

Society Notes

August 6 by Mellificia

Fumigated Letter from Soldier.
Letters of extreme brevity, censored notes of ordinary length, form letters conveying prefatory messages in regard to the health of the sender or his desire to hear from the folks at home have been received by many Omaha people from their soldier friends. These usually come from sailors stationed on battleships or from soldiers in the armies abroad.

One pretty Omaha miss (she belongs to the Maderian society) received a letter from a soldier friend not long ago which had not been censored, but which, we regret to say, had been fumigated! Now whether fumigation is more destructive of the essence of romance contained in the letters of young soldiers to pretty girls at home than is rigid censorship we do not know. The letter was opened at each corner in order to make the fumigation thorough, so that when it arrived at its destination odor of formaldehyde still was strong on it.

You see, the young man who sent the missive is in a training station on the Great Lakes, where there has been an epidemic of scarlet fever. For this reason great care was exercised, not in censoring the letter, but in disinfecting it. Since the young woman was well satisfied with its contents evidently lost nothing in transmission.

THIS POPULAR GIRL ONE OF SEASON'S TRAVELERS.



Louise White

To Honor Bridal Couple.

In honor of Miss Margaret Daggett and Captain Arthur Boettcher of Fort Omaha, whose marriage will be solemnized at the post Tuesday afternoon, Dr. F. H. Millener and his mother, Mrs. E. P. Millener, entertained at a family dinner party Sunday.

Tonight Captain and Mrs. Howard White will give a dinner at their home at Fort Omaha for the young people. Mrs. White's sister, Miss Virginia White, who arrived Saturday afternoon with her cousin, Father Stenson, from her home in Jersey City Heights, N. J., for a visit here, and the bride-to-be's mother will complete the party.

Miss Judge has been in-posed since her arrival, but when she feels better, Captain and Mrs. White will give a large dancing party in her honor.

Future Events.

Mrs. Charles Weymuller is giving a luncheon, probably on Friday, for Miss Lillian Dickman, whose marriage to Mr. Ernest Bihler will take place next Wednesday.

Miss Margaret English is entertaining a foursome at the Carter Lake Red Cross auxiliary bridge party Wednesday. The group will probably go out to the lake in the morning for a swim, will have luncheon at the club house and then spend the afternoon playing bridge. Mrs. Walter Boehl, who has recently come to Omaha from Chicago; Miss Mercedes Laughlin and Mrs. Charles Fanning will comprise the party.

Mrs. F. S. Hadra will have a party five at dinner at the Blackstone.

Vesta chapter kensington will be held at Carter Lake club Thursday with Mrs. D. H. Christie.

News of the Wayfarers.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. G. Kranz are at Long Beach, Cal., and will spend a month at this seaside resort.

Mrs. C. W. Axtell and daughter are among recent arrivals in Long Beach, Colo. They will remain at a seashore for the next two months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fraser and Mrs. John L. Kennedy, with their nurse and children, is stopping at the same hotel. Mr. and Mrs. R. Mills and Miss Ruth Mills have arrived in Minneapolis in their automobiles and are stopping at the Madison.

Miss Katherine Gould reached Minneapolis Saturday morning for a visit with Miss Marjorie Wilkins of Des Moines, who has visited in Omaha, at her summer home on Lake Minnetonka.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor White have returned from Duluth. Miss Louise White has also returned from a visit to Wisconsin.

Mrs. E. M. Styll of Richmond, Va., has been the guest of Dr. Fredrick H. Millener and his mother, Mrs. E. P. Millener, for several weeks, Sunday for San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Foltz left Saturday for a trip to Cheyenne, Estes Park and Denver, which will occupy a week.

Mrs. F. S. Owens with her daughter, Gertrude and Elizabeth, returned Omaha from California Sunday night.

Mrs. A. B. Jaquith, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Elias Vail, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., since June is expected to return to Omaha in September 1. Her daughter, Clifford R. Weller, will return in Colorado at the same time.

Personal Mention.

Dr. and Mrs. P. T. Conlan have returned from St. Marys, Kan., where they were called by the death of the doctor's mother.

Mrs. C. H. Marple and Josephine are now in Estes Park, Colo., and expect to return about September 1.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hogan, Mrs. T. Foley and Miss Marie Foley moved to Okoboji in the Foley car Friday to spend ten days or two weeks.

