

WOMAN'S NEWS - FEATURES

Hallowe'en Suggestions for Learning One's Future

By MARTHA ALLEN.

"Dear Miss Allen: This is the first time I have written you, although I always read your column and have received some helpful advice. A club I belong to is having a Hallowe'en party and we have been trying to find some stunts for learning what one's future husband is going to be like. I wonder if you could give us some suggestions. Thank you for your trouble. BETTY ANN.

Here you are Betty Ann. I hope these are what you want and that your party will be a success:

If you wish to find out what your matrimonial chances are before another year is out, take three dishes, put clear water in one, soap in another and leave the third empty. Have some one blindfold you and lead you to the table where the dishes are arranged. Dip your hand in one. If you dip it in the clean water, your future husband will be a rich and handsome bachelor; if in the soapy water, a widower; if in the empty dish, no husband at all.

To find out if your sweetheart is true, light a match and set it to one of his letters. If the flame is high and clear, he is, but if small and blue he will forsake you.

Apple Seeds.
Name two wet apple seeds, and with the palm of your hand stick them on the forehead. The seed which remains stuck longest is the one upon which to pin your hopes. Another test is to cut an apple and pick out seeds from the core; if only two seeds are found it predicts early marriage; three, legacy; four, great wealth; five, voyage; six, great fame; seven means you will get anything you desire.

Apple Paring.
With a sharp knife peel an apple round and round without breaking; then swing the paring round about the head and let it drop to the floor. The letter formed is the initial of your future mate's name. Or, you may hang the paring over the door and the first of the opposite sex to pass under it will be your mate.

King and Gobbet.
Tie a wedding ring or a key to a silken thread and hold suspended within a glass; then say the alphabet slowly. The letter first will be the initial of your loved one's name, and the second strike will register the initial of his last name.

Needle Test.
Grease three needles and place in a bowl of water, naming one for the girl and one for two suitors. Impelled by gravitation, the needles will act curiously. The manner in which they behave toward the young lady is supposed to be suggestive and prophetic.

Walnut Test.
Remove meat from good sized walnut shells, and in each shell fasten tiny pieces of different colored candies, the smallest you can get, each of which is named for a member of the party. After lighting, set afloat in a large pan of water. The behavior of these tiny boats reveals the future for whom they are named. If two slide together their owners have a like destiny. If they glide apart, so it will be. Sometimes the little boats will huddle together, leaving one out in the cold, an outcast, as it were. Again, two will start, the rest will follow, declaring a wedding procession. The one whose candle goes out first is destined to be an old maid or bachelor. These nutshell boats may be made, too, by pouring melted wax candles into the half shells, using short string for wicks.

Pumpkin Seed.
Carve all the letters of the alphabet on a good sized pumpkin. Set on a stand or table. Each guest is blindfolded, given a hat pin and led to the pumpkin, where he or she sticks the pin into a letter, thus indicating the initials of the intended's last name.

The Four Graces.
Put four saucers in a line on the table. Into the first put dirt, into the second water, into the third a ring, into the fourth a tumbler. Guests are blindfolded and led around the table twice, then urged to go alone and put fingers into the saucer. Into the dirt means divorce; into water, an ocean voyage; where ring is, to marry; where tumbler is, never to marry.

Popcorn.
Put a grain of popcorn on a hot stove and whichever way it pops that way your sweetheart lives.

Mrs. Sidney Cullingham and Sister



Mrs. Edward Ridgely Harrison and Mrs. Sidney Cullingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Cullingham arrived in Omaha on Sunday, following their marriage in New York on Wednesday. Mrs. Cullingham is pictured here with her sister, Mrs. Edward Ridgely Harrison of Long Island, who was wed in a double ceremony with Mrs. Cullingham at high noon in the Plaza hotel. Mrs. R. B. Howell, mother of Mr. Cullingham, went east for the wedding, and it is indefinite whether or not she will return this winter. The Cullinghams are temporarily at the Bradford hotel.

land, Neb., is the guest of Miss Lenora Montgomery. She is en route to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Partridge of Los Angeles have departed for their home after a visit here with Mrs. Partridge's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Drummond.

Mrs. Nathan Merriam has arrived from Coronado, Cal., to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Barton Millard.

