Society

Stryker-Irvine.

The marriage of Miss Helen Irvine and Gerald V. Stryker took place Monday afternoon at St. Peters church. Miss Marie Watts was bridesmaid and Ray Stryker, brother of the groom, was best man. The couple will reside in Omaha.

Fort Omaha.

Mrs. John W. Foyle of Kansas City is the guest of Mrs. A. L. Ludwick of Fort Omaha. She leaves Wednesday for her home.

Mrs. R. E. Thompson leaves Saturday to spend six weeks in Berkeley, Cal. Lieutenant Thompson leaves Saturday afternoon for McCook field at Dayton, O., where he has been ordered instead of Ross field, Cal., where he was originally ordered.

Capt. Allan McFarland and his mother, Mrs. A. McFarland, will leave shortly for Dayton, where Captain McFarland has been ordered.

Fort Crook.

Mrs. William Slaughter and Mrs. Robert S. Ossley entertained members of the Fort Crook Bridge club at a bridge tea at the officers' club of the post Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Charles Harvey will entertain at a buffet supper, followed by bridge, Wednesday evening.

A dance will be given at the post Friday evening.

For Miss Offutt.

Miss Claire Daugherty entertained at luncheon at the Omaha club Tuesday in honor of Miss Virginia Offutt, a bride-to-be. The guests were Miss Offutt, Miss Alice Wheelwright of Minneapolis, Miss Olga Metz, Gertrude Stout, Josephine Congdon, Dorothy Belt and Louise Clarke.

Miss Olga Metz entertained at a bridge party at her home Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Offutt and her fiance, Milo Gates. Four tables were set for the game.

Fine Arts Events.

Sinclair Lewis, author of "Main Street," one of the outstanding recent novels, will be presented in Omaha April 8 under the auspices of the Omaha Society of Fine Arts.

Another strong feature of the Fine Arts society year will be an exhibit of handicraft jewelry in connection with which Frank Hale of Boston will speak during the week of April 4.

Ruth Anderson to Be June Bride

Pink roses and tiny white daisies, symbolic of springtime and June, were used to form the centerpiece for the table at the luncheon given Tuesday at the Blackstone in honor of Miss Ruth Marion Anderson.

The occasion was the announcement of the engagement of Miss Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T Anderson, to Dr. Ernest D. Johnson of this city. Mrs. Anderson and her daughter, Mrs. C. W. Southwell, were hostesses for the party, which was one of the loveliest of the Easter week affairs.

Covers were laid for 28 guests, all intimate friends of the honor guest. At each place were tiny envelopes containing the names of Miss Anderson and Dr. Johnson.

Last June Miss Anderson was graduated from Central High school and this June she will become a bride. During the year she has been enrolled at the University of Nebraska in Lincoln and is a member of Alpha Phi sorority. She will not return to school following the Easter holidays.

Dr. Johnson was graduated from the University of Nebraska College of Medicine and is a member of Iota chapter of Phi Rho Sigma fraternity.

Second District Convention April 13

The 18th annual convention of the Second district, Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs, will meet in Omaha at the Y. W. C. A. April 13, opening at 9 a. m. Mrs. L. M. Lord, president of the Second district, will preside.

Dr. Frank G. Smith will speak on "Literature" during the afternoon session and Mrs. A. E. Sheldon of Lincoln, General Federation director for Nebraska, will also address the meeting.

The principal speakers of the evening will be Mrs. John Slaker of Hastings, president of the state Federation, and Dr. Harold Gifford, who will give a talk on the "Fontenelle Forest Reserve."

At 1 p. m. Maurice Block, art director for the Omaha Society of Fine Arts, will give a gallery talk on the "Jewelry Exhibit."

The convention closes Wednesday evening.

Personals

Clarke Powell is spending the week in Chicago.

Mrs. C. A. Hull has returned from Excelsior Springs.

Miss Daphne Peters has returned home from Excelsior Springs.

Mrs. H. R. Jobst of Lincoln is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Morton.

Mrs. Warren Blackwell has gone to Washington, D. C. She will be gone about a month.

Mrs. Kremer Bain of Belletaire, Mo., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James I. Woodard.

Mrs. Daniel E. Jenkins and son, Daniel, jr., have returned from Florida, where they spent the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Gould Dietz have returned home from a trip to South America, the West Indies, Panama and Cuba.

Lawrence Peacock, student at Northwestern university, spent Easter Sunday in Omaha with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Peacock.

George B. Martin, who attends Kemper Military academy at Booneville, Mo., spent Easter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. B. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Wingate Gibbs and Mrs. F. E. Mulholland of Malvern, Ia., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willis E. Reed, living in the El Beudor apartments.

Mrs. I. M. Dawson, vocalist from Madison, Neb., will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Willis E. Reed, at the Schumann-Heink concert Wednesday night. She will spend the week-end in Omaha.

Miss Dorothy Darlow, spent Easter in Boston. She is now in New York with her uncle, Gutzon Borglum and Mrs. Borglum. Miss Darlow will probably remain east during the entire summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brandeis and E. John Brandeis, who have been spending some time abroad will arrive in New York next Saturday, where they will stay several days before coming to Omaha.

Approximately 5,000,000 women workers paid taxes to the United States government on their 1920 incomes.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by
BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Lack of Courtesy.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a daily reader of your columns, and think your answers to the questions asked are very sensible, so I am also coming to you with my trouble.

