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EDITOR

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

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ASST. EDITOR

John McCormick Tells Secrets of His Private Life And His One Soul Mate

By ADELAIDE KENNERLY.

JOHN McCORMACK is coming! We heard this some two weeks or more in advance. Immediately our memories took us back over trails of gossip and we began to wonder about his soul mates. With every new quality of tone does John take unto himself a new soul mate, as we have heard? Has he really deserted his wife and kiddies for vampires of various types?

Soon our brain began to run riot with yellow journalism. We must get a story about these soul mates. Corking copy. Of course, we can not appreciate his lovely songs so much when we think of him as a debauchee, but—think of the story.

Armed with 17 notebooks and 87 pencils, we sailed forth to meet the famous McCormack. We met his manager, Charles L. Wagner, instead. "John is shaving," smiled the handsome Charles, who attracted the attention of every person in the hotel lobby, "but if you can wait a few minutes he will be glad to talk to you."

All Wrong.

After assuring us that John was the dearest soul in the world and that there were no secretaries, no valets; that no Chicago or any other train had been held up to accommodate their private cars because they traveled like regular human beings in Pullman cars, if there are no red caps they carry their own bags and attract a little attention as possible, we saw our sensational story waning.

"But listen," he whispered, "tell us about these soul mates. Is it true that they are developing his voice and that with each new quality of tone another soul mate is enamored of the singing Irishman?"

"What are you saying? (This from the rosy checked, hot tempered Wagner.) Soul mate? Not for John McCormack. You are talking about a 'Wop,' not an Irish Catholic. Why, if Mrs. McCormack should hear that it would break her heart. He is like a big boy in his love for her. If he doesn't get his daily letter or wire he almost weeps and sends long, expensive wires of inquiry as to why he is being so neglected.

Inside Information.

"Let me tell you something, John McCormack is different than most tenors. Different in many ways and here are some of them: "He cuts his hair. "He loves his wife. "He has two children and is proud of them. "He has never had an affair with a woman. "He is not a drunkard, but a clean, sober, lovable boy. "His mash notes do not come from young women, but from mothers more than 60 years old, who call him 'my dear boy.' They want to mother him."

Why! Now our story has fallen flat, but another loomed up on the horizon of our prospects. Something far more wholesome. "Why, until John came into the field, tenors, above all people, never had children. The had soul mates, affinities and disgraceful affairs, although they never had half as many as their press agents created for them in print. Now famous tenors are trying to scare up a few children, since John made them popular. Even our friend, Caruso, is reported to have found a few."—Wagner.

Enters John.

Messrs. McCormack and Wagner arrived in Omaha Thursday evening. They ate a regular meal and bathed in regular water—not champagne, or cologne or smelling salts. After their dinner they went to the Boyd theater like regular fellows, bought two seats in the regular way and enjoyed "Johnny Get Your Gun" immensely, so they say, as much as anyone in the audience.

"Enters John." "Good morning, Mr. McCormack," we smiled our sweetest. "Howdy, howdy. Say, I want my breakfast. If you hadn't had anything to eat since (we don't remember the time) you'd want some, too." "Well," we gasped, "does the interview end as abruptly as this? Is it all over?"

"Shur-r-e. That's all there is to it," from laughing Mack. "Well, it just doesn't, any such thing. You come right here and make yourself comfortable," he spouted. And back he came light a naughty child. He wanted to be called back. And we didn't mind calling him back. It was a game which we all entered into immediately. Sort of an Irish introduction that gives everybody the at-ease feeling.

But the songbird refused to talk about John McCormack. Said he didn't know anything about him worth telling. "Tell us the secret of your life," we whispered. "Shur-r-e, that's it. But don't let it out."

Secret of His Life.

"Well, I love Julie and am lawfully, regularly and honestly married to her according to the laws of the United States and God. I have two children and they are legitimate and I love them. That is the secret of my life, but don't you dare let it out. He looked like a kid playing a trick on father.

We had begun to love John and we were loving him in a way that would not offend Julie. He was so playful we knew he couldn't have soul mates. He is too open and frank in his manner. Our experience taught us that the soul-mates are more or less subtle and take themselves seriously. We forgot all about our notebooks and pencils; forgot all about Mr. Mack being a great tenor. We saw only a smiling Irishman before us.

