SOCIETY AND WOMAN'S PAGE

Miss Gertrude Koenig to Wed Austrian in Vienna

Word has just come from Europe that the hurried plans Fritz Koenig completed to go abroad August 7 were purely for romantic purposes, for in September his sister, Miss Gertrude, is to wed an Austrian in Vienna.

Miss Koenig and her mother, Mrs. W. H. Koenig, left early in May to spend the summer on the continent with Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick Koenig, and part of their itinerary included a motor trip with relatives from Vienna. Mr. Gutmann, a friend of the family, was one of the party, and before the tour was completed he and Miss Koenig had declared themselves as advocates of the love at first sight theory and were affianced.

It is interesting to remember that Mrs. Koenig's mother was also married in Vienna.

Miss Koenig has not been in Omaha for over a year, as she has been studying at the University of Columbia, in New York City, and before that she was a student at Vassar. She and Mr. Gutmann will make their home in Vienna, where Mr. Gutmann is engaged in the printing business.

Mrs. Koenig and her son will remain in Austria for a time after the wedding and will return home later in the winter.

Miss Lowry Weds Louis Kavanagh

The marriage of Miss Kathryn Lowry, daughter of Mrs. Edward Lowry, and Louis D. Kavanagh took place Tuesday at St. Bridgets church, Rev. T. O'Callahan officiating.

Miss Lowry was attended by Miss Zita Kavanagh, sister of the groom. Vincent Lowry, brother of the bride, served as best man.

The bride wore a gown of white crepe de chine with a tulle veil and carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses. Miss Kavanagh's gown was of primrose and white georgette. She wore a garden hat and carried pink roses.

Following the ceremony a breakfast was served at the home of the bride's mother.

Mr. Kavanagh and his bride will spend their honeymoon at the Minnesota lakes and will be at home in Omaha after September 15.

Connolly-Eckerman.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Eckerman to Earl Connolly, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Connolly, was solemnized Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock at St. Peters Catholic church. Miss Eckerman is a nurse at St. Joseph hospital, and came to Omaha from her home at Emerson. After a wedding breakfast at the home of the groom's parents the young couple left for a honeymoon at St. Paul, Minn., and in the Canadian Rockies. They will return in three weeks and be at home in an apartment at Twenty-eighth and California street.

For Miss Joy.

Miss De Weenta Conrad will entertain Saturday afternoon at bridge at her home in honor of Miss Margaret Joy of Marshall, Mich., who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wood.

On Wednesday Mrs. E. H. Howland will be hostess at luncheon complimentary to Miss Joy, when Mrs. Marshall Walker of New York, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. D. Marriott, will share honors.

On Friday Mrs. E. P. Boyer will entertain at luncheon at the Field club for these two popular guests.

Program of Omaha Talent.

An all artist program starring children under 11 years of age, will be presented at the Brandeis store the week of October 23.

Among the children who will appear on the program are Samuel Carmel, violinist, who won a gold medal at the 1922 State Teachers' convention; Carl E. Tunberg, pianist, and Blois Adair Farrell, dancer and reader. A memory contest will be a feature of the event.

Mrs. Walker Honored.

Mrs. Raymond Soat entertained at bridge Tuesday afternoon at her home, complimentary to Mrs. J. C. Walker of Dubuque, Ia., guest of Mrs. John Bloodhart.

Mrs. Walker will be honor guest at a swimming party and dinner Thursday evening at Carter Lake club when Mrs. J. J. Gillan will be the hostess.

Personals

Mrs. Lynn Hall is spending several weeks at Lake Okoboji.

Joe Jacobs returned to his home from St. Joseph hospital Monday.

Arthur Metz, who recently underwent an operation at the Presbyterian hospital, is convalescing at his home.

Mrs. T. E. Patterson leaves Thursday for Los Angeles where she will visit her son, Carroll E. Patterson, and Mrs. Patterson.

Miss Marie Patterson leaves on Thursday for St. Louis, where she will visit her uncle, Mr. James A. Sibley, and Mrs. Sibley.

Mrs. Ralph W. Copenharve and daughters, Jeanette and Doris, are at home after a ten weeks' visit with relatives in Los Angeles.

Mrs. J. M. Baum and her daughter, Miss Katherine, were recently at Wiesbaden and traveled down the Rhine with the Anna Ross party.

Mrs. Gene J. Huse and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bryer motored in from Norfolk Saturday to meet Gene Huse, who returned Monday from a trip to Europe.

