

WOMAN'S PAGE—MAGAZINE FEATURES

SOCIETY

Morning Nuptials Unite Miss Marion Hamilton to George Hamilton

Preceded by her five attendants gowned in floating chiffons, in bright autumn colors, Miss Marion Hamilton went to the altar of St. Cecilia's cathedral Wednesday at 11 o'clock to wed George Hamilton of Washington, D. C.

Archbishop J. J. Harty assisted by Father Senick performed the ceremony. Miss Ellen Crichton sang the Ave Maria, composed by Dr. E. M. Sibley, who accompanied on the organ, during the nuptial mass.

The sanctuary was beautifully decorated with palms and white chrysanthemums.

Miss Hamilton's gown of white satin, elaborately embroidered in crystal, was made with extremely long lines with a Jenny neck and long sleeves of chiffon.

Her court train of satin was decorated with sprays of roses in rhinestones, and her tulle veil which covered her head was held in place with a Grecian hand of brilliantia. The bride carried lilies of the valley.

Miss Eleanor Burkley and Miss Helen Hussie were the first bridesmaids to appear. They wore chiffon frocks with short trains of corn color decorated with girlish of French roses. Miss Erna Reed and Miss Nannie Hamilton, sister of the groom, were

tangerine chiffon gowns with gold embroidered girlish, with longer trains. The four bridesmaids carried yellow chrysanthemums tied with yellow and rust-colored ribbons. They wore yellow hose with silver slippers. The maid of honor, Miss Mary Emily Hamilton, also a sister of the groom, wore a gorgeous dress of nasturtium color, made on long lines with a tight band around the top of the bodice, just covering the shoulders in Victorian style. Gold roses cascaded down the side of the draped skirt. Her slippers were gold colored. She carried Ward roses.

Mr. Hamilton was attended by his brother, Richard, and his sisters were Herbert Connell, Fred Hamilton, Dr. Robert Schrook, Harry Koch, Porter Allan and Robert Burkley.

After a reception at the home of the bride's parents the young couple left for Santa Barbara, Cal., where they will spend a few weeks before traveling to Washington. The bride's returning gown was beige crepe de chine with a pleated overskirt, and short accord on pleated sleeves. It was girdled with coral beads, and her hat was beige color with a tiny coral plume to match.

After December 1 Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton will be at home in the Somerset in Washington.

Guests at J. I. Woodard Home



Mrs. James E. Woodard, her children, Joan, 3, and James, Jr., 14 months, and Mr. Woodard of Butte, Mont., are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Woodard. They arrived Monday afternoon and will remain two weeks.

Mrs. D. C. Bradford entertained at dinner at the Omaha club, Tuesday evening for the out-of-town guests, Mrs. E. W. Nash gave a dinner for them last night and on Thursday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Heaton will entertain for them with a dinner at their home.

Women Leaders to Speak at Club Convention

Dr. Caroline B. Hedger, noted child specialist from the Elizabeth McCormick Memorial Foundation of Chicago, will be present in the state convention of Federated Clubs, meeting at North Platte October 24-26, and will speak on several different phases of "Duties that the Community Owe the Child." Dr. Hedger preaches health—makes it emphatic that every community owes the child a chance for a sound mind and a sound body.

Mrs. Wallace Perham, second vice president of the General Federation of Women's clubs, will spend the entire time of the convention with the Nebraska federation meeting at North Platte October 24-26. On Thursday evening Mrs. Perham will give an address on "Community Service."

Education being the live interest of all club workers, the two candidates

Personals

Mrs. J. Parker has returned to be with her daughter, Mrs. Ray Goodrow, after a summer spent with another daughter, Mrs. C. C. Williamson, at her camp at Columbus, Neb.

Mrs. Henry Bohling has gone to Chicago where she will join Mr. Bohling's mother, Mrs. C. B. Bohling and with her will go to White Sulphur Springs, Va., for a month. Mr. Bohling will meet his wife in Chicago on her return home.

Chicago Guests Honored.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Street of Chicago, who are guests of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Kennedy, will be complimented Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. George Brandeis, who have planned a theater party and supper at the Brandeis for 18 guests.

My Marriage Problems

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife."

What Tom Chester Demanded Without Thought for Himself.

At the sound of the raucous, quavering voice in the hall outside, Lillian dashed for the door, throwing a name tag over her shoulder.

"Tom Chester!" she exclaimed.