Then we went to hear John sing and understood immediately why the mothers of men write notes to him, why they love him. Ireland has left her glowing, sparkling map on his face and her simple charm in his manner. Foreign tenors with unpronounceable names and long hair may charge \$6 per seat, but they like, they hire unscrupulous press agents, may make them more wicked than they really are, they may



John McCormick

Back to Society Flocked Omaha's Best to the Concert

(Continued From Page One.)

boxes out! We went, nevertheless, in the hopes of seeing big line parties and instead we found ourselves bounded on the north by a stout person in tweed and on the west by a chilly draft from a flimsy door in our breezy Auditorium. When the concert began, we forgot that we were there to see the society folks, for who could remember their duties when John McCormack sings "Mother Machree?"

The white elephant sale next week will be the event of the week and will be talked of for many weeks to come. Society maids and matrons will be there in profusion, to say nothing of the many handsome white elephants in the shape of victrolas, donkeys and orchids! There will also be soldiers and a jazz band and—we refuse to tell you any more, you must go and see for yourself.

Story Tellers Elect.

Miss Theresa M. Hobden was elected president of the C. O. Story Tellers' league at the annual meeting held Friday evening at the home of Miss Edith Tegtmeyer. Miss Kate Winsdale is the retiring president. Miss Eloise Hillis is the new vice president and Miss Isabel Graham secretary-treasurer. The world's great epics will be studied the next term. It was decided, and current topics will occupy part of the meeting hour. The program committee included Misses Grace Meyer, Kate Hungerford, Edith Tegtmeyer and Kate Winslade.

Betrothal Announced.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mushkin announce the engagement of their daughter, Grace, to Mr. Nelson Civin of New York. The date of the wedding has not been set.

Card Party.

Fidelis club of St. Cecilia's parish will give a card party Thursday afternoon in the school auditorium. High five and bridge are the games to be played.

Whist Club Luncheon.

The White Shrine whist club will give a luncheon followed by a card party, Thursday, at the New Masonic temple. Reservations may be made by calling Mrs. H. J. Holmes, secretary.

Social Clubs.

Miss Kathleen Dimeen will be hostess at luncheon for the members of the Bluebird Knitting club at her home Saturday. The guests will include: Misses—Kathleen McGrath, Elizabeth Dimeen, Katherine Lannan, Claire Dimeen.

have fits of temper and call it temperamental and win the applause of the music world, but they can never win, along with it, the genuine love of a John McCormack audience. Listen, John!

With all this praise we believe in being honest and frank with the "reason" for our story. Hence we beg of you to listen, John, while we whisper something into your ear: We note from your profile that you are getting fat.

Army Gossip.

Dudley Wolfe is now in Italy in the ambulance service, having been transferred there from France. Lieutenant Ben Gallagher, who was at Camp Dodge, is now in the quartermaster general's office in Washington, and his mother, Mrs. Ben Gallagher, expects to go on in February to see him.

Captain Robert Shiverick of the ordnance department is stationed in Washington. His brother, Major Nathan Shiverick, is still at Camp Funston, where he is senior instructor of the reserve corps. Jack Baum, formerly of this city, and son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Baum, has been in training for the coast aviation, first at the Boston School of Technology and then at Pensacola, Fla. About a week ago he was sent to Washington, where he is in charge of the equipment for flying stations here and abroad.

John Loomis, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Loomis, sailed last Sunday for London to take up his duties at the American embassy. His wife, formerly Miss Florence Geddes of Toledo, could not accompany him, as there is a wartime ruling against wives going abroad with their husbands in the service. She is with her mother at Glenwood, Fla.

Victor Caldwell has won his commission as second lieutenant at Fort Omaha and is assigned to the fifth squadron. Sacred Heart Students' Party. Miss Vesta Lewieff entertained the members of the junior class of the Sacred Heart High school at a baby party at her home Thursday evening. The guests came dressed as children and they included: Misses—Margaret Mutter, Loretta Peterson, Ortha Black, Valeria Rohr, Marie Soat, Alberta Joeger, Katherine Lawieff, Margaret Leary.

Wedding Announced.

Miss Marion Lanspa, formerly of Omaha, was married Tuesday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lanspa, in Alverno, Neb., to Mr. Joseph Thomas Reisdorf, formerly of Shelby. The young people will make their home in David City, Neb.

