

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

WOMEN CAN FRUIT FOR THE CHILDREN

Tots at Child Saving Institute to Have Fruit to Eat This Winter.

CARDS ARE SENT OUT

By MELLIFICIA—Aug. 21.

When you are enjoying the delicious fresh fruits of the summer or the choice contents of your preserved fruit jars in the winter, do you ever think of those who cannot indulge their liking for fruit? Do you ever consider that the health of some one else beside yourself demands the eating of wholesome fruit? The little ones at the Child Saving Institute need a large amount of fruit in their simple diet, for children, almost more than grown-ups, need light, refreshing foods. An effort has always been made to provide this necessity for them at luncheon and at the evening meal. But those in charge of the institution have all they can do to perform their regular duties and have little time to spend in canning fruit. This has always made the winter supply of canned fruit inadequate.

In an effort to remedy this lack Mrs. Charles Kountze and her helpers are sending out to at least 300 persons cards bearing this request: "Will you please save the Child Saving Institute one or more jars of each kind of fruit that you can this summer?" They are sending these requests with the hope that from the recipients of the cards and their friends a liberal response will come, and the seventy little tots at the home will show their gratitude by wholesome, hearty growth.

At Happy Hollow Club.

Those who entertained at supper at Happy Hollow club last evening were: O. P. Goodwin, M. M. Robertson, H. D. Brown, C. Vincent, C. J. Lyon, E. Millard, R. C. Wagner, S. R. Rush, W. McAdam, E. F. Howe, R. M. Switzer, Don T. Lee, C. E. Niswonger, F. H. Carvin, H. M. Rogers, L. M. Holiday, R. M. West, L. M. Talmage, W. R. Watson, C. C. Sadler, C. H. Bewsher, J. Drummond, W. E. Palmatier, W. H. Garratt and A. B. Currie.

Reservations for the married folks' dinner-dance Thursday evening are beginning to come in. Edward Phelan has a reservation for seven, W. H. Garratt and L. L. Hamlin each have reservations for six, and H. E. Daniel has reservations for three. Tuesday evening W. F. Wright will have a party of twelve.

At the Country Club.

A number of supper parties were given at the Country club last evening. Mark Good had seven in his party, six guests each were entertained by J. T. Stewart, W. Farnam, Smith and J. A. Cavers, E. S. Westbrook and K. C. Howe had foursomes, D. A. Baum and G. C. Wharton each had parties of five, and Mrs. F. B. Johnson had three guests.

The second golf match for the Burgess-Nash trophy was played at the club today.

At the Field Club.

A group of girls was chaperoned at dinner at the Field club Friday by Mrs. C. E. Coleman. Those present were: Misses—Kathleen Connelly, Gladys Crook, Hazel Johnson, Arline Abbott, Helen Sinclair, Anabelle Sinclair, Katherine Banta, Ruth Cassidy, Adelaide Carmello.

Those who had small supper parties at the Field club Sunday evening were J. A. Tilton, Victor Syle, C. S. Montgomery, Dr. W. J. Bradbury, Gail Adams, J. E. Wilson, F. L. Tubbs, J. B. Carver, R. H. Manley, James Trimble, Frank Boyd, E. C. Hutchinson, F. L. Sturtevant and twenty of the younger men.

Tuesday Mrs. Allan Farmer will have a luncheon party at the club.

Interesting Guests Arrive.

Mrs. Nathan Mantel has as her guests at her cottage at Carter lake Mrs. Mendel and her daughter, Miss Rosalie Mendel of Chicago, who are in the city on their way home from Manitou, Colo. Miss Mendel is the author of numerous stories for children. She has been engaged in writing tales for little folks for a number of years and finds it most fascinating work. This week her latest work, "Spark on the Farm," will come from the publisher. In a short time several other books with such interesting titles as "My Book of Fish," "My Book of Animals," and "Aesop's Fables in Rhyme" will appear.

Luncheon for Miss Jones.

Miss Lillian Johnson entertained the local members of the Tri Delta sorority and several out-of-town members at luncheon at her home today for Miss Jessamine Jones of Minneapolis, who is visiting her cousins, the Misses Verna and Ruby Jones. Decorations were in the sorority colors, silver, gold and blue, carried out in yellow, silver and blue. Those present were: Misses—Jessamine Jones of Minneapolis, Verna Jones, Gertrude Sturm of Nebraska, Ruth Welser, Maurine Whigert of Lincoln, Ruby Jones, Grace Gibson.

On the Calendar.

