

Society Notes -:- Personal Gossip -:- Entertainments -:- Club Doings

SOCIETY WOMEN LET THEIR FANCIES ROAM

Hold Round Robin Session Over Where They Would Prefer to Be.

WHO ELSE WOULD YOU BE?

By MELLIFICIA—Aug. 11.
If you could be anywhere you wanted to be, not considering who you would be with, for an hour and a half, where would you choose to spend the time? The startling question was asked at an Omaha dinner party the other day. Round the table went the question, and racking their brains the diners answered:
One chose to be on the Mediterranean, near Pompeii. Another wanted to spend the time in the Grand Canyon of the Arizona. Mrs. George Prinz took London, there to stand on Bond street and gaze at the passing throng. Miss Lida Wilson averred that if she were to be thus exiled for an hour and a half, she would choose to spend it on the old Maine coast. It's terribly hard to think where you should like to spend an hour and a half, without taking any thought of who would be with you.
Another question which you might find hard to answer is this: If you were not what you are, who or what should you prefer to be?
I propounded that question to Mrs. Harold Fritchett, the popular young society matron, the other morning. I think she is perfectly content to remain just who and what she is, for she told me very cheerfully that she was, and Father Neptune and her baby were having a little session just then which prevented any thought of another state or condition.
A certain fascinating young woman was cautious when I sounded her about her air castles in Spain. She admitted that she had a fairly good imagination which sometimes carried her far into the realm of fancy, but do you think she told me where? Well, you have another guess coming.

Being Sorry for Yourself

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
Sympathy is a very splendid thing when you bestow it on others. But it is dangerous and weakening when you administer it to yourself in large doses.
Many of us have a very good time with our sorrows and miseries. We hug them to ourselves—and actually enjoy them.
Who doesn't remember the time when, as a child, punishment which seemed unjust was meted out and he lay sobbing on his bed planning his own funeral and the weeping and wailing that would go on when it was too late. Oh, the luxury of that misery!
Grown older and more voluble the child flings out at some one who hurts him. "You'll be sorry when I'm not here any more"—planning the while to run away from persecution and being so sorry for the poor little abused self he visions.
Grown to manhood, that child is probably too busy to be sorry for himself very often. But grown to womanhood, his twin sister indulges in the doubtful pleasures of self-pity far too frequently.
It is against the morbid joys of self-pity that I want to warn women.
I read a very lovely little verse not long ago. Its musical expression charmed me. Here it is, read it over and notice how it lifts—and, then read it again and see what a perfect example it is of the thing I criticize.
"When I am dead and over me bright April
Shaketh her rain-drenched hair,
Though you should lean above me broken-hearted,
I shall not care.
"I shall have peace, as leafy trees are peaceful
When winds down the bough,
And I shall be more silent and cold-hearted
Than you are now."
An exquisite bit of verse that—and an exquisite illustration of what a good time we have being sorry for ourselves.
What a useless performance self-pity is! If one could talk to the lady in the lyric, how one would like to say: "My dear madam, why break your heart about this cold and cruel person who has not the inclination to cherish you when you are living and whose notice you only hope to get when he mourns your death. You can't have any fun out of that notice; so why not forego it and proceed now to live and be happy and useful?"
It's always like that. Being sorry for yourself leads you to sit helplessly by, visioning how the people who have abused you will grieve some day over their failure to appreciate you.
Being sorry for yourself is a very expensive luxury. You indulge in it and expend therein everything which might lead you to action and to a forceful course in the world where neither you nor any one else would have cause to pity you.
Don't ever sit still and indulge in an orgy of weeping over your misfortune. Instead get up and throw them off. Refuse to be miserable. Be ashamed to be miserable. You can the very minute you stop being sorry for yourself and are disgusted with yourself for sitting still and feeling persecuted.

At Carter Lake Club.

The Alpha Omicron Pi sorority entertained at luncheon at Carter Lake club today for Miss Frances Gannon of Lincoln. Those present were:
Misses—Frances Gannon of Lincoln, Laura Peterson, Elizabeth Mitchell, Lucile Ritchie, Helen Giltner, Madeline Higgins.
Those who had dinner parties at the club last evening were: Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Dermody, Mr. Roy D. Hart, Mrs. R. J. Tate, Mr. F. E. Finley, Mr. W. J. Van Arman, Mr. C. L. Greenfield, Mr. C. H. Rock and Mr. J. B. Barstow.
Mrs. W. O. Malstrom entertained her Sunday school class from Kountze Memorial church at a picnic supper at the club last evening. Dr. and Mrs. Van Fleet were members of the party.

