

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

DEBUTANTES BECOME ARDENT SHOPPERS

Eligible Young Men Take Hand Behind Counter and Sudden Interest Manifested.

PARASOLS ARE POPULAR

By MELLIFICIA—September 4. On this glorious Labor day it might be appropriate to discourse to you about the society persons who are going to see water events at the beaches or have special parties at the clubs, or attend the mammoth ball game, but we will not.

Instead, we will tell you a choice bit of gossip which may help you if you are a coming captain of industry, or something of that sort. A number of Omaha business firms have young heads—that is, young men at the helm—well, that is just as obscure; but I'll let it go at that.

Now, of course, we wouldn't accuse any young society woman of being interested in handsome unmarried young men, but some of them are interested in parasols. This interest forced them to go downtown the other day, shopping for the dainty sunshades.

Of course, many stores are selling parasols now, but it did seem that certain stores had the best lot from which to select. Now for some reason or other these young heads—I mean helms—oh, I mean owners of stores—had phenomenal sales of parasols that day. Another day, they were selling bags, head bags, leather bags, silk bags, ad infinitum, ad decedendum, and such remarkable sales as they did have in that department.

Ever so many young society women are sporting new parasols—what? Oh, I didn't say they bought them from the young heads—oh, I mean—you know what.

Eastern Star Kensington. The Kensington club of Fontenelle chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, met Thursday afternoon with Mrs. L. B. Messar.

At Happy Hollow Club. Tuesday evening S. S. Montgomery has dinner reservations for eighteen guests and A. G. Richards for four.

At the Field Club. Those dining at the Field club Sunday were Alex Fick, Fred Dale, Douglas Bowie, R. H. Manley, W. T. Lawrence, Dr. J. F. Anson, W. H. O'Shea, C. S. Montgomery, Dr. A. O. Hunt, Dr. C. T. Oren, C. W. Colkins and Selwin Daugherty.

Out of Town Guests at Wedding. A number of out-of-town guests have arrived for the Livingston-Weil wedding at the Fontenelle tomorrow. Those from Lincoln are:

Miss Irene Kenny entertained at 5 o'clock tea Monday for Miss Adele Davis, whose marriage to Mr. Robert Daniels of Council Bluffs will take place October 23.

For Mr. Drenforth. Miss Mary and Mr. Edward Fuller gave a picnic party Sunday evening at Valley in honor of their house guest, Mr. James Drenforth of Chicago.

Personal Mention. Mr. Dave Newman returned Sunday evening from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy F. Powell have returned from a two weeks' cruise on the Great Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Crowley are making a 2,000-mile cruise of the Great Lakes

over one of the Canadian steamship lines. James E. Cobry left Saturday for Cheyenne, Wyo., for a few days' visit with his uncle, T. A. Cobry, and family, formerly of Omaha.

Mr. L. A. Hickman of Alliance, Neb., spent the week-end in Omaha with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Hickman, who recently moved to Omaha from Lincoln.

Mrs. Alexander Pollock returned Saturday from spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Emanuel Kinster, at her summer home in the North Shore suburb of Chicago, and with Mrs. Frank Rubel of Minneapolis.

Matinee Party. Miss Katherine Norris gave a matinee party at the Orpheum Monday afternoon for Miss Marguerite Klingbell, a bride of Wednesday. After the performance the party was entertained at tea. Those present were: Misses—Marguerite Klingbell, Katharine Ritchie, Clara Klingbell, Lucille Peterson, Ruby Klingbell, Honor Xerxes.

In and Out of the Bee Hive. Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kessler returned Sunday from Alexander, Minn., where they have spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Gentleman have returned from Dubuque, Ia., where they went to attend the funeral of Mrs. Gentleman's mother, Mrs. Catherine Dietz.

Herbert Rosenthal and little daughters, Joan and Alice, who have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Hadra, will leave for their home in Baltimore Wednesday.