I have been going with a young man about two years and I care for him very much, but have never shown my real feelings for this reason, that my parents think he isn't very much of a gentleman. My friends have told me that this young man does not treat his parents with the respect due them, although he has been a perfect gentleman while going with me, and my parents say he has, but they also say that when we are married he will go back to his true self and also have no respect for me. I know that this young man loves me. M. M.

Lack of courtesy and respect in a young person of either sex is a very serious defect. If, however, the young man in question has always been respectful to you and you continue to demand due respect, I have no doubt it will be forthcoming. Your friends may have misinformed you, about the young man's treatment of his parents. If you have gone with this young man two years you ought to know his real character and be able to judge for yourself.

Dissatisfied: It is very commendable in a young girl to take the responsibility of the support of a family as large as yours and certain recreation is your requisite as well as a necessity. But late hours, when too often indulged in, steal the rosiness of youth and the strength and energy required for other things. You are very young to marry and if the young man loves you, he will be happy to wait until the members of your family are in condition to care for themselves once more.

A Subscriber: Any competent physician can remove a mole with very little difficulty though there is no guarantee that a scar will not be left.

Card Party.

B. D. club of St. Bridgets parish will give a card party Thursday evening at Eagles hall for the benefit of the church building fund.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

Revelations of a Wife

How Madge Took Care of Lillian.

To my surprise, Lillian usually dominant and decided, was as docile as a gentle child in the obedience which she gave my illumatum that she go to bed for two or three hours.

"I shall be very glad to put myself in your charge, Madge," she said with a weary little smile. "But you'll have to tell one tarradiddle for me. I left Marion over at Mrs. Durkee's, and if she comes over while I'm asleep, tell her I said that I was busy writing and did not wish to be disturbed. I don't know what to do with the child," she said half-meditatively. "She is absolutely unreasoning in her terror about me when I am ill, or am away from her longer than I have planned. She is always imagining some dreadful accident. I don't know what she would do if anything did happen to me."

Her voice was sombre, as if the manace of something sinister ahead of her had touched her with a forboding finger.

"It strikes me," I said dryly, "that with such a condition facing you, it behooves you to take extra care of yourself. I warn you I'm going to be an inexorable taskmaster, but if you'll come with me now I'll tell stories for you till I'm black in the face."

I struck a bell for Katie—Lillian had found me in the dining room—and almost instantly my little maid appeared at the kitchen door.

I'll Be Good."

"Katie, I have a headache," I said mendaciously, for I did not wish to risk her loquaciousness when Marion should return by citing Lillian's fatigue as the reason for the request I was about to make of her. "Will you please fix a tray with some tea and toast, and bring it up to my room as soon as you can? Serve enough for two. I will make Mrs. Underwood drink a cup before she begins writing."

"Sure ting, I feex," Katie replied, already hurrying toward the kitchen door. I slipped my arm around Lillian's waist, and we ascended the stairs together. With a clutch of misgiving at my heart, I noticed that she, usually so full of energetic life, was actually leaning upon me as though my strength were grateful to her. I tried to act, however, as though this were the most natural proceeding in the world, and when we had reached my room, I put her in a chair and stopped to unfasten her shoes.

"What nonsense child," she protested, drawing her feet back, "I cannot permit—"

"You cannot, and you will not?" I said mockingly. "Who you tink you vos, anyway?"

We both laughed at this quotation from Katie, her favorite method of squelching the delivery boy who delight to tease her.

"I'll be good," Lillian said, "but if, as I suspect, your reason for bringing me to your room and ordering tea for yourself was to keep Katie from suspecting my fatigue and betraying it to Marion, don't you think you'd better pospone these little attentions until after she brings the tea?"

"Katie will only think you changed your own slippers and dressing gown," I said stubbornly. "I'm going to get into mine, too, lie down in the next room, and read while you sleep. I haven't drawn a leisurely breath for days, and there's absolutely nothing I can do until Dicky comes back."

As I talked I hurriedly helped her get off her gown and into a kimono. Then I changed my own attire for lounging things, and was ready to take the tray from Katie when she appeared at the door.

"Thank you, Katie, this is very nice," I hurried through the comment, for a didn't wish her keen eyes lingering on Lillian and me. "Will you please keep everybody away until I call you? I am going to sleep, and Mrs. Underwood to write, and we don't want to be disturbed.

"Nobody gets opp dese stairs unless dey keel me first!" Katie announced with the flamboyant enthusiasm for her duties which always follows one of her tantrums. "But I tink Meesis Underwood better go sleep instead of dot writing. She joost like vun of my sheets I hang out on line."

"No, I'm perfectly all right, Katie," Lillian returned promptly. "But anybody who disturbs me will be white as a sheet, I promise you that."

Katie's laugh floated back to us as she scuttled down the stairs, and I knew that she not only would see that we were undisturbed, but that Marion was safe from worry about her mother.

I forced Lillian to drink a cup of the steaming tea, and to eat a slice of Katie's delicious toast. Then I put her into my bead, covered her lightly, opened a window and drew down the shades before going into the curtained alcove and settling myself comfortably with a magazine upon the couch by the window.

Through the curtains I could hear Lillian restlessly tossing, until finally her even breathing told me that she was asleep. And for the rest of the forenoon I alternately read and dozed luxuriously until the noise of the big car coming beneath my window told me that Dicky had returned.

(Continued Tommorrow.)

Out of the great population in India only 1 per cent of the women can read and write.