Society

Bridge Luncheon.

Mrs. W. G. Nicholson will entertain at a bridge luncheon at Field club, Tuesday. Her guests will be Mesdames Lynn Campbell, E. A. Beardsley, C. E. Griffey, Avery Lancaster, Leonard Kohn, E. L. Bridges, Harold Donney, John. E. Pulver, Frank Bender, A. V. Shotwell, Oscar Baumeister of Council Bluffs, Misses Marguerite Beckman and Juliette Griffen.

For Bride-to-Be.

Misses Dorothy Arter and De Weenta Conard entertained informally at a bridge tea at the Arter home Monday afternoon, complimentary to Miss Dorothy Balbach, a bride-elect. Three tables were set for the game.

Women Aid Charity Benefit.

At 9 o'clock Monday morning 12 women gathered at the home of Mrs. Howard Baldrige to spend a busy day. Their task was to address 2,000 envelopes to members of various Omaha clubs. In each envelope were enclosed two tickets for the Associated Charities benefit affairs at the Brandeis restaurant the middle of September. Those who accomplished this work for the benefit were Mesdames W. J. Hynes, L. L. Kountze, J. J. McMullen, A. L. Reed, Blanche Paterson, E. A. Pegan, W. E. Martin, Clara Swobe, W. R. McKeen, W. A. C. Johnson and George Brandeis

For Mr. and Mrs. Creighton.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Creighton of Omaha are Denver visitors. On Thursday last their hosts, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Mitchell gave a dinner dance in their honor. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Courtland Dines, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kistler, Messrs Baxter, Lanius, M. Peters and Saulson of Omaha, the hosts and guests of honor. A number of other friends came later in the evening for the dancing.

Field Club.

Howard Goulding entertained eight guests at Field club, Sunday evening at supper. Others who had parties were Jack Welsh, K. Morgan, W. G. Nicholson, F. P. Owen, L. J. Millard, J. E. Butler, R. H. Manley and J. J. Voucher.

Mrs. J. H. McConney will have five guests at luncheon, Tuesday.

Happy Hollow Club.

The last carabet dinner dance of the season will be given Tuesday evening at Happy Hollow club. There will be dancing between courses and entertainers will give a program during the dinner.

Lee Smith will have 11 guests. Parties of eight will be given by Myrne Gilchrist and H. B. Nowes. Others who have made reservations are E. T. Hayden, Beatrice Montgomery and L. M. Mielenz.

Personals

J. A. Cavers left Sunday for Chicago.

H. H. Bollard is ill at St. Joseph hospital.

Thomas Cotter returned Monday from an eastern trip.

Mrs. E. C. Abbott returned Saturday from Geneva, Neb.

Miss Esther Dugher leaves Saturday to spend two weeks in Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Belden arrive home Tuesday from a motor trip to Denver.

Mrs. A. A. Arter and Miss Dorothy Arter leave Saturday for Cape Cod, Mass.

Mrs. A. W. Friend is convalescing at the Methodist hospital from a recent operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Young are enjoying mountain life at Cassell's resort in Platte Canyon.

W. B. Howard, who underwent an operation last week, is now convalescing at Wise Memorial hospital.

Mrs. George Giffen of Denver, formerly Miss Gayle Howard of this city, is visiting at the W. B. Howard home.

Farnam Smith, who has been ill at the Methodist hospital for the past two weeks, has returned to the Omaha club.

Miss Mary McAllister and Miss Laura Walsh of Scranton, Pa., are the house gusest of Mr. and Mrs Jens Jensen.

Mrs. J. Shalda and daughters, Lillian and May, left Tuesday for a five weeks stay in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Baxter and the Misses Katherine and Eleanore Baxter of Omaha, were at Glenwood Springs, Colo., last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shedd of Omaha are at present at Baileys in Platt Canyon. Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Young of Omaha are also at Baileys.

Miss Stella Abraham returned Monday from Central City, Neb., where she has been visiting Miss Nancy Pennoyer for the past two weeks.

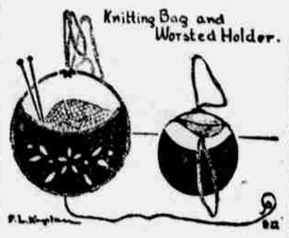
Mrs. A. V. Kinsler left Sunday for Lake Placid, New York, to be gone until October 1. Before returning home she will spend some time in New York City.

