

Society

Griswold-Parsons.
The marriage of Miss Ethel Parsons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Parsons, and Phelps E. Griswold took place Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, ev. E. M. Rupe, and Rev. A. A. DeLarme officiating.
The bride's gown was of white satin and chivalry lace. She wore a tulle veil caught with orange blossoms and carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses and sweetpeas.
Miss Agnes Sorensen, who served as maid of honor, wore pink crepe de chine and carried pink roses.
The little flower girl, Alice Rupe, wore pink organdy and the ribbon-strecher, Lillian Field and Florence McCough, white organdy.
Paul Griswold, brother of the groom, served as best man.
The wedding march was played by Mrs. Irma Podolak Klopp, and vocal numbers were given by Louise Jansen Wylie.
Following the ceremony a reception was held for 150 guests.
Pink roses and palms were used throughout the rooms and a basket of pink roses formed the table centerpiece in the dining room.
Mr. Griswold and his bride will be at home at 2401 Hanscom boulevard following a southern wedding trip.

Dorothy Thorne Becomes a Bride



MRS. LAWRENCE W. GARRARD

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Dorothy Louise Thorne of Omaha and Lawrence W. Garrard of Pittsburgh, Pa., on May 31. Miss Thorne is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Thorne of this city. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. C. H. Goff, in Los Angeles, Cal. The bride left Omaha the latter part of May to visit in Los Angeles during the summer months. It was originally planned to announce her engagement next Sunday and the wedding date had been set for the latter part of the summer. Word of the marriage was received Wednesday by Mr. and Mrs. Thorne. Mrs. Thorne plans to go to Los Angeles later in the season to visit her daughters.

Problems That Perplex Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Benefits Forgiven.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am going about with a young man who tells me he will marry me. When he was out of work and had no money I stuck to him. I spent half of what I had on him. Now, that he is working and has everything, he is hurting my feelings. He refuses to see me as he used to and says he is willing to give me up if he cannot be with the boys—when with them I hear he gambles. What do you advise?
BELLA D.
Nothing so annoys a man as to be reminded of other days and to be plagued for appreciation of past benefits. You stood by the boy you love when he needed you—you'll drive him away if you remind him of it. Possible his reaction to the wrong sort of companions is just to forget the unhappy position of dependence on a girl which was so recently his. Don't nag him now or whine about what you did for him then. The best way to influence him away from evil companions is to be more stimulating, amusing and charming than they can think of being.

Opals.
The opal shows its exquisite colors best when warm, and dealers aware of this peculiarity will hold an opal in the hand before showing it, in order to enhance its changing luster.
Forget-Me-Not: A boy should take a girl's arm only when it is truly necessary. If he is helping her into an automobile or on a street car, or over a bad place in the road, he should give her all the assistance possible. But snatching along the street arm in arm is not in the best of taste.
Blue Belle: There are some magazines devoted to styles in hair dressing. Write to the Omaha Public Library or inquire at the library in your city for the names of some of these magazines. The regular fashion magazines are good guides for styles in coiffure.
Brown Eyes: A girl 12 is not old enough to decide for herself about going with boys. She should accept advice from her mother.
F. S.: Make a statement of the truth to your girl. Tell her you cannot afford to hire a car every night. If she cares for you she will not want you to go beyond your means. That will be a good way of finding out whether she is really fond of you or is trying to "work" you.
What Are His Intentions?
Dear Miss Fairfax: Would it be proper for a mother to ask her daughter's man friend, with whom she has been going about for six months, whether his intentions are serious?
A MOTHER of the young man intends to propose to the girl he'll do it in his own good time. If he doesn't, why asking him won't help matters. Why not leave them to settle their own problems? The man may regard the girl as a good friend only.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

