

WOMAN'S NEWS-FEATURES

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

How Katherine and Dr. Braithwaite Met.

At his wife's words, Dr. Edwin Braithwaite swung around abruptly, and with a long stride reached Katherine's side. Evidently my ruse to keep his attention until the two women had exchanged greetings had not been in vain. I saw the doctor's eyes fixed on Katherine until she spoke her name.

All unconscious of our scrutiny—for I fear I watched him as narrowly as did his wife—he put out both hands impetuously to Katherine. For just the almost imperceptible fraction of an instant she hesitated, and I knew what fear of possible misinterpretation of Harriet's part was in her heart, then she did the only possible thing, and laid both her slender hands in the physician's big ones, in a greeting that appeared as warm as his own. He shook them heartily, beaming at her with such evident delight that I remembered Harriet's comparison of "a child on Christmas morning."

"Well, well!" He boomed the banality as though it never had been uttered before, "it is certainly good to see you once more. Let's have a good look at you." He swung her around, facing the light, and scrutinized her sharply before dropping her hands. I suspected that Katherine had made the first movement to break that hearty handclasp.

"You haven't changed a bit," he proclaimed. "I don't believe you've gained or lost a pound since we saw you. Has she, Harriet? And doesn't she look bully?"

I found my lower lip between my teeth in my tense conjecture as to Harriet's answer. Surely a woman of her acumen could not fail to read the utter absence of anything which could possibly threaten her own happiness in the greeting, extravagant though it undoubtedly was.

There was also the fact that he had greeted Katherine so openly and heartily before his wife. It took either a man absolutely free from spite or one full of it for that action, and no one who had ever enjoyed the privilege of Edwin Braithwaite's friendship could doubt his frank sincerity.

Judged only by surface indications, her answer to her husband's appeal was most gratifying.

"Indeed she does," she said heartily, then turning to Katherine, she put her hands upon the younger woman's shoulders in an affectionate gesture rare with her.

Mrs. Braithwaite's Query.

"I did not know how much I had missed you, until now," she said, and there was every evidence of sincerity and affectionate liking in her voice and smile. "Your letters have been most unsatisfactory in their brevity. When you get time, I want to hear all about yourself—and your husband. I understand he is away."

There was distinct inquiry in her voice, and Katherine promptly answered it.

"Yes, poor Jack, he is down in the South American wilderness again. It is a wonderful assignment, and I suppose I shouldn't call him 'noor' for it is the thing he loves to do, but I never can help worrying about him."

"Naturally. But isn't it fortunate that you can be with Margaret?"

"It is more than that," Katherine

returned, with an affectionate smile at me.

The Strained Voices.

To all outward appearances this was a most natural and spontaneous conversation, but I fancied I detected a strain in both voices and turned the conversational switch down the track, which I guessed would be most welcome.

"I must remind you that dinner is almost ready," I said. "Alfred if you will take care of Dr. Braithwaite I will take care of his wife. Don't let anything burn, Katherine."

Dr. Braithwaite looked startled and balky.

"But—Mrs. Durkee—" he said, looking at Katherine.

"Sound asleep," she answered, "and I think she will not waken an hour at least. I hope so, for she needs the rest after a wearing fit of nerves which attacked her a short time ago."

"Yes, Mr. Durkee told me," the surgeon replied. "Very well, then, I am at your service, only stipulating this: that if Mrs. Durkee awakens, no matter at what time, I wish to see her immediately before she has time to think about the interview and get nervous over it."

"I shall summon you between two bites of pie," I promised, and the fact that they were all intensely nervous was attested by the hearty laughter which greeted the innane jest as the group broke up.

Chautauqua Luncheon.

One hundred reservations have been made for the luncheon to be given today, 1 o'clock, at the Y. W. C. A., under auspices of Omaha chautauqua circles preceding the lecture by Dr. Frank Smith on "Our Common Task in the New Day." The talk will be given at 2 o'clock in the Auditorium. The public is invited.

Dinner at Lincoln Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Clarke will go to Lincoln today to be the guests of the Frank Quicks, who will entertain at dinner in their honor at the Lincoln Country club dinner dance in the evening.

Letter and Flower Shower.

Mrs. Henry H. Bartling, who is convalescing at Wise Memorial hospital from an operation, was given a letter and flower shower by her friends on Wednesday in honor of her birthday.

The McCagues Hosts.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCague have issued invitations for a dinner to be given on Monday evening.

Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets relieve the headache by curing the cold. A tonic laxative and germ destroyer. The box bears the signatures of E. W. Grove, M.D. Advertisement.

