

Society Notes : Personal Gossip : Woman's Work : Household Topics

OMAHA MUSICIANS IN CHICAGO CIRCLE

Miss Ruth Flynn Attracts Attention by Her Successful Work.

MEMBER RESIDENCE CLUB

By MELLIFICIA, August 14

Two Omaha musicians who have recently gone to Chicago to enjoy the broader musical opportunities which the larger city affords are being associated in their successes. Chicago papers make mention of the work of Miss Ruth Flynn, who is making a name for herself as an accompanist for Francesco Daddi of the Chicago Grand Opera company and Thomas J. Kelly, who left such a big gap in Omaha musical circles.

Miss Flynn is a member of a charming residence club which was instituted recently by a number of Chicago club women of St. Elizabeth's parish. The old Elisha Washburne mansion, which was the scene of many notable social functions in the early days of Chicago when Mr. Washburne was ambassador to France and later when occupied by former Mayor Washburne, was purchased by the club women and fitted luxuriously for the use at a moderate rate for young women whose homes are away from Chicago.

"It is just like boarding school without the restrictions," said Miss Flynn of the club home.

At Carter Lake Club.

A feature of the Carter Lake club program from this time will be the cabaret dance at the club house, not at the dancing pavilion, each Tuesday evening.

Mr. Louis Specht gave a dinner party yesterday. His guests were:

- Misses—Marina Ward, Vesta Ward, Mary Chansky, Gaudrey Ward, John Worley, Glenn Dickman.
- Miss Lillian Dickman entertained for Miss Frances Gammon of Lincoln at dinner yesterday. Covers were laid for:
- Misses—Hazel Cook, Robert Copsey of Chicago, George Bohrer of Lincoln.

Mr. A. Von Dollen had as his dinner guests Sunday:

- Misses—Bernadette Martin, Katherine Carey, W. O'Grady, Paul Moore, W. W. Wise of Lincoln.

Other diners were: Mr. A. H. Hansen, Mr. Charles Brinn, Mr. A. L. Bradley, Mr. T. E. Wood, Mr. J. Adams, Mr. F. H. Tierney and Mr. L. W. Johnston.

At Seymour Lake Country Club.

Dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Charles I. Volmer were Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Gressley, Miss Ruth Gressley, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Windheim and Miss Marguerite Windheim.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Boyd Smith entertained at dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Orlando McConaughy of Gibbon, Neb., parents of Mrs. Smith, and for Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Milus.

Mrs. John Bekins entertained a dinner, having as her guests:

- Misses and Mesdames—T. Bakula, Sioux Falls, S. P. Trimble, A. C. Dickerson, John Nicholson, G. France, Waupun, Wis., Robert Bekins, Battle Creek, Mich., W. B. Chasik, E. A. Ross, Elizabeth Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cheek entertained a family party including:

- Misses and Mesdames—W. B. Chasik, E. A. Ross, Elizabeth Ross.

The Sunday evening program in cluded numbers by Mrs. Charlie Mangum, soprano; Mrs. J. M. Mulina, reader; Mr. E. P. Baker, baritone, and Miss Wamita Fitch, pianist.

The children of the club and their young friends will enjoy a fancy costume ball next Thursday afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock.

Guests of Miss Marguerite Fo. Sunday evening included Miss Wamita Fitch, formerly of Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Quaid, T. F. Coughlin of Kansas City, and D. J. Mara.

At Happy Hollow Club. Mrs. James Morton will entertain a luncheon party of nine tomorrow for Miss Dorothy Morton.

Mrs. Robert Cowell has luncheon reservations for five tomorrow.

Mrs. A. W. Carpenter will entertain at a luncheon for thirty-four guests tomorrow.

Those with dinner parties at the club last evening were: Dr. C. O. Rich, H. G. Brown, Allen Talmadge, O. F. Goodman, M. M. Robertson, J. A. Gilmore, E. Millard, W. Hildreth, W. R. Watson, J. L. McCague, A. B. Currie, G. M. Durkee, W. S. Curtis, R. M. Switzer, P. F. Peterson, J. F. Bloom, George Carter, G. A. Roberts, W. E. Rhoades, H. B. Lemere, Guy Liggett, R. M. West, H. A. Thompson and W. C. Ross.

Double Wedding. A double wedding ceremony was performed at the Dietz Methodist church parsonage at 10 o'clock this morning, when Rev. C. N. Dawson married Theodore Larson and Miss Carrie E. Sorenson, and Miss Sorenson's brother, Angus Walter Sorenson, and Miss Helen Dennis. All the young people are from Fremont, where the first couple will continue their residence. The second couple will make their home in North Bend.

Columbian Club. The Columbian club will give its next party Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Mesdames G. H. Poth and J. G. Sherry will be the hostesses.

