

# SOCIETY AND WOMAN'S PAGE

**Mrs. Guioi Makes 1,700-Mile Drive.**  
Mrs. Arthur Guioi arrived home Wednesday from four months spent at Salter's Point, Mass. With her children, Baldwin and Joan, and Miss Mararet Neary, she drove the 1,700 miles home in her own car. Her daughters, Echo and Sarah, came home on the train.  
"It was thrilling to find the roads paved all the way to Mississippi," said Mrs. Guioi, who made the entire journey without car trouble or other mishap.  
Mrs. Guioi's son was in a boys' day camp during the summer, returning to his home each night.

**Andresen-Studenroth.**  
A beautiful wedding took place at Immanuel Lutheran church Wednesday evening, September 24, when Miss Helen Studenroth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Studenroth, became the bride of Mr. George W. Andresen, Rev. F. W. Seesko officiated. The choir rendered the selections "How Down Thine Ear" and "The Lord Who at Canaan's Wedding Feast Did as a Guest Appear." Miss Mabel Pahl and Mr. Otto Klabunde were the attendants. Mrs. Otto Bruder played the wedding marches. A reception was held for relatives and friends immediately after the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents.  
The bride wore a gown of white georgette and silk lace, with a tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses. Miss Mabel Pahl was groomed in light green crepe and carried a bouquet of pink roses.  
Mr. and Mrs. Andresen will be at home to their friends after October 18 in their new home at 3528 North Fifty-eighth street.

**John Kvenild Returns.**  
John Kvenild, 13 years old, will arrive in New York next Tuesday from his return journey alone from Norway, where he has been with his mother, Mrs. Bernard Kvenild, and brother, Bobbie, this summer. Mrs. W. C. Lambert, who made the trip over with Mrs. Kvenild, lands in New York September 28. She will meet John at the boat and bring him home to his father. Mrs. Kvenild, who has been ill, is much improved. She and Bobbie will remain in Norway this winter, however, according to Mr. Kvenild.

**Winter in Baltimore.**  
Dr. and Mrs. D. A. Medders and daughter, Ruth, left Thursday for Baltimore, Md., where Dr. Medders will study at Johns Hopkins and University of Maryland, his alma mater. Miss Ruth will enter Western High school there. They will remain until the last of March. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mullen will occupy their home during their absence.

**Fraternity Pledges.**  
Phi Sigma Phi pledges, University of Omaha, have been announced as follows: Paul Baker, Jean Caldwell, Dale Lloyd, Reuben Krogh, Clair Goodsell, William Howard, Fred Nelson, Wilbur Theisen, Eldridge Scurr, Thomas Cowan, Rube Schleiger and Harold Alberti.

**Little Theater Plans.**  
Meetings of a Little Theater group continue and plans for a local playhouse and local plays progress. But the Omaha Drama League and the Omaha Society of Fine Arts have no connection, as organizations, with the movement.  
"There is no doubt the Drama League would give moral support to such efforts," said Mrs. Arthur Guioi, president, Thursday, "but they have taken no action as a body."  
"The matter has not come before the Omaha Society of Fine Arts," said Mrs. Guy Kiddoo, publicity chairman for the society. "Doubtless many of the members are interested, but there has been no official action."  
A special meeting of the local believers in a Little Theater was held Wednesday night at the Y. M. C. A. The primary purpose of the movement is to encourage and promote interest in and appreciation of dramatic and allied arts. One thousand shares of stock at \$10 a share will be offered for sale.  
On Thursday, October 2, another meeting will be held, when a board of directors will be named.  
Among those attending Wednesday and signing proposed articles of incorporation were Mark Levings, Maurice Block, Helen G. Masters, Elizabeth Hutchinson, Margaret Beckman, Walter A. Hixenbaugh, Jr., Gaynelle R. Fay, Amy Woodruff, Lena May Williamson, Marian Reed, Clare Mackin, Mildred V. Morris, Katherine K. Baxter, Marie A. Mackin and John E. Shanahan.

**Art Guild.**  
Omaha's Art Guild held its first meeting of the season last night at the studio of Charles H. Cady, 2521 Sherman avenue. Plans were laid for the coming fall exhibition of the guild, to be held at the Omaha public library October 19 to November 16, inclusive.  
J. Laurie Wallace, president of the guild, has just returned from California, where he painted several portraits and a number of landscapes, some of which will be shown at the coming exhibition.  
Jury of selection chosen at last night's meeting included Miss Cordelia Johnson, Miss August Knight and J. Laurie Wallace.

**The Housewife's Idea Box**  
When to Add Vanilla.  
Never add the vanilla to a dessert until it has cooled. The heat lessens the flavor of the vanilla, because it causes evaporation.  
THE HOUSEWIFE.  
(Copyright, 1924.)