Comings and Goings of People You Know

Mrs. C. L. West is spending a few days at Russell, Ia.

Dr. Charles Swab left Wednesday for Womelsdorf, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. John Towle returned this morning from Chicago.

Mrs. Robert Garrett is convalescing at Clarkson hospital following a slight operation.

Mrs. Margaret Blair of Minneapolis is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Charles M. Edwards.

Mrs. B. A. Waugh, who was seriously injured in an automobile accident a month ago at DeKalb, Ill., returned home a week ago. She is still confined to her bed, but able to receive her friends.

Mrs. Joseph C. Lawrence and small daughter have returned after a five-weeks' stay in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Miss Mildred Taylor will go to the Syracuse game at Lincoln, and will be a guest at the Kappa Kappa Gamma house during her stay.

Mrs. J. D. Weaver suffered a fall at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Guy L. Smith, and is confined to her home for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Brandt of Hagerstown, Md., will be the guests of Mr. Brandt's brother, Wilbur G. Brandt, and Mrs. Brandt.

Mrs. E. A. Pagan is in Philadelphia, Pa., called there by the illness of her son, Ernest Schurman, who is attending the Hill school at Pottstown, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleson Jeffery of Denver, have moved to Omaha to make their permanent home. Mrs. Jeffery was formerly Miss Pauline Coad of this city.

Louis Nash, Jr., is home with his parents until after Thanksgiving to recuperate from an injury suffered in football at Georgetown Preparatory school at Georgetown, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Shirley and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shirley will be four of the guests whom Dave Caldwell is taking to the Ames-Nebraska game at Ames, Ia., on Saturday.

Mrs. W. B. Howard, who was called to Denver recently by the illness of her daughter, Mrs. Ruth Giffen,

has been called to Portland, Ore., by the serious illness of her mother.

—BUY—

**PILLSBURY'S
BEST FLOUR**

Your Grocer Has It

**The New, Improved Cap
For Alamito Milk**

**Sanitary
Splashless
Replaceable**

**The New
Alamito Dairy Co.**

Father, Teach Your Son The Habit of Thrift

Habits formed early continue to influence him throughout life. They form either good or bad habits in the thoughts of your son. Teach your son so that he may learn the good habit of saving his money.

Have him open an account that will pay 6% quarterly. Teach him the value of a savings fund and its power of doing good.

Is there a better way to teach your son the beginning of life's responsibilities? The Occidental Building & Loan Association, 12th and Harney, is a mutual institution and has been one of Omaha's real assets for 35 years. It has resources amounting to \$12,475,000 and a reserve fund now amounting to \$439,000. The Association had the magnificent increase of \$2,000,000 the first nine months in 1923.

THOUGHT BACK WOULD BREAK

Nothing Helped until She Began Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"When my baby was born," says Mrs. Posluszny, 106 High Street, Bay City, Michigan, "I got up too soon. I made me so sick that I was tired of living and the weakness run me down something awful. I could not get up out of bed mornings on account of my back; I thought it would break in two, and if I started to do any work I would have to lie down. I do not believe that any woman ever suffered worse than I did. I spent lots of money, but nothing helped me until I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I felt a whole lot better after the first bottle, and I am still taking it for I am sure it is what has put me on my feet."

If you are suffering from a displacement, irregularities, headache, nervousness, indigestion or any other form of female weakness you should write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Allments Peculiar to Women." It will be sent you free upon request. This book contains valuable information.

The Gray Ghost

The Gray Ghost is the most daring and accomplished big-scale thief of the time. Every big crime is attributed automatically by the public to him. Read his latest exploits chronicled by Arthur Somers Roche, famous author of detective and mystery stories, in the magazine section of The Sunday Bee.

Girls Marry Too Young

So declares Gertrude Atherton, famous novelist and author of "Black Oxen." Social laws should forbid girls to wed before 22, declares Miss Atherton in an interesting comment on love and marriage in the magazine section of The Sunday Bee.

Love Wreck No. 3

How Byron Chandler, the so-called "Millionaire Kid," with his pockets bulging with money, seems never to obtain a permanent hold on the joy he started confidently in pursuit of so many years ago. An illustrated feature story of the actualities of a rich man's life, in the magazine section of The Sunday Bee.

Free Trade No Panacea

H. G. Wells, author of the "Outline of History," in a special cable dispatch calls the Asquith anti-tariff measure political hokum of the Victorian period and explains why free trade will be of no benefit to Europe's ills. In The Sunday Bee.

What Joy! What Grief!