Mrs. J. Hedley Scudder of Oak-

"Lillian, I leave them and the vegetables in your hands," I said resignedly. "Come, Harriet, I'll show you your room. Which bags do you wish with you now? Dicky will take them up."

She waved Dicky back as he bent with alacrity toward the suitcases piled in the corner of the living room. "I need only this." She picked up a small, overnight bag of handsome leather. "The rest will do when we go up to our room for the night."

Her tone and words were casual, yet somehow I knew that my stately sister-in-law wished to see me by myself.

"Richard, you absurd boy," she scolded, "what did you mean by picking your apartment in such awful colors? Why, it's charming!"

"Delightful," big Edwin Braithwaite echoed, his eyes following his wife's around the room while I telegraphed a glance of appreciation and thankfulness to Lillian, and preened myself a bit at Dicky's look of astonished approval.

Lillian had softened the old-fashioned and ugly electric chandelier over the table with impromptu shades fashioned from the soft-tinted paper surrounding the flowers, and decked it with trailing vines. Instead of being the ugliest thing in the room it was suddenly the prettiest striking note which Lillian had carried out in the decking of the table beneath it. And the softened light mellowed and lent beauty to everything else in the room. Even the atrocious coarse lace curtains at the window became delicate and filmy in the glamour of that coloring.

I enjoyed their inspection to the full, and then, remembering the apartment upstairs exactly like our own which I had tried to make comfortable for my sister-in-law, but which I was afraid would now appear doubly unattractive by contrast, I hastened to explain.

"I am afraid Dicky is partly right, Harriet. These rooms are awful from an artistic standpoint, although they are clean and comfortable. But Mrs. Underwood is a genius at this sort of thing, and I turned her loose in here a few minutes ago with the results you see."

"I thought I lamped your fine tallan wilt," Dicky commented with a grandiose bow to Lillian. "But, Harriet," drawing a chair forward and putting her into it, "I am afraid daylight will compel your agreement with me that it is nothing but a dump, pure and simple."

"I wish I had one like it," his sister retorted, and, remembering Dicky's captious criticism, I could not resist flashing him a triumphant grin as I answered:

"You have the one directly above this on the next floor. Would you like to go up there and rest for a few minutes while I get dinner on the table?"

"Oh! indeed I would," she answered, promptly rising. "How about you, Edwin?"

Her big husband looked up quizzically from the armchair in which he had ensconced himself. Marlon was perched on his knee, and his strong fine face wore the contented look which the proximity of a child always brings to him.

"You couldn't drag me from this spot with twice 20 wild horses," he said firmly. "I will consent to wash the dust from my hands and face before dinner, but I know Madge will let me come down here."

The difference in the name each gave me was indicative of the personality of each. Harriet, who inherits the dignity and precision of her mother, always addresses me by my full name of Margaret, although I do not think she dislikes the diminutive as does my mother-in-law. But Edwin Braithwaite, famous surgeon, always calls me Madge, the name which Dicky has endeavored to me, and which no one before him had ever given me.

"The keys of the flat are yours," I told him, smiling. "Dicky will go

An Unexpected Invitation

is rarely ever exasperating unless it finds you with "nothing to wear."

And those words, "nothing to wear," usually mean that you have no garment in readiness for any occasion.

Now is the time—the height of the social season—to look over your entire wardrobe and send us the gowns, suits, coats and furs that need a thorough cleaning and artistic finishing.

We keep your wardrobe ready for all occasions.

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"PHILLIPS" MILK OF MAGNESIA

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Save the Wrappers They are good for valuable presents

The Flavor Lasts!

Federated Clubs

Mrs. John Slaker of Hastings, general federation director from Nebraska, was the speaker at the opening meeting of the North Platte Woman's club last week.

A new department of business and professional women, with a membership of nearly 100, has been added to the club, which brings the total membership near the 400 mark, all of whom heartily endorse Mrs. George Frater of North Platte, for nomination for president of the Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs.

A one-day community convention was held in North Platte, October 10, with the local club hostess. Representatives from different clubs from surrounding towns as far as Gothenburg were in attendance. An all-day session gave opportunity for a profitable exchange of ideas.

Mrs. A. E. Sheldon of Lincoln, former state president of the Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs, was honor guest and speaker at the opening meeting of the Falls City Woman's club Tuesday, October 15.

