

WOMAN'S NEWS-FEATURES

To Dance at Her Wedding Queen Eleanor Has Busy Day, at Lincoln Game and Here to Be Bridesmaid in Evening.

The most interesting announcement of the week is that of the dance to be given by Mr. and Mrs. W. B. T. Belt following the wedding of their daughter, Dorothy, to Francis Gaines, which will be solemnized October 20, at Trinity cathedral. Plans are being made for 400 guests at the dance at the Country club, which will be given in lieu of the usual formal reception, following the ceremony.

In giving this dance the Belts are reviving an ancient custom which recently has been brought into vogue in New York and Philadelphia and which is now being re-introduced for the first time in Omaha. Queen Eleanor, who is to be one of Miss Belt's bridesmaids, is to spend one of the busiest days of October 20. In the afternoon she will take her attendants to Lincoln at the homecoming game, with the board of governors of Ak-Sar-Ben.

The occasion is doubly auspicious for she will be the first Queen of Quivera to hold court in the huge new stadium which so many of Quivera's subjects have helped to erect, and for the first time the duchesses will accompany the royal family on the trip.

After the game Miss Bury will hurry home to serve Miss Belt and Mr. Gaines as bridesmaid and "to dance at their wedding" as the old song runs.

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

The Result of the Conference With the Editor.

I stood stock still for several seconds with Dicky's handkerchief in my hand trying to solve the queer problem which its presence beneath the table had presented. It was not an odd thing for it to be on the floor—he strews his possessions everywhere—but I had swept the tiny room carefully after I had put my purchases in the refrigerator, and I was sure that it had not been there at that time. And he had not been in the room since to my certain knowledge.

Perhaps it was Dicky's after all, though that conjecture brought up the terrifying possibility that some masculine marauder had been able to make his way into the apartment without my knowledge. I unfolded the moucher, shook it out, and examined it closely. There was no mistake about it being Dicky's. It was one of a set which I had embroidered and given him upon his last birthday. I could not fail to recognize his monogram in my own needlework.

Something about the feeling of it in my hands brought it quickly up to my face, and I sniffed inquiringly, confirming the conjecture which a hint of dampness about the article had brought to my mind. The handkerchief had been washed and ironed within the last few minutes. I would stake all my housewifely lore upon it. With sudden distaste, I hurried into the bedroom, opened Dicky's handkerchief box and deposited the offending moucher within it. For offending it was to me. I felt that I wanted it out of sight as soon as possible, although I would not admit even to myself the reason for my feeling.

Madge Discovers an Intruder.

I was glad that my shopping list called me out of doors. Indeed I think I should have left the apartment even if I had possessed no valid reason for going. But I felt choked, the room seemed suddenly a stifling prison, and I longed instinctively for the open air.

With trembling fingers I adjusted my hat and coat, picked up my purse and opened the door. As I stepped into the hall, there was a quick, rustling movement in the hallway above me, and I looked up, in time only to catch a retreating glimpse of a man's hat. It needed no Sherlock Holmes to deduce that some man was watching our hall from the next stairway, and that he had withdrawn his head precipitously when he saw our hall door open. Mrs. Marks' warning against sneak thieves recurred to my mind, and my first thought was to rush up the stairs and confront the loiterer. Then, sanity reminded me that I had not the authority for such an investigation, but neither my conscience nor my apprehension would permit me to leave the building with the intruder waiting there, so instead of going directly to the street I descended from the first floor to the basement quarters of the janitor.

"I take Herman."

I found him contentedly smoking a pipe beside his furnace, to which he gave far more assiduous attention than is accorded many babies. He rose with old-fashioned courtesy as soon as he saw me.

"You want me to carry the things down for you already, nein?" he asked.

"Oh, no not for an hour or two yet," I answered hurriedly. "but I thought you ought to know," but I thought that there is a man standing in the third floor hall watching the people below. He drew back when I looked up, but I caught a glimpse of his hat. Of course he may have business there—

"No—no," Mr. Schwartz was moving with quick short steps toward the door and I kept pace with him. "Dot iss no business for anybody to stand in the hall and vatch peoples. I clear heem out of dot quick. Here Herman."

