

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

SORORITY GIRLS GET EARLY START

Rivalry Stirs as School Days Approach and Pre-Term Rushing Parties Are Held.

DELTA GAMMAS AT WORK

By MELLIFICIA—August 25. School days are fast approaching and the stir of rivalry is already in the air. Today, yes, this afternoon, a rushing party was given at the home of Miss Martha Noble by the Delta Gamma sorority. Eight young women who are planning to attend the colleges of our fair land were the guests of honor. On them was directed the fire of the combined charms of the thirty-odd members of the Omaha sisterhood of Delta Gamma. Some guests from Lincoln, a center of sorority life, added force to the attack. The hostess and her allies devoted themselves to the business of capturing the hearts of their guests for their beloved organization. Do not let the thought of a rush make you thrill with the feeling of times when you were a simple freshman, charmed by the wiles of attentive upper classmen, or when, having passed the rank of a first-year student, you had a hand in bulldozing the innocent new persons into joining hands with you fraternally.

VISITING NURSES PLAN FOR TAG DAY

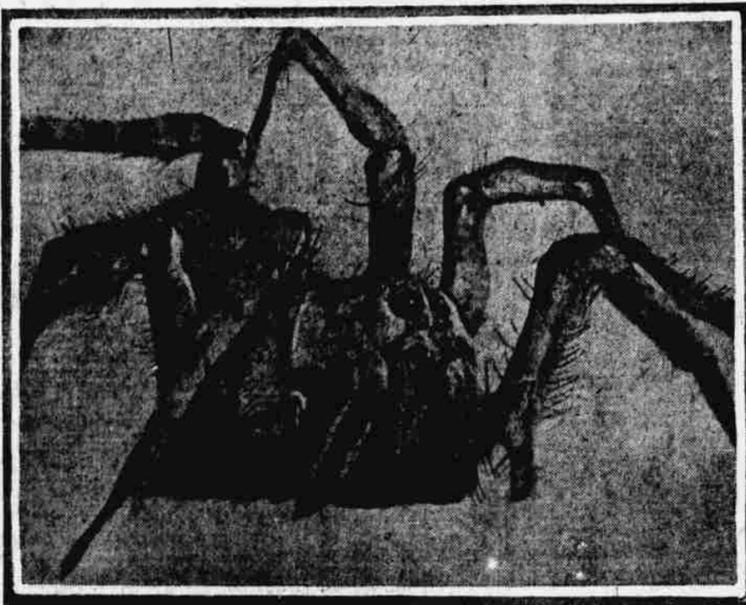
Society Matrons Will Sell the Red Tags for the Cause of Charity.

STATIONS ARE ALLOTTED

Society matrons have volunteered to work for the Visiting Nurse association of Omaha on their annual tag day to be held Wednesday, September 6. These women will be dressed in white and will bear Red Cross bands on their sleeves. Last year tag day yielded \$3,430, and it is expected that this year the amount will be increased. The list of stations and the women who will be in charge is announced as follows: Headquarters, United States National Bank—Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Noe. Collectors—Mrs. Luther Kounize, Mrs. Barton Millard. City Hall and Bee Building—Mrs. Victor Rosewater. Brandeis Buildings—Mrs. Arthur Woodman. Hayden Bros., Sherman-McConnell Corner, Loyal Hotel—Mrs. G. L. Bradley. Omaha National Bank Corner and Building—Mrs. H. O. Edwards, Mrs. Ralph Brockmeier. Owl Drug Company Block—Mrs. W. F. Rhoades, Mrs. Blair. Burgess-Bush Block—Mrs. Charles Metz. City National Bank Building—Mrs. Herbert Rogers. Court House and University Club Block—Mrs. Arthur Metz. Fontenelle and Telephone Exchange Buildings—Mrs. Bacon. Thomas Kilpatrick & Co., Union Pacific Headquarters—Mrs. Phillip Potter. Benton Drug Company Block—Mrs. T. R. Ward. Omaha Packing House Live Stock Exchange—Mrs. C. E. Soarr. Paxton Hotel Block—Mrs. Frank Norlin. Mrs. G. Ingraham. Twenty-fourth of the World Building—Mrs. J. W. Towle. Rohn Hotel Block and Daily News Building—Mrs. Thoma. Thirty-eighth and Farnam—Mrs. Dan Wheeler, Miss Mildred Rogers. Grain Exchange—Mrs. J. W. Hayes. Twenty-fourth and Farnam—Mrs. T. E. Sanders. Twenty-ninth Street and Park Avenue—Mrs. C. E. Newinger, Mrs. Will Hoagland. Burlington and Union Stations—Miss Gertrude and Miss Stella Holmquist. Thirty-eighth Street—Mrs. John L. McCague. Twenty-fourth and Cumings—Mrs. W. R. Adams. Paxton & Gallagher—Mrs. Ben Gallagher, Forlith and Cumings—Miss Helen Johnson. Market—Mrs. Wheeler and nurse.

