

# SOCIETY AND WOMAN'S PAGE

## No Halt in Things Social for Wednesday Moving Day

Moving day with its attendant cares vies with the Ak-Sar-Ben gallop, the ball, the horse show and the Illinois game at Lincoln, for its rightful place in the scheme of things.

Many Omahans will be seen at these affairs after a strenuous Wednesday settling in a new home.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Hughes move Wednesday, October 1, into 3849 Cass, from the Tadousac.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Montgomery and their daughter, Mrs. L. R. A. Stiller and Dr. Astler, will occupy the Amos Thomas home the first of the month and will remain there this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Virden Adair Clark will take possession of their apartment in the Hanscom on the first.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hiller are at the Blackstone for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Holzman and family, who spent the summer at Carter Lake, have returned to the Blackstone. Also at the lake were Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Purnell, who have taken an apartment at the Morris.

Miss Elizabeth M. Stewart has given up plans to go to California, and will remain at the Blackstone.

Miss Natalie A. Bassett, who spent the summer east, has returned to resume her work as a visiting teacher. She is located for the year at Hotel Blackstone.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McConnell, who have sold their home, are at the Blackstone, where are also G. W. Wickershams and the W. G. Prestons, who occupied a home for the summer.

Mrs. John L. McCague will move October 1, into the Mayview.

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Wilson, who returned recently from Des Moines, will move from the Tadousac into Knickerbocker, early in the month.

Dr. and Mrs. R. Russell Best and small son, Allyn, left the Elwood last week and are now at home in the Birchwood.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Farley have taken the William Stull home on Thirty-ninth street off Farnam. Mrs. Stull is spending a few days at the Blackstone hotel. She will join Mr. Stull at Marengo, Ill., shortly and with her son, William, they will go to California for the winter.

### Bridge-Supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rushton will entertain at bridge at their home Thursday night, with supper following at the Brandeis restaurant.

### Your Problems

#### Martha Allen

**Kisses Are Not Deciding Factor.**  
Dear Miss Allen: "I am 19 years old. I go to a few dances and parties, and of course meet a lot of people. I haven't any difficulty in attracting young men, but the main point is I can't hold them."

"Not so long ago I went to a party and met a young man who treated me very nicely and who seemed to like me. He took me home and asked to see me again."

"The next time I met him he treated me just as nicely as before, and we had a splendid evening. But when we arrived at my home he asked to kiss me good-night and I allowed him to."

"Please understand I am not proud of this fact, but am just stating plain truths. I don't know whether it's the usual thing with young men, but anyhow he didn't kiss me again."

"Well, I certainly was broken up over it, but felt also that I had learned something that I wasn't going to forget very soon. I have heard people talk from experience, so I took it for granted that this was part of my experience."

"Recently I met another young man who made the usual first overture—they all do the first few times—but our romance was short-lived—the same old story all over again. He asked to kiss me, and I—remembering the other incident—refused. I thought I had done right, but much to my dismay he just brought me home and forgot all about me, and I found out that I hadn't done the right thing, after all."

"What in the world is right? Whether I kiss them or whether I refuse, I'm wrong."

"Your answer to this question happens to mean a whole lot not only to me but to a lot of other girls."

**PUZZLED.**  
Then it wasn't the kiss that counted either way was it "Puzzled"?

"One young man kissed—and he lost interest."

"The second man you refused to kiss—and he also lost interest."

"Whatever may be the secret of holding a young man's interest, kissing is obviously not the answer to the problem. So it is wise and safe to save your kisses until you know they are deserved and will be appreciated."

"Be very careful, indeed, not to allow yourself to be swept away by silly sentimentalities. For instance, John asks you to a dance. Don't jump to the conclusion that he is deeply interested or in love with you. Very likely John couldn't think of any other girl he knew who was not engaged for that particular night so he asked you."

"The appeal of personal faintness is not to be neglected. It's important not only to "doll up"—which after all means simply looking your most charming, pleasing self—but also to keep fairly fragrant with healthful freshness and cleanliness."

"Above all, be yourself. Then you'll feel comfortable and have a good time and so will John. A wise woman advises, "Be what you are as well as you know how."

Carefully studied tricks of vamping are not worth while. They repel as often as they attract. And their appeal is never lasting."

**J. T.:** No, you should be respectful but not feel bound by advice from your mother-in-law.

Doesn't it seem odd to you that mother who is loved and revered for her unselfishness and wisdom whenever there are sons and daughters, falls from her pedestal the moment she becomes mother-in-law?

