Society

Luncheon for Visitors.

Miss Mildred Weston entertained at a luncheon of 12 covers at her home Friday. The honor guests were Miss Marjorie Martin of Spokane, Wash., the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Martin of Fairacres, and Mrs. Howard Martin of Sioux City, Ia., a guest at the Weston home. Mrs. Martin and small daughter, Mildred Weston Martin, arrived Thursday to spend several days with Mrs. Martin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Weston.

Concert.

Danish Sisterhood Lodge No. 57 will present Oda Nielsen and Chr. Gottschalk in a concert Sunday, October 17, at Metropolitan hall, Twenty-third and Harney streets. Tickets are on sale at the following places: Brodegaard Bros. company, Sixteenth and Douglas; Theodore Kell, Twenty-fourth and Cuming; S. P. Peterson, 424 North Sixteenth.

B'nai B'rith.

B'nai B'rith will give the first of its winter series of dances Sunday evening at Kel-Pine's hall.

Informal Affair.

Mrs. A. H. Wesin entertained informally at her home Friday afternoon in honor of Mrs. A. M. Moline of Los Angeles. Twelve guests were present.

D. O. S.

Mrs. A. L. Rhody entertained the D. O. S. club at luncheon at her home Wednesday.

Keystone Park Club.

Mrs. C. H. Rollins will be hostess Saturday evening to the Keystone Park Card club.

Personal

Mrs. E. S. Rood, who had planned to leave for Excelsior Springs Saturday, has deferred the journey until next week.

Dr. J. Calvin Davis, jr., is now on an eastern trip, including Washington, D. C., and New York.

Mrs. Mary Fitch is ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Johannes.

Mrs. H. A. Pearce has arrived from Hollywood, Cal., to visit her daughter, Mrs. E. S. Hansen.

Mrs. C. H. Rollins returned Sunday from Denver. She will leave soon for Excelsior Springs and will later visit her daughter, Mrs. Marion L. Evans, jr., at Stronghurst, Ill. Mrs. Evans was formerly Miss Peggy Rollins.

J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., Approves of Y. W. C. A.

John D. Rockefeller, jr., in a letter to officials of the national board of the Y. W. C. A., expressing his opinion on their stand in industrial matters, says in part:

"In view of the increasingly important part which women are taking in industry, it is eminently appropriate that the Y. W. C. A. should interest itself in the industrial problem.

"The association, like the church, can render its largest service in the industrial field, not by seeking to enunciate programs, but rather by emphasizing the great fundamental principles of righteousness and justice, in accordance with which alone sane and adequate programs can be developed.

"The association may well stand for such fundamental principles in industry as these: The sacredness of personality, representation, the application of the Golden Rule, cooperation between the several parties to industry. Not only should it stand for these principles, but it should seek in every way to give them currency in the daily lives of those whom it influences. Thus there will be built up a foundation upon which sane programs can be worked out by those who are experts in the particular field. Thus there will be set up standards by which the soundness of such programs can be tested from time to time in the light of current conditions and present needs."

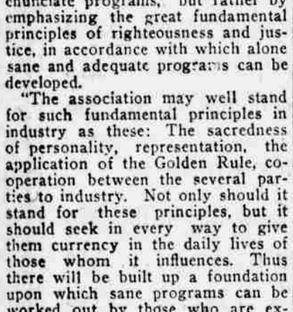
All club items for The Sunday Bee should be in the office of the club editor not later than 3 p. m. Friday.

All society items for Sunday should be in the office of the society editor not later than 10 a. m. Saturday.

Notices for card parties must reach the society editor not later than 3 p. m. Friday.

What's What

By HELEN DECIE



In a former paper of this series emphasis was laid on the impropriety of exhibiting annoyances in public In the illustration abev. the young woman seems to have ventured into a neighborhood where the sights, sounds and odors are not to her taste, and she is conveying to the world at large her abhorrence of an evidently self-created situation. The reproof administered to one of her kind by a Plymouth fishwife was not at all amiss: "Nobody asked you to come around here turning up your nose at us."

Repugnance is one of the ignobler emotions, which should be suppressed by the exercise of self-control. No thoroughbred gentlewoman would permit herself to manifest in public any distaste for persons or surroundings, no matter how humble the people nor how squalid their environment.

Legislative Candidates

Miss Marie Weekes.

