

WOMAN'S PAGE-MAGAZINE FEATURES

For Mrs. Royce

Mrs. Albert Ribbenesen gave a bridge party Thursday afternoon at her home, honoring Mrs. Stephen Royce of Pasadena, Cal., who is the guest of Mrs. Amos Thomas. Her guests included Mesdames Royce, Thomas, Isaac Carpenter, Robert Garrett, Jack Caldwell, Eldred Hart, Henry Hart, Yale Holland and Miss Dorothy Judson.

Bridge Tea Honoring Miss Miriam McHugh.

A bridge tea at the home of Mrs. William McHugh, Jr., was a complimentary affair Thursday in honor of Miss Miriam McHugh of Minneapolis, guest of Mrs. Clair Baird. Her guests were Mesdames Baird, Ware, Hall, Carl Paulson, Charles Morton, Benjamin Nyvester and Misses Emily Keller, Mona Conwell, Mary Richardson, Mary Fidler and Mrs. Reed.

The Foye Porters Return.

Mr. and Mrs. Foye Porter, whose wedding was solemnized Wednesday, October 18, at Montclair, N. J., will return on Sunday from their honeymoon to settle down in the new home Mr. Porter has built for his bride at 2014 Cummins street.

Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Porter will attend the Princeton-Chicago football game at Chicago.

Edward Fuller, who arrived early this week to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fuller, was one of the Omaha guests at the wedding.

Mr. J. B. Porter, brother of Mr. Porter, who left for the east in September, is at present in Philadelphia and will return to Omaha after a visit in St. Louis.

Mrs. Lee Huff, Jr., Hostess.

Thursday afternoon Miss Edna Fitzsimmons of Lincoln, guest of Mrs. Melvin Belina, shared honors with Mrs. George Forbes of Cheyenne, guest of Mrs. Russell Bailey, and Miss Lorena Evans, who is visiting Mrs. Emerson Goodrich, at a bridge given by Mrs. Lee Huff, Jr., at her home. Three tables were placed for the game.

On Saturday the Messrs. and Mesdames Huff, Belina and Jess Thurmond will motor to Griswold, Ia., with Miss Fitzsimmons for acoon hunt and will return on Sunday.

For Recent Bride.

Miss Dorothy Lyle will give a bridge party at her home Friday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Donald Lyle, formerly Miss Dorothy Hippie.

Baptist Quarterly.

The Women's Baptist Missionary quarterly of greater Omaha will meet with the First Baptist church in Blair, Friday, October 27. The morning session will be given to business reports and a devotional hour. In the afternoon, the work of the coming year as outlined by the women's missionary societies, will be presented by Mrs. I. A. Benedict. An address on the work in Mexico will be given by Mrs. E. B. Towl, who has recently returned from Mexico City.

Holy Family Parish.

The ladies of Holy Family parish will give a card party and dance Friday evening, October 27, in their hall, Eighteenth and Izard streets, at 8:30.

Cake Sale.

The Mother guild will give its annual cake sale all day Saturday, October 28, at the Sherman-McConnell drug store, sixteenth and Harney.

Rummage Sale.

Ladies of the Reorganized Latter Day Saints church will hold a rummage sale Friday and Saturday at the northeast corner of Twenty-fourth and Cummins streets.

Sixty-Six Dancing Club.

The Sixty-Six Dancing club will hold the opening dance of the season in the Hotel Vendue Saturday, October 28, at 8:30.

Prominent Figures at Convention



Mrs. A. E. Sheldon



Mrs. John Slaker

Prominent figures at the state convention, Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs at North Platte this week, are Mrs. Addison Sheldon of Lincoln and Mrs. John Slaker of Hastings. Both had been state president. Mrs. Sheldon was director last year and Mrs. Slaker is present director from Nebraska to the general federation. Mrs. Sheldon will speak on the Friday morning program as a past director. Mrs. Slaker gave her message as acting director on Wednesday morning.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"I am a young married woman, considered attractive, have two little children and a neglectful husband. Recently I found that his treatment of me was caused by his infatuation for a girl with whom he has been going around for the greater part of a year. I went to see the girl. She admits knowing he is married. It stopped things to some extent, but I know he still sees her, as he does business with the man by whom she is employed.

"I have lost 10 pounds in less than two months, and my heart is breaking because the girl still insists on seeing my husband. Her advantage over me is that she isn't dependent on him for money, while I have to fight for enough to keep my children. He threatens to leave me if I don't give him his freedom. And yet I feel sure that if the girl would volunteer to give him up instead of insisting on seeing him, I could win him back. Maybe if you wrote a strong article on the subject, she would see it and wake up to the cruelty which I am suffering from."

So writes Mrs. M. H., voicing the plea of numberless women who find themselves dependent for love or support on weak men who have let a new face and a new fancy come between them and all obligations and duties.