Mrs. Marie Dahlstrom returned Sunday from Chicago, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. S. C. Erickson, and granddaughter, Caryl. Mrs. Dahlstrom has been visiting in Chicago for the past year.

For Miss Mikova.

Mrs. William Baxter entertained informally at tea Monday afternoon at her home, complimentary to Miss Marie Mikova, who recently returned from Berkeley, Cal., where she gave a series of piano recitals at the university summer school.

Card Party.

The Columbian club will entertain at a card party Wednesday afternoon at the hall at Twenty-second and Binney streets, when Mrs. B. J. Dorsey and Mrs. John McCreary will be hostesses.

At Carter Lake Club.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Pickard and Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Wycoff will entertain at dinner on Wednesday evening at Carter Lake club, when covers will be placed for 35.

Raise Funds for Convent.

The alumnae of the Sister of Mercy have raised $3,754.40 towards the building fund for the new Sisters of Mercy convent, to be erected soon at Seventieth and West Dodge streets. The money was presented to the sisters by Mrs. James Reed, retiring president of the alumnae association.

At Happy Hollow.

Miss Helen Garvin had reservations for eight for luncheon Tuesday at Happy Hollow club, and Mrs. D. E. Bradshaw had reservations for four.

Women in Labor Fields.

The wages of chorus girls in Australia have been fixed at $20 a week.

In many towns in Belgium there are special schools where girls are taught, from the age of 15, how to make lace.

Prayer Each Day

I called upon the Lord in distress: the Lord answered me.—Ps. 118:5.

Our Father, Who art in Heaven, we thank Thee that Thou art our Father, that we are not orphans, but sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty! Hallowed be Thy Name. May it be the work of our lives to render holiness to the Name of the Lord in all the earth. Thy Kingdom come in the plenitude of its power and the fullness of its blessing, and be spread abroad upon the face of the earth until the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. We know that it is done gladly, joyfully and cheerfully by Thy creatures in Heaven, and may it be so done by Thy children on earth. Give us from day to day our daily bread, and teach us that, having food and raiment, therewith to be content, for godliness with contentment is great gain.

Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the Evil One with all his power and perils, and Thine shall be the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever, through Jesus Christ, our Savious. Amen.

REV. Z. T. SWEENEY.
Columbus, Indiana.

Fraternal Aid Kensington.

The Fraternal Aid kensington will meet Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 at the home of Mrs. M. C. White, 2564 Meredith avenue.

CHAPTER XLV.

Cherries Are Ripe.

"I don't see what's the matter with these children," Mrs. Bear remarked to her husband one day. "Both Cuffy and Silkie have completely lost their appetites."

"Don't worry about that, my love!" said Mr. Bear as he helped himself to Cuffy's share of the dinner.

"But I do worry," Mrs. Bear replied. "I hope they're not ill."

"No doubt they eat too much between meals," Mr. Bear observed. He reached out a paw swiftly and snatched — yes, snatched — Silkie's share of the meal. 'No doubt," he mumbled—yes mumbled—"their appetites will soon return. So I advise you, my love, to prepare enough food for four. I'll try to dispose of anything that's left over. How about that bit of honey that you haven't touched yet? Shall I eat it for you?"

"No, thank you!" said Mrs. Bear. "I'm saving that for my dessert."

Mr. Bear eyed the honey longingly. He had already finished his own.

"There's a great deal of talk these days about reducing one's weight," he observed. "Sweets are very fattening. Do you think you ought to eat that honey?"

"Yes, I do!" Mrs. Bear replied, almost snappishly.

"Oh, very well!" her husband said with a sigh. "Where are the children now?"

"They're off in the woods, playing," Mrs. Bear told him. "I called them; but they said they weren't hungry."

"If they come home, don't let them disturb me," Mr. Bear ordered with a yawn, "for I'm going to take a nap."

He was soon fast asleep. And not finding his company very interesting, Mrs. Bear set out to seek her children. No matter what their father said, she was alarmed because they wouldn't eat.

She hadn't gone far when she heard noises that told her Cuffy and Silkie were near. A blue jay was scolding. A gray squirrel was chattering angrily. Mrs. Bear turned toward these sounds, coming out soon into an old clearing that was now filling up with young growth. There, in a cluster of chokecherry trees, were her two youngsters. They were eating the dark, puckery, bitter fruit, while the blue jay and the squirrel called them names from a tall pine nearby.

"Children! Children! Come down out of that tree this instant!" Mrs. Bear called.