The political and social science department of the Omaha Woman's club will present on its program Monday afternoon at the Y. W. C. A. the four women who are legislative candidates in the state. Mrs. Hester B. Copper of Omaha and Mrs. P. T. McGerr of Falls City are running on the democratic ticket for the state legislature. Miss Emma Meservy of Fremont and Miss Marie Weekes of Norfolk are running on an independent or nonpartisan ballot, the latter for congress, our national legislature, and Miss Meservy for the state. A luncheon will be given for these speakers Monday noon, at which Mrs. H. J. Bailey, department leader, will preside.

Button Day

The Humane society button day, Saturday, October 16, to raise $15,000 to carry on the children's aid work of the Nebraska Humane society is of great interest to Mrs. T. L. Kimball, who is one of the few surviving charter members, and one of the first vice presidents appointed at the first meeting called by the late Dr. George L. Miller August 7, 1875.

Activities of Women

The University of New York has established a course to teach women the art of retail selling.

Miss Lorena Shantz, the first policewoman at Kitchener, Ont., has just entered on her duties.

The marchioness of Queensbury was formerly Irene Richards, a London Gaiety theater chorus girl.

Nearly all of the higher officials connected with the bolshevist navy have been replaced by women.

Senorita Raquel Meller, considered one of the best singers in Spain, was formerly a poor sewing girl in Barcelona.

Mrs. Lee Cheen Guan of Singapore is the only Chinese woman decorated with the Order of the British Empire for war service to the British Red Cross.

Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington, recently elected judge of the newly constituted supreme court of the Irish republic, says she will administer justice by confidence and not through fear.

Mrs. Frances Brady, the newly appointed assistant district attorney of Middlesex county, Massachusetts, is the first woman in that state selected for the office.

Miss Nellie Neilson and Miss Bertha Putnam, authorities in English, legal and economic history, are professors in the history departments at Mt. Holyoke college.

At the annual student conference on vocations for women at Bryn Mawr college, it was announced that a vote by the undergraduates showed that they were more interested in scientific work as a vocation than any other profession.

For and By

Business Girls

By LORETTA KING

Employer's Lack of Courtesy.

I am giving below a letter from a business girl on a subject to which I believe, most business girls are inclined to attach an exaggerated importance. But even though we don't agree entirely with the writer, she has treated the subject in an interesting manner and deserves attention:

"My Dear Miss King: I wonder whether it would be entirely out of place in your column to express my opinion with reference to the extreme lack of courtesy on the part of some business men toward their women employes? I am one of three girls associated for six years with a young business man (the head of a department) who, even from the very first, was entirely ignorant of the courtesies which a business girl appreciates. I am going to enumerate a few of the so-called discourtesies which have so annoyed us:

"The man of whom I speak scarcely, if ever, raises his hat to the women employes in his office upon entering or leaving.

"He smokes while he dictates, holding his cigar tightly in his mouth the while, blowing his smoke in our direction, and frequently turns his head in such a way as to render hearing difficult.

"He is guilty of picking his teeth in the office after lunch, even while he is dictating.

"When it is necessary for one of the stenographers to accompany him to conferences and meetings to take down the proceedings, he passes through the door first, oftentimes leaving it to slam in her face, steps first into the elevator, and when passing along the street, always walks a distance of a half to a foot ahead of her—nine times out of 10 on the inside of the sidewalk—and is entirely indifferent as to whether she is with him or several yards behind in crossing the street.

"He is quick to find fault, slow to praise.

"In spite of the above, he is considerate when any of the girls are ill, and none of us has ever had to ask for an increase in salary—he always sees to that. Still, it seems to me a man who shows these small courtesies to his women employes is going to have their respect, loyalty and co-operation.

"The president of the company with which we are connected is observant of all of the courtesies which our employer lacks and has commanded respect and admiration, because he has been known to raise his hat even to the little girl who stamps the mail. However, all of us rather hesitate to seek other positions because our salaries are good, our work pleasant and our hours of the best.

"So far as we can observe from her presence here in the office, the man of whom we speak is just as discourteous to his wife in these small attentions.

"What is your opinion?

"A BUSINESS GIRL."

As far as her personal success is concerned it ought to make little difference to a business girl whether or not her employer treats her with the superficial courtesies and polite attentions prescribed by the social code. Of course all women like to be the recipients of such attentions from men, but the lack of them on the part of an employer is not a sufficient reason for a business girl to consider changing her position, especially when all other conditions seem to be ideal as in the above case. The man's wife is entitled to a grievance because of his ignorance or carelessness, but to my way of thinking the girls in the office are making "much ado about nothing."

