

WOMAN'S PAGE—MAGAZINE FEATURES

Miss Brisbin Wed to Joseph Lewis

A blending of rose and silver was the wedding of Miss Zerlina Brisbin last evening at Trinity cathedral.

Miss Josephine Lewis of Chicago, sister of the groom, was the first bridesmaid to enter and she was followed by Miss Mildred Kalmus of Denver.

Miss Hail Weds.

The wedding of Miss Mildred Hail to Dr. James McAllister took place Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Wickerham.

Mrs. Hammell a Visitor.

Mrs. M. E. Hammell of New York City has arrived to be the guest of her daughter, Mrs. K. H. Moses, for a few weeks.

Visitor from Hawaii.

Mrs. Wilbur Watkins, who as Miss Katherine Woodworth left three years ago for the Hawaiian Islands, has returned from Hamakua to Maui.

Kelly-Donnelly.

A pretty wedding took place Wednesday at Sacred Heart church when Miss Mary Ellen Donnelly, daughter of Mrs. E. Donnelly, became the bride of Laurence F. Kelly.

Card Party.

The parish of the Blessed Sacrament will entertain at cards Thursday evening at Thirtieth and Curtis.

Problems That Perplex

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Making a Friend. Dear Miss Fairfax: Six months ago at my place of business I saw a young woman I liked and told a friend of mine so.

Counting Disaster.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 22 and am desperately in love with a man 15 years my senior.

Cullins-Flannigan.

The marriage of Miss Marie Margaret Flannigan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Flannigan, and Dr. Richard Collins of Kansas City.

Hat Clearance

Women's, Misses' and Flappers' Hat Clearance Just 1/2 Price

Women's, Misses' and Flappers' Hat Clearance

Enjoy a Chapless Dame Nature's Cream

Christmas Bazaar.

The St. John's Ladies Aid will give a special Christmas bazaar at Victoria and Twenty-ninth, Friday, November 24.

Food Sale.

Omaha chapter, Daughters American Revolution, will conduct a food sale Tuesday, November 23.

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My Marriage Problems

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

What Madge Had to Do With Katie and Mother Graham.

"Oh, my, Missis Graham! Vat sees it? Vat happened dot you look like dot?"

Katie's strident, excited voice from her mother-in-law and myself from the momentary horrified inertia which had seized us at our discovery that the torn photograph of Claire Foster with its bizarre inscription to Dicky was not among the rubbish in the waste basket.

"There was in this basket a torn photograph which is now gone, Katie," I said, "and we are very much afraid that the reporter you saw walking through the hall has taken it. Which way was he walking when you saw him? Was he coming toward the kitchen or going away from it?"

"Katie considered a second, evidently wishing to be very sure of her statement. She was shrewd enough to see that something very important hinged upon the whereabouts of the missing photograph.

"He was coming away from the kitchen," she decided finally. "He turned around when he saw me, pretended to be hunting for outside door."

"My mother-in-law looked at me with her eyes full of dismayed conviction.

"Close to Panic.

"Then he has it," she said hopefully. "Whatever we do do it."

"Don't you worry," Katie dashed for the door. "Dot bunch of soap greens not get out of dis house mit dot photograph eet I have to lock hem in room und dress hem like vin baby."

I made a quick movement and caught her arm just as she was sliding through the door, and I held it firmly.

"Wait, Katie," I said with decision. "We must be very sure that he has it first. Remember, he didn't take any of the other pictures of which you were afraid."

"Goot reason," Katie sniffed disdainfully. "Dose all in papers before."

"That's very true, Katie"—and, indeed, the girl had spoken nothing but the truth, for at the dread time of Junior's kidnapping we had added the newspapers with all the photographs we had. "Nevertheless, we must be very sure that he has it before we accuse him."

"Where else can it be?" my mother-in-law demanded querulously. "You talk as though it might never have been in the basket at all, and yet I told you I distinctly remember putting it there. Do you doubt my veracity?"

"Of course not, mother," I returned soothingly, although secretly I was strongly doubting, not her veracity, but her memory.

I had had two or three painful experiences when she has been perfectly sure that she had put an article in a certain place and I have found it in an entirely different location. But never have I known her to admit that she had been in the wrong. She always was sure to declare that some one had moved the article after she had put it in the place she had named, and this in the face of the most convincing proof to the contrary.

"What's to Be Done?"

"Well, then! Why not compel that reporter to give it up? Of course,

you're right in not permitting Katie to tackle him, but there's no reason why you shouldn't demand that he give it up."

When Mother Graham gets an idea in her head, it is a Herculean task to get it out again, and I saw myself figuratively led by the ear to the living room and compelled to voice her demand. I was at my wit's end, for a second, and the sight of Lillian coming swiftly down the hall was most welcome. She shut the kitchen door behind her and spoke in low, hurried tones.

"I've stalled just as long as I can," she said. "You'll have to come in, Madge, and make some pretence of answering their questions. What's the matter?"

Her quick, shrewd glance darted from one face to the other, and she interpolated explosively:

"You can't find the picture! My sainted aunt! Now, what's to be done?"

We explained swiftly, and she strode up the kitchen and down again, turning to me with quick decision.

"You'll have to tackle those people alone," she said. "I'll go on another hunt still with the photograph, and watch with Katie's help for any attempt on that reporter's part to make a getaway. Listen carefully. Here is what I told them."

In a few terse, rapid sentences she outlined her conversation with the reporters, and thus armed I went slowly down the hall toward the living room.

