

WOMAN'S PAGE - MAGAZINE FEATURES

SOCIETY

Fine Guest Speaker to Be Guest at Luncheon.

The board of directors of the Omaha Society of Fine Arts will entertain at luncheon at the Fontenelle Tuesday for Mrs. Pierre Ponatidine...

Personals

Mrs. John McShane is ill at her apartment in the Blackstone.

Mrs. E. A. Wenberg is recovering from an operation for appendicitis. She is in the Methodist hospital.

Miss Frances Swift, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Swift, will return Thursday, December 21 from River Forest, Ill. where she is a student at Rosary college.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller will go to Lincoln, Saturday, December 23, to visit Mrs. Miller's parents...

Mrs. Clarke Returns.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoxie Clarke and daughters, Mary and Anna, have returned from their summer home at Belvedere, N. Y. Mr. Clarke will go to St. Louis, Tuesday, returning Friday...

Denman Kountze Engaged.

Announcement has been received here of the engagement of Denman Kountze, son of Charles T. Kountze, to Miss Mary Mallory Harris...

Omaha Club Tea Dances.

Omaha club tea dances will be given Wednesday and Friday of holiday week from 4 to 6 o'clock. These affairs will probably be popular with members of the school set home for the holidays.

Mrs. Flockhart a Guest.

Mrs. Robert Flockhart of Cincinnati, who was formerly Miss Marguerite Meyer of this city, is the guest of Mrs. Kenneth H. Paterson...

Christmas Tea.

Mrs. Frank Selby has set Wednesday, December 27, as the date for the Christmas tea she will give in her home.

Mrs. Prinz Gives Dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. George Prinz will entertain at dinner at their home Tuesday night.

Mrs. Reed Entertains.

Mrs. A. L. Reed will give a dinner party at her home Friday evening.

Christmas Bazaars.

A bazaar will be held Wednesday at the Dietz Memorial church. A supper will be served from 6 until 7:30 p. m.

Women of Bohemian Presbyterian church, Fifteenth and Hickory streets, will hold their annual bazaar Thursday evening at the church.

Women of St. Martin's Episcopal church will hold a bazaar and luncheon Thursday at the parish house, Twenty-fourth and J streets.

Bazaars at the court house are as follows: Tuesday—Wainwright Methodist Episcopal church, Omaha review No. 10, A. of the Macabees, War Mothers, Naomi Keating club.

Wednesday and Thursday—First Church of the Brethren, Trinity Lutheran, Hartford Memorial, First Memorial, Hancock Park, Methodist, Christian, Central Park, Congregational churches.

Friday and Saturday—Presbyterian Episcopal, Clifton Hill, Assembly, St. Paul's Episcopal, Calvary Baptist, First Christian, Grace Lutheran and North Side Christian churches.

Missionary Guest. The ladies of the First Christian church will entertain at luncheon at the Y. W. C. A. Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Ray Rice of Danah, India, a traveling missionary.

Water is heated chemically by adding sulphuric acid, or by applying certain chemicals, such as calcium chloride.

ASK for Horlicks THE ORIGINAL Malted Milk Safe Milk For Infants, Invalids & Children

Resinol does wonders for poor complexions. Does a poor complexion stand between you and popularity—good times—success? Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap do not work miracles, but they do make red, rough, pimply skins clearer, fresher and more attractive.



Tommy Fox, the Adventurer

CHAPTER XV. Counting Chickens.

Tommy Fox was in high spirits. He had found a nest full of eggs in the haystack in the meadow, not far from the barn. Henrietta Hen had "stolen her nest" again—as Johnnie Green called it. She had gone to the haystack to lay her eggs and raise a family of chicks, hoping nobody would know it until the happy day should come when she could lead a handsome rooster back to the barnyard.

Tommy Fox was just about to eat an egg, when an idea popped into his head. Eggs were good; but chickens were better. Why not wait until the chickens were hatched? Then he would have eight chickens, which he could make a fine meal for anybody.

"I'll wait," he decided. So he went away. And whenever he met any of his friends, he boasted to them that he expected to enjoy a feast of eight chickens almost any day. His mates all tried to find out where he was going to get the chickens. But Tommy Fox wouldn't tell.