Misses Isabel Evans, Pauline Burkett, Dorothy Paine, Sara Smeaton, Virginia Morcom, Marcia Follmer, Stella Coffman have returned from Lincoln where they attended Delta Delta Delta parties on Saturday.

Miss Clara Shaw of Donovan, Ill., who is visiting friends in this city, is now spending several days with Miss Ruth Nickum. Next week Miss Fern Jackson of Lincoln will come here to spend a short time as the guest of Miss Nickum.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Negele have gone to Detroit, Mich., to spend a portion of their honeymoon. From Detroit they will go by boat to Chicago returning to Omaha about August 30. Mrs. Negele was formerly Miss Martha Hanna of Pittsburgh.

Things You'll Love To Make.



A very pretty and handy knitting bag and worsted holder is shown today. Cut two circles of silk, cloth, velvet or cretonne of a bright hue. Each circle should be 12 inches in diameter. Stitch the circles together to form a bag, with an opening at the top large enough through which to pass a ball or two of worsted. Line this bag with a nice plain silk. Cut a piece of black patent leather (or a good quality of black oilcloth) to fit on the bag as shown. Finish the edges of the bag and the top of the patent leather with silk cord or ribbon. Make an eyelet at the bottom center of the bag. Place your worsted into the bag proper, bring the end down through the eyelet. Carry your knitting in the front patent leather pocket. You will appreciate your knitting bag and worsted holder because your ball of worsted will never drop out.

FLORA.

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"Taxi!"

"Taxi!"

Some fortunate Omaha women will be able to make this imperious call quite recklessly after the bridge party next Friday at Mrs. A. L. Reed's home.

The reason?

A $10 book calling for taxi service is one of the interesting prizes for which the bridge players will compete.

Chester Nieman of the Omaha Taxicab company, whose sister, Miss Frances Nieman is chairman of the committee in charge of the party, donated the taxi-book.

The bridge party is to be given by the Women's Overseas Service League to raise funds to carry on their work among ex-service men. Tickets are $1.

Miss Catherine Gavin, home on furlough from Red Cross work in central Europe, and Miss Laura Matthews, on leave from her social service center in France, will be honor guests at the overseas girls' next meeting Sunday at 1 o'clock at Carter Lake club. They will also attend the bridge party.

Carter Lake Club.

Dr. H. A. Nelson entertained 14 guests at supper at Carter Lake club Sunday evening. Parties of eight was given by Ray Beselin, Dr. Litchfield and J. H. Hanley. George Pray had six guests. Foursomes were entertained by F. L. Haas, Ione Mustain, Mrs. J. D. Hiss and Grase Rowland.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

The Course of True Love.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been engaged to a girl for three years and have always found her to be ideal. We got along beautifully until a couple of days ago, when she confessed that for the last two months she has had a growing affection for a man in her office. She says she does not love him, as he is not the type of a man she would choose for a husband.

She is unhappy because she is not giving me a square chance and tells me to wait. We have planned to make a stern fight to bring her to her right senses, as she is positive he does not care a snap about her.

She tells me at times she hates him and other times she feels happy in his presence. J. P.

The girl has been perfectly honest with you. The mere fact that she can so coldly analyze her feelings for the other man and can discuss them with you shows they haven't a deep hold on her imagination. Try to find which of two courses works with her. She may be unconsciously trying to rouse your jealously and to speed the day of your marriage. Perhaps the first glow of your romance is gone and this is her way of reviving it. If that is wrong, do the sensible thing and help her get this infatuation out of her system by discussion and calm planning with you.

Rising to Receive Introductions.

A hostess invariably rises to accept an introduction to either a man or woman. A woman, while a guest at a dance, dinner or afternoon tea, does not rise when a man is presented to her; nor when she is one of a group to which a man is introduced, unless it is some one who is somewhat older than herself or a person of distinction, or, unless she is seated beside her hostess, who naturally rises to greet a newcomer. In all other circumstances a woman rises to receive an introduction to one of her own sex. It is scarcely necessary to say that a man always stands when any introduction takes place in which he has part, whether the person to whom he is made known is man or woman, old or young.

