

# WOMAN'S PAGE—MAGAZINE FEATURES

## Society

### Wedding Party Entertained.

Miss Lydia Burnett entertained the members of the Lewis-Brislin wedding party last evening at a bridge party at her home, followed by a supper dance at the Brandeis restaurant.

### Miss Patton at Wellesley.

Friends of Frances Patton have received word that she has been elected a member of the Phi Sigma sorority in the junior division at Wellesley college.

### Penny-Donley.

Gertrude L. Penny, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Penny was united in marriage to James L. Donley of Melham, S. D., Wednesday morning at 8:30, St. Bernard's church, by Rev. J. C. Buckley.

Miss Inez Penny, sister of the bride, and Raymond Gully of Willow Lakes, S. D., were the only attendants.

The bride wore a gown of white tulle with long veil in place with lace. She carried a shower bouquet of white Kilmarey roses and sweet peas.

The bridesmaid wore orchid crepe with hat to match, and carried pink Kilmarey roses.

The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast at the home of the bride.

After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Donley will reside at Melham, S. D.

### Christening.

Mrs. Charles C. Allison, who is spending the winter at Rosemead lodge, is spending the week-ends here with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allison and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sibbersen. The young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allison was christened at St. Peter's church last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Burgess as godparents. The baby is named for her father's mother, Katherine Creighton.

### New York Visitor.

Miss Rosemond Gluck left Thursday evening for her home after spending several days here at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Powell. Miss Gluck, who is the niece of Mrs. Arthur Schoellkopf of New York City, was in the Schoellkopf party that toured Europe last summer, of which Ralph Powell was also a member.

### L. O. E. Club Entertains.

The L. O. E. club will give the second of a series of dance parties this evening in the Elks' club room. Mrs. Irving Sorenson, chairman of the committee in charge of arrangements, will be assisted by Mesdames Leslie Crowder, J. L. Niederst and James Almsow.

Thirty-five tables were placed for the club's benefit card party Saturday afternoon. Mrs. J. Selze had high bridge prize and Mrs. F. O. Brown, first prize for high five.

### For Newcomers.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Nieman will entertain six tables at bridge Saturday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Burnham of Lincoln, and Mr. and Mrs. George Neeman of Sioux City, who have recently moved to Omaha to make their home.

## Sorority Pledges

Sororities at the University of Nebraska observed mid semester pledging Saturday afternoon. No pledges were made by Alpha Chi Omega, Alpha Omicron Pi, Kappa Kappa Gamma, Delta Delta Delta, and Alpha Phi. The following pledges are announced:

**Alpha Delta Pi.** Bernice Ormsby, Trumble, Edna Spearman, Papillion.  
**Alpha Xi Delta.** Thelma Deah, Aurora.

### Achofs.

Mary Almsworth, Exeter.  
Dorothy Leigh, Omaha.  
Florence Sturdevant, Osceola.

### Chi Omega.

Ruth Hamer, Sterling, Colo.  
Wynona Rorby, Neligh.  
Marian Suringer, Neligh.  
Mayme Pecha, Omaha.

### Delta Gamma.

Elizabeth Sawyer, Lincoln.

### Delta Zeta.

Florine Glover, Gordon.  
Willave Weaver, Lincoln.  
Mae Earl, Ulysses.  
Vivian Young, Stella.

### Gamma Phi Beta.

Ruth Wells, Lake View, Ia.  
Myrtle Alms Cheney, Creighton.

### Kappa Alpha Theta.

Daisy Rich, Omaha.  
Vivian Varney, Broken Bow.

### Kappa Delta.

Erma Dawson, Lincoln.  
Florence Stever, Creighton, Ia.  
Nelle Fearie, Ogallala.

### Phi Mu.

Nora Henry, Tulsa, Okl.  
Pauline Gilmore, Fullerton.  
Erma Goodrich, Grinnell, Ia.

### Phi Beta Phi.

Margaret Boatsman, Tecumseh.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Wolfe announce the birth of a son, November 12 at the Methodist hospital.

**\$64.50 and \$74.50**  
**Coats - Suits**  
New \$45.00 New  
**Thorn's Shop**  
1512 Farnam

**WOOD**  
Missouri's Best  
Phone Atlantic 2700  
**Sunderland Bros. Co.**

## Mrs. Merrill Makes Plea for the Imagination

"What we do not use, we lose," said Mrs. Anthony French Merrill, in a plea for the use of imagination in her Monday morning lecture at the Blackstone. "We are mechanical and stereotyped and give little place in our lives to the exercise of our imagination."

A play like R. U. R. (Rossum's Universal Robots), now running in New York, would have been impossible, according to the speaker, in an age less mechanical than our own. The story is of the invention of a creature which can perform all the mechanical functions of a human being. Finally this creature acquires imagination and annihilates the human race.