A Merciless Eight-Eyed Terror

A Wolf Spider Photographed After Being Subdued by a Sand Wasp.



This "Wolf Spider" Was Caught in Ontario by a Naturalist.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS. Enthusiastic naturalists sometimes try to persuade us that spiders are really admirable creatures, which should not excite any abhorrence, but it takes a good deal of practice, and considerable resolution, to enable anybody to put a finger upon a spider. There is something in the structure and attitude of these eight-legged, multiple-eyed, hair-furred, quick-darting beasts which sends shivers through the nerves. They look like little demons, and only our great superiority of size enables us to stand our ground in the presence of a spider. Imagine a spider as big as an elephant! The creature photographed on this page belongs to the most nerve-racking branch of the spider race, the "wandering spiders." The other branch comprises the "sedentary spiders," which build webs for traps and they are more amusing than terrifying as long as they stay close around their dens. But this fellow in the picture is a "wolf spider," a name which does not half express the horror of his looks and ways. He lives on the ground, is swift of foot, and can spring on his prey with the eye-defying swiftness of lightning. He is a stalker, silent, persistent and merciless. He has eight eyes of varying size. With six of them he sees ahead and to right and left; the two others are for looking behind and upward. The two projections on the front of his head are euphemistically called "pincers." The world has a soft sound, but the thing is armed with claws and sharp bristles, to pierce and hold victims. There is a pair of mandibles, or jaws, which have been compared to ice tongs, for their shape, and whose points are as sharp as needles, and each has a groove carrying a poison duct. These murderous implements are concealed by long hairs when not in use. The specimen that we are looking upon was caught on a sandy beach of the Ottawa river in Ontario, but it was not a man who captured it, but a sand wasp, who had treated it to a dose of its own medicine, paralyzing it with a poisoned sting, and while the captor was dragging it off to serve as food for young wasps, an entomologist came along and took possession of the unlucky "biter bit," which was not dead, though incapable of motion. The wolf spiders pass the winter in holes in the sand a foot to a foot and a half deep, at whose bottoms they lie torpid while the cold weather lasts. They resemble in their habits the hunting, or jumping spiders, which are to be seen almost everywhere in summer stalking flies on walls, fences and porch railings. There is at least one record of a hunting spider which industriously stalked its own image in a looking glass, which at least shows that they don't recognize their own ugly faces.

Girl Workers Who Win Out

The Stewardess Finds that Willing Hands and a Pleasant Smile Pay Well

By JANE M'LEAN.

The steamer was large and the duties were many. There were ever so many staterooms to oversee—countless trays to be carried, and numerous errands to run. It seems that there was no rest at all for Christine's weary feet and no one on the boat seemed to consider her at all. It was "Stewardess, will you come here, please?" or "I rang for you, where have you been?" until Christine had a tired, choked feeling in her throat. The reason she had taken the position in the first place was because she needed a sea trip and there had been no money. "It doesn't matter how you go," the doctor had declared, "just so that you get out to sea with plenty of salt air." When ways and means had been discussed, the idea of being a stewardess had occurred to Christine's old father. Aside from the fact that Christine was recovering from a siege of fever, the girl was ordinarily strong, and it would do her no harm to become healthily tired, so that she slept well at night. Christine had a knack of caring for sick people. Her blond hair was smooth, and she wore it curled in a braid about her well shaped head. Her eyes were dark and calm, and her clothes were immaculate. From the time that she had set sail, she had been popular with the most cantankerous passengers and, in spite of their encroachments on her time, they liked the girl and meant well by her if a generous tip at the end of the voyage would compensate for her running at everyone's beck and call. On board the Arcadia a famous physician was travelling with his wife, who was not at all well and required the services of the stewardess almost constantly. Christine had never been known to disregard her duties. The doctor soon grew to notice the girl's peculiar daintiness, the knack she seemed to have in the sickroom,