Now I'm not blinking the fact that all the vows in the world cannot make love the eternal thing we long for it to be. The man who marries with the noble feelings and high resolves may drift weakly into a temptation he does not know how to fight. The practical questions of everyday life may estrange a man from the woman he only idealized—instead of visualizing as a partner and companion along a road that is not always easy. However we despise him for the weakness he proves, we must pity him a little, too, for his lack of adjustment to life.

But the girl who permits herself to become part of a man's love-life when she knows that every obligation and vow in the world hold him to his wife and children—what of her?

No matter how she excuses herself by claiming that the wife don't "understand" as she does, no matter how much she pleads for the rights of her great and uncontrollable love—she is guilty. And her guilt is based upon this: The love and understanding she urges as her claim on the man were not always the big things she calls them now. In the beginning they were merely the tiny seedlings which have led to such bitter fruit. But even then the girl must have known them for

My Marriage Problems

By ADELE GARRISON.

The News That Lillian Gave to Madge.

Well, Madge! The trick is turned! Lillian's voice held grateful triumph as after coming swiftly into my room and locking the door behind her she came up to me, put her hands on my shoulders, and uttered her cryptic little sentence.

It was the morning of the fourth day following the dramatic exit of the man, Smith, from the neighborhood, and while I had shared somewhat her tense suspense as to the success of Allen Drake's espionage, the uneasiness caused by Dicky's silence and Dr. Pettit's accusation, which I could not altogether banish from me, had crowded my interest in the government work into the background, but her triumphant passion brought back my interest, and I clutched her excitedly.

"You mean you've heard from Mr. Drake?" I asked.

"Five minutes ago," she said. "A long telegram. Want to read it?"

She was so matter of fact that I had no suspicion of anything out of the ordinary as she put some telegraph blanks in my hand. And then as I scanned seemingly minute data concerning the yield of wheat and other crops of a Canadian farm with directions for the negotiation of a sale of the property, I looked up at her in amazement, to see her lips twisting into an amused grin.

"Oh, I see!" I said, glad that the strain upon her nerves had lifted sufficiently for her to jest. "A code!"

"One of little Allen's nitides!" she rejoined. "Would you like to decipher it, or shall I tell you what it is in?"

"He's Too Foxy," I said.

"Tell me the gist of it now," I said. "Later, I'd like to take a whirl at deciphering it, but that can wait."

"I think you'd enjoy it," she said. "But here's the news. The gifted Mr. Smith led them a long and merry chase through the Adirondacks and up into Canada. He's at a hotel just now in one of the small cities, but Allen thinks he's going to buy a country place near by and settle down for awhile. At any rate, he's safe for a few weeks, and he won't move without Allen knowing exactly what he's doing."

"Did he give any clue to the man you're watching for—the big official of whom you spoke?"

"Not yet. He's altogether too foxy to involve that man when he's fleeing, as he supposes, for his life. Of course, he figures he's outwitted us, but he's a cagey customer, and he'll take no chances for awhile. Now we can tackle the other angle."

I looked my inquiry and she answered the look promptly.

"That man in the hospital?" she

smiled. "Dr. Pettit is just waiting the word from me to give permission for his supposed employers to remove him, and I'll send the word at once. We are agreed that when Jerry Ticer telephones that I would like to consult him about having my tonsils removed, he is to get busy immediately. I must root out the redoubtable Jerry. Can you imagine his interest in my supposed misfortune?"

What Puzzles Lillian.

"He may offer to doctor you himself with some of his mother's famous mixtures," I laughed.

"I'd as soon try them as the ordinary medical nostrum," she retorted, and I smiled as I remembered her insistence upon other people taking remedies, as contrasted with her own hatred of medication.

"This will mean Katherine going. When?" I asked anxiously.

"Tomorrow, no doubt."

"Shall we be able to see her?"

"Of course, but it's going to be a ticklish performance to manage. I've been trying to figure out some way she can't come here, we can't go to the hospital, and I don't dare risk a meeting at Dr. Pettit's office. You see, there mustn't be the slightest connection between her and us in the minds of those devils who are posing as Joe's employers. As Joe's nurse, Katherine will be perfectly safe, but if they should suspect her identity I wouldn't give that for her life."

She snapped her fingers contemptuously and an icy little shiver ran down my spine. I never can get used to the thought of danger, which Lillian meets in so matter-of-fact manner, both for herself and her friends.

"Wouldn't it be better then," I ventured, "for her to go without trying to see us?"

"Can't be done," she rejoined quickly. "I am compelled to see her to give her some personal directions."

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Johnston are registered at the Elms in Excelsior Springs.

Mrs. J. A. C. Kennedy and Mrs. Esther Marshall will spend November in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Cohn left today for New York to sail for a six-months' Panama cruise.

