

Society

Hedrick-Mohrman.

The wedding of Alysne Catherine Mohrman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Mohrman of Omaha, and Orville C. Hedrick of Pawnee City, Neb., took place Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock at Kountze Memorial church, Rev. O. D. Baltzley officiating. The bride's only attendant was Lucille Ridgway, and the best man was David Lionberger of Pawnee City.

A wedding reception was held at the home of the bride's parents for the relatives and the wedding party. Following a honeymoon trip by motor to Mr. Hedrick and his bride will be at home after September 1 at Holmesville, Neb.

Achoth Sorority Tea.

Achoth sorority will entertain at a tea at the home of Katherine Reynolds, Friday afternoon, from 3 to 5 o'clock. Omaha members of the active chapter at the University of Nebraska at Lincoln will be present. The guests will number 40. Out-of-town guests will include Miss Gail Courtney of Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Miss Bernice Ellwell of Springfield, Neb., and Miss Blanche Gramlich of Papillion. In the receiving line will be Mrs. J. R. Cain, jr.; Mrs. E. M. Reynolds, and Mrs. Thomas Vack.

Helen Jacobsen a Bride.

The marriage of Miss Helen Jacobsen of this city, formerly of Minneapolis, and William L. Rice took place Tuesday evening at the home of Rev. E. L. Diesinger. Miss Mildred Nichols and Roy Scofield were the attendants. The couple have gone on a motor trip to Minnesota. They will reside in Omaha after September 15.

Ruth Flynn to Wed.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Ruth Flynn and Thomas Dunbar of Newcastle, Wyo., by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Flynn. The ceremony will take place at the Flynn home Monday evening, August 8. Miss Flynn is a well known pianist.

Informal Affair.

Mrs. W. W. Troxell entertained informally at her home on Wednesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Ralph Moody of Chicago and Mrs. Norman Harriman, who leaves soon to make her home in Washington, D. C.

Fremont Tourney Wednesday Great Success

Mrs. E. H. Sprague of Country club, Omaha, won low gross score at the woman's open day tourney held in Fremont Wednesday. She made a 51 in nine holes. Mrs. Karl Lininger was runner up with 52. Mrs. Sprague also won the driving contest with a swing for 198 yards. Mrs. Charles Johnson of Fremont, Mrs. M. M. Levings and Mrs. Lininger of Omaha falling only a few yards behind.

Mrs. J. M. Stewart, Lincoln, and Mrs. C. J. Merriam, Omaha, tied for blind bogey which went to Mrs. Stewart on a draw.

Mrs. Merriam carried off the prize for approaching and putting, making a 9. Mrs. Clark Powell and Mrs. Sprague were next with a 10 score. Afternoon bridge was offered at the club house when Mrs. H. W. McNamara won first prize.

The Fremont open day was a markedly successful affair. A perfect day and good roads encouraged motor parties from both Lincoln and Omaha with the result that 30 out-of-town women golfers lined up for play early Wednesday morning.

Attending from Omaha were: Country Club—Madame E. H. Sprague, Mrs. G. W. Moore, Mrs. J. F. McNamara, Mrs. Clark Powell, Henry Lubber and Mrs. Daphne Peters. Ladies' Club—Madame M. W. Levings, C. H. Ashton, R. P. Hansen, E. V. Arnold, J. W. Tilson, J. J. McMahon, E. C. Morrison, Charles J. Hubbard, George Francis.

Country Club—Mrs. W. H. Flynn, Fremont—Madame Luther Larson, Charles N. Johnson, M. C. Rathburn, H. P. Miller, P. L. Stear, Ed Heit, F. Laird, C. A. Keene, J. T. Smith, R. T. Van Meter and Miss Helen Marr. Lincoln—Madame George Proudfoot, Ross P. Currier, Ray Elliott, Will Hardy, H. Lakona—Madame W. C. Edmiston, E. C. Morrison, Charles J. Hubbard, George Francis.

Holy Cross Parish will give a lawn social Thursday evening at 5062 Center street. In case of inclement weather the affair will be held indoors.

H. E. L. P. Club.

The H. E. L. P. Club will have a picnic supper at Riverview park Friday evening.

What's What

By HELEN DECIE



For the acquisition of the courtesy which becomes second nature, good manners must be practiced constantly and consistently at home, and especially at the table. Table manners are the most immediate and permanent evidence of good breeding, or its opposite.