O. O. McIntyre packs his grip and goes traveling. Very nice. Not so good. It's a lot of fun. It's a lot of trouble. What happens when you go tripping? If you've ever done any traveling you can't help but enjoy Mr. McIntyre's quizzically humorous tale in The Sunday Bee.

McAdoo in the Lead

"It's the son-in-law of former President Wilson against the field," observes Mark Sullivan, who outlines the situation within the democratic party as it stands today and how it will exist at convention time next summer. Talk of politics is in the air now and one of the best ways to keep yourself posted is to read Mark Sullivan's weekly political reviews in The Sunday Bee.

Behind the Footlights

Everybody is interested in the theater. They must be if Ziegfeld is able to charge \$22 a seat for the opening performance of his "Follies" and fill the house. Percy Hammond's weekly letter tells all the news of the theater in New York and in addition, Mr. Hammond's fine style gives a literary flavor that makes his letter well worth while even for those not particularly concerned with theatrical events. Mr. Hammond's letter is a regular feature of the amusement page of The Sunday Bee.

Winners of the Jiggs Get-Rich-Quick Contest Will Also Be Announced in

The Sunday Bee

**Could Anyone Write
A Poem About
Your Beauty?**

*Pull Down the Blinds
and Look Yourself in
the Face — Are You
Making the Most of
the Best You Have?*



Every woman has a right to be beautiful—and any woman can be, if she is willing to take the trouble. Celia Caroline Cole says so—and she knows. In "Types and Illusions" she has written a wonderful message to women who think they can never be more than "just a neat 'n' clean, good, dependable human woman that nobody could ever write poetry about." Get the December Delineator and let Miss Cole show you how to make the very most of the good looks you have.

A Planned Magazine of Service

The Delineator is essentially a planned magazine of service to American women. It gives you a window that opens on the wide, busy world, and shows you what successful wide-awake wives and mothers are doing and saying and reading. It brings you the latest fiction that everyone is talking about. Its Service Departments will help you lead a happier life in a better home by giving you month after month the advice and counsel of such eminent authorities as these:

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA
Bureau of Information, Secretary, Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Editor of The Delineator.

CHILD WELFARE
Dr. L. Emmett Holt—Adviser in The Delineator Child Health Campaign, assisted by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, Dr. Ralph Lohenstein, Dr. William Palmer Lucas, Dr. Owen Lovejoy.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS
Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of School of Home Economics at Cornell University.

FASHIONS
By Butterick, style authority of the world.

HOME BUILDING
Donn Barber—Ecole des Beaux Arts Architects (Paris); Architect-Designer Hall of Justice, Washington, D. C.

INTERIOR DECORATING
Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders—Interior Decorating Editor.

BEAUTY
Celia Caroline Cole—Famous Beauty Specialist, writing exclusively for The Delineator.

KEEPING FIT.
Fielding H. Yost, Director of Intercollegiate Athletics at the University of Michigan.

A Christmas Story By Zona Gale

Zona Gale has written a Christmas story that you will not soon forget. It is a story of Christmas giving that taught grown-up children something new and beautiful about their old mother. Something about a spirit of giving that was written in the Bible long ago: "Gold and silver have I none, but what I have I give to you."

**Edith Wharton—Joseph Conrad
Ida Tarbell—Booth Tarkington**

Each of these great writers has written a personal Christmas Carol to tell Delineator readers "The Best Christmas I Remember." Joseph Conrad's Christmas was on the high seas; Edith Wharton's among the war refugees in Paris; Booth Tarkington—but you'll want to read them all yourself in the December Delineator.

Do You Know Why Hats Are So Small?

And why they are growing smaller all the time? Fourteen illustrated pages of fashions in the December Delineator start with a gossipy page telling what is newest in styles in Paris and New York. Tiny hats and two-headed hatpins. Quaint gloves with scalloped edges. Handkerchiefs of crepe de chine in batik designs. Strap slippers and sandals. New envelope bags.

Holiday dresses and winter sports suits for the children. Lingerie suggestions for Christmas gifts. The latest news of blouse effects. The outdoor clothes they are wearing in Paris. Take our word for it that Butterick winter styles and patterns were never so interesting as this year.

Twelve Times This for \$2

All this and much more in its rich and varied pages, coming twelve months throughout the year, The Delineator will bring you for \$2. A million American women find The Delineator the biggest magazine value they can buy. What there is in it for them there must be in it for you.

All in the Big Christmas Number of The

DELINEATOR

At Your Butterick Pattern Counter NOW ON SALE On the News-stands

**"LET US HELP YOU
KEEP CLEAN"**

Frontier Towel Supply
1819 California St. AT-5291

BEE WANT ADS BRING RESULTS