

Society

Duffy-Reynolds.
The marriage of Miss Ruth Reynolds and Edward Leo Duffy took place Saturday at St. Mary Magdalene church, Rev. Father Sinne officiating.
Miss May C. Duffy and Hugh Peterson were the attendants. A reception followed the wedding at the home of the groom's mother for relatives and a few close friends.
Following a northern wedding trip Mr. Duffy and his bride will be at home at the Tadousac apartments after August 1.

Parties at Olive Crest.
Marcus Curran entertained at a chicken dinner Sunday evening at Olive Crest complimentary to Mrs. Robert Bradford of Pasadena, Cal., who is visiting at the Barton Millard home. The party included Messrs. A. Mesdames Barton Millard, E. A. Creighton, W. D. Roberts and Louis Clark.
Mrs. Will Platner entertained a party of six; Mrs. Frank Mann had eight guests, and foursoones were entertained by Mrs. N. L. Guckert, Louis Riefenberg, Ben Cotton, Karl Louis, W. C. McKnight and E. John Brandeis.
Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Stroud entertained a party of 11 at dinner at Olive Crest Monday evening.
Week-end dinner parties were also entertained by Herbert Connell, who had six guests; Halleck Rose and family; S. W. Napier, five, and W. J. Jeffers, 16.

For Miss Musgrave.
Valeria Rohr entertained at a linen shower at her home Saturday in honor of Miss Lucile Musgrave, who will be married June 29 to Robert Fessler. Alumnae and active members of the A. K. club of Central High school were among the guests. Others present were Maybel Burns, Le Mona Mapes, Edith Munsell and Alice Pfeiffer.

Sorority Luncheon.
Kappa Kappa Gamma met Saturday for luncheon at the home of Mrs. R. E. Davis. Assisting hostesses were Mrs. Ray Higgins, Mrs. W. C. Uge, Mrs. Walter Hopewell of Tekamah and Mrs. J. F. Mead. Covers were placed for 30 guests. The sorority is engaged in Serbian relief work.

Dinner Parties.
Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Tillotson entertained 10 guests at dinner, Sunday evening, at Auto View Rest, the country home of the Omaha Automobile club, and Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Naughtin entertained 12 guests at dinner Monday evening.

For Miss Schafer.
Miss Lorna McMartin will entertain at luncheon at Happy Hollow club Saturday in honor of Miss Marguerite Schafer, who leaves shortly to spend the summer abroad.

Personals

Mabel Fisher spent the week-end in Lincoln.

Mrs. W. H. Ostberg has returned from a trip to Chicago and St. Louis.

Miss Bernice Bushee, who spent the week-end in Omaha, left Sunday for Lincoln.

Judge and Mrs. Robert R. Dickson of O'Neill are spending several days at the Fontenelle.

Charles I. Sullivan left Saturday for his home in St. Louis, after spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Fallon.

Carroll Christie of Minneapolis, Minn., arrived Friday for a month's visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Christie.

Dr. E. A. Van Fleet left Saturday for an eastern trip, including stops at Montreal, Can.; Portland, Me.; Boston and Chicago.

Mrs. E. O. Krepps and son, Edward, jr., leave Wednesday to spend a month in Broadwater, Neb., visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Zerbe.

Marguerite Fallon, Pauline Coad and Mary Ure returned Friday from the University of Nebraska, where they have been attending school.

Mrs. Mary Barrett, Mrs. Lou Waddick and Mrs. Barrett's small grandson, Thomas Kelleher, returned to their home in Omaha Sunday after a short visit in Omaha.

Miss Jessie Craig, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Craig, returns next week from Jackson, Miss., where she has been attending school. Miss Craig has the distinction of being the only member of her class who completed the four-year course in three years. After spending the summer in Omaha she will leave September 10 for Nashville, Tenn., where she will enter the Ward Belmont school.

Miss Harriet Wyman, who has been connected with the University of Nebraska in Lincoln, has just received an appointment from the Congressional division of the American board of commissioners for missionaries for a post in Madras, South India. She will attend a special conference June 7 to 17, in New York. She will then return to Omaha, where she will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Wyman, until she sails for the orient in the fall.

Clubdom

Omaha W. C. T. U.
Omaha W. C. T. U. will hold a business meeting Wednesday, 2 p. m., at the Y. W. C. A.
Mrs. D. C. John of St. Petersburg, Fla., formerly of Omaha, will be a guest at the meeting.