Children should be taught to eat slowly and quietly, to use the knife only for cutting meat, and the fork (held in the right hand) for conveying all food to the mouth, excepting liquids and such soft desserts as must be eaten with a spoon. They must learn to keep the table napkin across the knees when not otherwise in use, to sit straight, to take soup from the side of a spoon, to break bread, never to bite into an unbroken slice, to extend courtesies to others at table, to ask permission when leaving before the others have finished—these and all other fixed rules should be inculcated early in life and at the best of all training schools, the family table. Now, as ever, "manners, like charity, should begin at home."

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Sea Call.

The sand dunes, the sand dunes, Keep calling loud to me; The ocean is in motion, By its waves I'd like to be. I long to go a'swimming Where the foamy breakers comb; But my privet hedge needs trimming. So I'll have to stay at home.

Picnic Cloth.

Next time you go on a picnic, try a tablecloth made from a rubber sheeting. To make it more attractive the edges may be scalloped and the corners may be decorated with a stenciled design in gay colors. The rubber cloth is ideal to spread the lunch on, because it is heavy enough to lie flat on the ground, and neither sand nor water can seep through it. It is also easily washed with a damp cloth and will do service for a number of seasons.

Community Club.

A card party will be given Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Crouse hall by the Community club.

E. E. Bruce and daughter, Miss Elizabeth Bruce, are spending the month of August in New York state.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife"

What Does Dicky's Letter Demand? By Dicky's face when I came out of the telephone booth I knew that he had overheard my reference to Dr. Pettit. I do not think a single vestige of his old jealousy of the physician remains, but his detestation of him is so great that he hates me to have any association with him whatsoever.

"What's the big idea?" he growled. "Why have that first cousin to a chump take you over to the hospital? Or—" with a sudden change of inflection as he grasped the possibility behind the questioned arrangement—"is Marion worse?" "No, Marion's very much better," I answered, walking swiftly out of the drug store, for, though Dicky had spoken in a low tone, as is his custom in a public place, no matter what his irritation, I did not care to continue the discussion there. "Let us get in the car and I'll tell you about it."

He followed me, and said quickly, as I lowered the emergency brake and put my foot upon the clutch: "Drive around the turnpike through Sag Harbor," he said. "I want to get my mail." I repressed a little irritated exclamation as I obeyed his suggestion. If he had told me that he wanted to see the mail I could have telephoned from Sag Harbor and have saved the trip to Bridgehampton. At any other time I would have welcomed the longer trip, for I am always delighted to drive, but I had so many things to do on this day that I dreaded any interruption.

Dicky Is Pessimistic.

But I am sure there was no trace of my feeling as I related to Dicky just what Miss Jones had said. His face was grave when I had finished. "You're right about Sawbones, at that," he said. "If Lil does need you, she'll need you pronto. Poor old girl! She's been putting the most tremendous strain on her faculties ever since I've known her, carrying her own troubles and those of the world and his wife besides. I told you I was afraid of a tremendous smash there some day. If only Robert Savarin had stayed where he belonged, on a granite pedestal up in the Catskills, she might have postponed the evil day, but as it is—" he shrugged his shoulders in the Gallic way which he acquired years ago in his youthful affected days, a little mannerism which I hope he never will drop, for in him it is most attractive, at least, to me.

"You think then, Dicky," my voice was filled with the terror I felt at any thought of Lillian ill, "that Robert's presence is affecting her so much?" "Not his presence so much as the plea Marion and he are no doubt putting up between them, that she ditched old Harry and marry beloved Uncle Robert. Lil's got a sense of honor like a man's, and while she's dippy about Savarin, any one who knows her well can see that—although she doesn't wear her heart on her sleeve—yet, old Harry has a tugging power on her heart and her conscience that you can't beat. And the combination will just about be the finishing straw that will break her nerve power—you mark my word."

A Terrifying Prospect.

I made no answer, for I had all I could do to see the road. It was as if the prospect of Lillian's danger literally blinded my eyes. Dicky spoke softly, yet compellingly: "Drive to the side of the road and stop."

I obeyed him, almost without my own volition, and as I mechanically stopped the car, Dicky leaned past me and turned off the ignition key. "I ought to be shot," he said remorsefully, putting his arm around me and drawing me against his shoulder. "Don't take it so hard, sweetheart. You know I'm always rattling on. It may not be half so bad as I've pictured."