It is discreet and polite to give attention when a stranger is presented. In order to catch the name; but on failing in this, a woman introduced to a person older than herself has a right to ask, gently, "Will you not tell me whom I have the pleasure of meeting, for I did not catch your name?" To a person nearer her own age she may say with less formality, "Mrs. Brown called you Miss Jones, did she not?" The same rules apply as well to men.

A guest is not at liberty to refuse recognition of an introduction made by the host or hostess, though the person presented should be an enemy of long standing. It must be presumed that the hostess is ignorant of the true situation, and it is, therefore, no injury to one's dignity to bow politely as if meeting for the first time a total stranger; later, any further exchange of word can be tactfully avoided.

"In making men known to one another, the distinctions are not so finely drawn. A young man or a bachelor is naturally presented to a much older gentleman, and a simple citizen to a senator, governor or judge. Where age and dignities and titles play no part, it is sufficient to say, 'Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones.'"

Opening Her Mail.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl 17 years of age and receive mail quite often from both boys and girls, but the reason I am writing to you is to ask you a question, has my older sister the right to open my mail when it is addressed in full? She claims mother tells her to do so. Will you please advise me as to what I can do about this matter, as it vexes me when my mail is handed to me and the envelope opened. RUTH.

First thing, Ruth, you should receive no letters that you would not be perfectly willing to have your sister and mother see. But one right which every sane, living person should be accorded is the right to open his or her own mail.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

(Trademark Registered)

THE TALE OF GRUNTY PIG

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XV.

Grunty Means Mischief.

Jolly Robin and his wife told their friends that Grunty Pig was going to teach them a lesson. The birds had many a laugh over the matter. Not till old Mr. Crow visited the orchard one day did the Robin family cease chuckling over what they called "the joke of the season."

"Don't laugh too soon!" Mr. Crow croaked. "This Grunty Pig means mischief. He isn't going to teach you the sort of lesson you've been snickering about. What he intends to do is to harm you in some way."

15. "You'll find out later," said Grunty Pig.

Now, nobody in Pleasant Valley could look gloomier than old Mr. Crow. And when he hinted darkly, in his hoarse way, that there was trouble ahead for the Robin family he threw Jolly Robin's wife into a flutter.

"Oh, what does Grunty Pig mean to do to us?" Mrs. Robin quavered.

"I'd rather not tell you," said old Mr. Crow. "I don't want you to worry."

Mr. Crow left them then. Of course he couldn't have chosen a better way to upset Mrs. Robin. Even Jolly himself had to admit after a while that he could think of nothing that seemed to cheer his wife in the least. I'll speak to Mr. Crow again," he told his wife. "I'll ask him just what he meant."

Alas! Mr. Crow wouldn't tell him. The truth was that Mr. Crow had already told all he knew.

"I'll ask Grunty Pig himself what he means to do to us," Jolly then declared to his wife. "I've noticed that he digs every day at the foot of our apple tree. The next time he comes here I'll have a talk with him." So that very day Jolly put his question to Grunty Pig.

"What is it," he asked, "that you intend to do to us?"

"You'll find out later," said Grunty Pig. "I expect to be in the top of your apple tree before fall. And then——"

Jolly Robin couldn't wait for him to finish. He had to laugh right out, on the spot. And his wife, who had been listening eagerly, burst into the first giggle that had passed her bill for days and days.

So Grunty Pig expected to climb a tree! Mr. and Mrs. Robin gave each other a merry look. It was all too funny for words.

"Umph!" said Grunty Pig. "You won't laugh when I'm in your tree top."

"How are you going to get up here?" Jolly Robin asked him, with a wink at Mrs. Robin. "Are you going to fly?"

"No!" Grunty Pig said. "No!"

"Then you're going to climb," cried Mrs. Robin. And both she and her husband choked, as they pictured fat Grunty Pig scrambling up the trunk of the old apple tree.

"No!" Grunty Pig said. "No!"

"Well, well!" Jolly Robin exclaimed. "Don't be so short with your answers. Explain how you expect to get up into the top of our apple tree."

"I never said I expected to get up there," Grunty Pig corrected him.

"What?" cried Jolly Robin. "What?" cried his wife.

