A Wife's Confessional

by Adele Garrison

Lillian and Madge Investigate the Stranger's Trunk.

The key turned in the lock of the trunk, and Lillian busied herself with the hasps of the safety fastenings. At the last one she paused, and straightening, looked at me.

"I suppose you are wondering where I found this key," she said, and I was furious that I could not control the flush which revealed that I had been consumed with curiosity upon that very point.

"You aren't any more curious than I was," Lillian commented. "I don't know when anything has interested me more than the odd case of this girl. I have a hunch—the absurdest thing—that she's linked to something vital in which I'm concerned, if I only can find the clue."

I stared at her in amazement that held a tinge of fright. But Lillian's bright casual smile was an antidote for any psychic terrors.

"Listen to This!"

"You felt it too, I know," she said. "Well! A double hunch ought to be worth working out. But if you want a leaf from a third reel, listen to this: I found this key," she pointed to it impressively, "with the one to her suitcase and the baggage check for her trunk in a small oiled silk package tied to the chain from which that bag depends. Also, in the package was a small envelope containing a hundred dollar bill, with the inscription printed, 'To be used as needed.' What do you think of that?"

"That somebody was anxious to insure that she be well treated," I said, knowing, however, that she needed no answer to the perfunctory question.

"Of course," she assented, "If there was any other reason we'll have to wait for it, just as we will for the key to that valise. I imagine it's on a cord twined around her waist underneath her clothing. It wasn't around her neck nor attached to the upper part of the dress, for I made a hasty but thorough search at the time I removed the oiled packet from the valise before the physician came in. That will have to wait, however. She will have to become calmer—or unconscious—before I can do anything about that."

I gave her a startled glance. "Do you expect—?" I began, stopped in confusion, remembering Lillian's dislike for questions. But this one evidently did not disturb her.

"That she'll become unconscious again?" she countered. "I think it very likely, but not just yet. The physician warned me, however, that she was in an exhausted state, physically and mentally and that while a collapse was not imminent, yet it would probably come. But we'll meet that when it comes. Just now, we'll look through this trunk."

She threw back the lid, and lifting the inner lids of tray and hat box, disclosed a hat of dark blue velvet a bath robe, a heavy sweater, a box with two pair of suede gloves, another with two dozen handkerchiefs, and a crudely fancy box containing two bottles of perfume.

Lillian lifted them all up, satisfied herself that there was nothing more in the upper tray, then lifted it out.

"We'll come back to this later," she said, and bent over the lower tray.

"Just lay these on the bed, as I hand them to you," she said, "and catalogue them in that memory of yours, while you do it."

"Want You to Check This."

There was not much to catalogue, three changes of underwear, four pair of woolen stockings and two of silk, a wool dress, a raincoat, two cotton house dresses, a "ready-made" gown of something the color of the hat, and two pair of shoes. When I had laid them all out, Lillian straightened herself up and drew a long breath.

"I want you to check up on this," she said, "so we'll make no mistake. You know, find out if there's a distinguishing mark on anything, either a maker's name, or a personal marking."

I nodded, for I did know. It was an old game to me, one in which I had assisted Lillian many a time. We went at the task, slowly, methodically, and when we had finished and every article was back in it's trunk, Lillian and I looked at each other significantly.

"Did you ever see a more thorough job?" she asked.

"No, nor a queerer one," I answered. "There isn't a distinguishing mark of any kind anywhere. Nor is there in the suitcase. I've been through it. What else do you notice about this job?"

(Copyright, 1925.)

Omaha Chapter, D. A. R., Convention Delegates.

Omaha chapter, Daughters of American Revolution, has elected as delegates to the national congress which meets in Washington April 20:

Mrs. John J. Foster, regent.
Mrs. Frederick W. Clark.
Miss Minnie F. Thomas.

Alternates:

Mesdames—	Mesdames—
Anna C. Metcalfe,	John J. Sullivan,
Homer C. Stuntz,	F. P. Gould,
Edgar Allen,	George A. Mickel,
I. C. Wood,	Charles Wilhelm,
Sidney A. Barklow,	

Delegates to state conference, which meets in Beatrice March 16, 17 and 18, are:

Mesdames—	Mesdames—
Robert McEachron,	J. H. Reynolds,
R. V. Cole,	M. C. Cole.

Alternates:

Mesdames—	Mesdames—
W. J. Williams,	R. Hunter,
L. C. Shipman,	L. Hinsey,
R. C. Hoyt,	John J. Foster.
R. C. Messmore,	

College Club Parties.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Randall will entertain the following guests at the dinner-dance the Omaha College club is giving Friday, February 13, at the Elks club:

Messrs and Mesdames—

Willis Ayers,	J. R. McPhail,
C. N. Haynes,	J. B. Philip,
A. R. Holleroft,	E. T. Rector,
L. J. Haugh,	C. E. Wallis,
J. A. Linderholm,	P. H. Winn.