Another play favorably referred to by Mrs. Merrill was "The Romantic Age," by Milne, writer of "Mr. Pincham." "The Romantic Age" is a play like R. U. R. (Rossum's Universal Robots), now running in New York, would have been impossible, according to the speaker, in an age less mechanical than our own.

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## My Marriage Problems

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

The Reason Lillian Had Made Face Mother Graham

Katie! I gazed, horrified at the girl's impudent speech to the intruder reporter, of which she had just gleefully told us.

"You did perfectly right, Katie," Lillian interposed, laughing. "And what you said to young Mr. H. Edouard Smythe,"—she glanced mischievously at the card she still held in her hand.

"Isn't a circumstance to what he's hearing just now from the other porters with him. I happen to know a number of men and women in the newspaper game"—she turned to me an apologetic little gesture for having chattered Katie, and I made the mental comment that there were few acceptances in which she did not know a number of men and women.

"And they all have the same lament that on almost every assignment they are generally afflicted with one of these cubs, either in years or mentality, who thinks the reporting game consists solely in bringing snips or doing a little amateur secondary work. By the way, there aren't any photographs lying around loose downstairs, are there? If so, the gifted Mr. Smythe probably has at least one in his pocket by this time."

"I go see dis meenit," Katie said excitedly. "Eef dot soup bone dere four pictures I turn heed oppside down, shake dem out see pants' pockets."

She was out of the door before I could muster breath enough to call after her. Lillian laughed openly at my horrified face.

"She foxy enough—"

"Let her go," she said philosophically. "She's foxy enough to look around first and see if any pictures are missing before she tackles him. And if he has taken one, it will be a lot better for her to get after him of her own accord than for you to accuse him. Indeed, you couldn't verify well do that if he took your great-grandfather's portrait out of its frame. So it's all right anyway. But here is something more serious. Your mother-in-law showed me a little while ago a portrait of Claire Foster with a breezy inscription written across it. The thing is innocent enough in itself, but you can't imagine what Mr. H. Edouard Smythe and his newspaper would do with it."

"I can, very vividly," I replied grimly.

"What did she do with it? Did she leave it with you, or take it back to Dicky's room, tear it up and throw it away? She's capable of doing the last trick, you know."

"She didn't leave it with me," I returned, panic-stricken as I visualized the possible appearance in a newspaper of Claire Foster's photograph with the inscription to Dicky. "Yours till the last apple falls, Claire."

"Then we mustn't waste any time finding out what has become of it. I'll go down to tackle those people and keep them occupied until you get there. Incidentally, when you come into the room, stall along with platitudes about the weather and the motor roads—anything until I have a chance to tip you off on what I've said to them. I'll try to manage it so they won't suspect what I'm doing, although I'd try to fool anybody in the world rather than a cagey, experienced newspaper reporter."

"They simply must not get a glimpse of that photograph," she declared. "Go straight to your mother-in-law and find out what she did with it. And don't come down until with your own hands you have locked it

away in a safe place and taken the key with you."

## Mother Graham's Dismay.

Her hand was on the doorknob as she spoke, and the next instant she had locked me into the hall and was gone. I wasted no time in following her injunction, although I dreaded immeasurably to meet my mother-in-law.

I knew that Lillian's humorous little comment, "She is sure some way that it is all your fault," was only too true, even though, as Lillian had asserted, my mother-in-law was angry at her son, and full of admiration and approval for my decision to go to him.

But the knowledge that there was in her mind an undercurrent of blame for something which I could in no wise have prevented, rankled and made me dread either her sympathy or her open censure. There was no way out, however, and I went down the hall toward her room with spirits tobogganing downward.

She was just coming out of her room when I reached it, and the haste with which she had changed her housecleaning rig for a costume more befitting her age and dignity was patent.

"Margaret, who did Katie let in just now?" she demanded.

"Three reporters," I answered laconically. "And Lillian wants to know where you put that picture of Claire Foster. She's afraid one of them may get hold of it."

"Gracious goodness!" she exclaimed with panic-stricken face. "I tore it across and threw it into Richard's waste basket. It's downstairs on the back porch."

"Problems That Perplex" By Beatrice Fabras.

## The Married Flirt.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21, employed for over a year as stenographer and working beside a young married man. We have always been good friends and he is very confidential with me. There is nothing in common between him and his wife and he seems to be very unhappy. He has been married almost three years. I have learned to care for him very much. I am doubtful as to whether I should leave the firm or not.

H. R. S.

If you feel that seeing this man day after day is too much for your principles and common sense, it would be well for you to seek employment elsewhere. There is nothing in your emotions and recognize that nothing good can come of a girl's infatuation for a married man? This is a wonderful opportunity to develop self-control and sanity—but don't tax your strength too far. Just recognize that you know only the man's side of the story and that when a man is not loyal to his wife, no woman can count on his stability and kindness and understanding.