CHAPTER XXXIV. Uncle Sammy Coon Treats His Friends.

Fatty Coon was going on an errand for his mother, Aunt Polly Woodchuck had promised Mrs. Coon a big basket of apples if she would send her son for it. So Fatty had gone all the way to the pasture where Aunt Polly lived. There he had picked up the big basket. And now he was toting home again.

He was walking along the bank of Black Creek, near Cedar Swamp, when somebody called to him. It was Uncle Sammy Coon. He was standing in the doorway of his eating house, watching Fatty with his piercing black eyes.

"What have you got in that basket?" Uncle Sammy asked.

"Something for my mother," Fatty answered.

"Let me see," said Uncle Sammy. He was a terribly curious old chap, and now he came hobbling up to Fatty Coon and peered into the basket.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "I thought it was apples. I thought I could smell apples before you came into sight."

Now, Mrs. Coon had warned Fatty to look out for Uncle Sammy Coon. "If he smells the apples he'll try to get some away from you," she had said.

Of course Uncle Sammy Coon did not know that when he smiled so sweetly as he knew how and said to Fatty, "If you don't mind I'll taste one of those apples and tell you if it's good. It would be a pity if you carried a basket of poor apples all the way to your house."

"No! You mustn't touch one of 'em," Fatty cried.

Of course, Uncle Sammy guessed then that Mrs. Coon had told her son to beware of him. But he still smiled pleasantly. And calling to a



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

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Personals

Mrs. Paul Rigdon has gone to New York City for a short visit.

O. Kenneth Widenor of Chicago has returned to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Widenor.

Mrs. J. L. Babcock of Peconic, Ill., arrived Tuesday to be the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Nelson Uptide.

Miss Emily Burke returned Wednesday morning from Milwaukee, Wis., where she has been over the week-end.

Mrs. Joseph D. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McLaughlin and daughter, Mary, of Grand Island are spending a few days at the Fontenelle.

Sam Fleishman left Tuesday for Los Angeles, Cal., where he will join Mrs. Fleishman and son, Jerome. The family will reside there permanently.

Miss Rose Owen, grand secretary Order of Eastern Star, returned Wednesday from Washington, D. C., where she attended the international meeting of Eastern Star.

Mrs. W. S. Poppleton of New York, who will arrive in Omaha about December 11, will remain indefinitely. She will be at the Colonial. Her son, William Sears, will come to spend the holidays.

Miss Ruth Thomas of Riverside, Cal., will arrive Tuesday to be the Thanksgiving guest of Lieut. and Mrs. Frederick Powers, United States navy. Charles A. Clark, 2d, son of Mrs. Powers, arrives Monday to spend Thanksgiving here.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Peters are leaving after the holidays for a trip to Honolulu, where they will remain several weeks. On the same boat with Mr. and Mrs. Peters sailing for Honolulu will be Mrs. R. F. Klock, who will spend the winter months there.

Miss Eleanor B. Hamilton, daughter of Mrs. James W. Hamilton of 4835 California street and a member of the sophomore class at Oberlin college, is a member of the girls' hockey team, is playing in the tennis tournament and is playing soccer this fall at Oberlin.



"I wish she'd go away," he growled. The newcomer did not wait to be helped. He plunged a paw into the basket and seized three apples. But Fatty bellowed, "One" so loudly that friend No. 2 dropped the two smallest apples. And then he ran off, to tell everybody he saw that Uncle Sammy Coon was treating all comers to apples on the bank of Black Creek, in front of his eating-house. It was an unheard-of thing for Uncle Sammy Coon to do. He was known to be the stingiest person in all



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They may be helpful, but the System should be rendered independent of the need for unnatural stimulants.

Burns' WHEAT TONE HEALTH BREAD is more than a laxative. While it contains ALL of the coarse laxative bran of the grain, it also includes a great natural body food—the Germ of the Wheat. This is the part of the wheat in which are stored most of the fats, salts and vitamins. Commercial flours lack the germ. It is milled out to make the flour keep when it is to be shipped or stored.

To obtain flour containing the Germ and ALL of the bran, we have to grind the wheat in our own bakery and use the flour at once. We have installed a complete flour mill for this purpose.

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GET WHEAT TONE at your GROCER'S

The Jay Burns Baking Company



Made in The Old Fashioned Way

Pleasant valley. Though the neighbors could hardly believe the news, they came, a-running from all directions. Among them was Fatty Coon's mother. When she heard the story from one of her cousins, she knew there was something wrong. And now, quite out of breath, she flung herself upon Uncle Sammy Coon and rolled down the bank of the creek with him. "You will treat with my apples, will you?" she cried. He managed to shake himself free. And without answering her question, he hurried into his eating-house, locking the door behind him. When Mrs. Coon looked into the basket, a few minutes later, there wasn't an apple left there. She stayed in front of Uncle Sammy Coon's eating-house long after everybody had gone. But he wouldn't come out. He was afraid to open his door. "I wish she'd go away," he growled. "For once in my life I tried to be generous and treat my friends. And just see what a peck of trouble it

The VOGUE -Thursday Only- A Surprising and Unexpected Choice of House the House Sale of New Dresses Involving values that ordinarily sell up to \$69.50 Priced in Three Groups \$13 \$23 \$33

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Child-birth Piles CURED in 6 to 14 Days All Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of ITCHING, BLIND, BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES. Cases ordinary cases in 6 days, the worst cases in 14 days. PAZO OINTMENT instantly Relieves ITCHING PILES and you can get restful sleep after the first application. Price, 50c.