Dutch treat parties have been arranged by the Misses Grace McLain and Anne Johnston, and

Mesdames—	Mesdames—
Grant Benson,	Herbert Woodland,
Alan McBeau,	Harold Landeryou.
E. S. Traver,	

Mrs. C. J. Smyth returned the first of the week from Washington, D. C., and is at the Blackstone hotel.

COLOR CUT-OUTS

SLEEPING BEAUTY

THE SLEEPING PRINCESS

On the stairs of the enchanted palace, the prince passed a young page with a guitar in his hand. His fingers rested upon the strings but no sound came forth. He, too, seemed under a magic spell.

Up the stairs went the daring prince, down another hall, and finally into a wonderful room, all hung with the richest sort of curtains.

Then his eyes lit on the fairest thing in all the beautiful room—a young girl lying fast asleep on a velvet couch. The prince drew near and looked down at her. He had never seen any one so lovely in all his life. He knelt down beside her to look at her more closely.

And as he watched, the eyelids of the sleeping princess fluttered. The end of the hundred years had come at last!

(Color the page's hose red. Leave the fur on his jacket white. His guitar is brown. He will fake part in the big feast which you will read about tomorrow.)

(Copyright, 1925.)

Miss Henrietta Medlar will spend the week end in York, Neb., with Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Slocum.

Your Problems Solved

by Martha Allen

Unwanted Gift.

Dear Martha Allen: I received a ring from my fiance for a Christmas present and I do not like it. It is not an engagement ring, but a ring for my little finger. I would like to know how much it cost and also would like to change it. Do you think it would be all right to question my fiance about the price and suggest that I change it?

DISAPPOINTED.

Do not ask the price of the ring and do not ask to change it; you would hurt your fiance's feelings by implying you do not like his taste. After you are married be careful as well as now. Some wives make their husbands miserable by complaining about gifts.

Dear Miss Allen: I am a man of 30. A woman friends is 15 years older than I am. I think quite a bit of her. She has some property, but I think more of her. Should I wait and try to get a partner nearer my own age? W. J.

Marriage between a man of 30 and a woman of 45 is not to be advised. In five years she will begin to age perceptibly, while you have much time ahead of you in which to be young.

Hulda and Troubled: Why not combine anniversary and Valentine celebrations. A Valentine party should feature literally the world's most popular game—the game of hearts. If you've plenty of room, here's a good contest to try. On one wall arrange a sheet or large piece of white cardboard. On it make a target of red and white hearts, graduated in size and alternating in color until the center one is very small.

Number the hearts, say 10, 20, 30, 40 and 100, the latter number being the one for the center heart—the 10 for the outside.

Give every guest a bow and arrow and let each one have the same number of chances. The highest score takes the prize.

Prizes should always be in the spirit of the occasion—a heart-shaped box filled with candy or nuts, or any of the numerous favors to be found at the favor counters.

Let the guests get into the spirit of the occasion, and often they will prefer making their own entertainment to following any set program.

E. E. BYRUM

a man of national reputation on Divine Healing, will lecture on

"What the Bible Says About Healing"

at the Church of God Tabernacle, Fortieth and Izard Streets, starting Friday evening, 7:30, and continuing every evening till February 22, inc.

Thousands have been healed in answers to his prayers. The afflicted of every creed and nation are invited to come and be healed.

SOCIETY

Mrs. J. U. Loomis Has Interesting Guest

Mrs. John U. Loomis will have one of the most interesting guests of the season in Miss Dorothy Brown of Montclair, N. J., who arrives Friday.

Miss Brown, Smith college, 1913, was in Northampton, Mass., recently to dedicate the Grecourt gates, the gift of the board of trustees to the college.

Miss Brown, as a member of the Smith college reconstruction unit, was a worker in Grecourt, France, during the war. The gates are the pair which have admitted guests to the Robecourt chateau for centuries. Robecourt was the unit's headquarters during their stay.

Miss Brown is an executive in the field of vacation camp work.

She has a group of cottages and a central hotel for "tired business men, their wives, debutantes and their prey" which she owns and operates.

Friday afternoon Miss Brown will meet the members of the Smith club at tea at the home of its president, Mrs. Harold Evarts.

Progressive Dinner for Twenty Guests.

A progressive dinner party on Saturday evening will include:

Messrs. and Mesdames—

Charles Metz,	Ralph Peters,
Louis Clarke,	Ross Towle,
Henry Doerly,	Walter Roberts,
Glenn Wharton,	Clyde Roeder,
Windsor Megeath,	Will Coad.