The Way Madge Won Her Hour With Dicky.
"Oh! I suppose you did the best you could," she admitted reluctantly, and I blessed my sleeping little lad for the softening of her mood. "Now, see that you drive carefully," she cautioned me at parting, and I kissed her with a promise that I would observe her command.
The moonlight was flooding sky and trees and road when we got into the car, and as we made a brief run between the Ticer farmhouse and the one where we had engaged rooms, I had a sudden inspiration for the staging of my momentous interview with Dicky.
"It's such a perfect night!" I sighed as we turned into the yard of the other farmhouse. "Suppose we drive down, and look at the ocean by moonlight."
"If I had not been sure that my father would decline my suggestion that we drive down and look at the ocean by moonlight I would not have spoken of it before him."
There must be no third person, I knew, in the cajoling interview with Dicky. I had planned an interview which I meant should result in his unqualified assent to the house-buying scheme that the stern necessity of finding a roof for our heads and our belongings had created in my brain. But that my father was usually fatigued by his journey I had seen, although I counted not so much upon that as upon his invariably tact and self-effacement. With the exquisite courtesy of the old school he would have considered it an unpardonable offense against good taste if he had played gooseberry upon our excursion.
"I think that a most happy plan, daughter," he said in the deep, melodious voice which had so intrigued my interest in the days when he was the mysterious "Quester" of Broadway, and I had not yet learned that I, the daughter whom he deserted in early childhood, was the object of his mournful search. "But I am too tired to go with you tonight. Some other night I shall insist upon going. Now run along with a clear conscience and stay as long as you like. You have your keys?"
Dicky Is Willing.
"It's easy to see you're not a country person, father," I said. "There's just one key to each door of that farmhouse, and half the time none of them is used. If Dicky decides to go to the beach he can get the key when he takes in our bags and you can explain to the people that we may be late. But perhaps you're too tired to go." I turned to my husband demurely.
"Yes, I'm almost collapsed," he drawled, "but an invitation to drive with a charming girl to look at the moonlight on the ocean—ah! that would revive me—were I a century dead!"
His laugh floated back to me as he walked toward the house with my father, and I snuggled into my seat, thrilling over the tender note in it, forgetting for the delicious moment the prosaic reason for my proposal to drive.
How wonderful was this royal lover-husband of mine, I said to myself proudly, as he came striding down the deliciously old-fashioned

flower-bordered path to the car. There was no one like him, I added, putting aside, woman-like, all memories which might mar the picture of masculine perfection I was so happily drawing for myself.
"Where is this wonderful view?" he asked, as he climbed into the car. "It can't be so very far from here."
"I've Always Envied—"
"About five or six miles," I returned. "You remember I told you about it last year, but something always happened so we never saw it. Now run along with me last summer, but only once did we see it by moonlight. It's the bathing beach at Bridgehampton. They say there's a more wonderful one still—the Sag Beach—but it's much farther off, and I don't know the road. But I'd love to see it— they say the sand dunes make the view there marvelous."
"We'll go there in the daytime soon, and then take a moonlight excursion," Dicky promised. "But tonight, please take the shortest cut to the ocean. I tell you this is the life, the real ocean only five miles away, a full moon, and the prettiest girl in the world sitting beside you driving, and she all your own, too! Can you drive this way?"
Very tenderly he slipped his arm around my waist and drew me close to him. For a rapturous, thrilling second my hands trembled on the wheel, and it was fortunate that I had driven enough to make my guidance of it mechanical. Then I caught my breath and tried to make my voice controlled and demure.
"I can imagine no more delightful way of driving," I said. "But you mustn't—I stopped consciously."
"Kiss you unless the car isn't running, I suppose," Dicky answered coolly. "All right, I promise, but let me tell you that when we do get to the beach you'll be most thoroughly smacked."
"A threat or a promise?" I threw back at him gayly.
"Do you want me to wreck the car right here?" he demanded with mock sternness. "If you do, just hand me another teaser like that, and see what happens to you."
"I'll be good," I promised. "Oh! Dicky, isn't it heavenly?"
We were driving down a winding road, along the sides of which blossoms of the dogwood and the wild apple trees gleamed snowily in the moonlight. From a passing farmhouse came the haunting fragrance of lilacs and apple blossoms. It was a night to intoxicate one's senses, to linger in one's memory as a rarely perfect thing.
"You're too mild in your adjectives," he said, taking off my hat and tossing it to the rear seat. Then he rested his head lightly against mine.
"I've always envied those Coney Island and Hudson river spooners," he declared. "But they haven't anything on me tonight!"
(Continued Tomorrow.)

ADVERTISMENT.
To Flake Off an Old or Soiled Complexion
A woman need never cease to have a young-looking complexion if she will adopt the simple mercerized way habit. The wax actually takes off the old complexion, with all its imperfections, and the newer and livelier skin, which then appears, bears that rare beauty and irresistible loveliness that only a youthful skin can possess. The skin is indeed youthful in reality as well as in appearance. The natural process of tissue-change, which slows up with the passing of the years, and in most conditions of ill-health, is hastened along by this mercerized treatment. Faded, muddy, freckled or blotchy skin is flaked off in powder-like particles, a little each day, causing no inconvenience. Mercerized wax, now procurable at any drug store in this country, is the only known product that accomplishes such results. It is applied at night like cold cream, and washed off in the morning. If bothered with wrinkles or furrows, a wash lotion made by dissolving a ounce of powdered axolite in a half pint of witch hazel will prove wonderfully effective.

