

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

Society Notes
by Mellificia

October 26, 1916.

Plans for greatly extended work were made by the members of the Franco-Belgian Relief society at their meeting yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. John A. McShane. The work of the organization for the year will be the making of surgical dressings for the war hospitals in Europe, following patterns of surgical dressing furnished by the national surgical dressing committee, whose office is at 299 Fifth avenue, New York. After these articles are made they are forwarded to the central committee for distribution in Europe. The bandages are made by the women, then sent to one of the local hospitals for sterilization, next packed by one of the merchants of the city, and finally sent to the central office.

Following the suggestion of a letter which was received from the Franco-Belgian Relief society in Kansas City, the Omaha organization decided to enlarge its work so that every morning and afternoon of the week will be spent by some women of the city in working for the relief of the sufferers.

The officers of the society were appointed for the year: Mrs. John A. McShane, president; Dan Wheeler and Miss Carrie Millard, vice presidents; Miss Helen Scobie, treasurer, and Miss Gertrude Young, secretary. The committees appointed to care for the enlarged work were: Housing, Mesdames John A. McShane, Ezra Millard and Harold Gifford; packing and expediting, Mrs. O. C. Redick and Miss Jessie Millard. The committees on publicity and finance will be appointed at the next meeting.

The housing committee has already begun to look for a room in a central location downtown, where the members and anyone who wishes to assist may come to work on the bandages. By applying to the president, Mrs. McShane, anyone interested may become a member of a circle which will do this work, the idea being to organize twelve circles, one of which will work each morning or each afternoon for five months. The Lincoln organization, it is understood, is adopting some such plan, and is materially aiding the work.

Art Exhibit and Tea.

For the first time since the erection of the new First Presbyterian church the public has had an opportunity to visit it in a social way and to go through the new parish house. The fifty members of Circle No. 1 of the Aid society of the church entertained at tea this afternoon from 3 to 6 and at the same time had on exhibit the water colors of Miss Augusta Knight. Every Friday afternoon during the winter is devoted to the social meeting of one of the six church circles. The first and last Friday afternoons are given over to missions. Among the various entertainments which the circles have given, this afternoon's art exhibit is unique.

Presiding at the tea tables were Mesdames Robert Dempster and George F. Gilmore. Assisting were: Mesdames—Paul Skinner, J. N. Robinson, Alfred Kennedy, Frank Walters, James Adams, and Miss Pansie Adams.

Messenger-McConnell Wedding.

Miss Ethel McConnell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Ryder, became the bride of William Messenger of Wickenburg, Ariz., Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents. The Rev. C. E. Ryder, brother of the bride, of Beatrice, Neb., performed the ceremony before a bower of palms and yellow chrysanthemums. Those present were near relatives of the bride. The bride's sister-in-law, Mrs. Ernest Ryder, played the wedding march and Mrs. C. E. Ryder, wife of the officiating clergyman sang "Oh, Promise Me."

Alfred and Jeannette, brother and sister of the bride, were the attendants. Mr. and Mrs. Messenger will leave Thursday for a trip to southern Texas and California. They will be at home at Wickenburg, Ariz., after November 10.

Return From Extended Stay.

Mrs. Willis Todd and Miss Mildred Todd have returned to the city and opened their home for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Todd went east the first of May to attend Miss Mildred's graduation from Bristol school in Washington. After a summer in the east they went to Kansas City on August 1 and have just returned. They had been expecting to motor from Kansas City, but were obliged to ship their car because of the rain. Mr. Todd will not return for two weeks.

Miss Mildred plans to spend the winter at home although she may go to Washington at the time of the presidential inauguration.

Hugh Charlton Weds in East.

Cards have been received in Omaha announcing the wedding of Hugh Murdoch Charlton, formerly of Omaha, to Maude Gladys, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Frederick Lamb, at New Britain, Conn., on Saturday, October 21. Mr. and Mrs. Charlton will be at home in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., after February 1. Mr. Charlton will be well recalled here, a native son who went east some two years ago to enter the hardware business at New Britain with his uncle. His bride is the daughter of the vice president of the Universal company, makers of aluminum articles.

Informal Foursome.

Mrs. J. O. Siford, her visitor, Mrs. A. M. Donohue of Houston, Tex., and Mrs. Lee Huff were the guests of Mrs. William Giller at the Orpheum matinee Thursday. After the matinee the party took tea at the Fontenelle. Friday Mrs. T. B. Coleman will give a luncheon at the Fontenelle for Mrs. Donohue and Saturday she will be the guest of Mrs. Lee Huff at a bridge luncheon at her home.