For Miss Ruth Igen Fritz of San Diego, Cal., who is the guest of Miss Grace Gibson, Miss Gibson will entertain at an afternoon party tomorrow. Miss Igen Fritz was among the guests at the luncheon given today by Miss Lillian Johnson for Miss Jessamine Jones of Minneapolis.

Popular Visitor in Bluffs.

Miss Roma Williams of Grand Island is the much-esteemed guest of Miss Mary Mitchell of Council Bluffs, both girls having attended Ferry hall in Chicago at the same time. Miss Mitchell gave a dinner at the Council Bluffs Boat club Friday, when Miss Williams arrived; Miss Anna McConnell gave a tea Saturday afternoon and today the girls came over to Omaha for luncheon at the University

club as the guests of Miss Mary Stillman.

Miss Mitchell will entertain twelve guests at luncheon tomorrow for Miss Williams; Wednesday Miss Geraldine Hess entertains informally, and Thursday Miss Virginia Stubbs and Miss Angela Shugart give a Kensington for the same guest.

Tea for Mrs. Abbott.

Mrs. E. Carson Abbott entertained at afternoon tea today for Mrs. Catherine Abbott. A color scheme of pink was used in the appointments, and garden flowers were used throughout the rooms. Mrs. F. J. Jumper and Mrs. Franklin A. Shotwell assisted. Those present were: Misses—Katherine Lalkerth, Carrie Craven, H. V. Cook, Sarah McCardle, Lois Cochran, Will Huff, David Comstock, W. H. Leary of Salt Lake City, Henry Dunn, D. P. Ansel, F. W. Judson, W. T. Gould, Margaret Pringle of Bathurst, Carling Fort Madison, Ia., of New York.

Surprise Party.

Mrs. O. J. Hlavka and Mrs. J. G. Krause entertained at a surprise party in honor of their husbands Saturday evening. The evening was spent in playing games and dancing, and Mr. George Scotland sang several numbers. Fifty guests were present.

Social Gossip.

Miss Elizabeth Bruce returned yesterday from St. Joseph, Mich. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rushton arrived Saturday from an eastern trip. The Misses Carrie and Helen Millard returned Sunday from a trip to Estes park.

Miss Alice Rushton, Miss Katherine Gould, Mr. Leslie Putt and Mr. Virgil Rector returned Saturday from a motor trip to Lake Okoboji.

Personal Mention.

Miss Fahne Clare left this morning for Chicago to be gone an indefinite time. Glen and Boyd Schicketanz left this morning for Magnolia, Ia., to be gone two weeks. F. H. More of 3211 Maple street has gone to Lincoln, Mo., to visit his daughter, Mrs. W. C. McConnell, for two or three weeks. Mrs. Louis S. Reichenberg has returned from Chicago, where she was called by the sudden death of her mother, Mrs. Max Reichenberg. Mr. C. T. Taylor leaves today for Lead, S. D., for a three months' stay. Mr. Clare J. Moore left Sunday for a three weeks' trip in Colorado. Miss Gertrude Sturm of Nebraska and Miss Maurine Wingert of Lincoln arrived this morning for a short visit with Miss Lillian Johnson, a Delta Delta Delta sorority sister.

Girl Workers Who Win Out

The Maid Who Learned How to Make Good
BY JANE McLEAN.

Celia was what is known as a maid of all work. That is, she cooked, cleaned and washed for her living. Sometimes she fared well, and sometimes there were places where even her simple demands were refused and then it was she was forced to move on and search for a new place. She did not demand much. She wanted a clean room and a little time to herself. What Celia really needed was understanding. She did not mind hard work, for she was strong and well, but she liked an occasional kind word and cheery smile, for even in her simple mind those things meant life.

When she went back to the intelligence office after losing her last place the woman greeted her none too pleasantly.

"Why don't you specialize in something," she said quickly. "I have positions for cooks and ladies' maids. Do you think you could try something like that?"

Celia knew that she could not cook elaborately enough to go out as a cook. She could do well enough for ordinary requirements, but her specialties were nothing extra. A ladies' maid she did not want to be. Weren't there any positions for general housework? she inquired timidly.

"I have one here, five in family minister's wife. Think you'd like that?" And the woman looked up. "It'll be hard, but you might as well try it."

"Well, they want you right away, here's the address. You can go right up." And once more the woman bent over her huge book while Celia made her way out to the street.

The street that Celia had on the slip of paper was not in a fashionable neighborhood. A tired little woman with a sweet face opened the door to her ring, and she smiled very sweetly as she said:

"You must be the new maid. Won't you come right in? You'll find things pretty well upset, but I have had so much to do all alone."

