

(Copyright 1922)

The Reason Katie Nearly Ruined Lillian's Carefully-Laid Plan

Lillian smiled approvingly at Katie's impassioned declaration, then, as she bent forward, her eyes tensely holding those of my little maid, I realized that the real business of the evening had been reached.

"Katie!" Her voice was serious, almost solemn. "I am going to ask you some questions, and I want you to tell me the truth in your answers, but I want you to remember this. You do not need to tell me who Joe really is, or what hold he has on you—I don't care two pins about that—but I do want to know this: You did know him years ago, didn't you?"

Katie flashed me an agonized glance, twisted her hands together in her lap, then answered slowly: "Yes, I know him."

"Good. Now we all know you were afraid of him, so we shan't blame you if you pretend to be willing to help him. Tell me—her eyes upon Katie's were fairly hypnotic—"if you should tell some one you were worried about Joe, and Joe should hear it, would he think you were lying or telling the truth?"

Again the twisting of the fingers, the dismayed look at me. Then a gleam in her eyes which meant that something amusing had come into her mind.

"If he has any sense, he ought to know I hate him, afraid of him for my own devil," she said. "But I think he likes all rest of men—he thinks no man could hate them. I think every girl body tells him, Katie, you're lying. I thought so. She like all rest of vintners. They all crazy 'bout me."

Her mimicry was inimitable, and I was not surprised to hear a laugh from Lillian, for I guessed that she realized laughing with Katie would be the best tonic for my temperamental little maid. It was merriment in which the rest of us were glad to join, although we had repressed our risibles sternly for fear of upsetting Katie.

"What every woman knows," Lillian commented, wiping her eyes, while Katie grinned delightedly at her. "Now, Katie, this fixes everything very nicely, and I will tell you what you are to do."

She paused for an instant, as if arranging her terms, and Katie's face no means accepted his jewelry gift. Tell him very kindly that you wish he would not spend any of his money buying you flowers and candy, and that the reason is, not that you think he is beneath you, but because he should be saving and thrifty. This might help you out of the difficulty.

Always be kind to him, and after talking in this way, if he still gives you candy and flowers—well, just take them, and feel that by doing so you are at least making him happy. After all, you know flowers and candy from a boy mean nothing.

"That's fine, Katie. I'm sure you will do exactly the right thing. Now this man will stop—I am sure of that—and when he gets close to you, you will pretend to be very frightened, and say you thought it was your friend, Joe. He will then tell you he is a friend of Joe's, and ask you a lot of questions. From this point you will have to carry on the conversation in your own way, remembering these things."

She paused again, put out her hand and clasped Katie's wrist. "This man, Smith, who will speak to you, wants two things in this house tomorrow night. One is something he lost when he tried to get in here one night, the other is to kill or hurt Mrs. Graham. You are to pretend to him that we have been very mean to you, that you are angry at us, because we would not tell you anything about Joe, and you are to arrange to leave the door unlocked and guide him to the library. Tell him that you have listened at key-holes and that you know something very important is hidden in the desk here. Look. Here is the place."

She stepped to an antique desk, the pride of Mother Graham's heart, showed Katie a cunning secret drawer, in which, however, nobody had any confidence as a hiding place, and said: "There will be a package in there."

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SLEEPY-TIME TALES MORE TALES OF CUFFY BEAR

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XLIV. What Happened Near the Piggery.

"Would you like to come on a little trip with me tonight?" Mr. Bear asked his son, Cuffy.

"Oh, yes!" Cuffy cried. "Now, Ephraim Bear!" Cuffy's mother exclaimed. "You're not going to take this child down to Farmer Green's piggery?"

Mr. Bear looked very uncomfortable and edged toward the door of the den. He said nothing.

"I know you're going after a pig tonight," Mrs. Bear declared. "You needn't think I can't tell when you're hungry for pork."

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Bear impatiently. "A trip to the farmyard won't hurt Cuffy. I'll take good care of him."

Cuffy made it plain that he wanted to go with his father, while Mr. Bear kept telling Mrs. Bear that there wasn't the slightest danger. So at last

Mr. Bear went prowling all around the piggery.

He yielded. After nightfall Cuffy and his father started down into the valley, toward the farm buildings.

As they neared the piggery Mr. Bear warned Cuffy to be quiet.

"The slightest noise will rouse old dog Spot," he said. "Then he'll bark, and you'll hear a window go up at the back of the house. And maybe a door will open. But don't ever wait to learn these things for yourself! Take my word for 'em, because I know."

Cuffy promised faithfully he would be very still and would do exactly as his father said.