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"It's no wonder that you don't eat at home," said Mrs. Bear severely. "Don't climb that tree again!"

"Yes, mother!" Cuffy and Silkie chanted solemnly.

Mrs. Bear then turned her steps homeward.

"I thought there must be some good reason why the children didn't like their meals," she said to Mr. Bear when he awoke from his nap. "I caught them eating chokecherries. They'd soon have made themselves ill."

"Where are they now?" he asked.

"I left them over in the old clearing."

"How do you know they won't eat more?" he inquired.

"I can trust them to obey me," said Mrs. Bear proudly.

Little did she think that at that very moment Cuffy and Silkie were busily stuffing themselves with the forbidden fruit. No sooner had Mrs. Bear left them than Cuffy began to climb a chokecherry tree.

"Mother said not to do that," Silkie reminded him.

"She said not to climb that tree over there," he retorted, pointing to the one in which they were perched when their mother found them. "This is another tree," said Cuffy. "I hope you don't think I would disobey my mother."

His remarks pleased Silkie. There was something about those chokecherries that made a person want to eat more and more of them. Quickly she joined her brother.

The sun was sinking when Mrs. Bear heard a wail and hurried to her door. She beheld Cuffy and Silkie dragging themselves up the steep mountain, looking very woebegone.

"What's the matter?" she called.

"We have a pain," said Cuffy.

"And a cramp," Silkie added.

"There! I fear You'd be ill," cried Mrs. Bear. "You didn't eat any more of those chokecherries, did you?"

"Only a few!" Cuffy answered.

"What! After my warning?"

"You said not to climb that tree again," Cuffy replied. "We only climbed other trees."

By this time Silkie was whimpering. And they both looked so miserable that Mrs. Bear hadn't the heart to scold them. She told them to come in and lie down and go to sleep. And knowing that they wouldn't be able to eat a mouthful of supper, she prepared a meal that was only half the usual size.

"What if company should come at the last moment?" he asked his wife. "There wouldn't be anything left to give them."

"We never have company," said Mrs. Bear.

"But we might have some," he retorted. "Besides, I've been looking forward to a big meal tonight, for I thought I'd have to eat the children's share."

He looked very, very glum.

My Marriage Problems

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

"REVELATIONS OF A WIFE"

(Copyright 1921)

The Pretext by Which Lillian Banished Madge for a Moment.

My heart warmed to my little maid's defiant protectiveness toward me, absurd though it was. Lillian hastened to reassure her.

"You silly girl!" she said in a tone calculated to arrest Katie's attention. "Did I say that Mrs. Graham would be on the veranda?"

Katie's arms dropped from around me, and an embarrassed flush covered her face.

"Somebody plees take me out vunce und trow me to schickens," she pleaded. "I no have sense of good green cabbage head. Now I see sure. I shoost tell dot man Missis Graham she sleep on veranda, und ven he go out dere to try keel her, den he get his goot and plenty. Ees dot eet?"

"That is very much it," Lillian rejoined. "Do you think you will remember what you are to do?"

Katie wrinkled her forehead perplexedly.

"Is dot all vot you tell me shoost now?"

"Isn't that—" Lillian choked back the very query, then changed the carping question to "Yes, that is all."

"Den, I remember cleryting," Katie returned decidedly. "But—I vant somebody to practice me goot before tomorrow night."

"Don't worry," Lillian retorted dryly. "You'll have plenty of rehearsing. And we're all very much obliged to you, Katie. Go back to bed now and get all the sleep you can."

"All Right, I Feex."

"I no can sleep shoost now," Katie returned. "I tell you vot. If Meesis Graham say so, I tink I feex some coffee und sandwiches und some leetle cakes I had for supper und bring in here for you folks. Vot you tink, Meesis Graham?"

"Mrs. Graham, if you dare think of anything but an affirmative answer, we'll let Smith do his darndest," Allen Drake threatened.

"That goes here, double," Lillian assented, while my father smiled his approval of my little maid's proposal. Each member of the group around the library fire was as inveterate a coffee fiend as Katie herself, and no proposal could have been more welcome.

But Katie made no move toward the kitchen, and I realized, with a little start, that with her usual obstinacy and her desire to flaunt her loyalty to me on all occasions, she would not go until I gave her formal permission.

"I am sure that will be very nice, Katie," I said. "Bring a cloth with the tea wagon, and we'll have a table here by the fire."