With my heart beating with fear for the brave young chap, I followed closely behind her, and saw the young man fairly staggering down the hall, with Dr. Pettit scolding by his side and evidently attempting to restrain him.

"Oh, Mrs. Underwood!" The physician's voice held a note of relief. "Perhaps you can persuade this young idiot that he must not leave the house in this condition."

Over Lillian's face passed a look which I well knew, a look of sorrow for the individual, but of inexorable impersonal holding to account of a subordinate. It was the look an army officer might wear who was sending a loved aide to a dangerous post.

"Will it kill him?" she asked.

Then Chester turned his face toward her and me, and at the ghastly gray look upon it, and the fever in his strained eyes, I shrank back appalled. Surely there was but one answer to her question, and that an affirmative one.

"What does that matter?" he said hoarsely. "I am the only one who has all the threads of the outside part of this affair in hand. It is absolutely vital that I be two miles down the road when Smith makes his break from here."

"You May Go, but—"

"Will it kill him?" Lillian repeated her question to Dr. Pettit, as if young Chester had not spoken, and I saw that she was so completely absorbed in solving the problem the youth's sudden appearance had presented that she practically had heard nothing he had said.

"I am not prepared to say that," Dr. Pettit said, with a sudden accession of his cautious professional manner. "But the consequences of his going out tonight cannot help but be serious. It will probably mean a long illness, at least. His vitality is much lowered, and the treatment given him has made him perspire copiously. He cannot help becoming chilled. He should remain between blankets, if he wishes to recover speedily."

Young Chester gave a hoarse laugh. "Between blankets with work like

tonight's on hand!" he cried. "I suppose the boys in the trenches who passed on over there remained in blankets for fear of chills. Doc, you're a good old doc, but you can't pass over me tonight! When is Smith going to have his chance to break away?"

He turned to Mrs. Underwood, trying pitifully to assume a jaunty manner.

"Whenever we give the word, not before," she returned. "So you have plenty of time to plan whatever you're going to do. And, you may go, but only under the conditions I give you."

A Necessary Expedition.

"But—" Dr. Pettit began to expostulate.

Lillian put up a peremptory hand. "Sorry, but this is beyond even your authority, doctor," she said, with an air of finality. "Things far more important than the welfare or even the life of one man hinge upon this lad's work tonight. But you can help us to guard him in every way possible. I shall need your advice sorely. So please take him into the library and start up the fire. Madge and I will have some hot coffee there in a jiffy. Is there anything else we can prepare which will fortify him for his expedition?"

Dr. Pettit hesitated palpably. His sense of dignity had been so outraged by Lillian's offhand manner that we could see him hesitate between doing what she asked and throwing up the case. But his fundamental good sense finally triumphed.

"Nothing that you can prepare," he said. "He must not have food that yet, but coffee is just the thing for him. And I will also give him a potion before he starts. How are you going to this place, Chester?"

"By bicycle."

"We'll talk of that when we come into the library," Lillian interrupted. "I have a scheme better than that, but we must see Allen Drake first. How about the coffee, Madge?"

They had been standing just outside the kitchen door, and I—knowing the need for speed—had managed to prepare the coffee, and yet lose no sense of the conversation.

"Nearly done," I replied.

"Good girl," she commended. "Now I'll help you rustle those sandwiches while Dr. Pettit gets Mr. Chester comfortably parked in the library."

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Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Dear Miss Fairfax: Usually I think your answers to "Problems That Perplex" are very good. A few instances come to my mind from my own experiences before I was married which may help some of your readers.

On one occasion a young man with whom I was riding took out a cigar. Before lighting it he turned to me and said, "You don't object if I smoke, do you?" I said quickly but pleasantly, "I won't ride with you if you do." He said, "I guess I won't then," and put his cigar away. In those days cigar etches were not used as now.

On another occasion I was walking with a gentleman who smoked and a cigar and prepared to smoke seemingly without thought that I might object. He was not accustomed to going out with ladies. Friendly he said, "Do you object if I smoke, or something on that order?" I replied, "I won't walk with you if you do." He saw the cigar was not in my hand, loyal and true as steel.

The other one I was engaged to be a number of years and it was with heartrending regrets that I felt I could not marry him on account

Wedding of Silver When Blanche Deuel Becomes Bride of Dr. Earl Sage

The soft lighting in Trinity cathedral Wednesday evening struck into brilliance the cloth of silver gowns of the bride and her attendants, when Miss Blanche Deuel became the wife of Dr. Earl Sage. It was the first silver wedding of the fall season.

