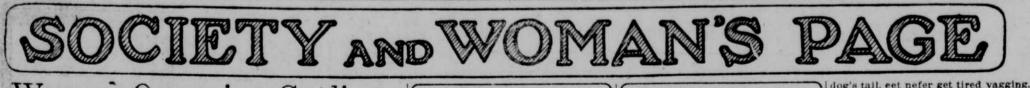
### THE OMAHA BEE: THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1924.



## Women Organize Curling Teams for Winter

For the first time in Omaha, and even in the country, women are organizing to disport themselves at the ancient and honorable Scotch game of curl-One phase of the game is already very familiar to them: wielding the broom. The short, vigorous sweeping strokes of men are always a source of ably taken more seriously in Scotland. The stones which are skidded across

will be provided as the women's trophy.

# the Heads

Baur.

Frank Judson will give a dinner for

Mrs. George Magney will have a two table bridge luncheon at her home Thursday for Mrs. C. Johnson of Los Angeles, formerly of Omaha, who is here at Hotel Fontenelle fo a short time.

For Kenosha Guest. Mrs. W. C. Fraser will entertain at

The Waters Hosts. club at the University culb.

University Club Bridge. First reservations for the Univer-

For Mrs. Donahue. Mrs. Anderson Long will entertain

Wellesley Club. The Wellesley club will meet at Ticket Major A Wife's Confessional Adele Garrison's New Phase of **REVELATIONS OF A WIFE** (Copyright, 1924.)

atch. I no going say dot vunce Why Madge Refused to Think of more, und I tank you und tank you." Anything Save Today.

Katie giggled triumphantly, albeit it in her vehement and most em- boss come back, if he come back." ed his back upon us and with time ripe to slip away to the camp-

fire, bearing the pan of potatoes neath the ashes.

joyous to refrain from speech alto- rest." gether.

Katie, and let her help heem mit as he impaled the pieces of steak, steecks."

jealousy of the Chinese, but I knew Lee Chow was assidously tending a sure way of diverting her attention the blaze, raking the brands care stones already placed for the hold-

calling yourself 'poor' and 'old.' You excitedly preparing. are neither, you know, but if you all you poor old woman."

overspread my little maid's face. "Say! Vot you tink of dot?" She left my face as I spoke.

impartially. "I nefer tink vot I say, how you treat my little boy before und my tongue like little puppy the maid, Katie," I said, speaking

better. Do you understand me?" I s'pose I talk like dot till hot place His eyes stared at me unwinkingly

frozed ofer, eef you no stop me. until my own dropped. You awful goot to tink of your old What Will Lee Chow Do? Ka-. Now shoost see vot a beeg bone I got instead of a head. I start saying dot right away! But you careful not to make kitchen woman tainer, who-to use Dicky's charac-She seized my hand and kissed boss lady. Always take care till my tones.

lowly, and with a backward indicat- melancholy in his voice and words, mination to "b'long to Junior an ing nod toward the little group be- and I felt a little shiver run down me. Luckily Mother Graham was a hind us. "She has been with me since my vertebra as I realized that he Mrs. Durkee's in Marvin, on the first my marrage, and she was the little patently knew something concern- stage of her journey to North oy's nurse. She loves him very ing the mystery surrounding Hugh Carolina, and would not return for much, and would feel very badly if Grantland which had lent to his some time, but I had a sudden conshe thought he liked anyone else race that note of despondency when vulsed vision of her reaction to Lee Chow when she should see him. he spoke of his master. Just how the Chinese intended to

But mingled with my apprehension for the fate of my old friend attach himself to our menage, I could not imagine, and with a queer was a paniestricken though humor-"Yes, Lee Chow understand." he ous wonder as to what in the world little feeling that the arrangements said quietly. "Lee Chow be ver' I was to do with this faithful re- were not in my hands but in his, I put aside speculation concerning feel jealous, lose temper. But Lee teristic slang-was certainly "wish- even the immediate fanciful future. Chow now b'long lil' boss man and ing himself on me" in no uncertain and turned my attention instead

to the very practical present of I had visions of Dicky's face if roasting potatoes beneath the ashes