Mrs. A. C. P. Farrell has returned on a visit to Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll R. Belden are spending the week in Elgin, Neb., during their absence Mrs. Belden's sisters, Miss Mary Brown, of Portland, Ore., and Miss Louise Brown of Lancaster, Wis., are in charge of Belden home.

Omaha Sergeant Called

To Service in Chicago

Sergeant A. W. Anderson, 3022 Edward street, an Omaha boy who is on the staff of the Sixth regiment at Lincoln, has been called to Chicago, where he will be assistant to Colonel Barry, head of the general department of the army. The call comes as a compliment to young Anderson, who has only been in the army a few months. He is the only sergeant on the quartermasters staff.

Anderson graduated from Commercial high school last spring. He joined his regiment with the quartermasters staff at Lincoln because of his expert stenographic ability demonstrated in competitive examination. For excellent work there he is promoted to the central department. He is this week assisting in the routing of the "Dandy Sixth."

WOMEN PREPARING FOR DEFENSE WORK

Mrs. Tom Allan to Be Chief Co-Worker; Women Endorse Campaign to Carry Baskets From Stores.

Dr. Jennie Callfas, Omaha member of the Nebraska State Council of Defense, who has just returned from the meeting of that body held Saturday at Lincoln, announces that she has selected Mrs. Tom Allan, sister of William Jennings Bryan and president of the Young Women's Christian association in Lincoln, as her chief co-worker, in safeguarding the moral and spiritual forces of the state. Mrs. Allan will have special charge of this work in Lincoln.

Both Dr. Callfas and Mrs. Allan are seeking special training along this line. Both are going to Lake Geneva to the Young Women's Christian association conference in the near future, and Thursday Dr. Callfas expects to start west in search of whatever information she can find.

To Carry Groceries Home.

The Nebraska State Council of Defense Saturday formally endorsed the movement urging housewives to carry groceries home, thus curtailing store deliveries. They also discussed the appointment of committees and announced the next meeting for Saturday morning, September 8, at the headquarters of the Fraternity building in Lincoln. By that time they expect to have their work definitely outlined. In the meantime they are waiting for instructions from the War department, which are necessary before they can make and definite procedure.

Police Stop Honeymoon; Man is Wanted in Chicago

Less than twenty-four hours after his marriage to a prominent Lincoln girl, Hyman I. Goodwin of Chicago was arrested in Omaha by Detective Jolly at the request of Chicago police who accuse Goodwin of embezzlement of \$335 from a coffee concern.

Goodwin was married Sunday evening at Lincoln to Miss Sarah Fogelson, daughter of H. Fogelson of that city. The ceremony was conducted at Temple B'nai Jeshurun by Rabbi Jacob Singer and was attended by 250 guests.

After a reception, Goodwin and his bride started on a honeymoon tour which was to have included Bay City, Mich., New York and then a trip back across the continent to San Francisco. But the contemplated journey ceased abruptly at the Hotel Fontenelle when Officer Jolly appeared on the scene.

Arlington Store Robbed

By Thieves in an Auto

A store at Arlington, Neb., was entered and robbed of the following goods Sunday night: three shotguns, twenty-one dozen of overalls, one dozen pants, and twenty-six dozen shoes. The stolen goods were taken away in an automobile. At 3 o'clock Monday morning, three men in a Maxwell touring car were seen at Plum Creek, headed towards Omaha with the goods in their auto.

Ready-to-Serve Carrots—Home Canned

Wash your jars; wash rubbers; test rubbers for quality.

Set empty jars with rubbers in pan of water to heat and keep hot.

Fill wash boiler to cover jars two inches with water.

Heat water in wash boiler.

Use young tender carrots, freshly pulled.

Wash carrots thoroughly; use a vegetable brush.

Place carrots in colander; scald by setting over a vessel of boiling water, covered tight, for five to ten minutes.

Dip quickly into cold water.

Scrape or pare to remove skin.

Pack whole carrots, slices, or cross-section pieces in hot jars.

Place rubbers and caps in position; not air tight.

Place jars on false bottom of wash boiler.

Submerge jar two inches.

Let water boil ninety minutes.

Start to count when water begins to boil.

Remove jars.

Tighten covers.

Invert to cool and examine for leaks.

If leaks are found, change rubbers and boil again for ten minutes.

