

SOCIETY

Men Have Bad Telephone Manners, Girls Declare

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Why does a man who has given every sign of being interested in a girl, sometimes turn against her when she telephones him? Is it wrong to call a man at his office when you really want to talk to him? Can you see any objection to inviting a man to a dinner or a dinner and telephoning the invitation if you have to give him short notice?

Half a dozen of us girls were exchanging experiences the other night, and each of us had to recount some story of a fellow who had actually broken friendship through his bad telephone manners.

We are all sick and tired of the men who think they are so important that they can't give a girl five minutes of their precious time when she telephones in the same friendly spirit she would show another girl. If you will take up this matter, be assured that you will have the grateful appreciation of six girls who want to improve men's manners.

Now it just happens that a well-known English economist and author, recently expressed himself as follows on the subject of telephoning: "At no time during the day can I rely on a quarter of an hour's uninterrupted work. Any unaccounted person who finds it easier to ring up than send a postcard, any hostess making up her party, any tourist who thinks he would like a few words with me, is entitled by the existing conventions, and is able, and at any hour, to interrupt my business and attend to theirs."

Do you six girls see how completely you are answered by Mr. J. M. Keynes?

When the person who telephones has something vital to say, something which needs the worker's attention, only a selfish and churlish person would resent the call or be discourteous. The men who are rude to girls over the telephone, are—in nine cases out of ten—using their only means of self-protection.

Hot Weather Tempers.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am so irritable and cross all the time nowadays that I don't see how I'm going through the summer without estranging my relatives and friends.

I am a widow with three children to support, the oldest of whom is 14 and able to look after the house during the vacation months. But even with her at home to lighten my burdens somewhat I can hardly hold myself together and be civil either to my friends or to my office mates. I cannot look forward to any change or vacation, because I cannot afford

it. I would not go away without taking the children along, and I cannot manage to give them anything more than a day's outing now and then.

I am earning enough to keep up a decent little home and dress fairly well, but I cannot have any of the things I crave. I am 35 and can't make myself feel middle-aged or contented with my lot. Can you suggest any way for me to get along without an explosion such as might cost me my job, make my children miserable or cost me my last friend?

Perhaps this doesn't seem serious to you, but it is driving me half crazy. I hold on to myself and hold on until I think I am going to scream. I want to be amiable, but I am so worn and hot and tired I don't know how to fight my nerves. ISOBEL.

It is no easy task for any of us to fight our nerves, especially when hot weather makes our belief in them especially clamorous and strident.

Yet which of us is willing to be at the mercy of "nerves," which of us wants to be the victim of conditions? None of us wishes to yield to the things we ought to handle and conquer, and yet most of us think we must do just this.

I believe that every one of us is entitled to control over himself and the beliefs he entertains. Now when you find an intruding belief in your thought, why should you not refuse to entertain it precisely as you would decline to have as a guest in your home some one you did not like?

Try to keep yourself friendly and pleasant and peaceful and poised this summer. Recognize that you do not know what glorious surprises the days and weeks may bring. Expect good things to happen. Try to find enjoyment in all that comes your way—in work, well done, in words kindly said, in growing knowledge of your dominion over self. Your amiability will bring you other gifts—but in itself you will find it the finest gift of all.

By the end of the summer you will have grown so much in self-control that you will find your months well spent in building a disposition.

Honoring Mrs. Weaver's Guest

Mrs. R. J. Mayer entertained at a bridge luncheon Tuesday at the Athletic club for 12 guests in honor of Miss Emily Mueller of Detroit, who is the guest of Mrs. L. D. Weaver.

Bride of Week



Mrs. E. W. Lovejoy.

Mrs. Hannah Eckstrom of this city announces the marriage of her daughter, Clara, to E. W. Lovejoy of New York City. The ceremony was performed Monday at the home of the bride's brother, Carl Eckstrom, at Meadowood farm, in Seymour Conn. Following a honeymoon in the White mountains, Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy will be at home in New York City. Mrs. Lovejoy, who possesses a beautiful soprano voice, has appeared in several musical comedy productions. She retired from the stage four years ago and since then has been making her home with her brother, who is also an actor, and is at present in Boston in "The Cat and the Canary."

Comings and Goings of People You Know.

Earl Gannett is in New York.

Miss May Mahoney has returned from a summer trip to Minnesota.

Mrs. Wilson Low of California is a guest at the Raymond Low home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Bush are at the Minnesota lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Herton of San Francisco arrived Tuesday to visit Dr. and Mrs. D. T. Quigley.