In and Out of the Bee Hive. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Pridley and family are visiting relatives in Geneva, N.Y., this week.

Lawrence Harrington has gone for a visit with relatives in Los Angeles and Pasadena, Cal.

Miss Myrtle Brady left last week for a trip in the east. She will remain until September 1.

Miss Josephine Harrington is

Fashion Hint



A plain collar of striped silk, trimmed with covered buttons. This is one of the models recently selected in a neckwear competition to decide on standard styles for the coming season.

spending a week with her friend, Helen Palik, at Prescott, Ia.

Miss Charlotte E. Graves and Mr. W. A. Graves are registered at the Estes Park hotel, Colorado.

Dr. and Mrs. James P. Slater returned this morning from a month's vacation spent in northern Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Reed, accompanied by Mrs. Thomas Gentleman, have left for an extended eastern and lake trip.

Mrs. H. J. Updegraff and son, Howard, have gone to San Francisco to spend the rest of the summer there and in southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Tunnell and family left yesterday to spend two or three weeks camping out in the mountains of Wyoming. Most of their time will be spent in the Big Horn basin.

Mr. Peter Elvard left Friday evening to join Mrs. Elvard at Lake Okoboji, where she and Mrs. E. A. Beardsley expect to remain until September 1.

At the Country Club. Those with parties at the Country club yesterday were: G. C. Wharton, E. A. Wickham, M. G. Colpetzer, Ben Gallagher, Dr. J. E. Summers, George M. Redick, H. A. Tukey and H. L. Pritchett.

Personal Mention. Mrs. Roe and daughter of Hiawatha, Kan., are visiting Mr. E. Roe.

Mrs. O. D. Cole of Valentine, Neb., arrived today to be the guest of Mrs. H. C. Baird.

Mrs. W. L. Brayton, who has spent the summer, since June, visiting in Idaho, returned last week.

Misses Helen and Elizabeth Anderson are the guests of their sister, Mrs. Charles Stein, at Glasco, Kan.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hendrickson and children of St. Paul, Minn., are the guests of W. C. Flatau.

Mrs. N. R. Temple of Kansas City will arrive Wednesday to spend a week with Mrs. F. D. Dexter.

Mrs. A. D. Bradley, who left two weeks ago for an eastern trip, is now in Detroit. She expects to be gone about two months.

Mrs. Frank Parmalee, who was injured in an automobile accident in Paul, recently leaves Tuesday for Glenwood Springs, Colo., to recuperate. Mrs. Parmalee's nurse, Miss Maxfield, accompanies her.

Miss Mae Engler, who has been spending several weeks with Mrs. Frank Cooper in St. Paul, is expected home about August 20, accompanied by her hostess. Many entertainments have been given for this popular Omaha girl during her sojourn at St.

Do You Know That

Roller skating in England is said to date back to 1790.

It is in the lungs that our blood becomes red. Before it gets there it is of a dark purple color.

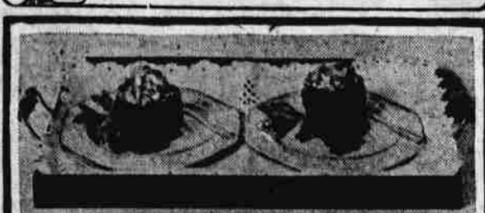
At five years old camels are fit to work; but their strength begins to decline at twenty-five years, although they usually live to be forty.

Only one out of more than 160 inmates of a certain lunatic asylum had red hair, and only four were of light hair and complexion.

The shamrock was adopted as the national emblem of Ireland because Saint Patrick selected it in order to explain to the Irish the doctrine of the Trinity.

TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH

COOKERY IS BECOMING A NOBLE SCIENCE



Summer Salad

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

One of the prettiest of summer salads, which looks attractive and tastes well, is this: Cut in half some fresh tomatoes, carefully scoop out the inside so as not to break the skin, and wipe dry with a clean cloth; place in each a teaspoonful of this mayonnaise sauce, and fill in the shell with some marinated fillets of herring cut into small pieces, tender green onions cut into

thin slices, and cooked beets and celery cut in little dice shapes; this is seasoned with olive oil, tarragon vinegar, a little salt and paprika pepper. Arrange on top some thick mayonnaise, decorate with capers, and serve on individual salad plates with celery and parsley garnish.

(Tomorrow—Baked Beef with Vegetables in French Casserole.)

The Bush Baby of Madagascar

The dwarf lemurs, the daintiest of all primates, are restricted to Madagascar, where they may be said to represent the galagos or "bush babies" of tropical and southern Africa. An example of the pretty little species commonly called Smith's dwarf lemur is shown here. The soft woolly coat is delicate gray, the hands and feet are white, and there is a white stripe, set off by dusky rings, around the eyes, extending down the center of the muzzle.