Celia smiled in response and followed the little woman upstairs to a very plain, very clean little room with a comfortable looking bed and a picture of a baby hung over a little oak dresser.

"This is your room. The nursery is right down the hall. I have three children," and the little woman's face lighted up as if that possession were the dearest in the world. "Would you like to see them? They are getting ready for bed now. I put them to bed at five-thirty every night."

Celia had never been treated with such an air of equality before; it made her feel happier somehow, and she did like children if they were nice children.

"Here they are," said the mother. "Donald, this is Celia, she's going to help mother take care of you. Say how do you do, Howard, and baby, can't you smile a little? This is my little girl, Rose Marie."

The children all crowded about Celia and again that little feeling of belonging swept to her heart. Afterward when she was following Mrs. Townsend downstairs she said impulsively, "I think I'll like it here."

"I hope you will," was the quick response. "The work won't be easy, but we are all very happy, and there's plenty to love."

And Celia resolutely squeezed back a tear, a little chary of showing that she was silly enough to cry because she was happy.

In the City of the Dead

A view of Petra's tombs. These pictures are printed by permission of the American Museum of Natural History.



By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

One of the most extraordinary places on the earth is a valley near the northwestern border of Arabia, containing the "dead city" of Petra, the Biblical Sela, meaning "rock." It lies eastward of the remarkable depression of El Ghor, or the Wad-el-Araba, a strange cleft in the earth's crust which runs northward from the Akaba arm of the Red Sea, and contains in its deepest part the Dead Sea, whose surface is nearly 1,300 feet below sea level.

At some time in the geologic past the rocks fell away along the line of this depression, leaving a "fault" in the crust. It is bordered with wild, barren mountains. Near the Mount Hor of the Bible a way exists leading from El Ghor to a basin among the mountains which constitutes the valley of Petra. This valley, surrounded by steep and rugged slopes and perpendicular precipices, is of an "L" shape, its enclosed plain covering about one square mile.

A more secluded and unexpected site for a city could not be imagined and yet there was a time when Petra contained, it is said, 100,000 inhabitants, and when it certainly enjoyed great commercial prosperity and was adorned with costly buildings of architectural splendor.

The most signal natural feature of Petra is a gorge, or canyon, a mile in length, hundreds of feet deep and in places only ten feet wide, which serves as the entrance way into the now abandoned and ruined city. It is very difficult to get into the valley over the surrounding mountains, so that the crooked gorge is like a gateway in the shape of a long, narrow, high-walled passage, which could easily be made absolutely impassable.

Through the gorge runs a stream which abundantly supplied the city within, and was in former times carefully restrained within its banks, while a tunnel through the rock provided for the overflow and prevented inundation. The gorge is now partly choked with rocks and debris accumulated during many centuries, but in the days of Petra's splendor it was as well cared for as a street.

At present Petra is only a scattered skeleton of a city, haunted at night by jackals, and partly occupied in the rainy season by wandering tribes with their sheep, goats and cattle. The floor of the valley is covered with broken and dispersed ruins, while the steep walls encircling it are honey-combed with innumerable tombs, many of great size, and magnificently sculptured, and all cut out of the native rock, a kind of sandstone, which glows with color—red, rose, purple and yellow.

In addition to the tombs, many of which have been partly obliterated by the wear of time, there are, also cut out of the solid rock, a number of large temples. One of these, the Deir, has a facade about 160 feet in length. In the wall of the entrance passage itself is cut a beautiful temple, called the Khazneh, whose columns, capitals and other architectural details excite the admiration of all who see them.

Some of the architectural features of the ruined city date back to the times of the Nabataeans, who were

A giant urn carved from solid rock in Petra. Note the size as compared to the size of the man.



contemporary with the early kingdom of the Israelites. Others are Greek, dating from the days of the Greek domination over Petra, and Roman, for Petra was once an important city of the Roman empire, and was visited by the Emperor Hadrian. It owed its prosperity to the fact that it lay on the great caravan route from the east to Europe, but after the rise of Palmyra, the desert capital of Queen Zenobia, Petra began to decline, and its commerce was diverted. In the early centuries of our era Petra was Christianized, but the Mohammedans afterward drove out the Christians. It was captured by the Crusaders, who built a citadel, some of whose ruins are yet to be seen, but they abandoned it in 1189, and after that it sank into obscurity. While in possession of the Crusaders its fame had gone all over Europe, but from the end of the twelfth to the beginning of the nineteenth century it was virtually forgotten and no European saw it until Burckhardt, the celebrated traveler, visited it in 1812.