Mrs. M. Mitchell and Miss Nancy Mitchell leave this week for Glacier National park and the Pacific coast.

Henry LaBerge of Chicago arrives Thursday to join Mrs. LaBerge and son, Jack, who are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Guild.

Miss Mary Gantt has returned home from a trip to the Pacific coast. She visited friends in Los Angeles and Portland.

Dr. A. Hugh Hipple returned Monday evening from his summer home in the Thousand Islands. Mrs. Hipple will remain there until early fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gillespie of Murdock and Willard McNamara of

Fairmont motored to Omaha Wednesday to spend the day.

Cards have been received here by friends of Mrs. J. H. Mithen. She and her children are at National Park, Wash., at present.

A son was born on Tuesday to Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Davies at the Nicholas Senn hospital. Mrs. Davies was formerly Miss Myrtle Keefe.

Mrs. W. W. Grigor of Los Angeles, who has been the guest of her brother, Judge Howard Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy, leaves Thursday for her home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whitmore, accompanied by their sister, Miss Rhea Whitmore, returned last week from a motor trip to Waterloo, Ia., where they visited relatives.

Messrs. Frank Burkley, Harry Burkley and son, Francis, returned Monday from Minnesota. Frank Burkley is going to Glacier park here.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Allison, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Brink and son, Clarence, and Mr. and Mrs. Morris Bennett returned Sunday from Lake Okoboji, where they have been spending a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Fraser and children, Dorothy, Mary and Robert, are spending a few weeks at Long Lake resort, Phelps, Wis. They will return by way of Minneapolis, where Mr. Fraser will attend the American Bar association meeting.

Miss J. Claire Crane, the guest of her sister, Mrs. James W. Hanbery, and Mrs. Hanbery, is spending a short while in Yellowstone park. She will return the end of this week to spend a week or so here before leaving for her home in Tulsa, Okl.

Mrs. Hattie A. Hill of Lincoln, who motored to Omaha Saturday for a month's visit with her daughter, Mrs. William L. Randall, was accompanied by her son, Leonard Hill, and Miss Olive Taylor, who were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Randall.

Miss Eleanor Burkley, who has been visiting in the east, is at present at the home of Mrs. George Hamilton in Maryland. Mrs. C. W. Hamilton of Omaha is also with her daughter, Mrs. George Hamilton. Miss Burkley will not return to Omaha before September.

Carl Kittleson, son of Mrs. Effie Steen Kittleson, will be in Omaha Sunday and for a few days longer, en route to the national convention of Phi Gamma fraternity at Pittsburgh. Mr. Kittleson is president of a chapter at Columbia university, where he is a senior student in journalism. He was graduated from Central High school three years ago and has since attended Nebraska university and Columbia.

Tea for Miss Flickinger.

Miss Mary Munchhoff was hostess at tea Tuesday, honoring Miss Edith Flickinger of Council Bluffs and New York.

Picnic at Bluffs.

Mr. and Mrs. August Borglum were hosts at an informal picnic at Council Bluffs Country club Tuesday night.

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

The Way Katherine Leaped to the Emergency.

The mother of a child over one year old is generally like a well-trained fireman in her ability to awaken from sleep and slide down the pole without loss of time. I had no knowledge of the meaning of the hoarse, strangled noise I had just heard from my mother-in-law's room—for I never had heard anything just like it—but that it meant illness or danger for my small son, I knew instinctively. And even as I sprang from the bed, I thrust my feet into my felt bedroom slippers, and snatching my bathrobe put it on as I ran down the corridor. Swift as I was, however, Katherine reached my mother-in-law's

to hold the blanket. You are used to croup and she isn't."

When there is a real emergency my mother-in-law rises to it wonderfully. There was no hint of her usual pique for any infringement of her authority in her prompt surrendering of the idolized little body to my grasp.

"Take him in your arms and sit in this chair," Katherine directed, busy in pouring boiling water from the kettle into the basin. "Keep his arms and legs down so that he can't upset this."

She had added the contents of the bottle to the steaming water in the basin as she spoke, and she turned to my mother-in-law, who, with evident understanding of her wishes, was standing close by me with a big and thick blanket spread out over her arms.

"All ready," she said. "Put it over both heads. This will be unpleasant, Madge, but it can't be helped."

The thick folds of the blanket enveloped my head, the upper portion of my body and the entire figure of

Junior. Then the lower edge of the blanket was lifted and Katherine's hand thrust in the steaming basin.

