

SOCIETY AND WOMAN'S PAGE

Army Couple to Be Much Feted Visitors

A great number of social affairs have been planned in honor of Capt. and Mrs. A. L. Lemon of Philadelphia, who will arrive Saturday to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Pagan.

Captain and Mrs. Lemon will be remembered by many Omahans, as they made their home in the city for a time before the war.

On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Pagan will entertain at dinner at the Field club for their guests, and Monday Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Pagan will compliment them at dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Goulding will be host and hostess in their honor at dinner at Olivet on Tuesday, and Wednesday they will dine at guests of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Uren.

On Thursday Mrs. Lemon will be honored guest at a luncheon bridge, given by Mrs. E. H. Bruening at the Hoop farm.

Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Earl K. Buck will give a dinner, and Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Karl Louis will entertain at tea at their home, and Monday Mrs. Blanche Peterson will be hostess at a picnic for the visitors.

For Miss Nightingale. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wetzel entertained Saturday evening in honor of their niece, Miss Helen Nightingale. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jones, Mrs. Frank Nightingale, Misses Loreta Grimm, Marie Grimm, Vera Olson, Lavina Meentzer, Madeline Olson, Elizabeth Pugsley, Frances Shannon, Agnes Nightingale, Fannie Clarant, Loneta Wheeler, Irene Nightingale, Helen Nightingale, Mary Mrs. Messrs. Fred Hartnett, Frank Kraeger, Roy Fredlund, Ralph Hefflinger, James Manell, John Degmadich, Clifford Jensen, George Stroppe, Dean Ritzmer, James Dasansky, Joseph Metz.

On Way to Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. George Mickel entertained at dinner Tuesday at Happy Hollow in honor of Jean Powell King of Tacoma, Wash., who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Mendelson of Council Bluffs, enroute to Oxford, O., where he will enter Miami college.

Those present were the Messrs. and Mesdames C. F. Cox, A. L. Mickel, Mrs. C. W. King, the Misses Dorothy Payne, Anna Clyde Porter, Gladys Mickel, and Messrs. Crawford Follmer, Verne Vance and George Mickel, Jr.

Mendelson-Marks. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Marks announce the marriage of their daughter, Gertrude, to Dave A. N. Mendelson of Council Bluffs, which will take place Sunday, September 10. The young couple will make their home in Omaha.

Luncheon. Mrs. C. B. Moser will entertain at luncheon Thursday at Happy Hollow, when her guests will be the Mesdames Charles R. Sherman, Charles McDonald, S. S. Montgomery, Benjamin Baker, Oscar Engler, W. W. East and Alfred Peterson.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Woodland and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Woodland have returned from Wall Lake, Ia.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Alexander have gone to Lincoln over the weekend to be with Mrs. Alexander's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Swartz.

Mrs. Harry W. Rabb and daughter, Margaret, returned Monday from an extended visit to Terre Haute, Indianapolis and the Indiana lakes.

Harold Moser leaves September 14 to enter his sophomore year at Cornell university. Mr. Moser is a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

Judge and Mrs. Irving Baxter, Mrs. Charles Johannes and sister, Miss Mary Pich, returned Sunday from a motor trip to Lake Minnetonka, Minn.

The Misses Bertha Mae and Martha R. Bradford have just returned from Fortia Mansfield's summer dancing camp at Steamboat Springs in the Rockies.

Mrs. Charles Offutt, Mrs. Victor Caldwell and Mrs. W. R. McKeen left Estes Park Wednesday to drive back to Omaha. They expect to reach here Saturday.

Mrs. Harvey G. Jackson of Hollywood, Cal., has arrived to spend six weeks as the guest of her brother, Wilson Atkins. She was accompanied by her nieces, Jane and Lois Majorie Atkins.

Mrs. Warren Rogers and her daughter, Miss Mildred Rogers, who were at Oquonut, Me., for July and August, will visit Mrs. Clement Chase, former Omaha, at her farm near Kingston on their way west.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Linderholm will leave early in October for a month's visit in New Orleans and other southern points. Miss Frances Linderholm leaves October 1 for National Park seminary, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. F. B. Johnson and Miss Jeanette Johnson have just returned from an eastern summer. They were in Cleveland for a time, and later Mrs. Johnson went to Oxford, Ohio, where she will enter Miami college.

Miss Katherine Allen has returned from Camp Alcha Hive in South Africa, Va., where she spent the summer. Miss Allen was one of 10 girls to receive the nature craft honor, and the only new girl of the entire camp who was made an honor girl.

