

WOMAN'S PAGE—MAGAZINE FEATURES

Golf Course Centerpiece at Three Foursome Party

A golf course is a new idea in centerpieces. Mr. and Mrs. Willis Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Holliday, Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor entertained Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Nabeot, Mr. and Mrs. Will Platter and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Palm at dinner at the Brandeis, Saturday evening. The hosts had laid golf matches to the other men, and their decorations were suggestive of the game.

A grassy mound, prepared by a florist, stretched across the long table, a snowy white tee box at one end, and a caddy with a putter on the green at the other. Place cards, done by Mr. Nabeot in water colors, were individual. Each name was spelled out with golf clubs, and on each card was a remark which the person had been known to make at one time or two before.

"I shoot the second nine better," was credited to Mrs. Crosby.

"I'm sure off my game today," Mrs. Platter.

"Now I tell you I'm through," Mrs. Taylor, after a poor game.

The match preceding the dinner was played Sunday, October 9, at Happy Hollow. Yesterday the three foursomes were on the Field club course and next Sunday they will motor to Fremont to play.

Society Turns Out in Force for Football

The Creighton football team, as usual, is attracting many enthusiasts of the sport these Saturday afternoon games. The boxes and bleachers were filled with society folk who turned out to support the Omaha team last Saturday for the game with Iowa Wesleyan. In one box party were Mrs. and Mrs. Henry Lubberger, Miss Gertrude Stout, and Edward Gerfoot. In another were the Misses Dorothy Bell and Dorothy Judson and the Messrs. Francis Gaines and Wallace Shepherd.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Brinker, Miss Eleanor Burdick and Harry Burdick were together in a box, and Huntington Smith entertained a party.

Among the male enthusiasts were Howard Buldrige, A. V. Kinsler, J. T. Stewart, H. Mosher Colpecker, Tom Kinsler and A. V. Gordon.

Homecoming Week Draws Crowds to Lincoln

Homecoming week at the University of Nebraska will draw many young people from Omaha to Lincoln for the coming weekend. The board of governors of Ak-Sar-Bon will be hosts at their annual Lincoln party for the queen and 1912 princesses of Ak-Sar-Bon. The party will get down Saturday morning and after luncheon they will occupy a box at the Nebraska-Missouri game. Miss Gertrude Stout, reigning queen, Miss Claire Daugherty and Miss Gladys Peters will attend, as will the six princesses who are at home in Omaha this winter. They are the Misses Elizabeth Elliott, Du Weanta Conrad, Virginia Carlisle, Katherine Denny, Willow O'Brien and Miriam Wiley.

Miss Donna McDonald and Miss Frances Hall will leave Friday for Lincoln. Miss Dorothy Cavanaugh and Miss Almarie Campbell plan to attend the festivities as do Miss Pauline Coad and Miss Winifred Meryheiw of Fremont.

Among the fraternity men who are planning to return for their annual parties are George Murphy, Dave Clarke, Charles Peterson, Edward Shoemaker, Bayless Spain, Brooks Vance, Hobers Treyer, Billy Bryman, Lawrence Shaw.

A fall week-end is planned. Besides the football game which is a feature of Saturday, there will be many sorority luncheons and teas, and a number of big fraternity dances. Friday evening Sigma Alpha Epsilon and Delta Epsilon are giving dances and Phi Delta Theta will give a party on Saturday.

Members of Church Give Wedding Reception for Pastor's Daughter

A beautiful wedding and reception following, has been planned by members of the First Presbyterian church for Miss Florence, daughter of their pastor, Edwin Hart Jenks, whose marriage to Harold James Pratt takes place October 16, 8 p. m. Members of the church and congregation have been invited to the ceremony and the reception following in the church parlors. No wedding cards are to be issued in the city. The bride's father will perform the ceremony, and her brother, W. Hart Jenks will give her away.

In Wedding Party.

Miss Dorothy Cavanaugh left Saturday for Red Oak, Ia., where she will be bridesmaid in the wedding of a school friend, Miss Mary Frances Schell, on Wednesday.

Mrs. Thompson Complimented.

