

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

Society Notes by Mellificia

November 8, 1916.

Outfits for destitute infants, regular sewing classes, household visiting, providing Christmas toys—these are a few of the charitable things which keep busy the members of the Christ Child society.

Out-of-town guests at the wedding are: Mesdames and Medadames—G. H. Ransom of Bancroft, W. M. Harrison of Boomer, Omar Baker of Winner, Misses—Anna Ransom of Bancroft, Naomi Owen of Memphis, Neb., W. M. Harrison of Boomer, Clyde Harrison of West Point, Ruth Harrison of Boomer.

to Chicago and farther east. They will return to spend the winter at the Hobbs home in Omaha. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hobbs leave the middle of December for California.

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Bridge Club.

The ranks of the Bridge club, which was known last year as the Tuesday Debutante Bridge club, have been sadly depleted by Cupid. Miss Charlotte Callahan was the first member lost, Miss Harriet Metz, now Mrs. Will Schnorr, was the next, and Miss Alice Jaquith and Miss Luella Bacon are the latest to marry away.

For Miss Chandler.

Following a little luncheon given by Miss Eleanor Austin at the University club, Miss Esther Spindler entertained at the Orpheum for Miss Arline Chandler of Kansas City, who is the guest of Miss Helen Garvin.

Error in Announcement.

The rumor of the engagement of Mr. Brinkley Evans of this city, which appeared in Wednesday's Bee, was due to an error. Mr. Evans was confused with a Lincoln man whose engagement was announced last week.

Social Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Weller have just returned from a very extensive eastern trip and have taken apartments at the Fontenelle for the winter.

Bridal Affairs.

Miss Regina Connell gave a pretty luncheon for Miss Isabel Vinsonhale at her home today. Bridal decorations, tulle and Russell roses, were used on the table. Covers were laid for:

Misses—Anne Gifford, Daphne Peters, Isabel Vinsonhale, Marfan Taylor, Medadames—W. J. Connell, U. Hill of Kansas City, Duncan M. Vinsonhale.

Reynolds-Hobbs Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Ethel Marie Hobbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hobbs, to Mr. Paul Reynolds, will take place this evening at 8 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. M. V. Higbee of the North Presbyterian church officiating.

Miss Dorothy Ransom of Bancroft, who is now attending Bellevue college, will play the wedding march. Mrs. Raymond Travis will sing "Because." The bride will be attended by Miss Virginia Weller as maid of honor and Mr. Richard Reynolds, brother of the bridegroom, will act as best man. Little Robert Hobbs will carry the ring in a white chrysanthemum.

The house will be decorated with pink and white roses, carnations and chrysanthemums, with palms and ferns.

The bride will be arrayed in white crepe de chine, with trimmings of radium lace and pearls. The gown is made short and full, tight bodice effect, with low round neck and puff sleeves. Her bridal veil of tulle is caught in cap effect by lilies of the valley. She will carry a shower bouquet of bride's roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Weller's frock is of flesh-colored chiffon and she will carry pink roses.

A reception follows the ceremony, at which seventy-five relatives and friends will be present. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds will leave this evening for Minneapolis, and from there will go

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Emotion—Love? Dear Miss Fairfax: While away in the country this summer, I renewed acquaintance with a young man whom I have since learned to love very dearly. My cousin, at whose home we were, is secretly engaged to a young girl, but before us they never conceal their affection. Now this young man always feels blue when he sees them together and admits that he also needs affection and as we four are always together he comes to me. He has never spoken a word of love to me and therefore I am very miserable. How can I find out his true feeling regarding me? L. E. R.

When Love Comes Late in Life.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 35 and in love with a man nearly twenty years my junior, whom I have known since childhood. Until recently I had no great affection for him, but now I find myself thinking of him very often. Would you advise me to make known my feelings to him, or remain as I am, an old maid? Are marriages at my age really happy?

Discontented Woman.

The love of maturity is often far bigger and fiercer than that of youth. Don't deny yourself happiness because your emotions have come to flower late in life. You have a basis of understanding and old friendship upon which to build. I think great happiness will still be yours—after all, the autumn has beauties as great as any the spring can show.

God One, Anyhow.