Mrs. George Sumner and children returned last week from a summer at Three Lakes, Wis., where they shared a cottage with Mrs. Sumner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Berry, who will not return to Omaha until later in the month. Miss Ruth Sumner plans to go east the end of September to enter Walnut Hill school at Natick, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Kelley and son, Jack, have returned from Colorado Springs, where they visited Mrs. Kelley's mother, Mrs. Samuel Colt. Mr. Kelley served as best man at the wedding of Mrs. Kelley's brother, Edward Colt, and Miss Hazel Orin, which took place August 21 at the home of the bride's parents in Colorado Springs.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES FURTHER TALES OF JIMMY RABBIT BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER VIII. Jimmy Rabbit and His Hind Feet. "Hi, there—Long Ears!" Billy Woodchuck called to Jimmy Rabbit, down near Farmer Green's clover patch.

"What do you want—Short Ears?" Jimmy retorted as he hopped up on top of the knoll where Billy was sitting. "I want you to do me a favor," said Billy Woodchuck. "I want you to stand here and stand guard for my father and Uncle Jerry Chuck and

he didn't care to have any of the banqueters see him and know that he had left his post. He found the clover-tops very sweet and juicy. He ate three dozen of them before he remembered that he had told Jimmy he wouldn't be gone long. "I'll eat a dozen more, anyhow, before I go back," he decided. So he began to count carefully. But when he reached 11, he lost count. "I'll have to begin over," he muttered. And picking another red clover blossom, he cried, "One!"

That same thing happened again and again. He was counting "One!" for the 10th time, when he heard a scurrying and looked up. His father and Uncle Jerry Chuck were coming his way, pell-mell. They were almost upon him before he could move. "Here's the rascal!" Uncle Jerry panted. "If he was my son I'd know what to do with him, later." Billy's father said nothing. He looked pale and frightened. Billy himself couldn't help laughing as the two fat gentlemen lobbed over a hummock, out of sight. "Jimmy Rabbit hasn't given the alarm," he thought. "I wonder where they're running."

His soon knew. For a sharp bark sounded. And it was dangerously near. "Old dog Spot!" Billy gasped. And off he scooted, following in the footsteps of his father and Uncle Jerry. They all reached their holes ahead of Spot, just as they always had. Mr. Woodchuck was too weary to talk when Billy came rushing into their home. But later he made Billy understand that he was very much displeased with him. "You left that tricky young Rabbit on guard!" he exclaimed. "I don't doubt that he sicked old Spot on us. It's a wonder that we escaped. If Spot hadn't stopped to catch my father and me, we would have been nabbed. He would certainly have eaten so much clover that he couldn't run. He was good for nothing—no good for anything," Billy said, wheezing an angry voice. Looking up, Mr. Woodchuck almost toppled over backward. For the speaker was no other than his cousin William. "Welcome! Welcome!" cried Mr. Woodchuck. "It was just remarking, William, that you were good for nothing after old dog Spot caught you. But I see I was mistaken. You did get away, after all."

Cousin William looked a little less peevish. "Spot turned to chase a Rabbit," he grunted. "I gave the Rabbits' warning," Jimmy retorted. "Well, it's a very poor one," said Billy Woodchuck. "Who was the fat banqueter that looks like you?" Jimmy Rabbit inquired. "My father's cousin William—but he doesn't look like me," snapped Billy angrily. "You're as much alike as two whistles—two fat whistles," Jimmy Rabbit replied with a grin. And he went off chucking. (Copyright, 1922.)

My Marriage Problems

Adela Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife" (Copyright 1922)

The Question Madge Expressed and Then Asked Lillian. "Poison! That word so dreaded forever itself on my lips at Smith's taunt. But I never uttered it, for Lillian spoke to me sharply, smothering the utterance, as I think she meant to do.

"Help me raise Katie," she said peremptorily. "She isn't seriously hurt, but she must get to bed. You don't try to speak, Katie," as the girl made a choking sound, then put her hands up to her bruised throat upon which the brutal finger-prints of Smith were strongly visible. "Nod your head, no—you mustn't do that. You can't see your eyes hard if you can walk."

Katie's eyelashes moved vigorously, and she responded strongly to the clasp of our hands extended to hers. "Help me upstairs with her," Lillian said practically, "and then I'll help you with that Smith fellow. He's a brute. We'll save time that way. And we'll discuss what we have to do then."

I took her hint, for I realized that in Katie's nervous state she wished no mention before her of the terrible thing which had befallen young Tom Chester—which in her dazed condition she had not yet comprehended. In silence we helped my little maid upstairs, got her into bed and prepared a cold compress for her bruised forehead. "There, Katie, that's all we can do for you until the doctor comes," Lillian said cheerily. "And we'll be right back. How about it?" as Katie's eyes gleamed a terrified entreaty. "Would you feel safer if we locked the door on the outside and took the key with us?"

"Don't try to sing," Katie winked her eyelashes vigorously again, and when they lifted there was a distinct relief in the eyes beneath them. "I thought so," Lillian said indulgently. "So we'll do it. But just remember that Smith is tied up so tight he can't possibly get loose, and there's a man standing over him with a gun."