There's no denying it—mothers-in-law are not popular.

Of course there are notable exceptions—you know them and I know them.

If mother used her head as well as her heart she would realize that daughter when she marries is a full-grown woman and entitled to her own life.

What if John and Dorothy do make mistakes? What if their little apartment gets furnished with a lot of clap-trap or with extravagant furniture that may prove a nuisance rather than useful? John and Dorothy will know better next time. And, after all, it's their own apartment, not

she. It is a marvelous help sometimes when it's sought and wanted. But unsought advice is a drug on the market. No one wants it, and nobody is going to follow it. It's a wise mother, indeed, who realizes this and proves herself a real friend to daughter and prospective son-in-law by obliterating herself, so far as unsolicited advice is concerned.

She and her John are entitled to achieve wisdom in the same way mother did—through thinking things out for themselves and through experience. Mother has not the privilege of doing their thinking for them.

## A Wife's Confessional

### Adèle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

(Copyright, 1924.)

The Decision Made About Hugh Grantland.

As if controlled by something entirely outside myself, I sprang to my feet at my boy's call and rushed to the door.

"Mothers here, Junior," I said through the panels, "but I can't come out to you now. Run away and play with Marion until I come."

I did not analyze the emotion within which perceptively bade this dismissal of my little lad. Indeed, I dared not. I knew only that I could not talk to my child—and Dicky's—until I had thrashed out with myself the course I meant to pursue concerning the queer frightening letter from

## The Housewife's Idea Box



**Make Use of an Old Clock or Watch.**  
You need not throw away an old watch or clock that refuses to keep time. Keep it for the sickroom. You can set the hands to show when the patient is to receive his next dose of medicine. **THE HOUSEWIFE.** (Copyright, 1924.)

## War Mothers.

Omaha chapter, American War Mothers, Kensington club meets at Elmwood park Wednesday, October 1, for 12 o'clock luncheon. Mrs. E. J. Nelhardt, chairman.

## National Council of Women.

On Monday, October 13, the National Council of Women of the United States will launch a 30-day nationwide campaign among its constituent groups for the purpose of raising funds to finance the quinquennial convention of the International Council of Women, to be held in Washington, May 4 to 14, 1925. The National council includes 35 national organizations of women, among them, the General Federation, Y. W. C. A., Needlework guild, University Women, American Legion auxiliary, American Nurses' association, Council of Jewish Women, Temple Sisterhoods, Women's auxiliaries of U. S. W. V., W. R. C., S. of V., D. of V., W. C. T. U., Parent-Teachers' association, Administrative Women in Education and others of equal prominence.

Mrs. W. L. Dowling of New York City, and her daughter, Miss Gladys Dowling, of Los Angeles, are visiting with Miss Dowling's sister, Mrs. W. A. Cassidy, and Dr. Cassidy, 136 North Thirty-third street. Miss Dowling will remain in Omaha for three weeks before returning to Los Angeles. Mrs. Dowling will be in Omaha throughout the autumn.

## Going to the Game

Mr. and Mrs. George Redick and Mr. and Mrs. John Redick will motor to Lincoln Saturday for the game.

In a party at the Illinois game in Lincoln Saturday will be Messrs. and Mesdames Roger Holman, A. R. Busch and Mrs. T. R. Hayward of Pittsburgh.

## Miss Information



**MISS INFORMATION**  
HAVE YOU ANY GOLDEN ROD? I WANT TO GO FISHING FOR GOLD FISH.  
NO, BUT IF YOU WANT TO FISH FOR ELECTRIC EELS WE HAVE LIGHTNING RODS.

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There may not be a Red Feather dealer in your town. Realizing this fact, we have opened a mail order department and in case you cannot get Red Feather Feeds in your locality we will ship them to you direct. Ask us to put you on our mailing list for prices and information on Red Feather and our other brands.

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## After School



The deliciousness of Uneeda Graham Crackers makes them a treat for children, and for grown-ups too. The delectable nut-like flavor comes from using only the finest graham flour ground in the old-fashioned way between real burr-stones. At your grocer's in packages or by the pound.



Hugh Grantland that lay in my hands.