"All right, I feex." The familiar phrase rang out cheerily, and the next instant she had whisked out of the door, and we were free to relax our faces and smile at each other.

Lillian's Suggestion.

"My dear Mrs. Underwood," Mr. Drake arose and stretched his arms above his head, "you should have more pity on an invalid. I know that my laughter muscles are irretrievably twisted from repression."

"I fancy you'll survive," Lillian returned callously. "But I agree with you that Katie is funny."

"Aren't you afraid that she is just a little bit too funny?" Allen Drake's voice held a subtle note of disapproval. "Suppose she took a sudden notion to confide in the redoubtable Mr. Smith."

"She won't," Lillian replied confidently. "Katie proved herself with me when she told us of changing those codes. Besides, she'll never have a chance. I, myself, will be the 'man in the hedge,' beside her, and she is more afraid of me than she is of Smith. She will know, also, that I will be within hearing distance of her all the way to the house. And Madge will be stationed right here in the alcove behind the curtains, and Katie will know it. You realize how she adores Madge, and you can bet she won't pull anything to endanger her 'Meesis Graham,' even if she wanted to help Smith, which I'm sure she doesn't."

"Suppose Smith decides to search the room for possible listeners when he comes into it," Mr. Drake persisted.

"Then Madge wouldn't be there," Lillian explained patiently. "There's a door leading to the side hall right behind her station. She will have her hand on that door, which we will make noiseless, and if Smith approaches the curtains it will be perfectly possible for her to slip out without his hearing her."

"We have to slip you the chocolate cake, as usual," Mr. Drake replied, and Lillian acknowledged the compliment with a deprecatory gesture.

"Wait till tomorrow evening's over," she said, and I suddenly glimpsed beneath her mask of apparent confidence a very real apprehension of what the next night might bring to us.

"By the way, Madge," she said suddenly, "better tell Katie to shut her kitchen doors tightly and stop up her keyholes, or the odor of coffee will wake Mother Graham and bring her downstairs. And I don't feel equal to the task of explaining just now."

I rose at once and went to the kitchen. But I was certain that her message was only a ruse, and that she wished me out of the way for a few minutes for some potent reason of her own.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by

BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

R. and L. P.: Really, girls, I have no advice to give you on this problem. Yours is a problem that many girls face at your age. When you grow older you will readily see that your mother is right, and I think, then, you will both be a little ashamed of your tastes. No one can ever be happy stepping beneath themselves in their associates. No, I will not ask you to plead with your mother, as you both say that you have done, to no avail. Why do you object so to going with the boys and girls of your own class? This is really a very bad thing to admit even to yourselves, that you prefer people beneath you. It is an attitude most girls would be ashamed of. So the only advice I can give is that you associate with your equals. You know the old saying, "water seeks its level." You show by your actions what you are. These same boys you prefer to your equals, I am ..., are a bit surprised at you stepping into their circle.

Freckles: You are a little thin, about five pounds under weight, but as long as you dance as much as you do you will have to be content to look thin and scrawny. Well, I think if any friend, whether it is boy or girl, would refuse to recognize me I certainly would ignore them, as their friendship isn't worth having. You should not dance with a person you do not know. If there is some one you would like to dance with it would be perfectly good form to ask an older person or friend to introduce you. Well, if going down stairs outside to eat your supper is considered common I would not do it. Never do anything that makes you common.

Brown Eyes: It certainly would be wrong to slip off when your parents forbid it. They have a perfect right to choose your friends until you are of age, or 21 years old. Parents have a right over their children whether you think so or not. Even the laws of the court, my dear child, would grant them that, so I fear you have nothing to do but obey for some time yet. When you grow a little older, I believe, you will be glad. I hope so, anyway.

J. G. H.: The only way to keep hair from turning gray is to take oil treatments regularly. The oil, with a good, heavy massage, will keep the color pigment in the hair, and that is all that will do it. Go to some good masseure who understands the business and you will be relieved.

Blond and Brunette: By no means ask the young man what the matter is. Pay no more attention to him. He has made enough of a fool of both of you without you giving him another chance. I am surprised it took you such a long time to see it. Let it be an experience for you, but the next time don't be so long in seeing the fact that your "friends" are making a fool of you.

Greatly Troubled: Tincture of green soap will remedy both of your troubles, I think. First wash your face at night with warm water and tincture of green soap. Then rinse it well with real cold water. Use soap only at night. Never go to bed without washing thoroughly with soap and warm water. In the morning use cold water only. After one month of regular treatment like this you should be relieved.