Miss Finlayson Hostess.

Marian Finlayson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth S. Finlayson will entertain at a Valentine party at her home Saturday:

Misses:	Misses:
Josephine Wear	Ruth Reznick
Helen Wear	Dorothy Trenbirth
Barbara Burke	Margaret Waterman
Beatrice Burke	Bessie Thomas
Adine Edgerley	Annabel Bell
Peggy Marling	Grace Hoops
Rose Marie Swanson	

Mrs. L. D. Miller Hostess.

Valentine luncheon was given Wednesday by Mrs. L. D. Miller for:

Mesdames—	Mesdames—
E. F. Brown,	C. O. Lyle,
H. D. Bergen,	M. L. Lewis.
C. B. Wood,	

Dinner Party Monday Before the Follies.

A dutch treat party to the Greenwich Village Follies Monday evening will include Messrs. and Mesdames Charles Hamilton, John Hanighen, jr., R. Russell Best, Miss Nina Garrett and Frank Hanighen.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hanighen, jr., will entertain the party informally at dinner before the theater.

Amateur Musical Meets.

The Amateur Musical club will meet Friday afternoon at the home of Miss Jessie Millard. On the program will be Eugenie Whitmore, Belle Von Mansfeld and Mesdames Conrad Young, Harry Nicholson, George McIntyre, Walter Silver and Harriet Helgren.

"FWT" Signing Off All Winter Styles

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Birth Announcements.

A daughter was born Wednesday to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Olsen at the Methodist hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Rowzee announce the birth of a son Wednesday at the Methodist hospital.

David Hanighen, baby son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hanighen, jr., who has beeen ill for the past two months, is recovered.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Secret

And sunny shampoo

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I have glorious hair, as millions of women know. Its glint is like a halo, on the stage or on the street.

I don't know how I get it. I only know that it comes to me through what they call a Fruity Shampoo.

Very wonderful men perfected it for me, but they never would give me the formula. They said that one ingredient gives that matchless glint, but they never would tell what it is.

But they make it for me to supply to you, just as they make it for me. It is the greatest shampoo in existence. I say that after trying scores of them, and searching the world for the best.

I want you to try it. I want you to see the luster that it adds to hair. I would not take a fortune for what it has done for mine.

I cannot tell you the secrets of its wizard-like results. They have never been told to me. But those results will amaze and delight you. Ask any toilet counter for Edna Wallace Hopper's Fruity Shampoo, and you'll get exactly what I use. The price is 60 cents. And your dealer will return your money if you think that any other shampoo comes within a mile of this. For your own sake, see what it does.

Mail the coupon for a free sample bottle and my Beauty Book.

A Free Shampoo

Edna Wallace Hopper, 888
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.
I want to try Fruity Shampoo.

Was She a Fool?

To satisfy her parents, Evelyn became engaged to Eugene. But she was not happy. In her eyes, Eugene was too perfect, too gentle and gravely correct. The ideal lover she dreamed of had in him something of the savage. She pictured him as big, virile, masterful, brave. Then in the black, frozen wastes of Alaska, a devil, disguised as Evelyn's ideal of a "man", came into her life. Followed a drama of elemental passion, fierce hate and fiercer love that was to test Eugene's manhood to the limit and try Evelyn's very soul. The outcome is as thrilling as it is unexpected. Evelyn tells the story under the title of "The Primitive Lover." Read it in True Story Magazine for March.

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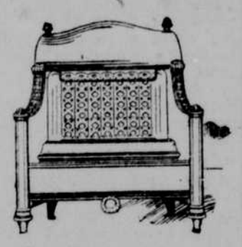

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Great

Mardi Gras Carnival

February 19-24, 1925

Only in New Orleans can you witness such a celebration of old-time splendor and unrivaled beauty—a festive season of feasting, gay pageants, magnificent balls and tableaux. Mardi Gras is conceded to be the world's gayest and most famous carnival celebration.

Carnival Week proper begins on the evening of Thursday, February 19, and runs thru six days of fun and frolic—a season of merry-masking you'll never forget.

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DAILY SCHEDULE

	Example
Lv. Omaha	1:55 p.m., Mon.
Lv. Kansas City	10:00 p.m., Mon.
Ar. Ft. Smith	9:06 a.m., Tues.
Ar. Little Rock	2:50 p.m., Tues.
Ar. Alexandria	12:10 a.m., Wed.
Ar. Lk. Charles	11:00 a.m., Wed
Ar. New Orleans	6:30 a.m., Wed.

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