

# Society Notes

April 23

**Mrs. Everett Writes Flag Poem.**  
 Flung out the Flag! And let the gales thrill  
 To see the dear and glorious colors fly;  
 Our eyes uplifted proudly to the sky—  
 After our night of doubting and pain,  
 With shouts we hail our gallant Flag again,  
 All hesitation past—  
 Flung out the Flag! Flung out the Flag!  
 Flung out the Flag! And call the brave to arms!  
 Our honor shining in each stainless star,  
 Our life-blood throbbing in each rosy bar,  
 Our purpose pure as the ground wherewith we stand  
 Steadfast to lend our fellowmen a hand  
 Against a traitor king,  
 Our hearts and flags we sing!  
 Flung out the Flag! And let Old Glory wave  
 Where'er the brave, the generous outpour,  
 Offering their strength and courage to the store  
 That makes our Nation truly rich and free,  
 Safeguarding human rights from sea to sea,  
 Cheers for each strike and star!  
 Cheers for America!  
 Flung out the Flag!  
 —MRS. TORREY EVERETT.

Mr. and Mrs. Torrey Everett Pasadena, Cal., formerly of Council Bluffs, who are now the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Everett, are the occasion for much formal entertaining, Friday afternoon at the Everett home, when Mrs. Charles T. Kountze, Mrs. L. F. Crofoot and Mrs. C. C. George and Mrs. Edgar Morsman of Omaha were present, with other old friends. Mrs. Everett read one of her own plays. She is an especially gifted woman and has won considerable distinction with her writings. The poem above is one of her most recent contributions to American verse. It was written in Honolulu March 31.

Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Everett will be the dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Kennedy in Omaha, and Thursday Mrs. L. F. Crofoot will give a luncheon in her honor.

**Rejoice in Franchise.**  
 Largest of the social affairs of the day was the luncheon given by the political and social science department of the Omaha Woman's club at the Hotel Castle. Since many suffrage leaders are members of this department, the meeting which preceded the luncheon took the form of a rejoicing for the passage of the suffrage bill. The singing of "America" and the Star-Spangled Banner opened the program. Mrs. Samuel Foote, accompanied by Mrs. John Haarman, sang. Miss Ada E. Edson, second leader of the department, who is visiting in the city, spoke, after which three-minute talks were given by Mesdames E. M. Syfert, W. H. Hatteroth, Draper Smith, H. J. Bailey, W. P. Harford, F. H. Cole, F. I. Biras, Edward Johnson, T. R. Ward, F. A. Folsom, M. D. Cameron, T. E. Brady, Harriet MacMurphy, D. G. Craighead, David McGahey, B. S. Baker and E. E. Crane. Mrs. C. W. Hayes, leader of the department, had the program in charge. Arrangements for the luncheon were in the hands of Mesdames W. H. Hatteroth, F. S. Porter, E. E. Crane and J. D. Hiss. Decorations were in red and white carnations.

**Attend Sorority Functions.**  
 Blue, silver and gold formed the color scheme for the twenty-third anniversary banquet of the Delta Delta Delta banquet, which a number of Omaha women attended Friday in Lincoln. "The Diary of Miss Tri Delt" formed the toast list. Covers were laid for 100 members from all over the state. The Omaha members who attended were Misses Bernice Thomas, Verma Jones, Lillian Johnson, Alice Gideon, Clara Hermanson and Stella Morrison. The same list, including Miss Helen McMahan, attended the formal dancing party given Saturday evening.

Omaha alumnae of Alpha Xi Delta sorority who went to Lincoln Saturday to attend their fifth banquet were Misses Helen Sorenson Fuller, Verda Sanborn, Zoe Greenough and Agnes Nielsen.

"The Song of Life" was the theme of the toast list at the eleventh annual banquet of Nu chapter of Alpha Phi, which was held Friday evening at the Lincoln hotel. Miss Ruth Thompson of Omaha acted as toast-mistress and response by Miss Louise Stegner of Omaha for the alumnae.

Others from Omaha were Mrs. Charles Wright, Mrs. Ellet Drake, Mrs. M. E. Roubugh, Mrs. W. G. Locke, Mrs. C. F. Nasburg, Mrs. W. A. Willard, Mrs. L. S. Overpeck and Miss Helen Nason.

Miss Nina Dietz, who spent the week-end in Lincoln visiting Miss Marian Watkins, was a guest at the Delta Gamma formal dancing party Saturday evening.

**Plans Red Cross Ball.**  
 Mrs. George Brandeis and her committee met in Mr. Brandeis' offices this afternoon to make further arrangements for the Red Cross ball which will be given May 1 at the Fontenelle. Mrs. Charles T. Kountze, Mrs. W. T. Burns, Mrs. Joseph Barker, Mrs. Louis Nash and Mrs. W. A. Redick are the other committee women.

**Prunuptial Affairs.**  
 Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Atkinson will entertain at a bridal dinner party this evening at their home for Miss Dorothea Skriver and Dr. Roscoe Thomas, whose marriage will take place Thursday. Lavender and pink sweet peas will furnish the centerpiece, while snapshots of the couple fashioned in heart-shaped stencils and held together with sweetheart roses will form the centerpiece.