"Hold his face as close to it as you can without burning him," she directed, and I obeyed her, half-strangled myself, with the fumes coming from the basin. But in only a few seconds the awful choking ceased, and I felt my little lad's tense body relax against me.

"There, that will do for a little!" Katherine decided. "Just hand me that other blanket, please. Thank you. Now if you'll ring the bell for Katie, please. We must have a fire here right away."

I heard my mother-in-law's footsteps going to the side of the room where she has had a bell installed so that she may summon my little maid at her convenience.

It is an arrangement at which I have rebelled secretly, and I know Katie detests it, but now I was devoutly thankful for it. And then the swathing blanket was lifted from me, and another blanket wrapped quickly around Junior, while Kath-

erine wiped the steam from his face.

"He'll do for a few minutes," she said, looking at him gravely. "I'll get something to give him."

"For a few minutes?" I echoed, panic-stricken. "Do you mean he's going to have another of these things?"

"We're in for a fight," she answered, "but don't lose your nerve. No child ever died of croup yet. It gives most parents heart failure, though."

She was out of the room as she spoke, and I heard her fleet feet running down the hall. I clasped my baby boy closer and saw that he was too exhausted by his paroxysm to move or cry. Mother Graham came back into the room and, white-faced, bent above him.

"Grannie's lamb," she said unsteadily, and there was room in my heart beside my own anxiety for a profound pity for her. My curiosity stirred feebly also, for there was something in her tortured eyes even more poignant than normal anxiety would bring there.



Oh, Boy! Real Corn Flakes!

FILL the bowl and pour on cream or milk, and the treat is ready. There's no waiting for the delicious goodness of Post Toasties. And you have two good foods—crisp, flavory, energy-giving flakes of toasted corn, and the cream or milk with which Post Toasties are served.

Nothing better to turn a hungry feeling into happiness. Don't just ask for "corn flakes," say Post Toasties—they're different! You can tell Post Toasties by the Yellow and Red package—if it isn't wax-wrapped it isn't Post Toasties.



Post Toasties Improved CORN FLAKES

Aulabaugh's August Fur Sale

Aulabaugh's August Fur Sale

We want you to know how we collect the wonderful Hudson's Bay pelts, and why we can offer them to you at the price of ordinary furs.

Minks are plentiful in that northern country and we buy them in large quantities. We select the richest, primest pelts for our own use and sell the balance to raw fur dealers.

The items listed on the right side are just examples of the unusual values obtainable here. You must see our line to appreciate what we have to offer you. We know furs; let us tell you how to judge the quality of various pelts. This education and saving in price constitute only a part of the service we have to offer you.

Includes Many Unusual Values in Scarfs

Just imagine purchasing a soft, silky mink; natural color (mark this, not blended with dye), in a single skin choker for \$30

A two-skin choker of the same fur for only \$55

Red foxes, dyed to the new shades of tan and brown, selected quality. Easy competition for the usual \$75 offering. Our price... \$60

White foxes, dyed to blue, platinum and beige. Often priced at \$125. Our price... \$85

Silver foxes, heavy furred, prime pelts selected for color. Not a tinge of red or brown shadings, and full \$100 below competition—

\$250 to \$650

Our Entire Stock of Furs is Included in This August Fur Sale.

A payment will hold any garment till fall.

Aulabaugh Furs

19th and Farnam Streets

Enjoy thirst~

The great thing about Coca-Cola is that it is so much for so little. It makes the lowly nickel do what you can't measure by price—delight your taste and quench your thirst.



Drink

Coca-Cola Delicious and Refreshing

5¢

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Perfect Cleanliness

Old Dutch Cleanser gives you perfect cleanliness in the bathroom and all through the house. This means absolutely clean, not only free from visible dirt, but from hidden impurities as well. Everything you clean with it, therefore, is wholesome and sanitary.

The secret of the thoroughness and efficiency of Old Dutch lies in the character of its fine particles, which are free from hard, jagged grit. They are flat-shaped, made that way by nature. They erase the dirt without injuring the surface, and do not scratch or grind it off like sharp grit. Being flat, they do a greater amount of cleaning, easier and better, than anything else you can buy.

Old Dutch won't harm the hands because it contains no lye or acids. For convenience, keep a can in the bathroom as well as the kitchen. There is nothing like Old Dutch for perfect cleanliness.



Old Dutch removes the dirt —not the surface