Mrs. G. K. Jacobson Bride Of Military Man



Mrs. G. Kenneth Jacobson

A very pretty wedding took place Thursday at high noon, when Miss Gladys Beatrice Fulton became the bride of Mr. G. Kenneth Jacobson, at the home of the bride's parents in Lincoln. Miss Bertha Hunt sang a solo before the ceremony, accompanied by Miss May Loughridge, who also played the wedding march. The bride was gowned in white net over pink silk and carried a shower bouquet of white roses.

After a wedding breakfast the bride and bridegroom came to Omaha, where they were honored guests at a dinner given Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Archer at their home Thursday evening. They will remain in Omaha for the present, as Mr. Jacobson is in the signal officers' reserve corps at Fort Omaha.

The out-of-town guests at the wedding were Mrs. W. E. Jacobson of Council Bluffs, Mrs. S. O. Jennings of Boise, Idaho; Mr. John Jacobson and his sons, Mr. Alfred Jacobson and Hon. John E. Jacobson, of Lexington.

ternoon in honor of Mrs. Vensian Dermody and Mrs. T. F. Ham, both of whom are moving away from the city. Eleven guests were present at the affair.

For Soldier's Bride.

Mrs. Earl Shaw entertained at a miscellaneous shower at her home Friday evening in honor of Mrs. Frank Gilligan, who was formerly Miss Ethel Cullen, a bride of the last week. Twenty-five guests at-

tended the affair and the evening was spent in dancing. Mrs. Gilligan will remain with her mother for the present, as her husband is a member of the ambulance corps at Camp Funston.

Pleasures Past.

The Pagalco club entertained at a skating party at Miller park, Thursday evening, after which they were entertained at supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Morrill. The members present were: Misses—Mary Marsh, Irene Baker, Ross Dixon, Ruby Haas, Miss Shaffer, Outbert Smith, Ellis Saunders, W. B. Kasmirski, Leslie Smith.

Messrs—Clarence Haas, George Buzzard, H. R. Huffner, Phil Lane.

Miss Kitty Horan entertained, Monday evening, in honor of Miss Marie O'Connor, who leaves Sunday for Chicago to resume her studies at the Art studio. The guests present were: Misses—Marie O'Connor, Gertrude Furness, Mattie Farmer, Jane Shaffer, Marie O'Connor, Winnie Farmer, Margaret Keighan.

Messrs—Margaret Dineen, Bea O'Connor, Elizabeth Cowan, Marie Reilly, Irene Baker, Martha Frankfort.

Neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry O'Connor gave a farewell dinner for them Friday evening. Dancing and vocal selections by Mr. Gale Hood were the features.

Dr. Lee W. Edwards, 24th and Farnam, wishes to call the public's attention to the Chiropractic talk on Page 2-B.

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Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh—Relief comes so quickly.—Advertisement.

and Mr. William A. O'Connor occupied the evening. Covers were placed for:

Messrs. and Mesdames—C. J. O'Connor, William Kaloely, Jake Bornatelo, Albert Jensen, A. J. Suchy, Theodore Darty, Harry A. Young, D. E. Murray, Willis S. Crosby, Dr. and Mrs. P. E. Rasmussen, Dr. and Mrs. Homer D. Larvey, Messrs—H. Parry, Harold Vesch, Misses—Tena Suchy, T. Peck, Emil Jensen, Edward Edholm, Andrew Jensen, O. S. Petersen, H. Cohn, William Jensen, Anton P. Holm, Messrs—Gale Hood, Andrew Jensen, Misses—Lillian Dagner.

Mr. E. O. Hamilton, who has been very ill at the Clarkson hospital, is gradually recovering. Mr. Hamilton will leave February 1 for Miami, Fla. He will visit his son, Lieutenant Warren H. Hamilton, of the field artillery, now stationed at Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C.



Send Him a Box

To you who have a son, brother, sweetheart or dear friend in the war service, I wish to make a suggestion:

Send him a box of Balduff's Egyptian Chocolates.

The boys in khaki are on a diet of staple, brown-producing foods. Delicacies a rarity. With them, naturally, the appetite craves a change—something toothsome, sweet.

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Send your boy a box today. It will delight him. He will be quick to appreciate your exquisite taste.

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Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and attractive with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, all ready to use, at very little cost. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known down-town druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and beautiful. This preparation is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.—Adv.



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