A shock-headed youth appeared from the darkness of the trunk room. I knew that he was the janitor's assistant and I kept pace with him. "Dot iss no business for anybody to stand in the hall and vatch peoples. I clear heem out of dot quick. Here Herman."

"I take Herman with me," he said determinedly. "and we soon rout dot scifer out. Here, Missa Graham, you can go out dis door. It is shorter."

He indicated the basement door, and I sallied forth upon my errands, relieved from my vague fears for the safety of my small possessions from possible sneak thieves.

Mrs. Baldrige Speaks of Hostility Encountered in Germany

Unable to see interviewers earlier because of the hurry of settling in Omaha after a year and a half in Paris, Mrs. Howard Baldrige, who arrived in Omaha a week ago, told reporters today how much more pleasant it is to go through customs inspection in Omaha than in Germany.

We were prepared for rigidity in the search," she said, "but it was exacting to the point of insult. The hostility the German people feel for Americans is apparent, so much so that in Cologne and Berlin I kept to my room and read while Mr. Baldrige went sight seeing. They almost refuse to sell Americans anything. A pen knife incident convinced me of that. I wanted a special kind for my son, Malcolm, and a few of his friends, but they would not sell; they needed them for their own people. The Germans are very strict about the mark. During the customs inspection they rifled the pages of a package of books for they want to keep them in the country, although no one else wants them. In the station on our departure Mr. Baldrige purchased an orange from a very little girl, and in payment, held out a 50,000 mark note in one hand, and a dime in the other. Quick as a flash the small bargainer snatched the dime and made off without a word.

"When we went through the customs house we found it most unpleasant. It was nothing more than a long shed with little booths like bath houses. They went through everything. The women attendants took my hair down, searched my body, untied every package, and prodded every lining in coats and negligees. Then I had to repack. It so happened that I had Mr. Baldrige's overcoat over my arm when I went in, and unknown to me he had purchased a few trinkets—a bracelet, some studs, oh, a few small things, and—when they found them they leered at me and said 'Ah ha' accusingly. After it was all over they stuck out their hands for *pourboire* (a tip). Of course I ignored it.

Norwegians Kind.

"We found the people in Norway most kind. It was there Mr. Baldrige fell ill, in the little town of Alesand. Not an American had been in that town for 19 years before our arrival, and we were held there, waiting for Malcolm, for 17 days. I was traveling with a handbag as my only baggage

and had to buy a new wardrobe. Of course I had to get it all by signs and if I hadn't been so worried about the illness of my husband I would have found it most amusing.

"I loved living in Paris," she went on. "Festive hours there are greatly to be desired. I had to abandon bridge for a while for I hardly had time with my lectures in the university. However, there was quite an Omaha colony in Paris, and we filled the social calendar much as we do here. Mrs. Frank Hamilton, the Spanish countess who formerly lived here, has a beautiful apartment there with her two children. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Barber are there, Mrs. Charles Hull was there for six months and Miss Linda Curtis, who will be remembered as the daughter of Colonel Curtis, one of Omaha's most respected pioneers.

Miss Curtis, who was over for almost a year from her Greenwich (Conn.) home, plans to return to Omaha soon to visit Mrs. William Martin. We had Omaha teas, every now and then, and added to our list of acquaintances.

"I found my studies absorbing. The classes themselves were a study, for in them were Russians, Japanese and an Abyssinian, among all the French and English."

Mrs. Baldrige and Mr. Baldrige have given up their home for the winter to Dr. and Mrs. Karl Connell, and will remain at the Fontenelle until after Christmas, when they will go to California.

To Attend Woman's Relief Corps Convention.

Members of George A. Custer Woman's Relief corps will go to Fremont Thursday to attend the district convention of Women's Relief corps, include Mesdames Zulla Penton, Alice Sleigh, Florence Stone, A. M. Grimes, Emma Gwynne, J. A. Bowie, Mary Johnson, Stephen Bowes and Nellie Wensley.