Miss Sylvia Boyden, the only female parachute jumper of England, recently made a daring drop of 1,500 feet during an exhibition for King George.

Making Over the Last Season Chapeau

A very good idea for the woman who dresses on a small amount is to have her last year's hat or hats made over at once so that she can have something to use as a substitute for her new hat or hats right from the start.

In fact, if you must be very economical, it is well to take the old hat to the milliner at once. It may be that it looks so well that you will not neeed any new hat at the outset.

There is no very radical or essential change in the hats this year. To be sure, there are some new shapes and some of last year's shapes are no more. But in general there is a similarity about the head size and the proportions. The trimming is rather differently placed in the season's advanced models from anything we have seen in several seasons. It is usually so arranged as to bring it downward rather than upward. Not infrequently when possible it is placed on the underside of the brim. You seldom see elaborate trimming placed on the crown.

It is often surprising to see what good work the small local milliner can do for you. Unless you are an expert in home millinery you should consult such an expert rather than to go ahead with the work yourself.

Closet Space

An ingenious housekeeper found her apartment closet even too small for any approved curtain pole arrangement on which to hang her suit and dress hangers, so she devised the plan of fastening a bracket, such as is used for hanging plants and bird cages, on the inside of the closet door, and found this helped a lot. To the underneath side of the closet shelf she attached iron handles such as are sold to be screwed onto drawers, and to these she hooked another batch of hangers.

Anna Shaw Memorial

Mrs. J. L. Kennedy
RINEHART-STEFFENS PHOTO

Mrs. John L. Kennedy, Fair Acres, West Dodge street, Omaha, is receiving offerings toward the Anna Howard Shaw memorial fund. The quota for this county is $1,500. The memorial will be something living and useful, a foundation in political science at Bryn Mawr college and a foundation in preventive medicine at the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania.

Try This For the Sunday Night Supper

Cheese Ramekins
Graham Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Olives or Pickles
Mignons. Hot or Iced Tea

Cheese Ramekins.

3 T. flour.
2 T. butter.
3 eggs
1 c. milk.
1 c. grated cheese.
Salt and pepper to taste.

Put the butter and flour together in a saucepan and stir till blended without browning. Add the milk, a little at a time, and stir till the mixture boils; then add the grated cheese, salt and pepper and set aside to cool. Beat the eggs, yolks and whites separately; then add the yolks to the mixture in the saucepan and blend thoroughly. Lastly, fold in the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Then turn into well oiled ramekins. Bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes and serve quickly.

Mignons.

½ c. butter.
½ c. sugar.
3 egg yolks
½ c. blanched almonds pounded fine
1½ c. sifted flour.
1 level t. baking powder.
½ t. ground cinnamo
½ t. vanilla extract.
A little milk, if necessary.

Cream the butter and sugar; add the well-beaten yolks of the eggs, then the almonds and vanilla. Sift together the flour, baking powder and cinnamon and add to the first mixture, with milk if needed, and make a stiff dough. Knead slightly and roll one-fourth-inch thick. Cut with a fancy cutter, brush over with beaten white of egg and sprinkle with granulated sugar and chopped almonds. Bake on greased pan in a quick oven.

Easy Hot Bread

At a hotel in the Berkshires the guests were wildly enthusiastic over the fresh hot home made bread served at every meal, and it puzzled everybody but the cook until the secret came out. The proprietress acknowledged that she took "store" bread of a good make, cut it in slices, leaving just enough crust to hold the loaf in shape. She then dampened each so cut loaf and set it in the over until thoroughly heated. When served hot it so resembled newly baked bread as to deceive the guests completely.

According to Miss Edith Strauss, head of the women's activities division of the Department of Justice campaign against high living costs, people of the United States spend between $8,000,000,000 and $9,000,000,000 annually for luxuries, with tobacco at the head of the list.

The Bee's Short Story

THE STORY IN STONE

By RUTH LARKIN.

Violet was happy. Yes, indeed! She was very, very happy. She told herself that this was true as she sat on the bench in the park directly opposite the great stone house where a fine car stood under the porte-cochere. She would have been just a little bit happier if her family hadn't persisted in reminding her that she might easily have married a millionaire if she hadn't fallen so desperately in love with Harold. They liked Harold. Goodness gracious, she musn't think they didn't! Oh, no! It was only that they hated to see her tucked away in a small two-room apartment along the side of a stuffy courtway when she belonged in a fine establishment with a retinue of servants.