Calendar.
Delphina Study Circle—Tuesday, 2:30 p. m., Y. W. C. A.
Omaha Business Women's Club—Tuesday, 8:15 p. m., Y. W. C. A.
U. S. Grant W. R. C.—Tuesday, 1:30 p. m., Memorial hall, court house.
Kajourner's Club—Tuesday, 1 o'clock luncheon, Carter's club. Guest day.
El Club Zaragoza—Tuesday evening, with Miss Jane Bowen, 2417 Dodge street.
H. K. L. P. Club—Tuesday evening social settlement house, supper and dramatic art.
Omaha Spanish Club—Tuesday, 8 p. m., 202 Patterson block, Seventeenth and Farnam streets.
P. E. O. Sisterhood, Chapter B. X.—Tuesday, 2 p. m., with Mrs. J. E. Fitzgerald, 2014 Chicago street.

Lincoln President



Mrs. E. F. Pettis - Townsland Studio

Mrs. E. F. Pettis of Lincoln is president of the League of Women Voters in her city. The state convention of the league is meeting in Lincoln June 7, 8, 9 and as leader of the hostess branch, Mrs. Pettis occupies a prominent place in the session.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A Need for Frankness.
Dear Miss Fairfax: My people are willing to accept my sweetheart provided he can show he has the ability to support a wife. I have found on several occasions that he does not tell the truth. He breaks engagements and gives false reasons. I have tried to explain to him so many times, but he answers me that I am only trying to pick an excuse to part with him and that I love another.
We are not engaged, and I have a number of friends, boys as well as girls, but he is the only one I love. Please advise me what to do.

VALERIE.
It looks to me as if both of you were superstitious. There is some barrier of pride and misunderstanding. For your sweetheart to break engagements and then explain that he wanted to anticipate your breaking with him—or as the terse slang saying has it, "beat you to it," indicates something in the back of his mind.
The fact that he is on sufferance and must prove his ability by working up and making good probably has a great deal to do with this situation. Possibly the young man is not sure of himself and his ability. He'd hate to confess that even to himself. But having his chance to win you and fearing he is going to

fail may react in this way. You see he takes out his "failure" in a small way and even gives you something definite to find fault with so neither of you will touch on the real issue—that of his earning the right to claim you.
Try to get the hidden motives out into the light of common sense. You are both in an impasse of nervousness and misunderstanding. Only absolute searching honesty can relieve the tension.

A Fickle Lover.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going with a young man of 28, five years my senior, for five years, including one year of which I have been engaged. A girl in his office who is 18 wrote him she is madly in love with him, and since then he has neglected me. I have given up all my friends and pleasure looking toward a future with him. What do you advise? HEARTBROKEN.
Of course any response your fiancé makes to this bold and enterprising young person is due to gratified vanity or the sense of adventure caused by his excitement at having her do the wooing so brazenly. Why don't you look at it as a humorous adventure and by laughing at it good-naturedly make him feel that he's having a lark which you also enjoy and that the whole thing is beneath the notice of a grown man?

Holding a Husband

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

How Dicky Did His Best to Help Madge.

Mother Graham's querulous voice brought me back from Paradise to earth with a thump. "When you get through maun'g Richard second, Margaret," she said, acidly, "perhaps you'll tell me where it creation we are to put all these bags. I had hoped you'd have sense enough not to excite that child any more than he is already. He's been very nervous all the way up from the south."
"Pardon me, mother," I said sedately, kissing her. "I'll attend to the bags right away. Well, Father!"
My mother-in-law sniffed audibly as I went into my father's arms. I think she would have expressed her disapproval still more forcibly if she could have heard the words he contrived to whisper to me, as with Junior clinging tightly to my hand, I walked toward my waiting motor car. I knew that Dicky would attend to the securing of another car for the baggage, but I also knew that my imperious mother-in-law demanded that I also busy myself with the luggage problem, and I wished to ruffle her as little as possible.
"The little lad has been very homesick for you ever since you left," my father murmured. "And as the train neared here he became positively unmanageable with excitement."
My hand tightened over the tiny one clinging so confidently, and my heart constricted also with the fierce jealous emotion of mother ownership, holding such mingled joy and pain as nothing else can give. My baby—mine! My heart sang selfishly and for a minute I shut out even Dicky from my rapture of possession.
"Richard Second," his grandmother called imperiously, "come here to granzie. Mother's busy."
Dicky Steps In.
The baby boy looked up at me minutely.
"Don't want to go Danzie," he said stoutly. "Want to stay wif my mama."
I paused irresolutely. I could not bear to spoil this rapturous first reunion by compelling the child to leave me, yet I knew that it was vital to my plan for a new home that my mother-in-law be kept in good humor. I saw Dicky turn his head as his mother spoke, and the next

second he had passed me rapidly, speaking from the corner of his mouth as he did so in a clever fashion he has:
"Pretend not to hear her, and get that taxi man for the baggage."
I did as he commanded, and walked on steadily to the taxi, smiling down at Junior's little upturned face, which had flashed from anxiety to smiles in a twinkling. On the other side of the little lad, Marion danced

along, his other hand in hers, trying vainly to attract his attention. But I reflected whimsically, my son must have inherited my one-track mind, for beyond an occasional flashing smile at Marion, his whole attention was centered on me.
My father was at my side as I spoke to the taxi driver, and at once took over the direction of the luggage.
"I'll drive over with him, daughter," he said quietly, and I knew that with his usual tact he was removing himself from any possible controversy.