Does It Pay to Be Neighborly?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Are you one of the people who have lived for ten years in a great apartment house and have no idea who occupies the floor above them, the floor below, or, perhaps, even the apartment across the hall?

Nowadays very few people are friends with the "folks next door." The kindly little world in which people shared the joys and sorrows of the neighborhood has grown from simple town ways to over-dignified city ones.

Down in the village from which your grandmother came you shared whatever of good or ill came to the people in the houses around and, incidentally, their butter, or eggs, when you happened to run short; and there was a great deal of happy warmth in hearts and manners.

City life has changed all this. Now you don't know anybody until you've been introduced, and, unless you want to lose your social position, you put on your hat and gloves when you are going to the shop around the corner!

The chill, stiff, staring attitude of the average fashionable street in a big city is calculated to make a newcomer want to emigrate back to the country or even to the swarming slums where everybody knows everybody else.

There can be nothing more disheartening than the chilly state of things which meets the family coming in to the city from some warm little village of 10,000 gossiping, inquisitive, but altogether neighborly and friendly people.

Sitting in lonely, lofty dignity and ignoring all the pleasant people about you seems to be considered quite the correct thing in the city. It isn't correct—it's only dreary and foolish and stodgy and altogether absurd.

Dotted all over our land there are villages where the kindly country ways are still enforced. There people drop into each other's houses at all hours of the day and night in the happy fashion of genuine friends. No one is ever too busy or too cold-bloodedly absorbed in his own affairs and his search for money and position to refuse a lift to a neighbor who needs help over a rough place or sympathy with some one who is bursting with good news he "just has to tell."

One of the tragedies of city life is that far too many of us have learned to be cruelly suspicious of people we don't know, and so are afraid to give the benefit of the doubt to folk about whom we have not an absolute written guarantee of respectability.

A few years ago in the middle west the average man used to boast that they always believed a man honest unless he proved himself a thief. But in the big cities the rule seems to be to believe people thieves until they prove themselves honest! Can't we recover some of the old neighborliness of heart and spirit which will make it possible for us to give a friendly greeting to the people who live about us? Can't we learn to feel that the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears and the movements, great and small, of those who have been brought close to us in the congestion of city life are really close to our hearts too?

TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH

COOKERY IS BECOME A NOBLE SCIENCE



Iced Bouillon

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

For dinner tomorrow why not try jellied bouillon?—which sounds elaborate, but is simplicity itself to prepare. This can be made with any stock, cleared, or it may be made with beef extract, to which add to a quart of clear stock one-half ounce of gelatine dissolved in cold water. Strain and chill, add a little lemon juice and flavor to taste.

Stock for Bouillon.—Put into a saucepan about two pounds of neck of veal and a knuckle bone, cover with about four quarts of cold water, add a little

salt and allow the stock to come to the boil, then remove the scum and add four or five onions, a bunch of herbs, such as parsley, bayleaf, thyme, about a dozen peppercorns and four or five cloves; simmer this gently for three to four hours. Strain off the stock, set aside until cold, then remove the fat and clarify. Put on ice until firm and serve in chilled bouillon cups. Garnish the top with whipped cream. Tomorrow—Delicious Fruit and Vegetable Pickle.

Breakfast in the Summertime

Breakfast in summer should be a light and nourishing meal, so dainty that it will appeal to the lagging appetite and sufficiently substantial to supply the needed nutriment. Fruit is a good beginning to the first meal of the day, and at this season of the year nothing is quite so nourishing as cantaloupe served in some way. Eggs are always a welcome morning dish, and cooked au gratin will appeal to the jaded appetite.

Cantaloupe with Raspberry Centers
Eggs au Gratin
Corn Bread

Eggs au Gratin.
Boil six eggs twenty minutes. Let them cool, then remove shells and lay in rather thin slices. Butter a shallow, earthen baking dish, place a layer of sliced egg, enough cream sauce to cover and a layer of grated American cheese, then repeat the process until the dish is filled. Bake in a hot oven ten minutes.

Cream Sauce.
The sauce required in the above recipe, which is equally useful for any other dishes, requires two tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of flour, one cup of scalded milk and salt and pepper to season. Cook in butter and hour until smooth, but do not brown. Add the scalded milk slowly, stirring constantly. Cook for three minutes.

Corn Omelet.
Green Bean Salad, Buttermilk
Peas
Four eggs, four tablespoons

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