Drama League Committee.

Assisting Mrs. J. J. McMullen in the membership drive for the Omaha Drama League are Mesdames George Radcliffe, Dan Baum, Harley Moorehead, J. R. Schell, W. B. T. Belt, Robert Switzer, Henry M. Adams, John T. Yates.

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McDonald Wedding Solemnized

The wedding of Miss Beatrice Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan A. Johnson, and Henry Stewart McDonald, jr., of New York, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. McDonald of this city, was solemnized very quietly Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents. The wedding, which is the culmination of a school days' romance, was performed before only the members of the immediate families. Archbishop Harty officiated.

Mrs. MacDonald was wed in her traveling costume of Coolidge brown, a very smart model made with a two-tiered pleated apron in front, heavily embroidered in rich blue and gold. Her corsage was of lilies of the valley, orchids and bride's roses.

The young couple plan a honeymoon to Bermuda before settling in their New York home. When the bride left for the train she wore a short coat of tan caracul, collared and cuffed in black fox, with a small toque of tan embroidered in self tones and the brim lined with tangerine. At the ceremony the bride wore the gift of the groom, a diamond and platinum lavalliere.

Miss Margaret Johnson, the bride's youngest sister, was her only attendant. Miss Johnson wore a model of henna satin with a corsage of Ward's roses and lilies of the valley. John McDonald of Chicago served his brother as best man.

Following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Johnson gave a wedding dinner of 12 covers. The rooms were decorated in yellow chrysanthemums and the altar in the living room marked with yellow cathedral candles.

Comings and Goings of People You Know

L. W. Raber and daughter, Mrs. William Zimmerman, will spend the week end at Fort Dodge, Ia.

Claire Jean Weaver of Kearney, Neb., is spending a few days here with her niece, Marrie Shepard of Omaha.

Mrs. C. M. Wilhelm returned Wednesday morning from a trip east. She visited her son in Chicago and her daughter in Pittsburgh. Mr. Wilhelm, who accompanied her, went on to Boston for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Byrne have moved into their new home at 217 South Fifty-third street.

Mrs. Raymond Traynor, accompanied by her two weeks old son, Raymond, jr., returned home Sunday from St. Joseph hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Ingham of Des Moines, Ia., have returned home after spending the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Williams, who spent the summer in the Ozarks, are planning to leave this week by motor for California and Portland, Ore.

Mrs. John Douglas has gone to Chicago to attend the supreme guardian council of Job's Daughters in session at Hotel Sherman Thursday to Saturday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Martin of Sioux City, who came here for the wedding of Mrs. Martin's sister, Miss

Mildred Weston, will sail October 20. Weston Martin, will remain here with for Europe. Their daughter, Mildred, her grandparents.

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Columbus Day Friday, October 12, 1923

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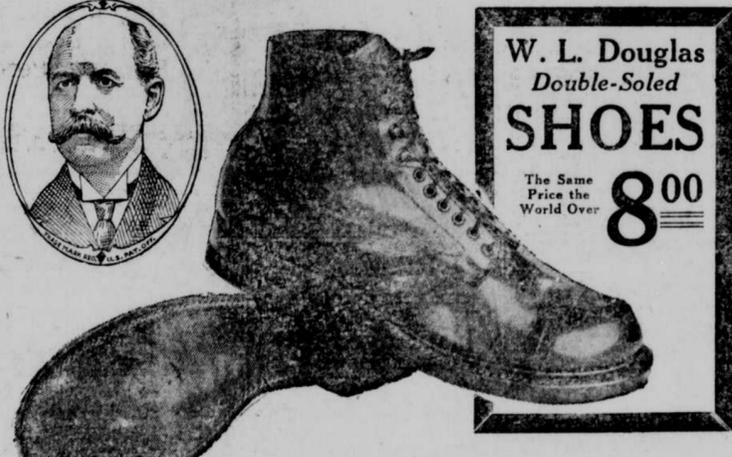
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