Sitting on the bench, daubing slyly at her eyes with a ridiculously small and entirely inadequate handkerchief, Violet thought about the conversation that had passed between her mother and sister that afternoon. She opened her purse and scrutinized her face in the tiny mirror. She was undeniably good looking. It was silly to call her beautiful! Violet was not vain but as she continued to look in the mirror she wondered if what her mother had said about her eyes and hair was a foolish mother-heart exaggeration or if perhaps she was really as pretty as Harold said every night when he came rushing into the small kitchenette to take her in his arms and protest against the long hours that kept him away from her.

The flowers in the yard across the way were all in glorious bloom. Hyacinths and tulips were wearing their most gorgeous array, bridal wreaths nodded in the soft breezes that seemed to blow cooler in that yard than they did in the park where anyone might sit.

"I wonder how it would feel to walk into that entrance, up those stone steps, through the great panneled doors and realize that one belonged there? I wonder what sort of gay parties the mistress gives, and what kind of woman she is? How happy she must be!"

The tears had ceased falling now and Violet, engrossed in mental fancies concerning the beautiful woman who must reign in that castle of white stone, was leaning forward as if to inhale the fragrance from the hyacinths and tulips.

Then she became conscious of a sad sight that had come directly within her line of vision. A middle-aged woman had sat down on the bench across and in the center of the gravel walk stood a wheel-chair, its occupant a small grey-haired woman with a heavy wool rug over her knees. The face, once beautiful, was now distorted with signs of evident suffering. An impatient cry such as falls from lips of invalids stirred Violet to speech.

"I've seen you in the park so often I feel that I know you," she said, with a bright smile at the sufferer.

The woman turned her head painfully and looked sharply at the girl. "I've seen you, too. Do you live nearby?"

"Just around the corner. I come over here to make believe I belonged in one of the big houses. No, I shouldn't have said that. I don't care to live any place except over there." She nodded at her house of dreams. "Have you noticed it? I think it's the most wonderful house I've ever seen."

"What's wonderful about it?" came the crisp question.

"What isn't wonderful about it? It's perfect." Violet was angered for a moment at the pettish tone of the sick woman's voice. Then she smiled again. Perhaps one could not be expected to see beauty when one's eyes were dimmed with pain.

"I've seen it every day for a good many years. I never thought it was anything out of the ordinary—just a big sepulcher of stone."

"A sepulcher! Surely you don't think that! I was just sitting here trying to visualize the woman who is mistress there."

"I know everybody in this neighborhood. You might tell me how you pictured her and I'll tell you if you are right."

Violet sat down beside the nurse and voiced her recent thoughts concerning the gaiety and joy that must live within those walls. "Her husband must have loved her to give her such a wonderful home. Perhaps he was a rich man's son, or maybe he wasn't. I would like to think he worked hard to make the fortune to make her so comfortable. Harold says some day he will build a home like that for me. I don't think in my heart he ever will be able to—he's only sales manager for the Milton Paper company now," she stopped speaking and reached out to touch the thin bloodless hand lying on the robe," just imagine, five minutes ago I was sitting here feeling sorry for myself because—because I hadn't taken the family's advice and married a millionaire. But since I began talking to you I'm the happiest girl in the world. I'd rather know that Harold loved me enough to want to give me all the lovely things of life than to have married anyone else who had them to give. Isn't it strange how our point of view changes?"

The pain had almost left the woman's face. "What a burst of summer sunshine you are! I'd almost forgotten the history of the woman who lives in that house. It makes me unspeakably happy to tell you that the thing you imagined was true. She was a beautiful woman once and her husband loved her just as you imagined. He worked and saved until he was able to give her that home. There used to be many gay parties in those old halls. He's dead now and she's—she's quite old. But she is very happy—just remembering how good life has been to her."

"I must be going," Violet said reluctantly. "I hope we'll meet again and the next time I won't have to rush home to get Harold's supper." She leaned over and drew the rug more closely about the woman and then scarcely knowing what prompted her she kissed the pale, wrinkled cheek.

"Will you be here tomorrow?" The woman's voice broke as she uttered the words, a child-like expectancy in her eyes.