Vassar Club Lecture.

About 500 holders of reservations for the lecture of Dr. John Cowper Powys next Monday afternoon at the Brandeis theater applied at the ticket office this morning for tickets. Mrs. Arthur Gouss, president of the club, will introduce Dr. Powys. Among

Timely Fashion Hint By Raconteuse



A coachman's "cape" is shown in skunk fur for making an immense shoulder covering. The hat worn was one of the latest turbans of black velvet trimmed with small metal flowers. A smart coat of navy duvetyne and high button boots complete the outfit.

How Disappointed They Would Be

By FORTUNE FREE.

I remember once looking through an album of photographs in the drawing room of a famous singer. There was one photograph among them which particularly struck me. It was so different from the rest. It was the likeness of an old lady very plainly dressed—not at all like a queen or an empress or anybody of that kind. So strangely different from the rest.

"That, Fortune," said the singer in reply to my question who she was, "is the woman to whom I owe everything—everything. Would you believe it? When I was a girl I had the most atrocious temper in the world—the most frightfully atrocious! And that woman was my nurse as a child and my maid later. How she cried that day when my singing master—I was in a little temper that day—said he washed his hands of me, flew down the stairs four at a time and I tore up and scattered the music on his head from the window as he rushed down the street. She cried. She would not stop. To her I owe everything"—and how.

"Stop!" I shouted. "Why are you crying? And she would not stop. 'Stop, Imbecile,' I shouted, 'or I will bite you! Why are you crying?' 'I am crying,' she replied, 'because I love you and you disappoint me so.'"

"I had never thought of that. She loved me, and I disappointed her? 'You will fly after that poor terrible man,' I said, 'and bring him back. Tell him that I am a lamb. Fly! Why do you gape at me like that? Do I not tell you I am a lamb? Will you fly, or must I throw you out of the window?'"

"From that day I have been a lamb—except now and then. Would I disappoint her? No, no! One that loved me like that? For thirty years she has been wherever I have sung and after it is over I have asked her: 'Did I disappoint you?'"

Great expectations of us are the most energizing things in the world. The young person who comes from a home in which much is expected of him or her is launched on the road to fulfilling it," said Mooney. "Heroic conduct comes from the home where the children have been expected to be heroic."

"I wonder how many children have become successes in the world through realizing that much was expected of them and determining not to fail the hopes set upon them?" declared Justice Hawkins. "Blessed are the hopes of sons and daughters."

Hawkins knew a young fellow who was studying to become a lawyer, and whose devotion to work was the wonder of all his acquaintances. He had not always been like that. He had belonged to a "rather jolly dog set," and prided himself on being "a real good fellow." One morning when Hawkins called on him on business he was peculiarly grave and white.

"You have not written to me for three weeks now, but I know how hard you are working, and, though how much I would like to hear from you, I know how difficult it must be

for you to find the time. So don't worry about me. How proud I shall be of you, my boy, some day."

"Is the woman to whom I owe everything that morning that had upset him. He read them to Hawkins.

"Proud of me!" he gasped. "Proud of me! She shall be proud of me, Hawkins," he cried. "She shall be proud of me."

Hawkins remembered those words in the letter years later when he went to see his friend take his seat for the first time as a judge upon the bench.

Hawkins looked around. Yes, there she was. The old lady who had written that letter was in the court. How proud she looked.

The not expecting much is apt to exercise a dampening effect in numberless directions.

Fred Leslie, the famous actor, knew a woman who slid gently into becoming a perfectly hopeless cook through her husband's wrong management of her. They had been married only a short time, when a sudden emergency required her to turn to and cook the dinner herself.

"You going to cook the dinner?" John exclaimed, as he was leaving that morning. "Gracious! Well, I shan't expect much."

That was just the mistake. The dinner—but the less said about it the better. It was "just as he expected." Exactly! He expected nothing, and he got it—or rather, nothing that was eatable. She never improved. Didn't he expect nothing?

If you have a severe cough or chest cold accompanied with soreness, throat tickle, hoarseness, or difficult breathing, or if your child wakes up during the night with a cough and you want quick help, just try this pleasant tasting home-made cough remedy. Any drug-gist can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth). Pour this into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This preparation, you have a pinch of really remarkable cough remedy—one that can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief at all times.