her strong personality, the calm that one felt at the touch of her white hands. There was no doubt about it she was a definite person, a woman who would count in the world by reason of her marked characteristics. Gradually the doctor developed a friendly interest in her, which the girl at first ignored and finally shyly responded to. He asked her questions about her life, and discovered the reason for her position. "And what are you going to do afterward?" he inquired. "You are perfectly well now and a splendid physical specimen as far as I can see." "I shall go back to my work in the office," the girl responded. "I am going clerical work." "Do you like the work of the steamer?" "Yes, I do," the girl responded. "It's hard, but satisfying. I like to make people comfortable—perhaps I might keep on with the work, I don't know." "How would you like to take a position with me?" the great man asked, smiling across at his wife, who lay with her pale face against a pillow scarcely whiter, and smiled back at him. "What kind of a position?" asked the girl, smiling herself at the kindly interest evident in both faces. "Did you ever happen to hear about me?" the doctor went on. "My name is Everitt." "Not the great nerve specialist?" the girl said incredulously. "The very same, I'm afraid," smiled at her with surprise. "I have watched you carefully on this trip and you are a woman in a thousand. You are capable, efficient and with a definite personality. I need a woman like you to take charge of some of my work in special cases. I feel that I can trust you. Do you think you would like it?" "I don't know why you are so good to me," the girl said simply. "But I should like it, above all things. And I'll try so hard to make good." The great doctor nodded his head sagely. He had known that before.

Seymour Lake Country Club

Mr. and Mrs. John Bekins and family leave Sunday for an overland trip to Estes Park. They stop en route at Arcadia, Cheyenne and other places. Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Combs and family leave Sunday evening for a week's visit at Minneapolis. Mr. Combs will attend the National Jewelers' convention. Mr. and Mrs. E. Bednar have moved into South Side for the winter. Miss Kate Worley has joined her brother and wife of Lincoln and is spending two weeks at Greeley, camping at the Y. M. C. A. Mrs. Samuel Mathison left Wednesday morning with friends for an auto trip through Colorado. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Rose spent Sunday at Herman, Neb. The M. E. Smith Co. and employees will enjoy a dinner-dance at the club house on Saturday evening. Reservations are made for about 500.

Kensington for Guest

Miss Isabel Shukert entertained at a Kensington at her home this afternoon for her guest, Miss Helen Kirby of Morningside. Decorations throughout the house were purple and white, the Rockford college colors. Those present were: Mesdames—Harry Dinkens, F. C. Laga, Madeline Metz, Virginia Goodman, Gertrude Alkin, Mrs. Stanley of Council Bluffs, Helen Hart.

Wedding Announcement

Mr. Henry G. Kroeker of Beatrice and Miss Grace Edna Morris, daughter of Rev. J. W. Morris of South Side, were married Thursday evening at 6 o'clock at Grace Methodist church. The young couple will make their home at Beatrice, where Mr. Kroeker is a merchant. Mrs. George Williams and Mr. Orca Pendleton Taylor were united in marriage at noon Thursday in Council Bluffs. After a wedding trip to Kirby, Wyo., they will be at home at the bride's residence, 1819 Leavenworth street.

Show for Bride

On Wednesday evening a shower was given for Mrs. J. McKenna, formerly Miss Azella Nagle, who was married last Wednesday morning at St. Cecilia's by Father Gaitley. Five brides within the last three weeks were present. Mrs. McKenna is well known among the younger set at St. Berchman's academy, where she attended.

Social Gossip

Miss Roma Williams, who has been visiting Miss Mary Mitchell in Council Bluffs for several days, is now the guest of Miss Geraldine Johnson of Omaha. The two were schoolmates at Ferry Hall, Lake Forest. Miss Johnson will entertain at luncheon for Miss Williams Saturday. At Happy Hollow Club. Two hundred married people enjoyed the dinner dance at Happy Hollow club last evening. The affair was a huge success. Mrs. W. Baird and Mrs. W. J. Miller each had nine guests at luncheon today.

Mrs. Cole Returns

Mrs. F. H. Cole, chairman of civil service reform for the General Federation of Women's Club, returned early in the week from New York, where she has been since the biennial convention. Mrs. Cole spent the summer in research work and visited a brother, J. J. Pierce, at Astor Park, as well as friends at Flushing, L. I., and Jersey City Heights. Mrs. Cole spent some time with two former Omaha club women, Mrs. Elizabeth Sears, who is now editor of "Film Fun," and Mrs. McConnell, who will be remembered in Omaha as Mrs. Rose Strawn, widow of Judge Strawn.

