

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

Society Notes by Mellificia

November 13, 1916.

Special interest is attached to the Society of Fine Arts exhibition of contemporary paintings and sculptures, opening Saturday evening at the Hotel Fontenelle...

"I never see a piece of work by Solon Borglum but what I raise my hat to it." This is the tribute of Augustus St. Gaudens...

Twenty bronzes, marble, stone, wood and stone and plaster pieces of sculpture by the two Omaha men will be shown and twenty-seven photographs of other works of art created by them...

The courtesies committee has arranged for a group of its members to act as hostesses at the exhibit, every morning, afternoon and evening while the art gallery is open...

The pieces by Mr. Solon Borglum included in the list are: Washington, 1753, bronze; Waters, marble; God's Command to Retreat, marble and wood; Notre Esclave, marble; Prospector, bronze; Blizzard, small bronze; On the Trail, marble; Bucking Broncho, plaster; Paul, marble and wood; Benjamin Franklin, plaster; Monica, stone; Blizzard, large wood; Schieren Memorial, in plaster, inscription, The Gentle Closing of Two Lives; Man, Earth, Love, Chase, Sorrow on the Plains, in plaster...

Surprise Party.

A surprise party was given Friday for Master Harry C. Pinner on his fifth birthday. The children present were: Misses—Dorothy Hill, Elizabeth Falk, Alice O'Donald, Vera Strand, Almita Cline, Margaret Cline, Masters—Mead Hoffman, John Williams, Wilbert Pinner, Misses—Louise Falk, Selma Foreman, Ethel Pinner, Anita Strand, Elizabeth Cline, Masters—Willard Hill, Henry Williams.

Monday Bridge Club.

Mrs. George Squires entertained the Monday Bridge Luncheon club at her home today. A pretty centerpiece of Ophelia roses was used on the table. Those present were: Mesdames—J. M. Metcalf, Ben Gallagher, Harry Clark, George Patterson, J. J. Sullivan, W. J. Coasill, Mrs. W. S. Cleaver and Mrs. S. Schmitt will give a reception for the members of the Degree of Honor judges at the home of Mrs. Schmitt Tuesday afternoon from 2 to 5.

Last Bridal Affairs.

With the wedding rehearsal this afternoon, following the luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Elias Vail, and the bridal dinner at the Blackstone this evening given by Judge and Mrs. Duncan M. Vinsonhale, the pre-nuptial affairs for Miss Isabel Vinsonhale and Mr. John Caldwell will come to an end.

The supper given by the three ushers, Mr. Julian Thompson of Barnesville, Minn.; Mr. Ben Gallagher and Mr. Cuthbert Potter at the Omaha club last evening was a delightful affair. Table decorations were in lavender button chrysanthemums. The evening was spent at the club. The bridal dinner this evening will be given at the Blackstone. Three baskets of Killarney roses will form the centerpiece. The guests will include only members of the wedding party.

Orpheum Parties.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Walker and Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Lieben will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Maynard T. Swartz in a box at the Orpheum this evening and afterwards at the Fontenelle. J. C. Pepper has a reservation for ten at the Wednesday matinee and J. Herberg will have eight Thursday evening. With Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kirschbraun in their box will be Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kirschbraun. Mrs. C. S. Andrews of Council Bluffs entertained a party of ten at the matinee this afternoon. Parties to the number of six guests will be entertained at the Orpheum this evening by J. H. Hanley, H. S. Mann, Norris Brown, O. C. Redick, W. J. Foye, A. V. Kinsler, D. B. Welpton, Miss Louise Dinning, L. M. Cohan, Judge Baker, F. Burklely and H. Arustein.

Golf Gives Place to Skiing.

In the summer the golf balls skim lightly over the turf of the Field club course. The golf enthusiasts have rejoiced over every fair autumn day, even until last Saturday. But today they are shut in with no prospect of good golf weather for many days to come. To relieve this durance vile, however, some of the ardent athletes are planning to organize a club for skiing and skating. Mrs. C. H. Ashton is said to be an expert on skis.

and Mrs. Allan Parmer and Mrs. Walter G. Silver, who have played golf with her, now plan to skii in her company. This winter strollers will see, not golf balls skimming, but golfers gliding over the snow on skis.