"No!" said Grunty Pig. "I said I'd be in the tree top before fall. If I work every day around the foot of the tree I'll have it uprooted at last. And when it topples over and falls on the ground I'll have no trouble getting into the top of it."

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HOLDING A HUSBAND

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

The Way Katie Banished Worry From Madge's Mind.

From the minute that Katie arrived Junior was her adoring shadow. It seemed too absurd to think that a child so young should remember anything so vividly as he evidently did the devoted woman who had given him the place in her heart which her own child would have occupied if it had lived. But I had purposely kept memories of her alive in his baby mind while we were down south. And twice a week while we were gone had some picture postal cards addressed to Junior with loving messages from the loyal girl which I had read to him to his ecstatic delight.

All this first day of their reunion Junior followed her around as if he were an affectionate little puppy, and it was only until he was safely in bed for his late forenoon nap that I found an opportunity to take Katie over to the Dacey farm house. There Mrs. Ticer and Jerry, having finished the cleaning of the rooms which Katie and Jim were to occupy, were busily engaged with Sam Ticer in transforming the old corncrib into a studio for Dicky. The older Ticer—who includes carpentry among the trades of which he is jack, but no master—had cut window spaces of standard half-window size all around the old structure, and was covering them with screening.

"You kin git those windows, all you want, from a place over at Easthampton," he had explained, "and I can put 'em on hinges and attach 'em by cords to hooks in the roof above. Then you won't never need to bother with 'em unless it rains, and they won't take a minute to lower if it does."

As we came up Dicky hurried toward us. His coat was off, his shirt sleeves turned up, his hair dishevelled, while a smudge of black across his face completed a picture at which I gazed in astonishment. Dicky is most fastidious about his personal appearance, and he is undeniably indolent about any physical labor. Yet he had every appearance of enjoying himself immensely.

Dicky's Inquiry.

"What do you think of this, old dear?" he demanded. "Sam tells me that these bushes around this thing are pink climbing roses, and that among them are morning-glory vines. Can you imagine anything more nifty than that? Well, Katie! How do you like your new home?"

He had shifted the inquiry to Katie with dispatch, and well I knew the reason for it. To my faithful, tempestuous little maid this, her first inspection of the new home, was an event of the utmost importance, and I had seen—as I knew had Dicky also—her face redden and her eyes flash at what she considered his neglect to greet her.

But her face cleared as if by magic at his words. Dicky always has been a hero in Katie's eyes, a feeling dating back to the days when she, an ignorant, terrified, immigrant girl, did the cleaning and cooking for the apartment which Dicky shared with three other more or less impecunious young artists. I had heard the story of those days often from Katie's lips.

"It's Up to You!"

"Oh, Meester Graham!" Katie clasped her hands ecstatically. "It shoost grand—on outside. Meesis Ticer she say it something fierce on inside. But eet vun swell place, only I bet I break my back getting dirt off."

Her tone indicated that though she was willing to go to the stake for our benefit, she fully realized all the hardships she would have to undergo, and wished them fully appreciated. Dicky winked at me over her head, and I spoke quickly, soothingly:

"Oh, I don't think it will be so bad, Katie! There are three of the Ticers to help you and Jim get ready for the painters and paperhangers, when we can get some to start in."

Sam Ticer laid down his hammer, sauntered over to us, and took a reflective straw from his mouth.

"I heard yesterday," he drawled, "that the painters over west are out on a strike. So I drove over last night, and talked to Hank Gowdy. Hank says they'll be idle a week at least, and he can git a gang together that'll do the work you want in jest a few days if you'll lend a hand with the cleaning and buy your paper right away, I suppose you folks'll want pretty swell paper, but you know them stores at Southampton and Eastampton carry all the stuff you can git in the city."

Dicky clapped the man's shoulder vehemently.

"You're a life-saver!" he declared enthusiastically. "Now, Madge, it's up to you."

Katie drew herself up importantly.

"You make shoost vun leetle meestake, Meester Graham," she said with superb insolence. "You tink I going to have Meesis Graham get her pretty hands all dirt! Dis ting is oop to me!"

She turned to me patronizingly.

"You coom by me inside house, tell me shoost how you vant all rooms to look, vat you vant done. Den you beat eet, get paper, keep dot old vomans and everybody else dot not can shake a scrub brush out of my vay. Don't you vorry, Messis Graham. I feex!"