Into my little maid's eyes came a look of unbelief, and she spread her hands in a gamine-like gesture of doubt. To Katie's mind it was patent that miles of cords, dozens of guards would not suffice to bind the man who had so nearly killed her. "We'll be right back, dear," I assured her in my turn, then I stopped and kissed her forehead. My heart was very tender toward my little maid who had played her funny yet dangerous role so bravely. I hoped she would never guess that the fiasco ending in Tom Chester's injury had been caused by her innocent revelation to Smith of the fact that the children had been locked in with Mother Graham.

She caught my hand convulsively and raised it to her lips with her familiar dramatic gesture, and then Lillian drew me abruptly away. "Don't try to sing a solo, Katie," she advised with a little smile, and I saw the beginning of a grin twist Katie's lips as we went out.

A Tremulous Question. "Pardon my abruptness, Madge. Lillian said in a low voice as she locked the door on the outside, according to her promise to Katie, 'but it would be the worst thing in the world for her to get to crying with that poor choked throat of hers, and you know how emotional she is. A bit more kindness from you, and she'd have like a baby.'"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, chagrined at my own lack of forethought. "How can I thank you for flagging me, and—"

"I paused, and Lillian finished my sentence a bit impatiently. "Sending Katie down another switch?" she said. "That's easy. Just rattle me some sheets and pillowcases pronto, and I'll call all obligations squared."

She made an impudent little face at me as she opened the door of my father's room, and I comprehended that she was purposely covering the horror of the night with a jest. "I brought the linen for which she had asked, found that she had stripped my father's bed in my absence, and then she on one side and I on the other, we made up a hospital-bed, cleared a table of books and papers, covered it with a white oilcloth, topped that with a coarse but money-white cloth, cheap enough to be thrown away if stained with drugs, and put upon it the basins, glasses and spoons which experience told us Dr. Pettit would call for when he arrived.

Then, only when all was in readiness, did I venture to ask the question which had been trembling upon my lips ever since my father had swept Tom Chester from the library, and Smith had sounded his raucous taunt from the corner where he lay bound and helpless: "Lillian," I said tremulously, "did Smith mean that there was poison upon that knive?"

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Problems That Perplex Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Perhaps He Wasn't Serious. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am coming to you for some help, and it will mean much to me.

I have been going with a young man several years my senior since last winter and we were very dear friends, enjoying many good times together. This summer I was gone away for two months to school and I received a nice letter from him each week, always saying that he wished I were home to share his lonely Sundays. The evening I arrived home I attended a dance at his home with a girl and boy friend of mine, and I was very pleased very glad I had come and showed me a nice time.

He said if nothing happened he was coming to spend Sunday with me, but didn't come, nor make any excuses, as I saw him twice since that and he only spoke and smiled and walked on.

I have not the slightest idea as to the cause of his attitude, as he made no excuse why he didn't come. He came every Sunday and one week night before I left.

My friends wonder and ask about it and I worry all the time for fear he has heard some untrue thing about me of which I know nothing about.

Would it be all right for me to write and ask him to write to me and explain or come and see me and explain, or shall I wait till I see him and then ask him personally?

I want to do what is right so he won't think any less of me, but I can't go on this way without knowing what I have done. My conscience is perfectly clear as far as anything I know about.

Should I ask for him to return my letters? I wait for him to send them?

Should I send his letters back when I write to him, or wait till I hear from him? I have a great love for him very much and hope you can help me. Many thanks.

to go with boys, and should we let them kiss us? PEGGY AND BETTY.

The popular length for skirts this fall is anywhere from seven to nine inches from the floor. High heels, not too high, are suitable for evening wear, but low heels are much better for street or school.

Whether you are old enough to go out with boys depends on your common sense and behavior. From your last question I would be inclined to answer that you will have to be very careful in your actions. Be sure that you do not give them just grounds for criticism. If the man is very much of a man, I do not see how people dare to say such things to him.

A Lonely Widow: Just because he is a year younger than you need make no difference, provided you really care about him and he is in position to support a wife, and is willing to assume the burden of your two children. If the kind of talk which you describe is being circulated you will have to be very careful in your actions. Be sure that you do not give them just grounds for criticism. If the man is very much of a man, I do not see how people dare to say such things to him.

It's Neuritis! Not Rheumatism. That sharp, stabbing pain in the upper arm, that the shoulder blade, in the space of the neck, along the forearm or down in the thigh and leg, is often Neuritis—not Rheumatism.

If you have severe frontal headaches with a feeling that something is twitching or pulling at the eyeballs—a dull, aching pain in the back, accompanied by an occasional shooting pain in the side—numbness or tingling in the fingers or "stitches" of pain back there, the chances are that you're suffering with Neuritis.

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