Jolly Ten Lotto Club.

All members of the Jolly Ten Lotto club will meet Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. H. Heyman.

Luncheon for Bridal Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Elias Vail, who arrived yesterday to spend about a week in Omaha before proceeding to their home in Poughkeepsie, entertained at luncheon at the Fontenelle today for Miss Isabel Vinsonhale, Mr. John Caldwell and the members of their

wedding party. White and mulberry chrysanthemums in three bouquets were used on the long table. Covers were laid for: Misses—Marry Van Kleeck of Ames, Gifford, Poughkeepsie, Marian Towle, Regina Connell, Masters—Victor Caldwell, Ben Gallagher, Robert Burns, Cuthbert Potter, Julian Thompson of Barnesville, Minn.

For Miss Chandler.

Miss Helen Garvin will give an informal matinee party at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon for her guest, Miss Arline Chandler of Kansas City. Other small affairs are planned for the week.

Original Monday Bridge.

The Original Monday Bridge club met today with Mrs. W. A. Redick, Mrs. P. P. Kirkendall substituted.

Mothers' Club Meeting.

The North Side Mothers' club will meet Tuesday afternoon at 1:30 with Mrs. B. F. Park, 2851 Evans street.

Social Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Root left Sunday evening to spend several weeks in New York. Mrs. J. B. Stevens has had as her guest Mrs. De Voe of Chicago. During Mrs. De Voe's stay in the city she was the occasion of frequent entertainments.

Baker Here to Prepare

For the San Carlo Singers

Grand opera devotees will find interest in the announcement that the San Carlo Grand Opera company, which is to appear in Omaha on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, January 25, 26 and 27, has just terminated the most successful engagement, both artistically and financially, ever held in St. Louis. The occasion was the fifth annual visit of the San Carlo stars to the Missouri metropolis, and the exchanges tell of the big audiences that turned out to all the eleven performances of the organization. Nine different operas were staged during the period mentioned.

Hotel Guests Shiver

When Engineer Vanishes

If you see a missing engineer about town, notify the Star hotel, Thirteenth and Leavenworth streets. Early in the morning this important individual disappeared, and now the fire has gone out, and the guests are suffering in the throes of cold storage.

Smart Styles Direct from Paris



THIS gold embroidered brown chiffon Lanvin is the material of an afternoon gown. Vestee and giraffe facing are of peacock blue velvet. Collar, cuffs and wide skirt band of beaver. Hat from Maria Gay.

BLACK velvet and black satin are here skillfully combined by Jenny in an effective bridge frock. The hat is the creation by Rebourg.

Workers in Secret

By FORTUNE FREE.

"What strange people there are in the world." "We ought to be glad there are." "But are they really strange after all?"

Those were the remarks I heard made respecting a little incident one of the party had told us of—the story of an anonymous gift. The teller of the story knew a little house in the suburb in which he lived—a little house that had a short time since been a peculiarly happy home, but which had of late sheltered much care and trouble.

"He" was away and "things were bad" in that home. It was one of these houses that had always seemed so bright, too. There are houses that somehow seem to enter in a way into your life when you pass them day by day, though you don't really know anything of the people inside them.

The husband looks like a decent fellow and how fond "she" is of him. You realize it when you see him setting off in the morning, when you see her watching for his homecoming in the evening. Then there is the child.

I remember Father Stanton once saying that if you saw a child on the lookout for its father, "spotting" him far off and rushing to meet him with that cry of "Daddy," you "may bet your boots that man is a good chap."

There was all that about the little home. And then there was the carefully watched over bit of lawn in front and the flowers in the window boxes, so bright and happy looking. They were happy folk. Sometimes one envies happiness, but this was happiness of a kind that one could only wish to continue and increase.