**Yes! "Bob" Sweaters**  
Three Low Prices  
12.75 New Bob Sweaters 9.98  
14.50 New Bob Sweaters 10.98  
18.00 New Bob Sweaters 12.50  
F. W. Thorne Co.  
1812 Farnam St.

## A WIFE'S CONFESSIONAL

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

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**The Shock Midge Received When She Opened Hugh Grantland's Letter.**  
"Why, so glum, old dear? You look as if Medusa's head had just been sent you by parcel post. Are you afraid to read your letters, or are you too bored?"  
Dicky looked at me quizzically, and I forced myself to meet his gaze squarely, thankful that there was no trace of suspicion in his eyes, yet absurdly conscience-stricken because of the letter in Hugh Grantland's familiar chirography which I had pushed hastily beneath the pile of advertisement that made up the bulk of my mail.  
"They are not important," I said carelessly, rising. "Shall I take mother's letter to her? I'm going in the house anyway for a few minutes."  
"Thanks," he returned lazily. "You always were a sunny little lifesaver. But don't you realize that you are cruelly usurping a precious prerogative?"  
He nodded his head smilingly toward our small son, who was regarding me with big reproachful eyes.  
"Is there a letter for Dandy?" he demanded.  
"Yes, dear," I answered, just as Dicky said emphatically. "Sure thing, old top." Unheeding my involuntary little frown at his involuntary use of slang in addressing Junior.

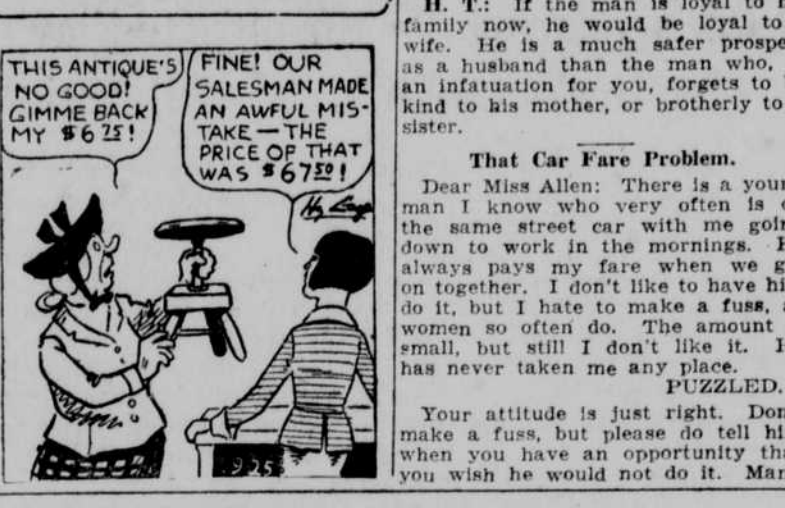
**Junior Helps His Mother.**  
I always have believed that the language a child hears most frequently in the formative years is that which he will use when he is grown, and if this be true, our boy should be an accomplished slanguist long before he reaches his majority.  
"Den me wants to take it to Dandy, mine own self," he asserted emphatically, and Dicky held out the letter to him with a grin at me.  
"Your occupation's gone," he quoted, "so you might as well stay out here and talk to me."  
"I'll be back in a few minutes," I hastily promised, "but I really have to see to some things in the house. Come, Junior—" I held out my hand to my small son, "take mother into the house."  
The request is one the child loves, for he invests the granting of it with much ceremony, tightly holding to my hand, and pointing out all the places where I might stumble. That Junior firmly believes I should break my neck were he not beside me to protect me, is indubitably printed upon his face, and I do not know which one of us enjoys the short journey the more.  
But today there was no enjoyment for me in the clasp of my boy's hand and the sound of his prattling voice. It was from his hand that the letter of which I was so unheedingly conscious had come, and the thought was a torturing one, although my common sense told me that I was absurdly