A Dwarf Lemur, Not Much Larger than a Mouse.

It is not much larger than the common garden dormouse of central and southern Europe and presents considerable superficial resemblance to that animal. The ears are long and upstanding and the eyes are large, protruding and circular.

A noticeable peculiarity is the length of the hind foot. As might be expected from this modification, the leaping powers of this animal are so great that it appears almost to fly from branch to branch of the high trees in which it lives.

Like a squirrel, it builds a nest of leaves in the fork of a tree, and there the female brings forth her young, which are usually two.

The nest is also used for the prolonged sleep, equivalent to hibernation in which the animal indulges during the period in Madagascar, corresponding to our winter, when the insects and fruits on which it feeds are scarce and difficult to procure in sufficient quantities.

Before this time of repose, and as a nutritive provision against it, the dwarf lemur accumulates a quantity of fat in the basal half of the tail; the remnant of this accumulation is still apparent upon this specimen.

Sympathy and Love

By MARIAN LOTUS.

I notice that a gentleman in a recent breach of promise case put up the defense that he had mistaken sympathy for love, and the fact that he got away with only \$50 in damages against him seems to show that the jury thought his defense a sound one.

It's certainly a useful get-out, and if every young fellow who gets hauled up in the future for breaking hearts or anticipating honeymoons, is going to click in the same way, girls had better chuck the courts quick.

Personally, I'm no believer in breach of promise cases, as I have told you before. Engagements are like pianos—you want to try both of them over first, and until you've tried 'em thoroughly you can't say if they're your exact fit.

Sympathy may sometimes be mistaken for it, too, but if you are going to establish a precedent by making the two interchangeable terms, you're going to give the man a big advantage over the girl.

Man invariably tires when you give him what he wants, and it's so simple when he has helped himself freely to love for him to turn round and say, with perfect faith, too, that it was really only sympathy.

And half the dictionaries in the country would help to support his case, don't they?

As I said just now, I should like to see all breach of promise cases done away with. The solution for a really broken heart can never be adequately represented by pounds, shillings, and pence. And a heart that is not badly fractured should find excellent and real compensation in having got rid of something that was but a flash in the pan.

But as our authorities evidently intend to continue breach of promise cases, it is surely better to handle them judiciously and not to give too many loopholes to either side.

I have always been brought up to look upon the word love as a very dangerous one—not lightly to be handled. You love your own wife, for instance, but you're awfully struck on someone else's. There's the difference.

You tell a girl you're awfully crazy on her, that she's the sweetest thing that ever happened, or that she's the dinkiest thing you've met for a decade—and you can get away with it safely, even though she probably doesn't believe it.

But then, you see, she knows, same as you mean her to know, that there is nothing more to it than an occasional supper when you both can manage it.

But the moment you tell her you love her she reckons it's a dead square deal, and you intend to see it through to the other side whatever happens. That's when she watches you—and heaven help you if she finds you've put it across her, and don't intend to carry out your contract.

Life has many sharp corners. Turning from childhood into young manhood and womanhood is one of the sharpest. The turn from obscurity into celebrity, from commonplace situation to one of power, is an acute one. No sharper than the corner that turns from the simple life into the complex one.

Mind your corners. All corners are sharp. And give grateful heed to those who are at pains to tell you of them. They do not "love to preach." They are not enamored of their own voices. They have seen head-on, watched smash-ups, and they would save you from them.

Wisdom of the Streets

By ADA PATTERSON.

"Lookout, my son. You turned a sharp corner."

I heard the words uttered by a benevolent policeman. Gentleness had come hand in hand with wisdom, along with his grizzled hair.

A younger "cop," anxious for promotion, and ruthless in his means of getting it, would have "run in" the pink-faced youngster, intoxicated with his new car, for speeding. He would have seen in him a deliberate breaker of the law. But older eyes see farther.

Perhaps because they are not blinded by the dust of selfishness. The old man of the force was content with his warning.

"I've warned the youngster. That's all any of us old 'uns can do," he said to a bystander.

I was glad he did not add: "But, of course, it will do no good. They won't learn save by experience." Do you believe that? I don't. I knew a girl who looked timidly over the rim of her little bowl-like life into the wide one she was going to enter by way of a great city, as one of its wage earners. I heard a woman say to this girl: "Never let any man spoil your life." Again and again that girl remembered, and remembering, profited. Her counselor had not said: "The wages of sin is death."

The girl, looking thoughtfully on, saw that some sinners were a long time dying. Her adviser did not say: "The city is full of dangers to young and unprotected." The girl was intelligent, and soon, without pain to herself, discovered that.