"Very well," whispered Mr. Bear. "Now I'm going to try to find a little opening somewhere that you can see."

He said, "which is the one he wants. And then he will ask you where Mrs. Graham is, and you will tell him she is asleep on the veranda."

"Vo!" Katie's voice rose to a shriek, and she threw her arms around me convulsively. "You tink I let dot devil come vun mile from my Missis Graham?"

As Mr. Bear grabbed Cuffy by the neck and started off with him a window at the back of the farmhouse went up. Mr. Bear ran faster when he heard that sound.

He ran half way across the farmyard before Cuffy cried, "Let go of me now! I'm free."

Mr. Bear dropped him then.

"Hurry!" he urged his son. "There's going to be trouble here."

Together they scuttled up the lane, with old dog Spot's barking growing fainter and fainter.

When they reached the back pasture Mr. Bear paused for breath. He

was not in good humor, for he had been in the piggery that night, when he knew the noise no feast of fresh pork (pigs) would be made.

"That was the queerest I ever saw," he grunted, looking at Cuffy.

It was hard as a rock!" Now, Mr. Bear was about one thing. It wasn't at all. It was Farmer Green's den house, which had been used to wash the piggery and carelessly thrown on the ground. What Mr. Bear had bitten in the dark was the nozzle.

"Father," said Cuffy, "what have you brought that great snake down there tonight?"

"He was after a pig," said Bear promptly. "I should think your common sense would tell you that."

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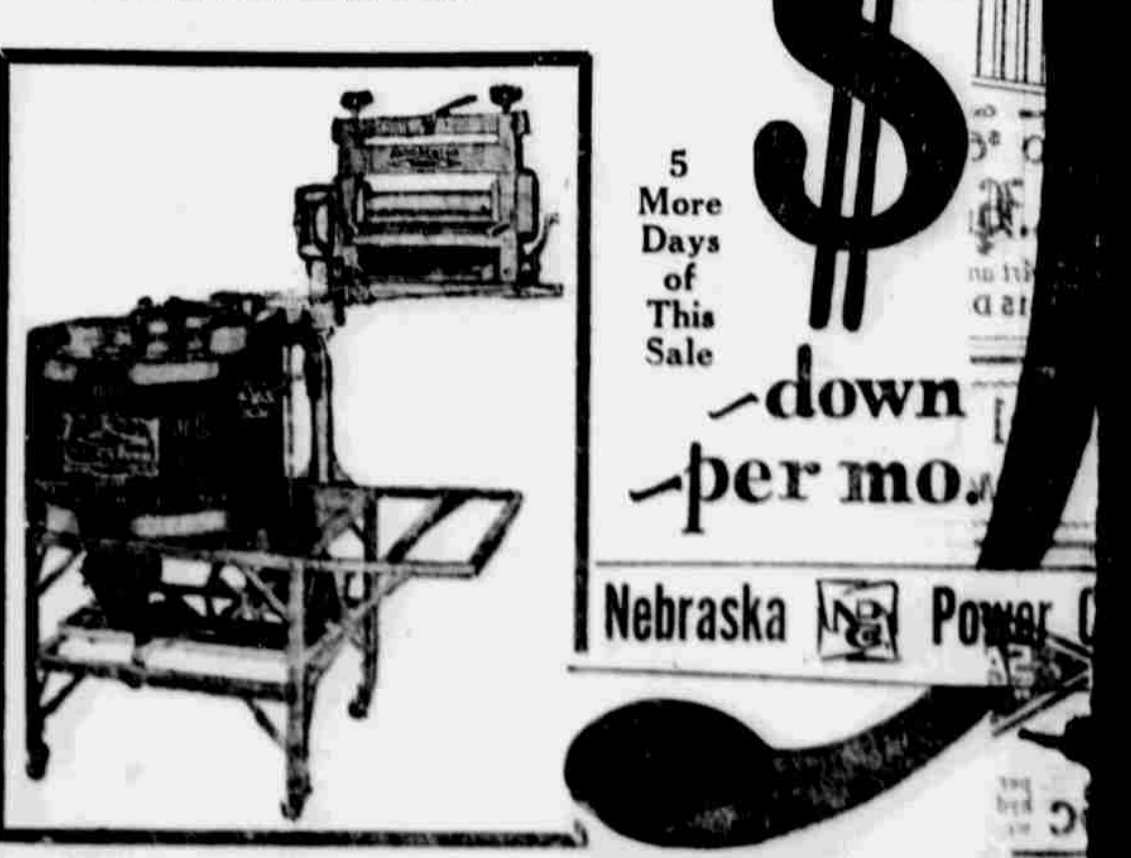
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