The accused was a beautiful woman. Under the circumstances her examination was purely a matter of form, still legal formalities had to be observed. "I understand," said the detective, "that during the absence of your husband you spent a night in a hotel."

"I did," the beautiful lady admitted. "What because of him?" "Why, the other husband took him away."

"Which other husband?" "The one I went to"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Timely Fashion Hint By Raconteuse



The notable feature of most of the winter suits is their simplicity of lines. However, the lavish treatment of fur makes up for this plainness. The suit illustrated is shown in navy blue duvetyn, with flaring coat and skirt. Navy silk crochet buttons are introduced on the cuffs and front, these affording smart trimming. The high collar is of possum fur.

Choosing a Practical Profession

By ADA PATTERSON.

She is a charming, dark-eyed girl who has a cafeteria in New York. She is a slender, soft-voiced, gentlemanly girl of the kind you might expect at a fine tea, a house party, or the opera. She is the kind of girl who likes a good book, good pictures, good plays, good conversation. She is the kind who likes pretty, well-chosen frocks. She would enjoy an automobile tour. She would be happy in a town house, with a country house and a yacht in anticipation for next summer. But she has wasted no time coveting the things which are not hers. She has smiled, put on a neat blue-berge gown and gone to work.

She has gone to work. Of necessity, you may be sure, for she would have preferred to avoid balancing a ledger of her own. This girl would have followed easily the path of charge accounts and no worries. "I do not know what circumstances made it necessary for her to keep her own book of expenses. I do know, however, that the natural channel of this girl's preferences would have been music or painting or sculpture, or perhaps, acting.

But singing or acting are not for the many. Few are adapted to them, though all at some time believe they are. Besides there are "hard times," many of them. During hard times sensible folk forego luxuries. Others, sooner or later, must. Music, pictures and plays are luxuries that can be foregone. But there are necessities which all must have to live. These necessities are food, clothing and shelter.

Those who purvey food, clothing and shelter will always be sure of a livelihood. This the girl who keeps the cafeteria must have determined. Or perhaps someone a little older and wiser may have led her to the determining.

At any rate, she has had the walls of a loft building painted a soft yellow, has placed yellow awnings at the windows, has arranged the yellow and blue cushions on the window seats to coax sunshine into the dark corners, has had little round tables painted gray, has placed a little gray desk with the invitation above, "Write your letters here," in a bright corner.

She has thought out simple, nourishing menus for each day and has saved waitresses' wages by letting the

Fall Fashions

The new high-back cape-like collars are of organdie, net and voile; some of these are so cut that they stand up without reinforcement. In others collar stays of wire are employed.

Sleeves are becoming more and more worthy of attention, for they are of many designs and lengths. Favor seems equally divided between wrist length and those that reach to the elbow or just below it. The leg-mutton is being used both on tailored and dressy garments.

business girls who are her patrons wait upon themselves. Every day she sends a net little profit to the bank. She has found the way of success.

I go there for luncheon now and then and come away refreshed and admiring. Some day I may invite a society friend to join me at the little yellow cafeteria. I wonder if it will teach her the same lesson it did me? The uptown friend lives in a soiled, shabby, little studio and thinks she paints. Perhaps she does. Personally I doubt it. Nor have I ever met anyone who has a different opinion, except herself. I believe with all my heart in following the beckoning finger of special aptitude. If anyone has a talent let her cultivate it and give the world the benefit of it.

But isn't there another duty? Isn't it our first duty to ourselves and to society to earn a living? Earn it by brilliant performance if we can or may, but earn it. Beside that, to tuck away the nest egg, so that if we are ill or unfortunate we may not become the polite kind of mendicant, the borrower. After that the frills and embroideries of living-earning.

I am sure that pretty girl who runs the cafeteria would like to paint pictures. She has artistic talent in some degree, for she has made a thing of beauty of the loft room that she has turned into a cafeteria. But her eyes are never clouded nor her smile dimmed by regrets. She does one thing she can do well. Some day she may do the other, may paint pictures that sell. Meanwhile she has earned her self-respect.

Swearing at Your Wife is Bad, but Silent Grouch is Worse

By DOROTHY DIX.

A man who was guilty of using abusive language to his wife for six months, sentenced by Magistrate Miller of the Long Island city police court not to speak to his wife for six months.