That evening he asked his mother a question: "How long does it take eggs to hatch?" "It all depends whose eggs they are," said Mrs. Fox wisely.



The next day he counted three and went to the haystack.

"I think they're a hen's," Tommy explained.

"Twenty-one days," said Mrs. Fox. "Have you been down to the henhouse?"

"No, mother."

"Ahem!" said Mr. Fox. "If you ever find any eggs, Tommy, you'd better lead me to them at once. I'll be glad to answer any questions you care to ask about them."

"Thank you, father," said Tommy Fox. But he kept his news to himself. He knew that his father would make an end of those eggs very quickly if he had a chance.

Each day after that Tommy Fox stole down to the meadow, where he could watch the haystack. It was Henrietta Hen who owned the nest. And whenever she left her treasure to go and scratch for a meal, Tommy Fox would creep up to the nest and gloat over the eight eggs, which were going to be chickens some day.

At first he had been tempted to seize Henrietta herself and run off with her. But when he stopped to think about it, he decided that if he did that, his egg would never hatch. Better, he thought, to miss one Henrietta and get eight chickens later!

All this time he was counting. Not only was he counting the eight eggs each time he visited the nest. He was counting the days as well. On his second visit he counted two. The next day he counted three. And so it went. He meant to visit the haystack very early on the twenty-first day, and stay there until the chickens hatched.

Even the most careful people make mistakes sometimes. On the 17th day that Tommy Fox went to look at his—or Henrietta Hen's—eggs, he had a great surprise. He found nothing but broken eggshells.

"I ought to have eaten them the first day I saw them," he said with a groan. "I know what's happened. My father followed me down here yesterday. And as soon as I left he ate the eggs himself."

Tommy said nothing to his father about the matter. He never mentioned eggs to Mr. Fox. Nor did Mr. Fox say a word about eggs to him.

But a few days later Tommy had another surprise. Mr. Fox came home with a bit of news.

"Old Mr. Crow," Mr. Fox remarked, "tells me that Henrietta Hen has a fine brood of chicks. He says he'd like to get one of them. He says there'd be seven left for Henrietta; and that's a big enough family for anybody to bring up. But Henrietta Hen watches those chicks like a hawk. She won't let them stray out of her sight."

Well, Tommy Fox was amazed. "You must have made a mistake, mother!" he cried. "It took Henrietta

Hen only 16 days to hatch those chicks.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Fox. "Then I must have counted wrong," said her son.

"What's that?" Mr. Fox inquired sharply. "Did you know she was setting?"

"Yes!" Tommy answered. "Where was she sitting?" Mr. Fox demanded.

"In the hay," Tommy told him. Mr. Fox laughed.

"Of course!" he said. "They say she always steals her nest in the haystack—when she can. It's a pity she doesn't steal it in the haystack in the meadow."

Tommy Fox made no comment on that remark. But he couldn't help wondering why the eggs had hatched in 16 days. He didn't know that Henrietta had already been sitting on them five days when he found them in the haystack.

All at once he remembered that somebody had once said to him, "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched!" So that was the trouble. "I'll never do it again," Tommy vowed. "It's bad luck."

(Copyright, 1922.)

Problems That Perplex

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Accompany Him.

Dear Miss Fairfax: My fiancé, with my permission, went alone to a dance. I being too tired to go, and escorted a friend of his to the same place.

By all means drop the matter. Since your fiancé assures you that he meant no harm, why should you, by suspicion and nagging, make him conscious and "put ideas in his head?"

Jack: It would never do to speak without an introduction, no matter how the heart throbs. You might hope and pray for a heroic moment of resolve, or some legitimate accidental introductory opening for a conversation. But as these things are more apt to happen in books than out, let your fiancé look around and see if you cannot find some one who knows her and could introduce you.

Harry: My impression is that she may be just trying to let you down easy. I don't believe your chances there are worth the question. One might as well look a situation like that squarely in the face, and be a good loser about it. It may be reflection on you that you do not find favor in the lady's eyes, rather than lack of good judgment on her part.