That was some time ago. Things are different today. "He" has gone and "she" has missed him sorely. The house is not so bright. Amid her distractions "she" has forgotten to water the flowers in the box. We have only caught sight of her occasionally and she has been paler than she was. And the child? What has become of him? We learned that he was ill. There was a light late at night in the window of a room upstairs. She was sitting up with the child. It quite worried us. At last some of us called at the house and, with many apologies for intrusion, inquired how the child was going on. She was quite surprised. She did not know that house had unknown friends. "The child's much better," said the caller there the other morning. "Going on splendidly, the doctor says."

And "she"—that was the mother—"has had good news from him."

"Him," of course, was the father. "By the way, a queer thing has happened. What do you think she found in the letter box yesterday? A letter with ten \$10 bills in it and not a word with them—not a single word. I guess they'll come in remarkably useful. She told me she didn't know what to do with them. Ought she to spend the money. Couldn't think who could have sent it? Queer, isn't it?"

The news of the \$100 quite brightened us up. Each one of us felt somehow as if he had personally had a stroke of luck. Who could have stuffed that sorely needed money into the letter box—stealing it like a thief in the night, and carting off in terror of a policeman? We could not fix the deed on anybody.

"What strange people there are in the world?" remarked one. "We ought to be glad there are," exclaimed another with a gasp of satisfaction.

"But are they really strange, after all?" suggested another. "That is a remarkable feeling."

"Old Joe requires no supervising," the manager of a factory told me some time back, looking after a grey-haired grimy-faced old chap who passed by.

"A strange fellow, Fortune. One of the best—a man to take one's hat off to. Put him at any work and I shouldn't want to do more than ask him if he had done it, and I should be ready to lay every penny I'd got he had done it well—as thoroughly as he could possibly do it. He would never rest otherwise."

"Old Joe" was, he informed me, one

of those people who feel not merely that they must do their best, whether anyone else discovered it or not, but an actual delight in doing it. They would sink fearfully in their own estimation if they did not do it. Doing it they feel satisfied—quite happy.

Christie Murray knew a man who had spent some months upon an uninhabited island where he had been thrown by a shipwreck. Relating his experiences on the island to a circle of his friends one day, he told them how, after the first week or two, when he found that he would be able to keep himself alive, he began to take things "comfortable."

When he got up in the morning in the hole he had discovered in the rocks he trotted down to the sea and washed himself and "made his toilet."

"Toilet!" exclaimed one of the company. "What difference could it make when there was no one about to see you?"

It seemed quite ridiculous to him that that unseen one felt most miserable over not being able to "keep himself tidy." He had no conception of taking care of oneself apart from the necessity of securing the approval of other people.

The approbation and admiration of other folk are an immense stimulus. People do wonderful things to gain their applause, and quite right, too. But the person who won't do his or her best except for such a reward is not on the best lines to obtain it.

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Druggist Says - Black-Draught Best

M. R. Flowers, druggist of South Creek, N. C., writes this letter: "I have been afflicted for many years and have tried many sorts or kinds of medicine for indigestion, but the Black-Draught excels all medicines I ever tried. I went to using your medicines when I ate anything it would soon feel as though I were loaded down with rocks in my stomach. After using your preparation my stomach feels like a new one. If you suffer from indigestion, from a stomach that seems 'loaded down with rocks' after meals, this druggist's experience must carry conviction of the merit of this purely vegetable preparation, Theodor's Black-Draught. Mr. Flowers used many remedies and then says: 'Black-Draught excels any I have ever tried.' Why don't you try it? At all druggists—35 cents a package. S-21

Bringing the Cow to the Customer

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D. Necessity is the mother of invention and there are no necessities like those of war.

The stress and emergencies of the milk war drove the companies to suggest a temporary measure, which might prove of real value to city babies—that of bringing small groups of cows close to the edge of or even into the suburbs of the city.

This, at first sight, sounds like a backward step to village and country town conditions, and hands of horror will be raised at once at the thought of dirty, fly-swarming stables and barnyards trodden into a filthy bog, which would be a nuisance and a menace to the health of the entire neighborhood. And, of course, as a source for the whole or any considerable fraction of the supply, dairy barns in the suburbs would be out of the question. But for a limited and special part of the city's milk supply, namely, that required by babies and very young children, the plan is both practical and possessed of real value and advantage.