A Daniel! A second Daniel come to judgment! This is the punishment made to fit the crime of wife baiting, for the chief indoor amusement of many a husband is saying the things to the defenseless woman who is married to him that he would not dare to say to a man even half his own size.

But There Are Some Silences that Are More Eloquent of Hatred Than Words.

Would that there were some way to extend this luminous legal decision to all the bullies and naggers and viragoes, male and female, who make the holy estate a torment with their tongues. Would that they might be enjoined from speaking at all unless they speak pleasantly! What a place of peace and rest would home, sweet home, be if buttressed up with a few legal gags!

But there are silences and silences. There is the silence that refrains from speech, and there is the silence that says things more loudly than a megaphone. There are silences more profane than any cursing could be.

All of us have witnessed the silent pledging of hatred between two people that meant a duel to the death, and each of us has withered up under a criticism of our faults and frailties that was all the more blighting because no word was said.

Silence may be the first aid toward making matrimony an earthly paradise, but, used in the home, it can also make Reno seem a city of the blessed, for it can become a brutal and effective weapon in the hands of the domestic tyrant.

Who has not known some household in which the husband and father kept his trembling family in order by means of the great silent grouch? Some days he will come home for dinner, or down to breakfast, with a face as grim and unsmiling as death. Something is wrong. He eats and drinks in silence, refusing even to ask for what he wants. He reads his paper with a portentous dumbness that strikes terror into his wife's bosom.

The Silent Grouch is Always Proud that He Never Says Anything in Anger.

Finally some one screws up courage enough to ask what the matter is. Is he ill? Has anything gone wrong? Has the wife done anything to offend him? Have the children? To all queries he responds "nothing," in a tone of voice that indicates the universe is out of gear, and that arraigns everybody in the house, from the baby up, to having criminally conspired against his happiness and peace and comfort.

Such a man always takes great credit for never saying anything when he is mad, but he would be less brutal if he smashed the furniture and swore a blue streak. A wife can deal with a red-hot, angry man, who says things and gives her a chance to talk back and explain, but with a dumb one, she is utterly helpless. She can't argue with silence. She can only grit her teeth and endure what she knows to be an injustice and an outrage.

Or perhaps it is a woman who uses that awful silence to club her husband into submission. He tells her that he can't afford some extravagance on which she has set her heart. She doesn't argue or protest, or weep a few tears over it, after the normal manner of women, and then kiss and make up, and be pleasant again. Oh, no! She merely passes into a state of frozen silence that makes the

North Pole seem warm and companionable by contrast.

She doesn't utter a word of reproach. Oh, dear, no. She merely goes about with a sweet, sad smile on her face and the air of an early Christian martyr. She doesn't take any interest in anything. She doesn't want to do anything or go anywhere. You couldn't inveigle her into a conversation to save your life. She only says "yes," or "no," when directly addressed, and then takes refuge in speechlessness.

She sends the temperature of the house down to the freezing point. She fills it with an atmosphere of gloom and melancholy so thick that you could cut it with a knife, and she keeps things this way until her husband takes to drink or gives in to her.

Not Easy to Ignore Silent Grouch.

And she thinks she's been a perfect lady because she hasn't uttered any of the mean, hateful, selfish things that she has been thinking. Yet any husband on earth would a million times rather have dealt with a spit-fire wife who would have blazed up in a passion of disappointment and wrath, and fought the matter out in five minutes and then let it rest.

It's nonsense to say that those who are unfortunate enough to have to live in the same house with silent grouchers should not notice their glum moods. As well might you say that you should not get wet when you go out in the rain, or that you should not catch malaria when you breathe the fetid air of a swamp.

Such silences are a dank, damp emanation of an evil spirit that takes possession of a house and lays its blighting hand on it, chilling every joy and killing cheerfulness in every heart and the laugh on every lip. You can no more escape it than you can escape the raw air of a foggy morning.

"Speech is silver and silence is golden," says the old proverb. But this is not always true. Sometimes silence is lead that crushes the light and joy out of life itself, and so it is doubtful if the woman whose husband has been ordered not to speak to her for six months will not be yearning to have him swear at her rather than sit up in that awful and accusing dumbness.



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