Tuesday evening Mrs. A. G. Warner entertained at dinner complimentary to Mrs. Sheldon. Other guests were Miss Eunice Haskins of Stella, Mrs. C. N. Allison, president of the Falls City club; Mrs. A. J. Weaver, Mrs. John Morehead and Mrs. Charles G. Humphrey.

Omahans Anticipate Ponselle

Mrs. D. J. Adams, Omaha soprano, is much interested in the approaching concert to be given by Rosa Ponselle, who will appear here October 29 under auspices of the business and professional division of the Chamber of Commerce. Her sister, Mrs. Lewis Fletcher, of New York, formerly Miss Marguerite Riggs of this city, has written her of Miss Ponselle. Mrs. Fletcher, herself a singer, heard Miss Ponselle several years ago when she made her first appearance in grand opera.

Chicago & Northwestern Railway Improved Dining Car Service.

Effective Monday, October 22, additional dining car service will be provided to serve Omaha-Yonkers and Black Hills travel. This car will serve breakfast on train No. 13, South Norfolk to Newport, arriving Newport 8:47 a. m., breakfast and luncheon on train No. 22, leaving Newport 8:47 a. m., arriving Fremont 3:25 p. m., and dinner on train No. 3, leaving Fremont 6:55 p. m., arriving South Norfolk 8:35 p. m. For further particulars apply to W. J. Smith, general agent, C. & N. W. Ry., 1413 Farnam St. (Tel. AT-lantic 7356).

Nye-Cook Wedding to Be Solemnized Saturday.

The marriage of Miss Jeanette Cook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Cook, to Barlow Nye of Kearney will take place Saturday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, at the North Side Presbyterian church, Rev. J. T. Hamilton, officiating.

The bride's attendants will include Miss Helen Cook, a sister, who will be maid of honor, and her maids will be Miss Velma Warren of University Place, Edith Cook, a sister; Mary Leslie, a Kappa Delta sorority sister, and Marian Nye of Kearney.

After a wedding trip, the couple will reside in Kearney. Both are graduates of the University of Nebraska, Miss Cook, class of 1923, and Mr. Nye, a law graduate of 1922.

For Ak-Sar-Ben Governors.

M. C. Peters is entertaining at dinner Wednesday evening at the Country club for the board of governors of Ak-Sar-Ben.

Altrusans Meet.

Altrusa club will hold a regular meeting Thursday night, with dinner at the Rome hotel, at 6:15.

Fontenelle Chapter Dinner.

Fontenelle Chapter O. E. S. will give a dinner Friday evening, at the Masonic temple, for the worthy grand matron of Nebraska and other grand officers. Reservations may be made with Mrs. J. E. Haarmann before Wednesday evening.

For Miss Bingham.

Floyd Smith will entertain three tables at bridge Wednesday evening at his home honoring Miss Anne Bingham of East Orange, N. J., who is visiting Miss Peggy Reed.

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Try my finest Raisin bread today!

I baked it specially last night for the many women who have formed a happy little custom of serving Raisin Bread on Wednesdays.

I baked it as you like it—beautiful loaves with plenty of plump and juicy Sun-Maid Raisins. Rich and fruity—healthful as well as delicious. Both white and whole wheat.

And these, too!

Many other tempting Sun-Maid Raisin Foods are also included in my special mid-week baking—rolls, coffee cakes, cookies, cakes, "snails," muffins.

And Raisin Pie, of course—rich with the full, fine flavor of California table-grapes.

By bakers everywhere

The finest Sun-Maid Raisin Bread and other Raisin Foods are prepared "Special for Wednesday" by bakers every week—everywhere.

Serve them tonight for dinner—for your own and the children's luncheon. And Raisin Bread toast for Thursday's breakfast!

Fresh from my ovens you can get these delicious Raisin Foods today—at any bakery, grocery store or delicatessen.

Your Baker

Endorsed by bakers everywhere, by the Retail Bakers' Association of America and by the American Bakers' Association

Raisin bread special on Wednesdays

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

Madge Thought Harriet wanted a Private Interview.

Dr. Braithwaite and his wife greeted me warmly, a greeting which I returned with sincerity, for I am genuinely fond of my sister-in-law and her husband. It is a liking as strong as my aversion to Dicky's other sister, Elizabeth Harrison, whose relationship to her mother and sister, I never have been able to explain except by atavism. Then after a cordial word to Lillian and Marion Harriet Braithwaite turned to Dicky.

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