Dicky came up with his mother just in time to hear him.
"Are you sure you'll be comfortable?" he asked solicitously.
"Absolutely," my father smiled, and Dicky turned to his mother with an air of relief.
"Now your mind can be at rest, mother," he said. "Dad has every piece of baggage on his cab, and will go up with it. Just get into the rear of the car behind Marion and I'll show Junior what his mother's chief driving faults are."
He grinned at me cheerfully, and I saw that he had arranged matters so that our boy would be in front with me. I felt sorry for Marion, whose childish face showed her disappointment, but I knew that it would be but a few hours before Junior, his mother-longing satisfied, would be hilariously romping with her as he had done in the south. So I turned my attention to my mother-in-law, wondering how she would react to the thwarting of the plan she must have had to keep her beloved grandson with her.
She chose to exhibit a captiousness about the luggage.
"Where is my black bag?" she shrilled.
"Is this it?" My father held up a smart bag from the pile of luggage already in the taxi.
"Yes, and what it's doing there I can't imagine! Richard, you are extremely careless. You know I never allow that black bag away from me. And I'll take my leather handbox over here also."
Dicky opened his mouth to protest the safety of the luggage where it was, but I caught his eye, and gave him a warning signal to humor her. And in another minute I was driving home, my husband beside me, and my child perched on his knee, assuring me that I was his "pretty darling mama, driving drate big choo-choo car!"

Council Bluffs Captains



From left to right: Mrs. Clara Bonham, local president of the American Legion Auxiliary; Mrs. Mathew A. Tinley, Mrs. Donald Macrae, who has just taken over the duties as president of the Iowa American Legion Auxiliary; Mrs. Grant Augustine, Mrs. Erwin Spetman.
As captains of the recent "Poppy Day" drive, these capable ladies not only directed the work of the 150 pretty girls and young matrons who sold flowers on the streets, but also made some very worthwhile selves themselves, and were in a great measure responsible for the success of this undertaking which netted the American Legion nearly \$1,400.

Bob-o-link.

June's bridesman, poet of the year, Gladness on wings, the Bob-o-link, is here.
Half hid in tip-top apple bloom he sings.
Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings.
Or, giving way to't in mock despair, Runs down a brook o' laughter, thro' the air.
—James Russell Lowell.
When kneading bread, use as little flour as possible on the board.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHAT A TONIC DOES FOR YOU

AND WHY YOU NEED IT, IN SO MANY INSTANCES WHEN YOU ARE RUN DOWN, NERVOUS OR HAVE HAD TO ENDURE GREAT STRAIN OR WORRY OF ANY KIND
A tonic is something which puts tone, energy, strength and endurance into you. It gives a push to your heart, making it pump the blood over your body more vigorously; it makes your lungs expand more fully and thereby take up more strength-giving oxygen from the air you breathe; it makes your kidneys work better and carry off the poisons which would otherwise accumulate in the body; it makes your digestive apparatus perform its work better and give your blood the material it needs for feeding and sustaining your body; it makes your brain act more vigorously and enables you to think more accurately and for long periods without fatigue; thus bringing you greater success in whatever business profession or undertaking you are engaged.
When you are rundown, nervous, half sick, down-hearted and about ready to give up experience of many years has shown that one of the best remedies to pull you out of this bad predicament is good old organic iron. But be sure the iron you take is organic iron, the kind that is found in plants and not metallic iron which people usually take. Organic iron may be had from your druggist under the name of Nuxated Iron. It often increases the strength, energy and endurance of weak, nervous, tired-out folks in two weeks time. Beware of substitutes. Always look for the word "Nuxated" on every package and the letters N. I. on every tablet. Sold by all druggists.

Our delicatessen department is so systematized as to enable us to cater to picnics, lodges, luncheons and all special occasions, regardless of the number of guests.