quizzical, was indeed verging on the ridiculous, in laying so much stress upon the fact that Hugh Grantland had written me a letter, the receipt of which I had concealed from my husband.  
But the thought that Major Grantland had written me a letter was most disturbing.  
As well as if he had told me so, I knew that Hugh Grantland had made a solemn compact with himself never to disturb my peace of mind or to arouse my husband's suspicious displeasure by writing me a letter. It was a wise compact, for Dicky has been extremely disagreeable about the postcards which ever since the exciting war time experience that I shared with the army officer, have come from him.  
Along at Last.  
True, there never has been either salutation or signature upon the cards, simply Major Grantland's address and his initials, but Dicky knows they have been sent to me, because the officer wishes me always to be cognizant of his whereabouts that in any terrible emergency I might summon him, and Dicky's reaction to the knowledge has been distinctly unpleasant.  
Even the inestimable service which Hugh Grantland rendered us in rescuing our baby boy after he had been kidnapped by Grace Draper, has not cured Dicky of referring to the officer contemptuously as "Faithful Fido," although sheer shame at his own ingratitude keeps him from any further expression of dislike for Major Grantland, or from any open objection to my receipt of the postal cards.  
A letter, however, was another thing, and I had but one overweening desire, to gain the shelter of my own room, and find out what the unexpected missive meant. Accordingly, I hurried Junior along to his grandmother's room, left him there, and then flew like something pursued along the corridor to my room, locking the door after me.  
But with the envelope torn open, and the folded letter in my hand, I felt an odd reluctance to unfold its pages and read what my friend had written. The feeling was like a foreboding. Vividly I recalled the tall lithe figure of the officer, and the features that could so quickly change from sternness to tenderness.  
"Whenever you need me you have only to send," he had said solemnly when he had bidden me good-bye.

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after putting Junior in my arms, after the most awful experience of my life. I had not seen Major Grantland since that time, but his postcards had come at irregular intervals ever since his duties called him from place to place.  
With a surprised little gasp I realized that I had not received one for nearly four months, the longest interval which ever had elapsed with-out one.  
I realized something else, also, that I had not missed them, and it was with a curious mixture of self-approval and self-condemnation for my indifference that I unfolded the pages and with startled eyes read a salutation that I could not believe had come from the pen of Hugh Grantland, dignified and controlled far beyond ordinary men.  
"My own love, forever lost to me!"

**Miss Information**  
THIS ANTIQUE'S NO GOOD! GIMME BACK MY \$6.25!  
FINE! OUR SALESMAN MADE AN AWFUL MISTAKE—THE PRICE OF THAT WAS \$6.75!  
H. T. If the man is loyal to his family now, he would be loyal to a wife. He is a much safer prospect as a husband than the man who, in an infatuation for you, forgets to be kind to his mother, or brotherly to a sister.  
That Car Fare Problem.  
Dear Miss Allen: There is a young man I know who very often is on the same street car with me going down to work in the mornings. He always pays my fare when we get on together. I don't like to have him do it, but I hate to make a fuss, as women so often do. The amount is small, but still I don't like it. He has never taken me any place.  
PUZZLED.  
Your attitude is just right. Don't make a fuss, but please do tell him when you have an opportunity that you wish he would not do it. Many



**Trenton \$1.50 a ton**

This is by far the best "medium priced" coal produced in Southern Illinois; it is perfectly sized and free from slack. Not cheap, but low priced.

**C.W. HULL CO.**  
JA 4700 - 1616 FARNAM ST

### Your Problems

*Martha Allen*

**How to Keep Him.**  
Dear Miss Allen: I have a boy friend who used to come to see me a lot. He still comes, but not so often. He has been going some of the time with another girl. When I tease him about her he just turns it off by laughing and speaking well of her. He still seems to care for me. How can I keep him?  
SUSAN.  
Well, Susan, you are frank. You want to keep him. That is not wrong, so long as your motives are good and your methods honorable. Be a good sport about the other girl, for one thing. Your remark about "teasing him" leads me to believe you have been jealous and have shown it. But aren't you glad that the boy speaks well of the other girl. He sounds like a fine, straightforward boy who might be worth fighting to keep. But see to it that you play the game as fairly and kindly as he.

**Happy Hollow.**  
Mrs. Henry Copley will give a bridge on Saturday at Happy Hollow.  
Mrs. Earl Burkett and Mrs. Herbert Small will give a luncheon Friday at Happy Hollow.

**Field Club.**  
Mrs. Joe McClenaghan gave a bridge luncheon today at the Field club, for 20 guests.

**Subscription Dance.**  
A subscription dance will be given at the Kel-Pine Dancing academy, Twenty-fifth and Farnam streets, on Saturday night, September 27. Music, singing and entertainment will be furnished by the Original Rag-a-Jazz orchestra and the University of Nebraska serenaders combined. This will be the first appearance of the Original Rag-a-Jazz orchestra in Omaha since their return from an engagement in Europe.