Basic: First of all make up your mind to this, if you take it for granted that a group of people display you, you are bound to act in a way to antagonize them. Instead of fancying that the man for whom you are interested is a person who is your enemy, realize that they are people who don't know you and who might easily like you if you set out to win their regard. It was not in particular good taste for you to "show off" the gift which was a matter between you and the man and not the concern of anyone else. Naturally he was both hurt and displeased at the idea that one of the values of the gift was the chance it gave you to exploit him in the world rather than a cagey, experienced newspaper reporter.

Perplexed: Inquire at dress goods department in any store. They will furnish you with samples and give you the information regarding shades.

Add a few drops of kerosene to the water with which you wash the kitchen linoleum and see how it will brighten and clean it.

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

## CHAPTER XXXII

Had News Travels Fast. When Mr. Crow Carries It.

"Where are you going tonight?" Mrs. Coon asked her husband as he picked up his hat and turned to leave the house.

"I'm going down to the henhouse, Marie," said Fatty Coon's father. "Oh, no!" cried Fatty's mother. "Don't do that! You were at the henhouse last night."

"Quite true, my love," said Mr. Coon drily. "And I think you'll agree with me when I add that I was there successfully. Didn't you enjoy the dinner I brought home?"

"Yes! Yes!" Mrs. Coon admitted. "But I'm afraid to have you go back to the henhouse tonight. Farmer Green may be watching for you."

"And then again, he may not," said Mr. Coon with an easy smile. "Farmer Green, for the time being, I will return in due course."



"They seemed in fine health," said Mr. Coon.

When Mr. Coon talked in that grand manner Mrs. Coon knew there was no use in arguing with him. His mind was made up.

"Take me with you, Pa," cried young Fatty, who had been listening to what was said.

"Oh, no!" his mother exclaimed. "It's too dangerous."

"Fool! Fool! The danger is very slight," said Mr. Coon lightly. "I'll take the lad with me. I may want to bring two hens home with me tonight. He could carry one of them."

When Mrs. Coon began to protest further, Mr. Coon silenced her with one question: "Do you wish to make a mollycoddle of this lad?"

And this was how Fatty Coon happened to go down to the farmyard with his father one fall evening.

And this was how old Mr. Crow, the next morning, happened to come upon a very sad Mr. Coon in the meadow, near the henhouse.

"Will you take a message to my wife?" Mr. Crow asked the old gentleman.

"If it's important I will," replied Mr. Coon.

"It is—very," said Mr. Coon with a groan. "Tell her to expect me home when she sees me. I can't come now. I fear my son is caught in a trap at the henhouse. I've been waiting around here all night trying to find him."

Old Mr. Crow didn't wait to hear anything more. "This is bad news," he said to himself hoarsely as he hurried away. "I had news to travel fast—no I've always been told. I must hurry over to Cedar Swamp and give Mrs. Coon the message."

He hadn't flown 10 rods when he saw somebody making frantic motions at him. So Mr. Crow dropped down upon the fence.

He was surprised to see Fatty Coon there, looking very well indeed. "Will you take a message to my mother?" Fatty asked.

"If it's important I will," said Mr. Coon.

"Tell her," said Fatty. "I can't come home now. My Pa—I think he's caught in a trap. I can't find him. I've been looking for him since last evening."

"I'll tell her," Mr. Crow promised. "And he tore off across the meadow. This is the most important news I've ever carried," he croaked as he flapped his broad wings and raised himself into the wind. "It's bad news, too—the worst I have ever carried. I'll have to travel fast with it. It's a pity there isn't more breeze this morning."

Poor Mrs. Coon! When she heard Mr. Coon's news she was almost frantic. The old gentleman had told her that both her husband and her son were caught in traps, down at the henhouse. She wailed so loudly that Mr. Crow hurried to her house to hear her. He stayed there, perched on a limb of the hollow tree where the Coon family had made their home, and croaked in a very dismal fashion. He thought that that ought to make Mrs. Coon feel better, if anything could.

At last she said to him suddenly, "What told you this dreadful news, Mr. Crow?"

"Your husband told me about your son," Mr. Crow replied. "Your son told me about your husband."

"Then you saw them?" Mrs. Coon explained. "Tell me, were they in great pain?"

"They seemed in fine health," said Mr. Crow.

"But didn't the traps hurt them?" "Traps" echoed the old gentleman, a very sad Mr. Coon in the meadow, near the henhouse.

"I'll tell you their messages, just as they were given to me."

All at once Mrs. Coon flew into a rage.

"It's all a trick," she declared. "It's a trick to give them an excuse for not coming home before."

She was very angry. She was still angry when Mr. Coon and Fatty came shuffling along to their home later in the morning.

They looked very sheepish—both of them. And Mr. Coon was very humble when he explained matters to his wife. He said there was a trap down at the henhouse. It had shut with a snap when he brushed against it. And he and Fatty had run in opposite directions.

It was now Mrs. Coon's turn to

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