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BETTER THINGS TO EAT
1814-16-18 Farnam Street
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EXCEPTIONAL CHOCOLATES
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Says the woman who knows

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS with Tomato Sauce

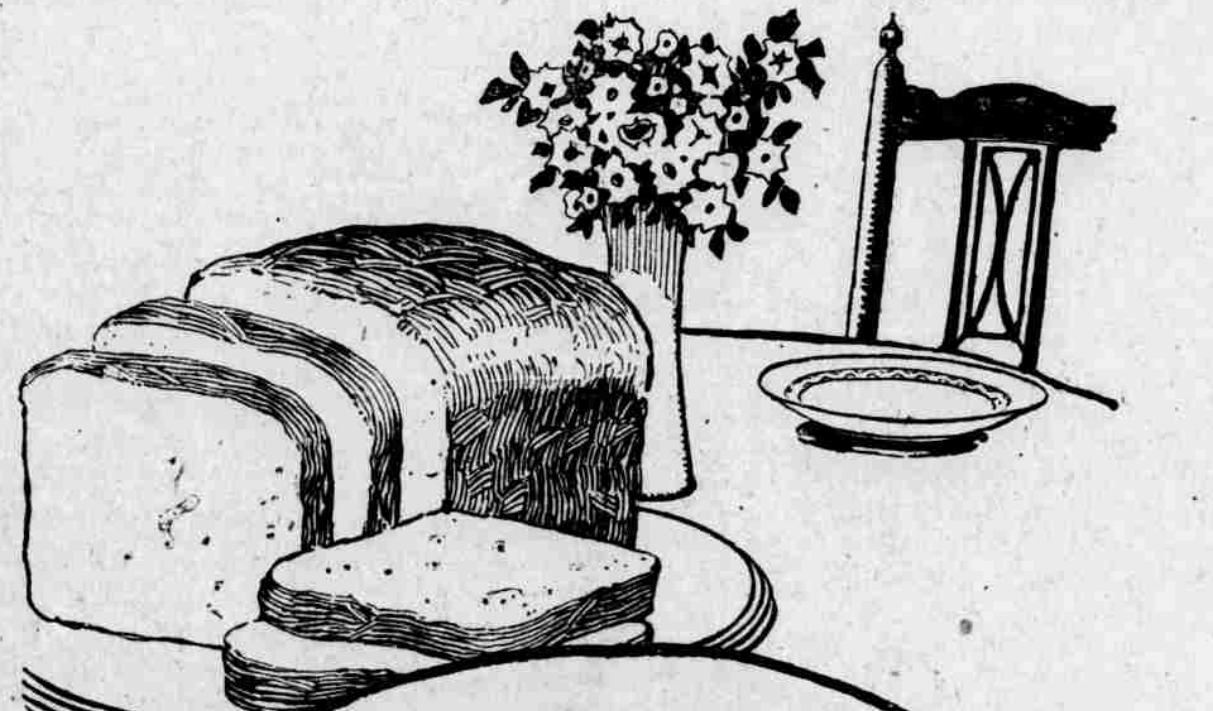
"Beans are extremely high in food value and rich in flavor—if they are prepared the right way. Heinz Baked Beans are baked upon the same good principles established by our New England mothers. Slowly baked in real ovens by dry heat.

"Baked to a tempting golden brown—until each bean is mealy, mellow, and delicious clear through to its center.

"Economical? Of course! You get full food value in every bean. Complete goodness in every can."

"Taste good? Why, nothing can compare with them. The delicious tang of Heinz Tomato Sauce is blended right into the oven baked flavor of the beans—and the result is perfection.

- HEINZ Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
- HEINZ Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston style
- HEINZ Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat (Vegetarian)
- HEINZ Baked Red Kidney Beans



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FOR many years BETSY ROSS has been on the tables of this community's best homes, serving as a builder of sturdy bodies and alert minds.

Even in stressful days of war, when nourishing bread was so hard to get, BETSY ROSS maintained its favor, for women had learned that the BETSY ROSS Bakery could be depended upon to produce the finest loaf that Science and human skill could develop.

BETSY ROSS has grown better with each passing year—because each year Science contributes important improvements to baking methods. And the up-to-date BETSY ROSS Bakery eagerly applies every contribution that Science has made to better bread.

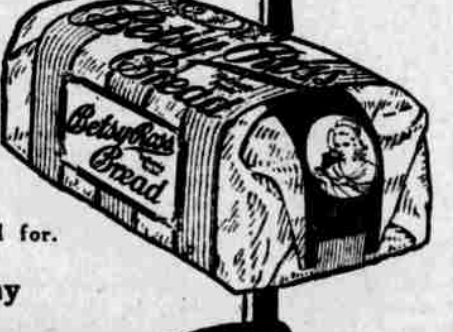
BETSY ROSS is the choice of many thousand homemakers in this community today. These women order BETSY ROSS by name—because that name BETSY ROSS stands for Bread of standard quality, fine flavor and highest possible food value.

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