Miss Katherine Sullivan is entertaining eight tables at bridge at her home this evening in honor of Miss Anna Welch. Pink sweet peas and roses will form the decoration.

## PLANS LUNCHEON WHERE SUPFRAGISTS REJOICE



MRS. C. W. HAYES.

Edwin Hart Jenks, Misses Grace and Ruth Slabaugh, Miss Amy Burgess of Winona, Ill., and Mr. Temple McFayden.

Mr. and Mrs. Peder Skriver will entertain at a bridal dinner party tomorrow evening in honor of their daughter, Dorothea.

Mrs. John D. Wear gave a luncheon at the Blackstone today for Miss Anna Welch, a bride of the week. A basket of pink sweet peas formed the centerpiece for the table. Bridge at the home of the hostess occupied the afternoon and after the game a shower was given for Miss Welch.

**Personal Mention.**  
 Recent arrivals in Los Angeles now stopping at the Hotel Clark include B. L. Brown, Lee Herdman, Frank S. Holmes, C. J. Bowman and W. A. Lett.

Miss Blanche Wolf of Kansas City, Mo., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. Heyman.

Miss Helen Baum has returned from Atlantic City and is with her sister, Mrs. Wallace Reynolds, for the summer. Mrs. D. A. Baum and Miss Margaret are planning to go to Atlantic City about May 27.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Bacon have returned from a trip to Cleveland, Indianapolis and Washington.

Miss Anne Russell, who has been very ill for the last four weeks, is improving. She hopes to return to the state university soon.

## Ask Women to Preserve Fruits and Vegetables

"Can lots of vegetables and fruit," is the advice of Al King, manager of Hayden Brothers' grocery department, is going to throw out to the people this summer.

"That will be the only way to bust the trust," said King. "Vegetables will be fairly cheap here after a while when they begin to come in in large quantities, and people will be able to preserve them much cheaper than they can buy them in cans."

"There is every indication now that even the cheapest canned corn, peas and beans will be 20 and 25 cents a can next fall. It doesn't cost people much to put these things up themselves. Then, as for fruits, that will take sugar, of course, but housewives can make good money canning their own fruit even with sugar 10 cents a pound, when canned fruit held up to such prices, now being asked and will be asked in the fall and winter. I'm going to make a regular campaign along that line this summer."

## Personal Paragraphs

Guy G. Lentz, assistant city electrician, went to Centerville, Ia., to attend the funeral of his mother.

## SECRET OF GREAT MEN IS REVEALED

Groh Tells of His Youthful Ambitions When He Started At Ten Cents a Day.

### HE KILLS TOBACCO WORMS

By A. R. GROH.

John C. Canning, 4121 South Twenty-first street, writes me thus:

Dear Sir: May I ask what was your aim in life when but a small boy? What did you intend to be when you grew up to be a man? Did you have to take a special course in college in order to be successful by author because of modesty? If so, where?

(How pleasant, friends, to have reached such heights that the young seek to follow in your footsteps!) Listen, John, and I will tell you the secret of greatness. When I was a small boy I longed to become a locomotive engineer. I longed to sit at the throttle of a great engine flying through the country, across bridges and through tunnels. Yes, that was my ambition.

While waiting to get old enough to take a position as engineer I sold papers, sometimes making 10 or 15 cents a day. One summer, I remember, I engaged in the lawn mowing industry. My sole implement was a sickle, and a dull one at that. One morning when business was very dull I met up with a woman fancier whose yard comprised about an acre. It was full of tall, wiry grass. I was in great need of cash and she succeeded in getting my preliminary price of 50 cents for the job down to 15 cents.

**Fifteen Cents a Lot.**  
 I set to work hopefully, thinking of all I could buy with 15 cents. (In those days 15 cents would purchase a whole dozen of delicious cream puffs or three big ice cream sodas or a whole pound of jelly beans.)

So I worked, dreaming of good things to come. But soon my muscles began to ache. The grass was extremely tough and my sickle was extremely dull. I hacked away with great energy. But the progress I made was small. By noon I was tattered out and still my task was less than half done.

I then decided to open negotiations with the stern-faced female. I pointed out the fact that I had taken the contract at too small a figure. She held her position that a contract was a contract. I said a man would charge her at least a dollar to cut that grass; why should she expect a boy to do it for less?

**Settles for Half.**  
 Finally we compromised. I accepted 7 cents for the work I had done. Then I spent the afternoon in riotous living. Cream puffs brought \$1.50 a dozen.

Another financial venture of my boyhood I remember. I contracted to pick tobacco worms off the plants in a man's tobacco field. (This was in Pennsylvania). I think I got 2 cents per jar. Some days I cleared 10 cents.

I worked on a farm during the summers of my twelfth to fifteenth years, receiving \$6, \$9 and \$12 a month. My advancing stipends show what a good worker I was. I soon made a reputation there as the best weed cutter in that part of the country. We worked only from 4:30 a. m. until dark and were then all through for the day except, of course, the chores, which didn't take more than two hours.

At the early age of 14 years I wrote my first story. It concerned the spine-chilling adventures of a super-hero among the Indians. I thought it was a great story, but the magazine editors did not share this opinion.