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I smiled wanly, recovering myself with a mighty effort. "I'm all right now, dear," I said. "It's nothing I haven't expected myself, and I'm going to face it like a woman instead of a child. But the thought of it overcame me for just a bit."

"Of course, it would. It bows me over a bit, too, if anybody should ask you. But look here! I don't anticipate Lil's going to die or be permanently incapacitated, an invalid or anything like that. But that she's going to be out of the game for six months or so is as sure as shooting."

His words were reassuring, even with the conviction of serious illness for my beloved friend which they held. But I knew that he was voting his own belief, not simply trying to make me feel more content, and I gathered courage from his assertion. But my dread for Lillian was too heavy on my heart to permit speech, as, indeed, I think it rested on Dicky's also, and we drove the rest of our journey in absolute silence. Yet, when Dicky returned from the postoffice with the brief remark, "No mail for you," dumped a collection of envelopes addressed to himself into the back seat, and, climbing in beside me, frowningly began to read a long letter addressed to himself, I knew that I had something else to confront besides Lillian's danger.

For the letter was in the well-known chirography of Marsden, the art editor who had asked Dicky to illustrate the Pennington book, for which he had wished to have Grace Draper as model.

Some Very Special Prices on Toilet Goods and Drugs at the 5 Sherman & McConnell Drug Stores

Friday and Saturday, August 5 and 6

The summer season thus far has been a busy one in our 5 well-stocked stores. During the month of July we received at our warehouse, 509-11 So. 12th St., over 250 separate shipments of merchandise from manufacturers, jobbers and importers, located throughout the length and breadth of the 48 United States, not least among whom were our own Omaha jobbers and manufacturers.

These are some of the reasons why you save time and money by trading at our stores.

Medicinal Preparations: Colfax Mineral Water, Bennett's Dog and Puppy Biscuits, Face Powders, Toilet Soaps, Tooth Brush Holder, Denatured Alcohol, etc.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A Lucky Escape. Dear Miss Fairfax: For two years I have been in love with a young lady, an orphan of 21 years. During my courtship, I attended evening school to obtain an engineering degree. My studies obliged me to devote practically all my time to same.

Upon my return I found that she is very friendly with a young man employed at the same establishment. I have explained that my ambition and efforts were for her happiness. She insists that I had no time to take her about for good times and as he takes her everywhere, she is happy with his company.

I am so broken in spirit that I can interest myself in nothing, not even my work. M. G. B.

Since you are ambitious and think of the future rather than of the mere moment, do you think you'd be well mated with a girl who longs for gayety and excitement? She would be likely to chafe at your interest in books and work and you would come in time to resent her frivolity—if you didn't call it by a harder name. Of course you're not happy now. You're lonely and it's hard to see ahead of the day when you'll find a girl far better suited to you. But be as philosophical as you can and trust to time and chance to bring you someone nearer your heart's desire.

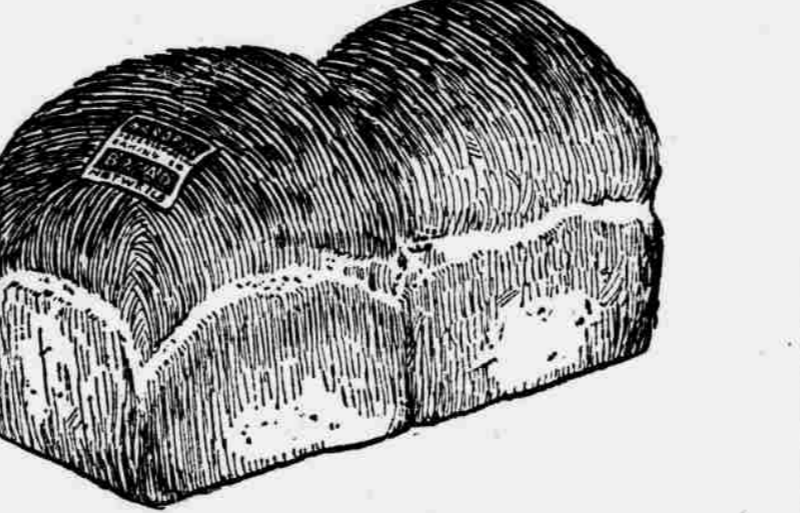
Blue Eyes: School children should have their boy friends as well as girl friends. However, you are far too young to have a "steady," as you call him. You admit that kissing is wrong. If you permit the boys to embrace you they will expect to kiss you as well. One liberty leads to another.