Mrs. Newman Benson, matron of honor, wore a lemon colored frock of Gauguin metal cloth, with a long light bodice, and straight skirt cut with circular panels, inset on the sides. Silver roses finished the panels at waist and hem. The maid of honor, Miss Martha Morton of Nebraska City, cousin of the bride, wore a gown cut after the same fashion and in the same material, in apricot tint.

Both wore wide metallic head bands, and carried Columbia Roses.

The bride was gowned in brocade silver cloth, made simply on long lines, a soft loop of the material on one side of the draped skirt and a

FURTHER TALES OF JIMMY RABBIT

CHAPTER XXXII
The Big Wind.

When fall came and the wild geese began to honk overhead and the days grew colder, Jimmy Rabbit liked to crawl inside a certain old hollow oak to enjoy his nap in a snug chamber where the wind could not reach him.

"There's going to be a big storm," Uncle Jerry Chuck remarked to Jimmy one day. "In going home. Those clouds mean a high wind—and rain, too. You'd better get under cover."

Well, Uncle Jerry Chuck was a good weather prophet. Everybody knew that. So Jimmy Rabbit said he would hop along to his favorite place.

"Don't you do it!" cried Uncle Jerry Chuck. "If you know of a good place in the ground that's the place for you."

But Jimmy Rabbit laughed. "They parted then, Uncle Jerry to waddle away to his underground home near the pasture wall, and Jimmy Rabbit to scamper through the woods to his cozy chamber inside the old hollow oak."

Uncle Jerry guessed right. Just as Jimmy Rabbit came in sight of his favorite sleeping place he saw a flash of lightning and heard a heavy rumble of thunder. But those things didn't bother Jimmy Rabbit. He crept into the hole at the foot of the old oak, and soon he was sound asleep.

How long he slept he never knew. The wind howled and whipped the trees; the rain beat down furiously. But Jimmy Rabbit knew nothing of all that, until a spluttering crackling sound waked him all at once. It seemed to be just above his head. Then there was a great crash, and Jimmy's house swayed and shook.

"My goodness!" he cried. And he crawled outside into the storm.

Now it wasn't very late in the afternoon. But Jimmy Rabbit found the woods almost as black as night. He found, too, that the wind had caught the old oak and twisted it off not far from the ceiling of his chamber. No more than the jagged stump of the oak stood upright. The rest of it lay upon the ground.

Jimmy Rabbit knew that if there had been any danger, it was over now. So he crept back into his chamber and promptly went to sleep again.

The storm passed. The sky cleared. And that night Jimmy Rabbit went forth, as usual, to find something good for his supper.

Over in the pasture he met Uncle Jerry Chuck and Fatty Coon, too.

"The storm blew my tree down," Jimmy told them.

"There!" cried Uncle Jerry. "That's just what I expected. It was lucky for you that I warned you to crawl into a hole in the ground."

Jimmy explained exactly what had happened.

"It's a wonder you escaped an accident," Uncle Jerry Chuck declared, when he had heard the story. Let this be a lesson to you! Hereafter, never go to sleep inside a tree. Make yourself a cyclone cellar, like mine. Or if you don't want to make one, find one that somebody else has

McConnell-McPhillips Wedding Plans

Among the Omahans who will leave soon to attend the wedding of Miss Eleanor McPhillips of London, Ontario, Canada, to Andrew Harold McConnell, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. McConnell of this city, are Charles Hall, who is to be one of the ushers, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Coon, whose small daughter, Rose Gertrude, is to be flower girl.

The ceremony will be solemnized October 15 at St. Peter's cathedral, followed by a reception at the bride's home.

Mr. and Mrs. McConnell expect to leave for Canada the latter part of the week.

Business Women's Club

The Omaha Business Women's club met Tuesday night and elected Miss Martha Shaffer to fill a vacancy on the board of directors caused by the resignation of Miss Grace Grant. Plans were discussed for a membership drive under the direction of Miss Pearl Jenks. The fifteenth annual banquet will close the campaign October 21. Following the business meeting Tuesday evening Miss Celia M. Chase conducted a talk on current events. This is to be a feature of the Tuesday meetings.

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Not More Than 20c

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Do wish that we were like I could not refrain from expressing myself.

A MOTHER.

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