Mrs. E. J. McVann and son and daughter have returned from Colorado, where they spent most of the summer in the mountains. They will go to Chicago now, where the son, Donald, is to enter Loyola college this fall.

Rock Time, Tree Time

BY ADA PATTERSON. Vacation time is school time, for grown-up pupils.

We step off the returning train, hurry home, unpack bags and trunks, say the usual, "I'm glad to be home," and mean it. Outwardly we are brown of skin, of more springlike tread, with more vigor of manner and speech. Inwardly what?

Are we wiser for that vacation, kinder for it, gentler in speech and broader and deeper of understanding? Has nature, to whom we have been close, taught us her invaluable lessons or has she not? We have watched the brown rock withstand the onslaught of the waves, and have seen the green tree bend its graceful top to the wind. What have they taught us?

There are times when every human being should be a rock, times to be like the tree. When our principles are assailed we should stand firm as the rock, as silent, as strong. When the wind of authority or of some non-essential matter blows we should yield as gracefully as that tree of our admiration.

A man invites a business man to talk a little matter over at luncheon. It was clever of him to propose a meeting of that kind. Had he called on the man in the man's office to make such a proposition, he would have run the risk of being kicked out. But you may not insult the man who is paying for your meal, and the guest must listen with what patience he may. Outside on the street, the luncheon being eaten, the bill having been paid and the relation of host and guest having ceased, it is time for the man who had been a guest to turn rock.

The man with whom he has eaten files and mignon and green corn, lettuce salad and custard pie or blackberry pudding, has made him a shady proposition. The excellence of the luncheon could not disguise that fact. He has asked the man who sat across the table from him to commit a dishonest act.

To be sure he cloaked it in terms of business. He told him "tricks of that kind were turned by millionaires every day," but if the listener had a clear brain it could not be beguiled by such reasoning. He knew he was asked to enter into a crooked deal. It was time to be a rock. Figuratively he should stand still, as still as the unmoved rock on yonder unyielding shore. Literally he should look the man through, should say: "I can't for a moment consider such a plan. Good day."

If the man rises to follow him, there is a policeman on the next block, or he can be found by diligent search. Leave the man of turpitude to him. It is rock time.

That man goes home from his office that evening. He greets his invalid wife. Or, if she isn't an invalid, she is tired enough to think she is. It's just the evening to set out those plants at the corner of the house, she tells him. Objections spring to his lips, thick as leaves of Vallambrosa. He is tired, too. That shady proposition made at luncheon had exasperated him. There is no more tiring agent in the world than anger. There had been other stings and arrows in the day. Besides he never wanted vines planted about the house. It is a new house and vines make the wood decay. He is ready for argument. His nostrils swell with indignation. He opens his lips. He closes them. He asks where the plants are. He takes off his coat and goes to his task. And he is right. He has remembered that it is tree time, time to be like a tree. Those vines mean a great deal to his wife. They matter little to him. No principle is at stake. No shadow threatens his household nor his personal honor. It is time to yield. No longer is he rock, but tree.

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How the First Bird Learned to Fly

Was It by Jumping Up or by Volplaning from Trees?

Here is a drawing of the probable appearance of the first flying creature. The form is arrived at by scientific deduction and study of the birds of today.



By GARRETT P. SERVISS. Perhaps the most wonderful story that the geological strata have yielded concerning the development of life on this globe is that of the emergence of the line of the birds from that of the reptiles. The water was, apparently, the first home of animals, the land was the second, and finally came the atmosphere. To acquire the kingdom of the air the power of flight was necessary. Either the birds had to be created as an entirely new form of animal or they had to be developed out of a pre-existing form.

The latter method was adopted, and the anatomy of the reptiles lent itself to the change. But by what steps was flight achieved? There are two principal theories: One, that flight was brought about by jumping down; the other that it came through jumping up.

The first suggestion seems the more reasonable and probable, besides being in accord with the habits of certain tree-climbing animals of today, which have developed partial powers of flight, such as soaring and gliding. Mr. Beebe of the New York Zoological park has discovered new evidences that flight began by sailing down from an elevation and not by jumping up from a lower level to reach something above.