Heavy-Weight.
A very pretty wedding took place on Tuesday morning at St. Agnes church, when Miss Winifred Waite, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Waite, became the bride of Herbert F. Heavey.
Rev. James Ahern performed the ceremony.
Miss Rose Waite, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid and William J. Heavey, brother of the groom, as best man.
After a wedding breakfast which was served at the home of the bride's parents, the couple left for an eastern trip. They will be at home in Omaha after July 1.

Personals

George Connelly of Bancroft, Ia., spent Thursday in Omaha.
Miss Sarah Line has gone to Portland, Ore., for a short stay.
Mrs. Rolin Sturtevant of Kansas City is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Duval.
Miss Ann McConnell has returned from Petersburg, Va., where she has been attending Southern college.
Mrs. Edwin Thompson, guest at the R. P. Hamilton home, left Thursday to spend several days in Lincoln.
Mrs. M. Katz of Chicago, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. M. Solomon, in Council Bluffs, left Thursday for her home.
Mr. and Mrs. M. Solomon of Council Bluffs will move to Omaha July 1. They have taken a house at Thirty-sixth and Davenport streets.
Mrs. Emil Nomburg and small daughter of New York City and Miss Ida Caplan of Sheridan, Wyo., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Caplan.
Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Ryan and son, Robert, of Gillette, Wyo., are visiting Mrs. Ryan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Undeland. Mrs. Ryan was formerly Miss Jean Undeland.
Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Whiting and daughter, Jean, went to Lincoln Wednesday to attend the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. Whiting's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Whiting.

Mr. McSweeney will join his wife here next week. They plan to spend the summer in the White mountains.
Miss Lela Booth of Anita, Ia., who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. Nilz Booth, leaves Friday to spend the summer in Colorado.
Miss Helen Clara Gallagher and sister, Catherine Gallagher, leave the middle of June for Canton, Ill., where Miss Helen will be maid of honor at the wedding of Miss Matta Lee Henry, on June 29. They will later go to Chicago for a short stay and will visit in Louisville, Ky., before returning home.

Happy Hollow

Mrs. R. P. Hamilton entertained at luncheon Thursday at Happy Hollow club in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Edwin Thompson of Texas.
Mrs. H. E. Smart entertained a party of 12; Mrs. V. R. Gould had 10 guests; Mrs. John M. Gilchrist, 5; Mrs. John T. Yates, 6; Mrs. Grace Thatcher, 4, and Mrs. F. F. Martin, 2.
A Dutch treat party included Messdames E. W. Exley, Ben Baker, O. E. Engler, Charles Marley and O. A. Peterson.
J. J. Meachan had three guests for dinner at the club Thursday evening, and Miss Polly Robbins will entertain a party of 19 at luncheon Friday.
Miss Lorna McMartin will entertain 14 guests at luncheon Saturday and Mrs. F. S. Hanna will have 10 guests.

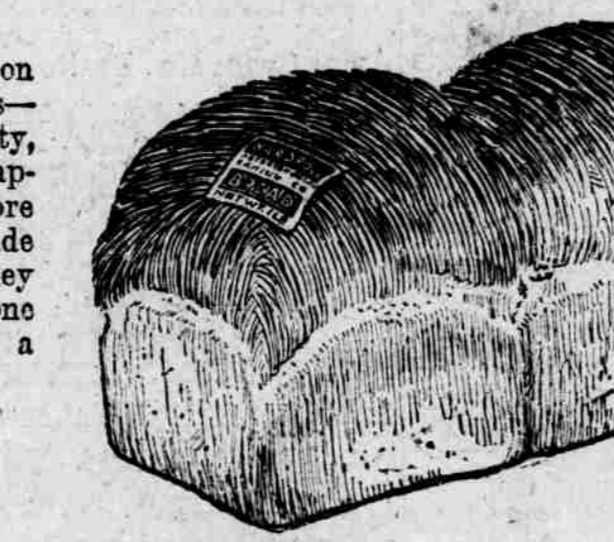
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Afternoon Tea on the Lawn Or at the Club

and sandwiches made of delicious Hard Roll Bread—for the bridge party or Kensington they are simply irresistible—see how delighted your guests will be with the crisp brown crust and snow white center of Hard Roll.



Serve cold luncheons on these sweltering evenings—you wish something dainty, something to tempt the appetite, there is nothing more tasty than a sandwich made of Hard Roll Bread—they are relished by everyone and can be prepared in a few minutes

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It provides mineral substances which help to build bone and teeth and regulate the body processes.

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