Mrs. Karl W. Jones was hostess Monday noon at luncheon at the Athletic club when the honor guest was Mrs. Robert Thompson of Los Angeles, who is visiting Mrs. E. A. Van Arsdale. Covers were also laid for the Mesdames Howard Kennedy, B. D. Neely, R. E. Davis, George De Lacy, E. Van Orsdale and I. Shuler.

Mrs. C. J. Cussen entertained at a bridge party at her home Monday afternoon for Mrs. Thompson. Mrs. Neely will entertain for her Wednesday, and Thursday her hostess will be Mrs. George Tunnison. Mrs. Carl Baird will give a luncheon at the Omaha club Friday honoring Mrs. Thompson.

My Marriage Problems

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

What Allen Drake Insisted on Doing for Madge.

With my eyes and mouth filled with quiet, with aching bones and sore muscles, I lay for a dazed second or two in the roadway to which I had tumbled. Then as I tried to scramble to my feet I was conscious of a strong arm helping me, and Allen Drake's voice mingled with the sound of a starting motor in my ears.

"Good stunt, Chester," Smith was in that car, eh? Good God—Madge—Mrs. Graham—who does this mean?"

The racing car which I had thought was not at the rendezvous had crept from the side of the road where I had been. Madge and her suddenly-turged-on lights evidently had betrayed my identity to Mr. Drake.

I tried to brush the dust from my eyes and mouth. I felt Mr. Drake's supporting arm around my shoulders, and a big linen handkerchief performing that service for me. With a sudden realization of the need for haste, I drew myself away and spoke quickly, imperatively.

"Never mind me, Smith, and two others are in that car on the way to New York. Tom Carter collapsed, and I jumped on the back of the car and came through. I must hurry back and please hurry me home."

From the opposite side of the road came the putt putt of a motorcar starting. Mr. Drake spoke to some one invisible to me.

"Tell him to trail the limousine until we catch up to him. If they take any other than the regular road he is to put the gun wadded upon in the middle of the road. You stay here until I come back."

With a compelling nod upon my eye, he drew me to his car, put me in the seat, jumped into the driver's seat and turned the car into the wood shed.

Allen Drake Explains.

"Well, I guess," You must not make me mad."

"And well certainly lose you if I can't take you back," he said mysteriously. "You play a little game, suppose you had been killed? Are you sure you're not hurt?"

"I was sending the slender carriage as along the winding roadway and a face far across that which the big limousine had taken, and I realized that while he had interrupted the bus to escort his lady to safety, he was losing no time about it."

"Not a bit," I said stoutly, although it seemed as though every bone and muscle I possessed cried in to me to acquiesce. "And you'd have walked back safely. If you had Smith had been of bringing me back."

"Don't worry about the car," he interrupted. "I'll see you get it all right, but I shall not be gone ten minutes at the outside, and that means that the motor car looks up ten minutes at the outside, and you must. And don't forget the motor car. Believe when they hear the car we have a motor car for you."

"They know which are allowed in readiness, waiting only a long distance phone call, indicated, Simon Legree."

"His name was," I remembered, as it was being drifting me home from a

Young Omaha Matron in Virginia



Mrs. Henry Bohling has been brought by the photographer on her way to tea with Mrs. R. T. Bookmyer of Philadelphia at Hot Springs, Va., where she is spending a month with Mrs. Bohling's mother, Mrs. C. B. Bohling of Chicago.

Mrs. Koenig and Son Have Arrived Home From Vienna

Mrs. W. H. Koenig reached Omaha Monday after six months abroad. She was accompanied by her son, Frederick, who went to Vienna for the wedding of his sister, Gertrude, to Richard Guttman September 14. Mrs. Koenig and her son landed in New York Monday, October 9, after a tempestuous passage across with hurricanes and a 100-mile gale.

Vienna is crowded, according to Mrs. Koenig, and Mrs. Guttman, her daughter, was fortunate to get an apartment. She is looking for a larger one, but the only one she can get it is by exchange. Her mother says: "Every place is filled and people are getting by exchange." The authorities will not allow a family more room than it actually needs. Mrs. Koenig has a cousin in Germany with a 12-room house which is allowed to keep only four rooms for her own use.