But whenever a man talked much about love and not at all about marriage, the girl looked at him with calm, measuring eyes and asked herself: "Would this man spoil my life?" And he was frightened at the rage she showed. "Never saw a girl cut up like that before," he grumbled as he was swept away by the tornado of her wrath. And so she received all those plausible persons who boasted of their "broad views of life" and their scorn of the "conventions." Men classified themselves to her. She catalogued the two classes, "life spoilers" and "others." The way of her life lies among the heights, but often she looks far below the seared, anguished faces of the girls she knew. Her friend's words echo in her grateful memory: "Never let any man spoil your life."

Yes, "it does some good." Yes, they remember. Those who think, do. It is only the thoughtless who braise their brows against the stone wall of fated experience. That girl, warned of the sharp corners had avoided them. Her elder friend had done for her what the policeman did for the pink-faced youth. Both had warned against the sharp corners of life.

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The Light After Darkness

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

For darkness passes; storms shall not abide. A little patience and the fog is past. After the sorrow of the ebbing tide, the stinging floods return in joy at last. The night is long, and pain weighs heavily. But God will hold his world above despair.

Look to the east, where up the lurid sky The morning climbs! The day shall yet be fair.

Nothing in all of life is final. Perhaps even the end of life is not final. But at least we know that everything in life itself changes, grows, moves on.

Despair is the most tragic waste of which human nature is capable. What today is a wound tomorrow is only a heavy scar and a week from now perhaps but a faint mark. Even a grave is some day sure to be grass grown—a silently smiling memento of a once agonizing and tearing sorrow.

In the wisely ordained balance of our nature it has been arranged that we may adjust ourselves through all the stages from pain to forgetting.

It is even true that joy is never more superb and splendid than when it follows misery. Think how gilded the sunshine seems when it follows the dreary day of rain. So for life itself.

Perhaps the greatest tragedy of life is the impatience—the wild unrest that says: "I am suffering. I can't bear it and I won't try. I am unhappy. Things will never be any better."

In the lovely verse by Celia Thaxter, "My Creed," there lies the germ of all philosophy. Scarcely a word of explanation is needed—only a little light on the picture.

The very keynote of sanity, of bravery, of adjustment to life lies in her philosophy. One has but to endure bravely whatever of unpleasantness the present offers and believe strongly in the hope of the future. When things are at their worst—when the supreme calamity has been faced, what more is there to fear?

And out of the strength that comes from sorrow nobly borne there grows breadth of vision and power fully to enjoy the beauties that come after storm and stress.

All Fat People Should Know This

The world owes a debt of gratitude to the author of the now famous Marmola Prescription, and it is still more indebted for the reduction of this harmless, effective obesity remedy to tablet form. Marmola Prescription Tablets can now be obtained at all drug stores, or by writing direct to Marmola Co., 244 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich., and their reasonable price (75 cents for a large case) leaves no excuse for dieting or violent exercise for the reduction of the overcast body to normal proportions.

Resinol first aid for skin troubles

"Will Resinol Ointment really stop this dreadful itching and clear my eczema away?"

"Madam, if you only knew as much about Resinol as doctors do—how safe it is to use, how promptly it acts—you would not doubt, you would use it at once. Usually it stops itching immediately and soon removes every bit of eruption."

Resinol Ointment is so surely flesh-colored that it can be used on exposed surfaces without attracting undue attention. Sold by all druggists. For sample free, write to Dept. 37-R, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

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Tested Recipes

Potato Salad. Boil the potatoes with their skins on, and wait until they are cold to peel them. Slice an onion, separating it into rings. Slice the potatoes and mix sliced cucumbers with them, put in the salad bowl and lay the onion rings on top, then turn over all a dressing made by beating together five tablespoons of salad oil with two of vinegar, a half teaspoon of salt and a shake of red pepper. Turn this over the salad, then sprinkle with finely chopped parsley and let stand in the ice box for an hour before serving.—Woman's World.

Spiced Salmon. Turn the contents of a large can of salmon into an earthenware bowl. Heat to the boiling point vinegar sufficient to cover the fish, with a few whole cloves, pepper corns and a blade of mace. Add a little salt, turn over the fish and cover closely for several hours. When ready to serve have very cold and after draining off the superfluous vinegar lay on lettuce leaves and garnish with slices of lemon.

Creamed Salt Mackerel. This is most acceptable on a hot morning. Soak the fish over night, flesh side downward. Rinse well in the morning, boil up once in fresh cold water, drain and put on hot platter. Blend a tablespoon of butter with one of flour and add milk sufficient to make a thick cream. Turn this over the fish, then set in the broiler until browned on top. Garnish with parsley.

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