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### Personals

Mrs. David Davis is spending two weeks in Trenton, Mo.  
Miss Virginia Campbell of Helena, Mont., is visiting Miss Madeline Diesing.  
Miss Minnie Loesch returned on Monday from a business trip to New York City.  
Mrs. Carroll Holden returned Wednesday from an eastern trip made with Mrs. C. W. Pollard.  
Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Carpenter, Jr., who are motoring home from Winnow, Mass., are now in Canada.  
Mrs. Harry Brome of Basin, Wyo., is spending a month with her son, Clinton Brome, and Mrs. Brome.  
Frank Salonty has returned from an extended trip east, including Chicago, Philadelphia and New York.  
Mrs. E. M. Syfert of Los Angeles, formerly of Omaha, writes friends here that she plans to visit Omaha in the spring.  
Miss Eileen McCaffrey and Mrs. Mathew Brossard will return next week from Madison, Wis., where they spent several weeks.  
Miss Luella Anderson, violinist, began teaching at Penn Hall, Chambersburg, Pa., on Tuesday. She spent the summer in Omaha with her mother, Mrs. Frank Anderson.

**The Talk of Omaha---This Great Sale**

**Henrickson's**  
\$75,000.00  
JEWELRY RELEASE

All ready for Friday's selling with the biggest values you ever saw. Everything in stock now reduced. Nothing spared. It must all go. Fill your Christmas list now. It will pay you well to buy jewelry at these prices.

**Baby Cups**  
Heavy Silver Plated, values to \$4, now \$1

**EXTRA SPECIAL GOLD PLATED PENCILS**  
Propel and repel. Extra lead chamber. \$1.50 value. **93c**

**Solid Gold Baby Rings**  
Plain or with sets values to \$4, now **75c**

**Elgin Watch**  
Easily Jeweled White or Green Gold Case. Now Goes at Only **\$10.95**

**Pearls**  
Special Friday Only  
30-inch Indestructible Pearls, with 14-K. Solid Gold Clasp set with Genuine Diamonds. **\$1.98**

**John Henrickson**  
N. E. Corner 16th and Capitol

**Your Money Back** **16" and Harney** **Orkin Bros** **Conant Hotel Building** **We Undersell**

If for any reason whatsoever you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase at this store, we ask you to return it for cash refund. We do not issue "due-bills." Your satisfaction must be 100%.

Not once in a while, but day in and day out, our policy is to offer incomparable values at all times. You'll enjoy shopping in a store where the values are guaranteed.

**Management - Frank A. Le Bosky**

**There Is Not a Woman in Omaha Who Can Resist This**

# Extraordinary Dress Sale!

**Come Friday---Share in This Great Value Event**

We doubt if you will find the equal of these wonderful values for weeks to come. The shrewd shopper will be here early Friday morning.

**Satin Face Cantons** **Faille Silks**  
**Crepe Elizabeth** **Canton Crepes**  
**Poiret Twills** **French Flannels**  
**Georgettes** **Novelty Velours**  
**Charmeen** **Heavy Crepe de Chine**

**Silk and Cloth Dresses That Were Intended to Sell for \$37.50, Choice Friday.....**

Snappy, lively styles, all the favored colors. Dresses for the school girl, the business girl, the young woman and the matron. Dresses for every occasion. You will want at least two.

You can't beat Orkin Brothers offerings. We urge comparison.

Here are styles that are certain to please.

**\$15**

If you want to secure the smartest dresses ever offered in Omaha for \$15, this sale affords you the opportunity. Hundreds from which to make your selection.

**Now Corns go without risky paring**

DOCTORS say that it is dangerous to pare a corn yourself. Infection may result. Get Blue-jay, the scientific, new way. A noted scientist discovered it—different from any other method. Acts like magic. Stops pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes off. Simple, safe, scientific. Use it tonight. Walk in comfort tomorrow.

## Blue-jay

© R. H. 1924

**RED RASH ON FACE AND HEAD**  
Itched and Burned. Lost Sleep. Cuticura Heals.

"The trouble first started with a red rash that covered my face and head. Later it took the form of pimples that disfigured my face. The pimples itched and burned causing continual scratching, and the scratching caused eruptions. My hair became lifeless and dry, and I lost sleep at night because of the irritation.  
"A friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I purchased some and after using four cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed."  
(Signed) Miss A. E. Dan, 1301 Perry St., Davenport, Iowa.

Use Cuticura to clear your skin.  
Samples Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. B, Malden, Mass." Send your name, age, sex, occupation, and where you live to the nearest Post Office. Try our new Shaving Stick.

**TONIGHT TOMORROW ACRIGHT**  
**Be Well And Happy**  
—and you have Nature's greatest gift. Nature's Remedy (No Tablets) a vegetable laxative, for all the organs and relieves Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headaches, renewing that vigor and good feeling so necessary to being well and happy. **Use for Over 30 Years**  
Get a 25c Box.  
**WATER-BROOK**  
Chips off the Old Block  
NR JUNIORS—Little NR  
The same NR—in one-third dose, candy-coated. For children and adults. Sold By Your Druggist