Wrap in paper.

Store in a cool, dry place.

DON'T MISS ANY STEP.

Things We Dread Seldom Are To Be Feared

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Nothing ever yet was as bad as our active and morbid fancy painted it. Which has been said before! But it is well to keep reminding people of vivid and timorous imagination that the actuality of a situation never causes a tinge of the torture which the anticipating mind has attributed to it.

Recently I read an article which dealt with a borrowed idea, which I in turn shall borrow.

"The brave man dies once; the coward dies a thousand deaths," are the lines I want to borrow. I should like to have them printed in letters about a foot high and given a whole page all to themselves. Really they are important enough for that. Particularly are they important in these days when panic so often seizes by the throat.

Recently I met a young chap who was invalided from France. He is a nervous wreck. Physically he is almost disintegrated and yet he has never a wound—not even a scratch. For two years he was in the first and even the second line of trenches. For two years he treaded the day when he must get into the third line—into action.

In those two years he has, I suppose, died more than a thousand deaths. By suffering in anticipation he has cut himself off from being a real factor in fighting for the glory of France.

There are tragically many of us who make our lives one long series of tortures just as he did. Now, as a matter of fact, most real troubles are not as bad when you march right up to them and look them squarely in the eye as they were when you were thinking about them! Who does not remember lying in bed, quaking and shivering in fear of some terrifying sound coming from the black dark beyond the bed?

A night of such horror actually takes years out of a life. If you had the courage to get up, throw off the muffled covers, and sally forth to investigate the terrifying sound, it probably turns out to be a shutter rattling in the darkness, or a curtain rattling, or some inanimate object blowing about in the breeze from an open window.

Lying still in the darkness of mental cowardice and dreading any situation is very much like lying muffled to your nose in covers and suffering agonies of fear over what is probably nothing worse than a little kitten scratching for admission at the hall door!

If pleasure is greatest in anticipation, just remember that this is also true of trouble. For at the last, nothing is very serious. Mortsals give things an importance quite beyond their gravity. The day of our death, like the clay of our birth, is shrouded in forgetfulness, and if we do remember any of our trials and troubles, it will be only to smile that they should ever have caused us a pang," wrote Elbert Hubbard.

There is a good deal to think about in that paragraph—is there not? It is rather surprising how many of our brilliant authors have said that for us in prose or verse. But it has to be said over and over again and explained ever more and more emphatically. For you and I and all of us are children—afraid of the dark.

When we are kiddies, we weep and wail in anticipation of the torture we are going to be put to when the dentist fills our aching tooth. Later on, we are ashamed to make a fuss about it, but, shut up inside of us, a dreadful fuss is going on.

I think pain is a dreadful bogey man with which we frighten ourselves all through life. Now, when we discover that the nurse maid or an older sister has frightened the baby with threats of what the policeman or some mythical "bogey man" will do to him if he isn't good, we promptly reprove and reproach and give our orders that baby isn't to be frightened half out of his wits.

Why do we do that? Not just to save a naughty child, who probably deserved it—from a little disciplining fear. No, not that! But to keep him from growing up with the wrong attitude toward law and order and to stop him from being a coward. We want him to know that law is on his side—that the policeman is his friend if he behaves. So we don't let baby get hold of the wrong attitude toward law and grow up in fear of it.

Each of us needs the same sort of disciplining for ourselves. Life is a game of consequences when most of those consequences we bring on ourselves. And things we ought to fear, because they are going to follow inevitably from our own deeds, we bravely neglect to dread.

Last summer—when the cruel plague of infantile paralysis took its toll of life all about us, even grown-ups were panic stricken. Fear of the unknown caused horrible misery to many who escaped everything but their own fear. I know of one family in particular who fled from New York with their three children. Where they were going they hardly knew; but they must get away from the crowded city with its high death rate. The first summer resort to which they fled refused to take children from New York. The second had no room for any more guests. At the end of the discouraging quest they settled down in a mountain resort of which they knew practically nothing. They could see that the sanitary conditions were not good—but at least they were far from New York.

All three of the children were stricken with typhoid fever. The water in the little settlement was polluted! The youngest baby died!

Fatalists said that the baby was doomed anyway. Yes, that is true, if you stop to think what made the doom! It was the blind, stupid, unreasoning panic of the parents. Had they stayed in New York they might have taken preventive measures against the plague. And by cleanliness they might have avoided it.