Picnic at Elmwood Park.

A party of young women, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Leslie, will picnic at Elmwood park this evening. They will go to the grounds at 5:30 and spend the evening there. Those included in the party will be:
Misses—Mary Elizabeth Hamilton, Mildred Olney of Kansas City, Maude Miller, Mary Leslie, Laura Wilcox of Artes, Wyo.
Madames—Mary Johnson, Mildred White, Lucile Ely, Lulu Miller, Dora Wase, Evelyn Hancock, Maxine Jones, Charlotte Ruepken.

Luncheon for Visitors.

Mrs. Louis Rankin entertained at luncheon at her home Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Fred Johnson and Miss Dorothy Johnson of Kansas City, who are visiting Mrs. Johnson's mother, Mrs. F. Theuer, until September 1. Covers were laid for:
Madames—Fred Johnson of Kansas City, W. Rankin.
Misses—Eileen Ring, Margaret Selgren.
Masters—Clifford Ring.

Auction Bridge Club.

Mrs. George Wilson entertained the Dale Auction Bridge club Tuesday afternoon. The guests of the club were: Madames J. M. Beard, C. G. Hemple and Bowser. High score was made by Mrs. C. L. Hemple.

Stork Special.

A daughter, Elizabeth Anne Phillips, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Bradford E. Phillips in Chicago Thursday. Mrs. Phillips was Miss Annet French Brown of Omaha, who removed to Chicago five years ago.

Luncheon at Fontenelle.

Miss Eleanor McGilton entertained at luncheon at the Fontenelle today for Miss Helen Masten of Kansas City and Miss Ruth Purcell of Hampton, Ia., who are the guests of Miss Florence Jenks and Miss Louise Bailey.

On the Calendar.

Miss Marion Jones will entertain at

breakfast next Wednesday for Miss Mildred Olney of Minneapolis, who is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bragg.

At the Field Club.
Mrs. Madeline Krug will entertain a dinner party of ten guests at the Field club Saturday evening.

At the Country Club.
At the Saturday evening dinner-dance at the Country club, D. M. Vinsonhaler will be among the diners and John W. Madden with a party of four.

At Happy Hollow Club.
Additional Saturday evening reservations have been made by Mrs. H. V. Smith, jr., for six guests and by C. A. Abrahamson for six.

In and Out of the Bee Hive.
Miss Laura Power left Thursday for a month's trip to California.
Miss Alice Power has returned from Estes park, where she spent a vacation of several weeks.

Mr. Arnold Brower left last evening for Rochester, Minn., where he will undergo a surgical operation.
Miss Janet Reeves has returned from a three weeks' visit with her grandmother and aunt in St. Joseph.

Mrs. George McBride and Mrs. Rose Wright of Burlington, Vt., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Collins this week.
Miss Jeannette Wilson and Miss Stella Wilcox leave today for Minneapolis and Lake Minnetonka, where they will spend ten days.

Mr. Albert Edholm and Mr. Fred and Mr. Donald Paffenrath leave this evening for Isle Royal, Lake Superior, for a two weeks' fishing trip.

Mrs. Charles F. Shook and Miss Bertha Sellner, who are spending the summer at Pine Crest, Palmer Lake, Colo., were joined this week by the Misses Mae Somers, Bess Dumont and Emma Sellner. Mrs. Shook and Miss Bertha Sellner expect to remain at their cottage, the Abbey, until September 1.

Chill These Drinks.

Raspberry-Currant Ice.
One cup red currant juice, one cup raspberry juice, two cups sugar, two cups water, white of one egg. Cook sugar and water to a thick syrup, cool, add the fruit juices and freeze. When partially frozen add the beaten white of egg, continue freezing until hard.

Stuffed Tomatoes.
These are a form of salad. Select firm tomatoes of uniform size. Cut off the tops, scoop out the pulp and chop it with a little onion, celery and hard-boiled egg. Moisten with mayonnaise and refill the skins. Turn over more of the mayonnaise.

Shoe Sale Extraordinary. If we could get your ears as well as your eyes, our store would not hold the crowd. Odds and ends from our own stock, practically all sizes and widths (taken all together) sold previously at \$5 and \$6. One dollar per pair, \$1.00 per pair.

Farewell Sale of Choice Silks. Former prices 85c and \$1.00, 39c per yard Saturday. If all those who have admired them in the window will buy, there will not be enough to go around.