"Why—yes, I will. And perhaps you'd like to come around to my house and see my little apartment?"

"What floor are you on?" anxiously.

"The first, and we'll be able to assist you up the short flight of stairs, won't we?" She turned to the nurse, who confirmed her words, eagerly. "And we'll have tea. Goodbye, then, until tomorrow."

Millionaires and stone houses had vanished from her mind. Her only desire was to rush and prepare supper for the man who loved her well enough to work, that she might some day have the things her heart desired.

As she turned the corner the woman in the chair nodded her head at the nurse, and slowly they made their way across the street and into the house of stone.

"What an ingrate I am!" said the woman, as the nurse helped her to a comfortable chair in a conservatory that looked out over the shrubs and blooming flowers. "The girl has brought it all back—the happiness, the long, long years of perfect contentment. Why should I rebel at a little thing like rheumatism when I have so many beautiful things to remember? I don't suppose any woman has had more happiness in her life than David gave to me."

"You'll get well faster, Mrs. Milton, if you'll just cling to the sunny side. What was the girl's name?"

"I don't know, but she says her husband is sales manager for my paper company. Call up Daffney right away. Tell him to find out which man she's married to, and tell him I said he was to pay him $10,000 a year."

Fashion's Blue Book

By CORKINNE LOWE.

New York.—(Special Correspondence.)—Although free silver may be a dead issue with the politicians, it is not so with the designers of autumn clothes. These are free to the point of lavishness with their silver embroidery and silver cloth.

Particularly in the three-piece costumes of velvet and duvetyn and even of navy serge is the prodigality shown. Here silver embroidery of coat and skirt often combine with a whole bodice of silver cloth. Sometimes, too, the coat itself is lined with silver cloth.

The three-piece costume of black duvetyn shown today illustrates the effectiveness of silver and black embroidery on one of the new short, loose little coats. This is otherwise trimmed with gray squirrel. The skirt shows a slight fullness at the side, and the bodice is a short sleeved, round necked affair of silver cloth attached to the skirt with silver and black embroidery.

Fine Birds and Feathers

(By International News Service.)

New York, Sept. 15.—Back in the 14th century they built their castles high, but not as high as their hats, and the milliners must have used extension ladders in creating their latest models.

Today, as far as hats are concerned, millinery designers of the United States, which have taken the lead over Paris in creating for the women of the world adornment for the head, have gone back to the 14th century. They are modeling the new fall millinery after New York's skyscrapers.

At the big style show held recently in New York cloud sweeping creations were much in evidence. Fantastic birds, gaudy creations of a wealth of ostrich plumage and other weird modes were exhibited.

The extremists' creations were much in evidence at the show. The general idea seemed to pile as much plumage and ribbon together as possible and dub it "hat—latest mode."

A Rug Hint

If you are tempted to try one of the popular braided rag rugs be sure to baste the braids, wrong side up, on a stiff paper foundation. Then sew together with heavy thread, being sure to always keep the braids flat on the paper. When you have a circle 20 or 25 inches in diameter the paper foundation may be discarded and the rug finished on a table. Handled in this way it will be sure to be flat and free from "buckling" in the center.

The Beauty of The Lily can be yours. Its wonderfully pure, soft, pearly white appearance, free from all blemishes, will be comparable to the perfect beauty of your skin and complexion if you will use

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90c Mercolized Wax ..... 73¢
15c Lux Soap ..... 11¢
30c Woodbury's Cold Cream ..... 21¢
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30c Laxative Bromo Quinine ..... 22¢
$1.00 Listerine ..... 79¢
$1.25 Lyko ..... 98¢
50c Orazin Tooth Paste ..... 34¢
25c Lysol ..... 19¢
25c Phenolax Wafers ..... 19¢
40c Castoria ..... 29¢
60c Cocoanut Oil Emulsion Shampoo ..... 39¢
60c Beaton's Brilliantine ..... 39¢
50c Eatonic ..... 34¢
35c Freezone ..... 27¢
$1.00 Neet, for removing hair ..... 82¢
$2.50 L'Origan Face Powder $1.89
60c Danderine ..... 48¢
30c Mentholatum ..... 17¢
$1.25 Imported Olive Oil, per pint $1.00
25c Sanitary Powder Puffs ..... 10¢
$3.75 Horlick's Malted Milk $2.98
35c Sloan's Liniment ..... 21¢
$1.75 Goutorbe Face Powder $1.25

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