J. D.: I think I'd bow to mother's judgment on the girl. Mother can see in her what you, in your blind infatuation, may be unable to see. And if you, in ultimate happiness she is thinking of.

Doughnuts and Crullers. Add a little cinnamon to the sugar in which the doughnuts or crullers are rolled. It improves the flavor.

All for \$1 Special Christmas Offer: 2 dozen five-cent packages Little Sun-Maid Raisins—\$1.20 worth—all for \$1.

Make 2 dozen kiddies happy with them. Stick them in the stockings. Let the little people hand them out to little friends as Christmas gifts.

Luscious, healthful Christmas sweetmeats, both good and good for them.

Get them now—in a cardboard carton—24 all for \$1—at any store.

Little Sun-Maids "Christmas Raisins" 5c Everywhere Had Your Iron Today?

My Marriage Problems

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

The Reason Madge's Memory Was Jarred Into Wakefulness.

My opinion of my own astuteness fell in proportion to the rise in my estimation of Miss Carrigill's keenness. I had been sure I had "deceived" every one with my warm greeting of Dicky, and now I had found out that she might as well have listened to my whispered warning of the reporter's presence.

"So you spotted that, too," he said with an admiring note in his voice. "There doesn't seem much get by you. I'll tell the city room! And I agree with you. That young woman has her husband so buffeted that he can't guess where he gets off. Do you know, I imagine that's the way she keeps him most of the time, uncertain of her emotions—not of her actions—she's too well-poised to give him any chance for criticism. Darn you modern women, anyway! We poor devils had a chance until you began to mix your brains with your hearts."

"Do you want me to tell you—Jean?" Mr. Rickett's tone was low, tense, and I scented a romance.

"Not this evening," Miss Carrigill returned with apparent flippancy. But I wondered if Mr. Rickett caught, as I did, the elusive tenderness in her intonation. "Jim, I've a theory—a wild one. I'll admit—that he may have staged this stunt on purpose to see how she'd take it. I don't mean the accident—but the rest of the performance."

"A Marble Statue—" "Dream on, little one," Mr. Rickett advised sardonically. "I would be a pity to wake you. At that, there might be a suspicion of truth in it. A man in love with a marble statue like the missus yonder, might try anything once to see if he could make her tearing jealous. But I'll never know, you can bet on that. How about a hot chocolate before we tackle that drive? I suppose we'd better wait to eat until we get back?"

"Oh, of course," Miss Carrigill assented. "But I'd surely enjoy a hot chocolate."

They moved down the platform and into the road, while I stood lost in memories which Mr. Rickett's words had called up. It was not the first time I had been called a marble statue.

I remembered the very evening to which Harry Underwood had referred, the one of my first meeting with him



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Special sale by all dealers in this city. Look at your calendar. Buy it now—be ready for Christmas.

Everybody knows Puritan. It's the richest malt made. Extra special prices by the case.

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Advertisement for Musterole: A RAW, SORE THROAT Eases Quickly When You Apply a Little Musterole

And Musterole won't blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Just spread it on with your fingers. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It is fine for quick relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds on the chest. Keep it handy for instant use. 35c and 65c. Jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.00.

Better than a mustard plaster. MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER

memory compartments, and that some day I would bring it out again and look at it.

"Don't bother about that now," I interrupted impatiently before the man could answer. "I'm perfectly all right. Nothing at all happened to me, and we probably will never see the town again. So why make a fuss?"

"You said a mouthful then," he returned emphatically. "This section is sure off the map for me from this time on. Of all the gossip-infested God-forsaken—" "Not so loud," I cautioned in a

whisper, as I moved toward the car, compelling him to forego his vengeance upon the station master. And then we were shut up in the taxi, the driver separated from us by a close window, and were whirled into the darkness of the road.

Card Party. The women of Holy Angels parish will entertain at a card party Tuesday evening at their hall, Twenty-eighth and Fowler avenues.

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And because of their durability they are the most economical floor coverings one may buy.

May we suggest that Oriental rugs make ideal Christmas gifts—most acceptable and enduring.

Scatter Rugs, \$20 up Room Size Rugs, \$100 up

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