Notes of Interest

Mrs. Edward Johnson will attend the Baptist meeting at Tekamah. Frank J. Carey is spending a few days at his ranch, "Careyhurst," near West Point, Neb. Miss Gertrude Matters of Falls City is the guest of Miss Nell Banner for a few days. Dr. A. F. C. Clark of Chicago, who was formerly pastor of the Low Avenue Presbyterian church, will arrive Saturday morning to spend the week-

End with Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hervey

He is on his way to the coast and will stop in Omaha only long enough to occupy his former pulpit. Mrs. W. H. Osterberg and daughter, Miss Kathryn, returned Wednesday from an extended eastern trip. At the Field Club. Mrs. Ernest Sweet entertained a party of ten at the matinee dance this afternoon. Mrs. A. F. Mullen had three luncheon guests. Reservations for Saturday evening have been made by C. D. Brown for four guests; O. S. Goodrich will have a party of six; Mr. and Mrs. Roland M. Jones will entertain nine and Mr. Paul E. Walsh will be host to a party of six.

In and Out of the Bee Hive

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Heyden and children have returned from a vacation spent at the Minnesota lakes. Mrs. W. L. Sucha returned to her home in Hastings today after a three weeks' illness at Nicholas Senn hospital. Dr. William L. Shearer and family will return Sunday, August 27, from their vacation trip in northern Wisconsin. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Megath have gone to San Francisco to join their daughter, Mary, who has been there for two weeks. They sail September 6 for Honolulu. Miss Irene Dyball, who has been visiting with relatives in Ely, Nev., for the last two months, is expected in Omaha next week to prepare for school again. Miss Catharine Lacy, who has been in New York, stopping at the Hotel Knickerbocker, for the last two weeks, will spend a few days in Atlantic City before returning to Omaha.

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax. Be Tactful—Not Proud! Dear Miss Fairfax: I am about to be married to a young man who lives out of town. I have never met his parents, and although they know I am engaged to their son, they have never met me. They are coming to my wedding, as I know from my fiancé. I am to live with them after our marriage, but do not know whether I am welcome or not. Was it my mother's place to announce our engagement in my fiancé's home town or was it his mother's place? Since we did not announce the engagement in my mother's place to announce the marriage in both towns. E. A. Since your fiancé's parents intend coming to his wedding and so sitting the seal of approval on it, I am inclined to think that they have hindered through lack of knowledge, rather than through intent. You can save your own happiness by a sweet, tactful attitude toward them when they come to the wedding. I'm inclined to think that they imagined you should have written to them and made all the first advances. Give them the benefit of the doubt and remember that their age entitles them to respect and kindness from you, who are young and have all life before you. The parents of the bride always make the wedding and engagement announcements. This is a world old custom. A very gracious thing for you to do would be to write his parents a little note, telling them you look forward to meeting them at the time of your wedding and that you hope they will feel they are raising a loving daughter. If you are fine enough to take a gracious attitude toward these old people, you will deserve all the good fortune I wish you.

Don't Make Advances

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young man, a very good friend of my brother's. I do not know whether you are interested. Would you think it proper for me to tell him of my love, as I usually have conversations with him, or let my brother have a talk with him? ANXIOUS. You will be making a very grave mistake if either you or your brother tries to force this situation. What you will probably succeed in doing will be to estrange this friend of your brother's and to lose the interest he now shows in you. Why not wait until he develops enough regard for you to show it rather than thrust your feelings upon him?

Number of Opium Users

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D. It is still used in pill or powder form in the orient and the tropics, and small pieces of the gum roasted or cooked in a particular way over a lamp are burned in the bowl of a tiny pipe in the famous and classic "opium joints" or opium dens. For some fortunate reason the smoking of opium has never appealed much to northern and western races. In spite of the reckless and wholesale use which has been made of the opium joint in recent fiction, on account of its superb dramatic possibilities, as a matter of fact only a very small per cent of our army of opium eaters in this country are addicted to "hitting the pipe." The opium joints that exist in the United States are maintained almost exclusively by and for oriental and other tropical races, who have formed the habit in their native country, and their white patrons are both few in numbers and of a class which could very easily be spared without either loss or regret by the community. Curiously enough, baleful and horrible and degrading as are the surroundings and atmosphere of these opium joints, smoking appears to be one of the mildest and most slowly fatal of the various forms of opium using. The doses used are so extremely small that it seems almost impossible that they can produce any serious narcotic effect. His habits live for years and years—much to the discomfort of their friends and relatives. Indeed, it seems to require a special natural gift to become a smoker of opium, and those who have studied the habit most carefully are inclined to suspect that the reason why this form of narcotization does not appeal much to the white opium user is that it doesn't seem to "get him anywhere," and is too slow and feeble in producing the effects which he desires. An opium joint, like Boston, appears to be not a place but a state of mind! Certainly to smoke opium for the relief of any pain above the level of a rather mild toothache would be little better than a farce.