Especially, in view of the fact that most of our city milk is from forty-eight to seventy-two hours old before it reaches the homes and that stale milk is both indigestible and unwholesome for babies, to say nothing of the generations and millions of germs who are given time to breed in it.

Indeed, it has several times been suggested by careful and competent students of the city milk problem and, in one instance at least, has actually been put in operation on quite an extensive scale. The great metropolitan city of Buenos Ayres, with a population of nearly two millions, after a very careful and competent survey of the situation by eminent experts, has established or licensed one dairy of ten to fifteen cows in every area containing 10,000 population in the city. The cows, of course, are carefully selected, tested by tuberculin and rigidly examined by competent veterinarians before being permitted to be brought into the city and kept under the strictest and most hawk-like sanitary supervision during their stay.

They are housed in model dairy barns, with cement floors, flushed down with hose, tiled walls, all manure and other waste either cremated upon the spot or hauled out of the city every night and, in fact, are made not merely not a nuisance and an eyesore, but an ornament and attraction to the neighborhood. A valuable object lesson to all children and their parents of how a model dairy should be conducted and what clean, pure milk really looks and tastes like.

The milk from these exclusive bovine dames—these daughters of the hygienic revolution—can be sold only upon written permission from the district health officer to babies and also, it is said, to a certain number of invalids, and the surplus may be consumed upon the premises in the form of milk or ice cream or soft cheese. The method is said to work admirably and these "milk-on-the-half-shell" stations are extremely popular and successful. There is no reason whatever, given competent health officers and intelligent dairymen, why cows cannot be kept almost as clean and in fully as sanitary condition as humans.

As the traveler in southern Europe will probably recall, several of the Italian cities, notably Rome, Florence and Milan, have beautiful model dairies in their city parks. The great one in the famous Villa Borghese, in Rome, is a delight to the eye, and its ice cream and bread and milk a pleasure to every other sense, and every visitor to Rome ought certainly to put it on his list of sights along with the Sistine Chapel and the Forum. It is not so old, but far prettier and more attractive and infinitely more useful.

Advertisement for Dr. Lyon's For The Teeth Powder ~ Cream. Includes text: 'Your teeth can be only as good as you keep them—start a good habit today by asking your druggist for Dr. Lyon's For The Teeth Powder ~ Cream. Send 2c stamp for a generous sample of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream. I. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc., 577 W. 27th St., New York City'

Advertisement for SAWTAY 100% Pure Butter-of-Nuts. Includes illustration of a woman and child with a large can of SAWTAY. Text: 'SAWTAY is economical—Use 1/4 tea & over 1/2 cup'

Advertisement for SAWTAY 100% Pure Butter-of-Nuts. Includes text: 'Freight or Pullman? "An army travels on its stomach," said Napoleon. As true of the civilian as the soldier. You travel towards success by freight or Pullman, according to the fuel you give your body-engine. SAWTAY 100% Pure Butter-of-Nuts For Baking, Shortening, Frying—insures you light and easily digested breads, cakes and pastries, and fried foods free from grease. Sawtay, high in energy value, adds value plus to foods prepared with it, and is digested more easily than the finest creamery butter. SAWTAY APPLE PIE 1/2 cup flour, 1 1/2 teaspoonsful salt, 3/4 cup ice water, 1/2 cup Sawtay, 1/2 cup apples, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup butter. Mix and sift flour and salt. Work in the Sawtay with a fork. Moisten to form a dough with ice water. Turn on a floured board. Line pie plate with pastry. Place sliced apples sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon in the cavity. Dot with Sawtay and wet edges of lower crust. Cover with upper crust, press edges together. Bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven. Send 10c in stamps for "From Soup to Nut"—A Big Book of New Recipes and Reasons. SAUTE PRODUCTS CORPORATION Woolworth Tower, New York'