Mrs. F. S. Hunter has returned from Kansas City, where she visited her sister, Mrs. D. S. Cheney.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn A. Wilcox announce the birth of a son, Glenn A. Wilcox, Jr., at the Stewart hospital on October 25.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Nickerson of Papillon are planning a trip to South America in the early winter, which will include a visit with relatives in Rio de Janeiro. Mrs. Nickerson is president of the second district, Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES FATTY COON MORE OF HIS ADVENTURES BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

Fatty Coon and the Ham.

Cuffy Bear came all the way down Blue Mountain to Cedar Swamp, especially to find Fatty Coon and ask him to come to a party.

"What are you going to give your guests to eat?" This was Fatty's first question.

"Ham," Cuffy Bear told him.

"I don't know whether I want to go to your party," Fatty said. "I've never eaten any ham. Is it good?"

"There's nothing better," Cuffy declared. "Ham is about the best meat I ever tasted."

"Oh! It's meat, is it?" Fatty exclaimed. "I was hoping it was a new kind of corn."

"Ham is better than any corn that ever grew," Cuffy Bear informed him. "But you needn't come to my party if you don't want to."

"Wait a moment," Fatty Coon cried. "I want to speak to my mother." He climbed a tree near by and disappeared inside a hole far above the ground.



He' he chuckled "They were easy to get rid of."

"Ma!" he said to Mrs. Coon. "Did you ever eat a ham?"

"Not a whole one, my dear," his mother answered, "but I enjoyed a taste of one once."

"Was it good?"

"Um, yum!" Mrs. Coon replied. And Fatty knew what that meant. It meant yes in big, capital letters.

Fatty turned and squirmed out through the hole and looked down at Cuffy Bear, who was waiting on the ground below.

"I'll come," Fatty called. And then he remembered his manners. "Thank you!"

So that was settled. Cuffy Bear

shuffled away. And Fatty's eyes glinted with a greedy, greenish light until the evening of the next day, when he set out at dusk for Blue Mountain—and the ham party.

When he reached the spring in a little glen, where the party was to be given, he found Cuffy Bear and his sister Sikke, a young cub called Pete, and nobody else.

"I came early," Fatty told Cuffy Bear. "How many guests do you expect?"

"No more," Cuffy replied. Fatty turned a bit pale.

"I hope I'm not late," he cried. "I hope the ham aren't all eaten. I hope you've waited for me."

"Oh, we waited," Cuffy assured him.

"Good!" And now bring on your ham!" Fatty ordered.

"Hams!" Cuffy echoed. "I have only one ham."

"What! Only one for us four? I expected to have a whole ham for myself, or I'd never have climbed this steep mountain." Fatty Coon was usually disagreeable about the refreshments.

"If you don't care to stay, you know the way home," Cuffy suggested.

"Oh, I stay," Fatty retorted. "You needn't think I've climbed as far as this, only to turn around and go off hungry. Bring on your ham! I hope it's a big one."

So Cuffy Bear dragged a ham from out a hole under a great rock and dropped it beside the spring.

"Hams are salty," he remarked. "We'll all want a big drink of water after the feast."

"If ham is meat, we ought to wash it in the spring before we eat it," Fatty Coon declared.

The three bears did not agree with him. They began to protest.

"All meat ought to be washed before it is eaten," Fatty insisted. "If you don't believe it, go and ask somebody besides me. You go and ask your father, Cuffy! You go and ask your mother, Sikke! You go and ask your grandfather, Pete! I don't need to ask anybody; so I'll guard the ham while you're gone."

To Fatty's great joy the three young bears went skipping off. "They were easy to get rid of." And seizing the

ham in his mouth, he started down the mountainside as fast as he could travel.

Meanwhile Cuffy Bear, his sister Sikke and the young cub Pete were hiding behind a big boulder a little way from the spring, sipping and tittering. Whatever they were laughing about, it must have been very amusing, for they rolled upon the ground and slumped at one another in great gloom.

Fatty Coon never stopped until he reached the middle of Cedar Swamp, where he paused at last and set down to enjoy a whole ham all to himself. Hurriedly he tore off the paper wrapping from the ham. Then he dipped the ham in a pool. And then he bit it.

"Ouch!" he cried as his teeth closed upon something quite hard. "This ham isn't good to eat. It's nothing but a block of wood!"

And that was the truth. It was only a dummy ham, which the storekeeper at the crossroads had hung in his window all summer. When fall came he had tossed it out behind the store. There Cuffy Bear had found it one night. And laughing to himself he had carried it away.

"If I have fun with this," he chuckled.

And you can see yourself that he did.

Loyola Club.

The Loyola club will hold its regular card party Friday at St. Johns rectory. Mesdames E. T. Donahue, Roy King and James Fowler will be hostesses.

Railway Mail Service.

D. T. of Railway Mail Service, will meet at 2:30 Friday afternoon with Mrs. W. R. Mohler, 4328 Lake street.

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