He has found that in several species of birds, the white-winged dove, for instance, the newly hatched young possess rows of sprouting quills on the outer legs, running from below the knee nearly to the tail. If these were developed they would form winglets, and would aid the spread tail in supporting the body after it was launched in the air, acting somewhat like aeroplanes.

But these rudimental winglets do not develop in the modern bird. They are simply relics of a former state of things, anatomical memories, so to speak, perpetuating themselves in the embryo, but disappearing in the adult because their usefulness has passed.

A guess is even made at the length of time that has elapsed since the first birds were developed out of reptiles by acquiring feathers on the fore and hind limbs, which enabled them to glide easily to the ground, from perches in the trees, like the flying lemurs, or the flying squirrels of our time. It was, Mr. Beebe thinks, something like 7,000,000 years ago, in the early Jurassic age, that this interesting advance in animal locomotion occurred.

The earliest bird-like creature known is the archæopteryx, a feather-limbed reptile. The order of development seems to have been from sailing, or gliding, flight to true wing-flight, and this involved the gradual disuse and disappearance of the hinder wings, or "peltic" wings, and the growth and improvement of the fore-wings, until they became the only ones. The superiority of the fore-wings consisted in the fact that they could be used as active-aids in sustaining the body in the air by flapping, while the hind-wings were available only as gliders, and they became unnecessary after the fuller development of the tail.

As to the origin of feathers, they, too, were not created as entirely new things, but were evidently developed by gradual evolution, under the spur of use and necessity, from the scales

of the reptile. Back of the archæopteryx was, Mr. Beebe believes, an earlier type of flying reptile, which he calls the tetrapteryx, or four-winged flying. This has vanished as an existing type, but the image of it reappears, like a fitting vision of the far past, in the rudimentary structure of the young scapula.

Do You Know That Health first is the highest form of safety first? The hand that carries food to the mouth can also carry disease germs? The United States Public Health service will send a booklet on flies and disease, gratis to all applicants.

The one and only theater in or near Constantinople is at Kadi Koni, and is a rickety wooden construction capable of accommodating a large number of onlookers.

Iron handkerchiefs in the middle first and the edges can then be ironed more easily. If the edges be ironed first the middle will swell out, and the handkerchief cannot be folded in a good shape.

There is a wonderful bronze bell in the temple of Chionin, at Kyoto, Japan, which is said to weigh 100 tons. Its mellow boom is heard over a large area. It has no tongue, but the end of a wooden beam, suspended horizontally, swings against the brazen mass.

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Variety in Canned Fruits

The canned fruits are less used in summer than during the months when the markets are devoid of fresh native fruit, but it is always well to include a few reliable brands in the emergency shelf, especially if you are any distance from the market. There should be no monotony in canned vegetables, for there are dozens of different ways of preparing them. Peaches, for example, are very nice chilled and served with a dot of currant jelly in each half and sprinkled with grated pineapple. Canned peaches also combine nicely with fresh fruit for fruit salads.

Now that canned pineapple is so good and inexpensive, it is being used as it is in tropical countries, not only as a dessert, but as a garnish to poultry or game courses. There are two ways of preparing the pineapple for this purpose. Drain the slices from the syrup, wipe them dry and saute them in butter until light brown. This is delicious with roast chicken and the syrup can be utilized in any fruit drink or dessert.

The second method makes a sweeter garnish and is generally used in game. Empty the entire contents of a can of pineapple into a shallow graniteware baking dish; taking care that the slices do not overlap one another. Set this on the back of the stove to slowly simmer until the juice is all absorbed and the slices are quite clear.

TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH 'COOKERY IS BECOME A NOBLE SCIENCE'



A Porch Luncheon

By CONSTANCE CLARKE. All summer meals should be served daintily and, when possible, meals should be taken out of doors.

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