You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. It loosens and raises the phlegm, stops throat tickle and soothes and heals the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchia tubes with such promptness, ease and certainty that it is really astonishing.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with guaiaol and is noted for its speed in overcoming severe coughs, throat and chest colds. Its millions of enthusiastic users have made it famous the world over.

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The Polar Bear Talks to Her Little Ones

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

A Polar mother bear, as white as the snows of her native land, was floating, on a huge iceberg, down the broad channel that separates North America from Greenland. Beside her was her cub.

Bears of this species are often carried long distances on floating ice, and they are powerful swimmers, able to traverse many miles of sea, even when it is free from ice.

This bear with her cub had evidently been many days on the berg that was now carrying them.

At last the heat of the ever-rising sun became so intense that cataract-began to pour down the sides of the immense berg, deluging the bear and her cub and compelling her to seek a place of shelter under a projecting cliff on the northerly side of the berg, whose upper portions rose into sharp peaks. They were almost without food, having only the scanty remains of the last walrus that the mother had captured.

"See yonder, mother," said the cub. "There is a strange thing on the sea. It cannot be a seal or a walrus."

The mother bear looked in the direction indicated and saw, crossing the brilliant band that the moonbeams laid upon the water, a ship with sails set, and black as ebony against the gleaming background.

"I have heard of things like that," she said, "but I have never before seen one. It is a huge creature of the sea, larger than many whales together, and it carries little two-legged animals which have fire-shooting eyes that kill all that they look upon. Now I remember to have heard that it is from this hot world into which we are floating that they come. If only I could see a shore in any direction I would try to help you to swim to it. But perhaps they will not come near us."

That night the two bears watched the ship, and then, as it seemed to get no nearer, they slept. But in the morning, when they awoke, the ship, now white as a giant gull resting on the water, was close at hand, and they could see the little animals that it carried pointing them out on their icy perch and making a great ado about them.

"They mean to kill us," said the mother bear, "and perhaps that is no worse than straying, but (showing her strong teeth) perhaps I can

kill them, and then we shall not starve."

In the meanwhile an unknown agency had been preparing a catastrophe. The berg had drifted so far south that it was now in water so warm that the submerged ice dissolved rapidly, and just at the moment when fire was opened from the ship the berg lost its balance and turned over. The vast mass weighed millions of tons, and its revolution churned the sea into a maelstrom.

The ship was almost wrecked by the waves that rushed upon it, and the bears went down. But the mother managed to cling to her child, and her experience enabled her to bring both to the surface amid the tossing fragments of ice. In a moment they were seen from the ship, which had escaped serious injury, and a bullet in the brain ended the mother's life. But a boat put off and took the cub aboard.

Years afterward a huge white bear, nine feet long, and weighing 1,500 pounds, was the wonder-piece of a great zoological garden. The keeper told how she had been taken at sea when a cub, and had been brought up in her cage and her artificial den made to look as much as possible like a pile of Arctic ice blocks. The keeper always wound up his story by saying: "Her mother was killed. They were on an iceberg; it rolled over; they came up, and I myself shot the mother, for she was too big and fierce to take aboard, and then we caught the cub."

Once when he was telling this a little girl, with eyes like bits of sky, turned to her mother and said: "That bear knows what he is saying. Did you not see her look? Oh, if I could only speak their language!"

Do You Know That

There is neither thunder nor lightning in the Arctic Circle.

Japan has a shipbuilding yard still in operation which was established 1900 years ago.

At birth the pulse of a normal individual beats 136 times a minute; at the age of 30, seventy times.

Portugal was formerly known as Lusitania. The present name is derived from Port Callo, the ancient name of the town now known as Oporto.



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Household Helps

Stewed meat requires less fuel to cook it than roasted, and is quite as nourishing.

To soften a hard sponge, cover with cold water, add a tablespoonful of borax and bring slowly to a boil in a clean saucepan. Then remove the sponge, rub some dry borax into it and rinse in cold water for several minutes.

When ironing blouses or frocks with large buttons sewn on, try using several thicknesses of blanket or towels to iron them on. Turn the garment button-side down and press on the wrong side. The buttons sink into the soft padding, leaving a smooth surface for the iron to run over.

Gold and silver lace and trimming soon get tarnished. Try cleaning this way: Take a stale loaf and run the inside to make crumbs, and mix with a half pound of powdered blue. Lay this plentifully on the lace and rub gently until it becomes bright. Then take a piece of clean flannel and dust the crumbs well off. Finally rub the lace gently with a piece of velvet and it will look as bright as when new.



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