Do You Know That

It is officially stated that the "Red Cross" dog league, which began activities early in the war with eight dogs, has now 2,500 in the field. The lives of at least 8,000 wounded men have, it is said, been saved by these dogs. Alasmeer, Holland, is noted for its strawberries and clipped box-trees. This local industry, which has been brought to a perfection unknown elsewhere, has been carried on for at least 200 years, as the village records show. It is understood that the largest gold coin in circulation is the gold "loof" of Annam, the French colony in eastern Asia. It is a flat, round piece, worth \$275. The next size in this unwieldy coin is the Japanese "obang," which weighs more than two and a half ounces, and is about equal to \$50. It has been noticed that the common peanut grows in a peculiar way that is distinctly original. The little plant sends up its shoots, with the fruit on the end of a somewhat stiff stalk, and then before it ripens the stem bends over and carefully pushes the fruit underground.

Soon We'll Be Singing "All Among the Barley" for the month of September will be here and Fall rapidly approaching

We have entered on the Summer finals—PROFIT IS NO OBJECT—AFTER SATURDAY KILPATRICK'S will say no more about

Summer ready-to-wear garments

But on SATURDAY will offer such a dollar's worth as must cause amazement, and should clean out quickly every article SO PRICED.

Summer Dresses, Children's Dresses, Summer Coats, Juniors' Dresses, Summer Suits, Children's Coats, Corsets, Gowns, etc.....

Carry in your hand a dollar, and in your purse some more—Hand a dollar to the clerk for each article.

Table will be piled high for convenient picking. Sale starts at TEN. Your LOSS if you miss it. YOUR GAIN IF YOU COME.

We made recently a wonderful "Blossure purchase—a sort of End-the-Summer Clearance—bought really at our own price. We are going to sell them Saturday. Note values, then sale prices and you can decide at once whether it is worth your while to attend.

The other morning we woke up feeling chilly and we grabbed for the bed clothes, only to find in our half-awakened condition that we had only a sheet for covering. The chilliness continued and we didn't sleep again until we found some extra covering—wiser than a friend who dozed on and shivered till getting-up-time.

Evidence conclusive, warning to be heeded that warm wave had passed us and long heated spell was broken. Now in the very height of torridity we had a FUR SALE. And we ourselves were amazed at the response and number of sales. We told you WHY we were offering the furs at a reduction and now we want to warn all who did not advantage themselves—that the sale continues just one week more.

HUDSON SEAL COATS will be tremendously popular. They possess the style and eclat of Alaska seal and are much lower in price. 'Twon't be long until you can wear furs comfortably. NOW, then, is a good time to buy. In many instances you will effect a saving of 30 per cent. At any rate ask our saleswomen to show you. You'll get the truth—we countenance nothing else in this store.

We are showing the New Dresses, New Suits, New Coats, and in yard goods of wool, silk and cotton—almost a maximum autumn stock. That's how we show our faith in preparedness.

A friend of ours who attended one of our recent sales was moved to rhyme and parody Lauder. With due apologies to Harry, we suggest trying it to the tune of "A Wee Doch and Doris."

It's a good and wholesome custom That has stood the test of time, Whatever folks foregather, In this grand and glorious climate— In fair and stormy weather, It's aye the usual thing, Just before they say good night, To read the ads and sing: "In the mornin' we must waken! Oh, won't you call us, ma? For early we must hasten To Kilpatrick's sale and a." The bargains are a waitin'; Oh, we'll fill our but and ben. We'll be up betimes by mornin' light, For Kilpatrick's sale ye ken.

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Store opens at 8:30, Dollar Sale will start at 10. Store closes at 6 p. m., probably for the last time this season on Saturday night. Isn't it a shame, in this great and progressive city, that we should still be clinging to village customs? Talk about the slogan, "Grow With Growing Omaha"—It is to laugh.

Thomas Kilpatrick Co.