But fear drives you into dangers greater and graver than what we dread with tragically blind and unreasoning terror.

Blue Serge Asks a Hearing

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

BLUE serge we have ever with us—for which much thanks to the fates. This little coat dress is a dull Indian blue, cut with a little basque effect whose points are repeated on the tunic of the skirt. Brown and orange stitching is run along the tunic points in "candy" stripes. The basque crosses over the belt and decides it wants to be a sash. The smart waistcoat and collars and cuffs are of white linen. Below the brown satin tie there is a double row of buttons in orange and brown.



Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

As to a Wife's Seniority.

Dear Miss Fairfax: In these days established custom to being friends with a young man four years my junior.

We read and studied and went about together, and drifted into a close companionship. He wishes me to become his wife. As friends the difference in our ages did not matter, but it seems to me that by marrying him I should be cheating him. Do you think it probable that such a marriage would turn out happily?

What happens to me does not matter; what happens to him is the vital thing. So please don't mind my feelings at all when you answer this. I need somebody's honest opinion. J. M. W.

Every word you say goes to prove clearly that you are just the wife for this man. First of all you have a splendid friendship based on congeniality of taste and ideals. Secondly, you care so much for him that any sacrifice seems small if it will insure his happiness. What better can life offer a man than a wife who feels such unselfish devotion as that? How can a girl who writes as charmingly as you do and with deep feeling that you express feel that such a non-essential as four years' seniority on her part is going to affect the happiness of a marriage based on all the wonderful real things you possess. I happen to know of two perfect marriages in which the wife is much older than the husband. You are too fine a girl for a man to lose.

The Home of the Bride.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Is there any established custom which forbids a bridegroom to assure as a guest in the home of his intended bride during the days immediately preceding and up to the day of their marriage even though he has always been thus entertained during the early part of their engagement?

It is understood that the home of the bridegroom is in another city and that he has no other place to go privately either to assure as a guest in the home of these circumstances would it be unbecomingly, if he were allowed to go to a hotel? M. T. D.

There is no reason whatever why a groom should not be a guest in the home of the bride-to-be. There used to be a silly, old superstition that on the day of the wedding the groom must not see the bride up to the hour of the wedding ceremony. But that is absurd as is any question such as your letter seems to raise.

Don't Be Stubborn.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and have been going with a young man for the last year. Recently we had an argument and didn't see each other for some time. At the end of three weeks I called him up and asked him to come to see me. Do you think it was my piece to give in or his? As he is very stubborn, I know that had I not called him up he would never have given in to me. Now, Miss Fairfax, do you think he loves me in spite of the fact that he would have let our friendship end if I hadn't called him up? We do not know who was at fault.

What does it matter who "gives in?" You seem to think that love and friendship are contests of will. Why try to outdo the boy you like in one of his faults? Stubbornness is a grave weakness and often separates real lovers. Don't cultivate this unpleasant quality, but rather try to cure your friend of it.

Quite Proper.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Do you think it is improper for two girls to go out to town for weekends to a high-class hotel. We have no particular place in mind as yet. We do not get a summer vacation. We receive good salaries and feel that we can afford to do this.

Several of our friends say that an action of this kind will give cause for unpleasant criticism.

A. S. G.

I need not be stupid. The world has ceased its bit of old attitude of "looking for trouble," and the people who would misjudge two dignified, well-haved young women for going away to enjoy the benefits of a vacation in the country, are that narrow-minded and unprogressive class of which sane thinkers look with either pity or amused tolerance.

A Suitable Gift.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have known a young man for three months. During that time he has been calling on me three or four times a week. His birthday is July 25, and I am at a loss to know what would be a suitable gift.

I thought perhaps a cigarette case might answer, but I really do not know if that would be in good taste.

If you could help me with a few suggestions for a remembrance on his birthday I would surely appreciate it.

L. W.

The gift of which you speak is rather pretentious—the sort one gives a fiancé or a very intimate friend. It might embarrass the young man to receive a valuable present from you. As a matter of fact, the right sort of man generally does not like accepting gifts from a woman. Why not give him a book of poems, modern philosophy, or one of the many splendid volumes the war has produced? If this does not appeal to you, a trifle in leather or silver would be in far better taste than a cigarette case.

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