People in business or those who do manual labor in Austria are not laid off, Mrs. Koenig declares. It is the professional man, or the people with fixed incomes who suffer. Though she found prices low in Germany, Mrs. Koenig bought very little because it is necessary to get a permit to take things out.

People do not eat as much meat now as they did before the war, but meat can be purchased, and other foods are easily obtainable, if one has the money to pay for them, Mrs. Koenig said. A printers' strike delayed the wedding announcements of Mr. and Mrs. Guttman, which have not yet been received in Omaha. Mr. Guttman is in the printing supply business.

Mrs. Guttman has no close relatives in Vienna, but has many distant cousins there. She speaks the language well and is very happy in her new home, her mother says. Mr. and

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

FATTY COON MORE OF HIS ADVENTURES

BY ADAM SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER II. Fishing in a Dooryard.

Fatty Coon liked to fish. One of his favorite places for enjoying this sport was Black Creek, where Mr. Ferdinand Frog made his home.

Now, it annoyed Mr. Frog when Fatty Coon came to the pool where he lived and roused him from the water's edge to fish. It was not that Mr. Frog cared for fishing, himself. The trouble was that Fatty had just as soon catch a frog as a fish, so you see it was no wonder that Ferdinand Frog was displeased.

"Look here," he called to Fatty Coon one day, when Fatty came to the pool. "Don't you know that this pool is private property? This pool is my dooryard. Kindly move along!"

PERSONALS

Mrs. George Nelson was a weekend guest in Lincoln.

C. N. Dietz left Sunday evening for a short trip to New York.

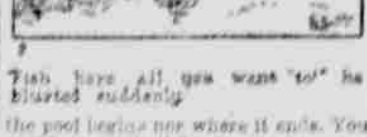
Miss Jesse Burgess of New York City is visiting with Dr. and Mrs. James A. O'Neill.

Mrs. Henry Burnham left the end of last week for Lincoln, where she will spend a week with her family.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judson will return Wednesday from an eastern trip. Mrs. Judson has been motoring with Mrs. W. J. Hayes and Mrs. Charles Knutson.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Arthur Anderson left Saturday for New Orleans. They will stop in Kansas City on their return to visit with Floyd Fulch, a brother of Mrs. Anderson.

Mrs. George Beaman of Omaha is spending a few days in Lincoln. She was an honor guest at a luncheon Saturday at the Lincolnshire, when Mrs. May Craner was hostess for 15 guests.



Fish here all you want to" he blurted suddenly.

"Well, make some noise like that in the water," Fatty said.

Mr. Frog's big eyes seemed to bulge more than ever as he stared at Fatty Coon, and the mark he had made in the sand. And then he shook his head.

"It can't be done," he declared.

"Well, never again where the rocks were. The water would cover them up. The moment I made them—or they float away and lose themselves somewhere down the creek."

"They don't seem to have done that on the bottom of the creek," Fatty suggested.

"There are so many stones there already that you couldn't tell which was which," Mr. Frog objected again.

"Drop down some white dishes," said Fatty Coon. "They would show plainly."

"No!" cried Ferdinand Frog. "That's an idea. But where can I get the dishes?"

"Go to Uncle Sam's Coon's eating house," Fatty told him glibly.

"Mr. Frog then stepped in the warm sunlight."

"Yes! Oh, yes!" Fatty retorted. "Go and ask Uncle Sammy for two plates!"

"Plate! What are those?" Mr. Frog inquired.

"They are long dishes. Uncle Sammy always serves—when—'frog' goes out there?"

"Oh, my goodness!" Ferdinand Frog quavered.

"Exactly," said Fatty Coon with a grin. "A ducky joke—that. Your goodness. Meaning your legs, of course. For everybody knows that frog's legs are good."

"Now, Ferdinand Frog was a great joker. But he hadn't meant to catch any joke this time.

"That wasn't a joke. It was an accident!" he explained.

"No! No!" Fatty Coon chuckled. "A frog's legs on a platter usually are an accident—for the frog." And he laughed very heartily.

But Ferdinand Frog couldn't

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"Between-Meal" Raisins

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Why not test it out for yourself and see? Stop coffee or tea for a week or two. Drink Postum instead. See if this delicious, pure cereal beverage does not help build up your system by letting you get sound, deep sleep.

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