Pick of a Lot of Attractive Waste Baskets. 3 different sizes, 19 cents each. You will probably want more than one.

For the Sons of Adam. A big lot of shirts; many similar sold at \$1.50, all to go at 50 cents each. Will go out by the half dozen. There will be ties at a nickel a piece.

Voiles and Batistes. Extra wide, were originally 25 cents per yard. Will be sold at 10 cents per yard.

Now Open
Lee L. Larmon
Fontenelle Florist
1814 Douglas
TEL. DOUG. 8244.

Advertising is the pendulum that keeps buying and selling in motion

The Way of Midsummer Fashion



This smock is cut in one piece, and adds practically to its prettiness by being drawn in under, cordings at the waist line. Besides serving as a picturesque garment for the garden, such a smock makes a pretty afternoon dress.

Problem of Feeding an Army

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

One reason, why the feeding of an army has so many jerks and hitches in it is that the task isn't appreciated at its full dignity and importance. Professional men, whether military or medical, rather turn up their noses at it, and work on commissariat boards or commissions, though necessary, excites little enthusiasm. Strange as it may seem, in view of its necessity and basal importance, feeding an army is really quite a comparatively recent branch or department in the game of war.

Up to only a few centuries ago armies were not supplied with rations at all, but each soldier was expected to supply his own food, either bringing it from home or "rustling" it from the country fought over. War was a simple game of loot, either of territory or of goods and valuables, and the soldier merely took his share and turned over what he couldn't swallow, or pocket, or secrete, to his superior officers, and in consequence received neither pay nor rations. When armies got too big to live off even the richest countries, rough systems of commissariat and supply gradually grew up, and like a good many other new and haphazard growths, unfortunately, from the bottom, and army contractor and sutler became synonyms for robber and plunderer. Shameful to say, officers, even generals and leaders, took a hand in the game of graft—it was an "extra" anyhow, the rascals in the ranks really could feed themselves if they would halt.

Even as recently as Queen Anne's time, the great Duke of Marlborough was said to have made fortunes through his rascals from army contractors on the supplies furnished to his soldiers. And it was only within the last century or two that the vital problem of food and supplies was put in the hands of intelligent and honorable officers and regarded seriously as a part of their military duties. Even yet it is the Cinderella of all the army services, sitting in the ashes between the mess-stove and the garbage pit. The medical care of an army had exactly the same experience, and for

Do You Know That—
The hand that carries food to the mouth can also carry disease germs?
Health first is the highest form of safety first?
Tuberculosis and poverty go hand in hand?
The United States public health service will send a booklet on flies and disease, gratis to all applicants?
The breast-fed baby has the best chance?
Physical fitness is preparedness against disease?
Pneumonia is a communicable disease?
Cockroaches may carry disease?
What ought to be done is, that the whole problem of food supply and cooking and serving should be elevated to the rank of a special department or division under the control of a board or commission composed of doctors and food experts and line officers and public-spirited business men, who would volunteer for the service without pay. The movement in this direction, which was initiated and is being promoted by the Merchants' Association of New York, and which has already won the approval of army authorities and the consent of the War department, is emphatically a step in the right direction and a public service of immense value and importance.

The Hour Sales at Kilpatrick's
Are Causing Intense Excitement. From Near and Far People Have Come in Crowds.

Perhaps the most interesting thing is the good natured rivalry. Some attended the first sale of the morning, and stayed practically all day—moving from section to section, as the hour bell rang announcing the starting of a new sale. Saturday the fun starts at 8:30 a. m., and from the sounding of the gong, it promises to be fast and furious. **READ! MARK!! LEARN!!!** the importance of the hours on Saturday.

At 8:30 A. M. In the Basement Salesroom. Will continue all day.	At 1 P. M. On the Second Floor. Will continue until 6 P. M. if goods last.
At 10 O'clock. At the Regular Silk Section. While the goods last we'll keep on selling.	At 2 P. M. Muslin Underwear Section. Promises to be all over quickly.
At 11 O'clock. In the Basement.	At 3 P. M. At the Wool Dress Goods Section. Won't last long.
At High Noon - 12 Morning. At the Men's Section. Women Welcome. Should sell in two hours.	At 4 P. M. In Basement.

Each successive sale after starting will continue until the closing hour, 6:00 P. M. Saturday. My, how the clerks do appreciate the early closing. If you cared, you could make it unanimous and permanent.

Thomas Kilpatrick Co.