Not that there was any memory of speech or word in all my association with Hugh Grantland which would have caused me to lower my eyes ever so slightly before either Junior's clear gaze or his father's critical one. But there were memories of that unusual friendship, which, while altogether innocent, were yet strangely disturbing, even poignant. If I accepted as truth the letter in my hands.

I felt that I must drag them out from the recesses of my soul, face them squarely and forever banish them unless I could find in them some spark of an idea which might aid me in solving the mystery of the letter Major Grantland had written me.

My little lad's voice sounded again.

"But I want you, mamma!"

The pleading tones touched at my heart insistently. But something even more important than my desire to think out my problem, was now involved. I am trying to teach Junior to

know that teasing will never secure the granting of a request, and my voice was firm though tender, as I answered him.

**If You Tease—**  
"Junior," I said slowly and clearly, "if you tease, I shall not come to play with you all day. But if you obey me now, it will be only a few minutes before I come to you."

There was quite a silence of a few seconds while Junior evidently weighed the pros and cons of my ultimatum. Then with an audible little sigh which came near to breaking down my determination, he accepted the inevitable.

"All right," he said soberly, and I heard his reluctant little feet walking toward the stairs.

A sudden resentment toward the inescapable letter in my hand shook me. Because of it, I had shut my idolized little lad away from me the first time in his life—then with a sudden remorseful flash of memory, I faced the truth that my baby boy would have been forever lost to me had it not been for the great heart and

brain and dogged persistence of the man who had penned the strange letter to me.

I had forgiven Dicky long ago for his part in that awful time, but I could not forget that it was his absence on a motor outing with Edith Fairfax which made it possible for Grace Draper to slip away our baby. And I had had plenty of opportunity to contrast that negligence with the tireless, furious energy of Hugh Grantland when he had rushed to us upon the receipt of my message to him—an energy that never had flagged until he put Junior in my arms.

Then, only waiting to assure me that every time he changed his attire he was in his adventurous life he would send me a card, he had gone out of my life quietly, unobtrusively.

I had not seen him since, and so absorbed had I become in my own affairs that I had not realized the cessation of the postal cards some months before the receipt of this letter.

Surely I owed this tried friend to make some effort to pierce the veil shrouding his exit from my life. Yet, where to begin, I had heard the stories concerning his mysterious past in which probably lay the explanation of the letter, but the only reference I ever had heard Hugh Grant-

land make to his home or people—how clearly the memory came back to me!

**A Wild Rose Memory.**  
An exigency of our war work had put me under his escort along a woodland path bordering the railroad. It was June, and the scent of wild roses—it seemed as if the delicate odor was fresh in my nostrils even now—was all around us. The tall young officer turned his flashlight upon the bushes beside an exquisite cluster, wrapped it in his handkerchief to protect my fingers from the thorns and handed it to me.

"They were my mother's favorite flower," he said simply, and in his voice was the heartbreak of a boy who had been forbidden to see his mother in life or death.

There was something more subtle in his voice also, an inflection which told me that never before had he coupled his thoughts of his mother with those of any woman—I flushed at the memory of that inflection, and of the look in his face which the flashlight had betrayed to me.

There was nothing in that memory, however, to give me any clue to any family conditions surrounding him. But with the realization that of all men in the world—save Dicky or my father—I owed to Hugh Grantland most, at the least, an effort to solve

the mystery concerning him I rose to my feet, just as Dicky's knock sounded upon my door.

(Copyright, 1924.)

**Birth Announcements.**  
A daughter was born September 23 at Omaha Maternity hospital to Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Carter.

Mr. and Mrs. David Rosenstock announce the birth of a daughter September 28 at Omaha Maternity hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Pierce announce the birth of a daughter September 28 at Omaha Maternity hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. David Rosenstock announce the birth of a daughter, Janet, on September 27, at the Omaha maternity hospital.

**SPECIAL FEATURES**  
**T-U-E-S-D-A-Y**  
New Evening Dresses  
Chiffon Velvet Frocks  
Beleless Satin Frocks  
Alterations Free.  
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**H**ER homes of wealth and instinctive discrimination set a standard of coffee quality which has grown into a tradition in which the entire West holds partnership. "The West is the home of wonderful coffee," they say back East—and abroad.

Indeed it is! Let him who doubts break the vacuum seal of a tin of Hills Bros. Red Can Coffee and inhale an aroma the like of which is found nowhere else. Failing to accept this rare fragrance as a herald of marvelous flavor, let him brew a cup and lift it to his lips! That's the answer!

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