This shows you how you should spend the first fifteen years of your life, John. Distasteful though it is to me to talk about myself, I will conclude this little personal talk for you tomorrow.

## ASK FOR and GET Horlick's The Original Malted Milk

Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price.

## The Latest Styles in Smart Hats



## Don't Wail--Work

By ADA PATTERSON.

Don't wail; work. Whenever you feel like mourning, do more work. Have you ever thought that waste emotion clogs the wheels of progress? Fine spirits never stop to grieve. The devastating, desolating event that seems to bring all interest in life to a full stop, does not arrest their course. The death of a dear one, or the heavier blow of deep disappointment in a living friend, weighs upon their hearts, but not upon their efforts. It is characteristic of the strong and great of ear that, whatever befalls them, they "go on." There's a world of healing and comfort just in "going on." Try it.

A dog with an ear torn, or a new lump gained in a fight, may sit on his haunches and howl at the stars; but we have passed the dog on the road of development. Ours the straight, onward path to the end—the final rest and reward.

Weariness? Yes. Discouragement? Yes. But go on, and they will pass. To the worker comes the reaction, the low spirits of fatigue. "To all hard workers come black moments," said the philosopher. But they are mere temporary eclipses. Before and afterwards the sun shines.

You are careful of your money. By hard, concentrated, wearing effort you have earned it. You try to expend it wisely, to conserve it, to safely and profitably invest it. But what of your emotion? What of the leak of your energy through mournful thoughts?

I know a gifted, but moody writer who has lost the royalties of several novels because she moped about transient failures. She has wasted more time in chafing at slight defeats than would have won her glorious victory.

Stopping to worry about what lies behind us in the road is the worst extravagance. Turn every wall into work. Every thought is a coin. Burnish it into brightness with hope and work.

While part of a harassed world watched the rest fighting to the death a phrase passed into general use. "Watchful waiting" was advised as safe and sane and right course. The advice was good. Let us adopt another phrase, "Hopeful working."

Each of us has the power of some kind of useful work. Our "jobs" were born with us. Ours the task to do them as well as we can, as long as we can.

None of us has one moment to spare for the blues. It is as foolish to yield ourselves to them as it is a fortress to surrender to an attacking army at sight.

We are all towns that may be besieged at any hour by an attacking army of blues. Let us rout it by hard and cheerful labor. Let us adopt the slogan, "Hopeful working."

## Women's Red Cross Has Moved Headquarters

The women's branch of the Red Cross society, which has had a desk in the office of the National League for Woman Service in the First National bank, has moved to the offices of the Omaha Red Cross chapter in the Farnam building, Thirteenth and Farnam.

**Man's Staff of Life** is the whole wheat grain—not the white, starchy center of the wheat—make no mistake about that—but be sure you get the whole wheat grain in a digestible form. **Shredded Wheat Biscuit** contains all the tissue-building, energy-creating material in the whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked. A perfect food for the nourishment of the human body. A better balanced ration than meat or eggs, or starchy vegetables, supplying the greatest amount of body-building nutriment at lowest cost. For breakfast with milk or cream, or for any meal with fruits. Made at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

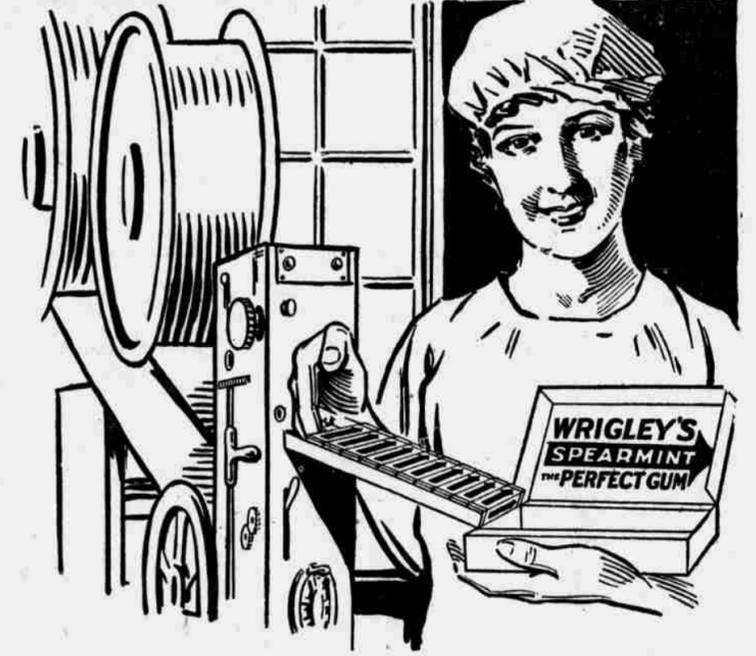
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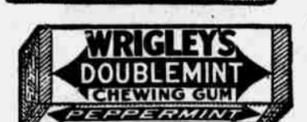
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A lot of our shoes refuse to be moved, so they must be sold. We will virtually give them to the public tomorrow. Never before have we been forced to make such an immense sacrifice. Come early and cut the H. C. of L.

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