That Other Girl. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and in love with a man three years my senior. I live at some distance from him, so he comes to see me only Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. He has told me he loves me, and although I don't see him in the middle of the week I receive a letter every day. My happiness would be complete, but my friend of his informed me that he sees an old sweetheart of his regularly during week days. My friend told me all about her, but he said she means nothing to him. I told my friend about it, and the thing that hurts me most is that he did not deny it. The only thing he said was, "Isn't about time you had faith in me?" Since then I have not been happy. I seem to feel as though he is going to make me suffer.

Well, isn't it about time you had faith in the man you profess to love so devotedly? Is your idea of love a state of selfish demanding which cuts the beloved off from every interest except seeing you? Or is it a broad, generous devotion which is glad of anything that enriches his life? He has told you of the other girl. The best way to change his present friendship for her back to love is to suggest it often enough and to make him feel that she is the generous, broad-minded understanding one, while you are the nagging who wants to deprive him of all freedom.

BOBBY.

BOBBY.



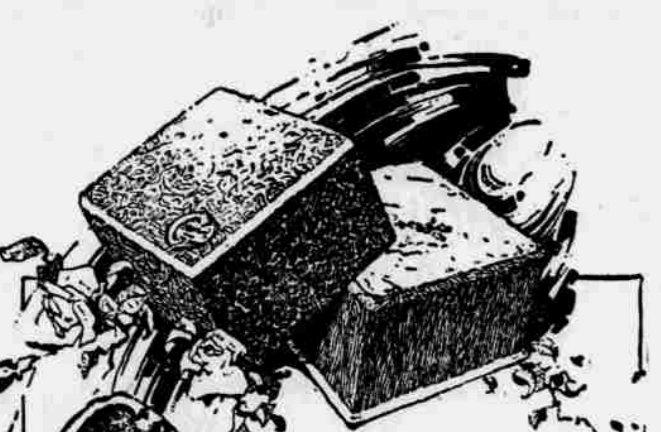
The Worker's Summer Food

The worker, he who does the heavy work of the world in the sweltering summer heat, requires substantial, digestible food—food that builds rich red blood, promotes energy and "pep." Hot foods in the summer months do not readily satisfy the appetite of the worker.

It is a fortunate circumstance then, that good bread, a food we all require, is so appetizing—so satisfying. HARD ROLL bread is a GOOD bread, it contains all the nutriment that goes to promote good health. HARD ROLL bread builds vitality, power and endurance to withstand the summer heat. The lunch box of the worker should contain a generous amount of

Hard Roll Bread

PETERSEN & PEGAU BAKING CO. ALSO MAKERS OF TIP TOP BREAD.



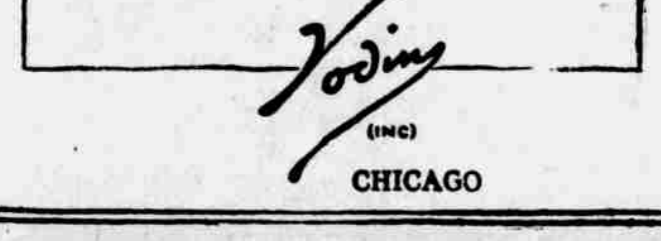
CHARMET

A New Harmony from the Fragrant World of Flowers

Womanhood welcomes with delight the soft persuasive fragrance of CHARMET. The Souls of Thirty-Seven of the sweetest flowers of Sunny France are wedded in CHARMET, and from their union comes a harmony of loveliness like the melody of a long forgotten song. Not boastfully, nor forward, but modestly and refined—refreshing as the gentle breeze that comes with Summer rains.

Also in—Toilet Water—Rice Powder—Cold Cream—Vanishing Cream—Sachet—Toilet Powder—Rouge and Lip Stick.

CHARMET may be had exclusively at: The five Sherman & McConnell Drug Stores, Omaha, Neb., Taffe Drug Co., Broadway at Sixth St., Council Bluffs, Iowa



Advertisement for Alamito Milk featuring a woman holding a bowl and a baby, with text: Bright, Wide-Awake Children Need Alamito Milk.

Advertisement for Blue Ribbon Fiction Series featuring a woman in a dress, with text: Ladies and Gentlemen... Allow me to introduce The Blue Ribbon Fiction Series now appearing in The Omaha Evening Bee.