And with this familiar assurance I banished all my cares concerning the house.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Parents' Problems

How can children best be taught the horrors of war?

This is a difficult question, for the reason that children are too young and too sensitive to be taught even in small degree the horror of war. Perhaps the same purpose would be served by teaching them the beauty of peace. Begin by making clear to them that peace, like every other good thing, should begin at home. Then lose no opportunity of pointing out to them blessings which can only be enjoyed in a condition of peace. Also acquaint them with the efforts of noted pacifists.

At a mothers' meeting held recently in South Center, Kan., a ban was put on short skirts and high heels.

Catch Car Thieves

Bigspring, Neb., Aug. 22.—(Special Telegram.)—A car belonging to Vergil Waterman was stolen at Julesburg Saturday night while he was at the show. The car was found and the thieves were caught at Ogallala Sunday.

Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

Miss Flutie Belcher is convalescing from a bad cold, which she contracted Wednesday night when she went out without her hair net.

Miss Gondola Henstep is looking for the strange agent who came through here last week and sold her some insect powder for talcum.

What was at first supposed to be the beginning of a big building boom here failed to develop, as the excavating which was observed near the postoffice earlier this week proved to be Sim Flinders digging for fishing worms.

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Do You Know the Bible?

(Cover up the answers, read the questions and see if you can answer them. Then look at the answers to see if you are right.)

Follow These Questions and Answers As Arranged by J. Wilson Roy.

1. Where are handkerchiefs referred to in the Bible?
2. What was the name of Saul's wife?
3. To whom did Paul refer as the beloved physician?
4. What were the names of the three wells that Isaac dug in the valley of Gerar?
5. Where is reference made to leeks, onions and garlic?
6. What prophet wore a leather belt?

Answers.

1. Acts xix. 12.
2. 1 Samuel xiv. 50.
3. Colossians iv. 14.
4. Genesis xxvii. 20, 21, 22.
5. Numbers xi. 5.
6. 2 Kings i. 8.

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Jewel, Flower, Color Symbols for Today

By MILDRED MARSHALL.

Today's talismanic stone is the sard, which is especially lucky for women. If set in a design in which the grape vine and ivy are interwoven, it is sure to exercise its powers for good, according to an ancient belief.

Today's natal stone is the opal, which the ancients believed endowed its wearer with a changeable temperament and attractive personality.

Violet is today's color. It exerts a soothing influence on its wearer, and should be worn by those who are nervous or extremely emotional.

The flower for today is the scarlet geranium, potent in dispelling sorrow.

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Romance in Origin Of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING.

Onions.

The superstition of "folk-medicine" all over the United States assigns medical virtues which, therapeutically, they do not possess. The superstitions vary in different sections but all ascribe great power over disease to the onion.

In some parts of New England it is said that if you hang a row of onions over the door the house will be guarded against the entry of any disease which might be brought into it by a visitor. As the visitor crosses the threshold the onions over the door "draw" any infectious or contagious disease which he may have out of him into themslves. Therefore you must on no account eat onions which have hung over a door.

The onion superstition comes down to us from the Egyptions by way of the Latins. The Italians sometimes carry an onions in their pockets as a protection against the evil-eye which, according to an old Neapolitan writer, is very effective because "the devil respects the onion, the ancients having adored it equally with himself." By "the ancients" he evidently means the Egyptians, with whom the onion was a sacred plant—a sort of vegetable god powerful to protect if propitiated. The string of onions over the New England doorway would make a citizen of Thebes in the reign of Rameses feel quite at home.

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Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY.

Ever Have a Grouch?

Did you ever know anyone to be grouchy who did not think they had a grievance?

What would seem like a grievance to another might not affect you at all, but nevertheless the man or the women with a grouch has a personal grievance.

If you are closely connected with a grouchy one, you are the first to notice it and wonder why.

You cannot imagine, when you are feeling good, why another should feel quite the opposite.

When persons are busy every minute there is no time to think, but when a rest is imperative or there is a bit of leisure, the mind begins to think.

Look out that no one has a chance to feel lonely on your account.

Because specific facts are not mentioned from day to day in this regard is no reason for believing that the time is far distant when certain things are going to strike home to the other fellow.

In providing yourself amusement, do not think to ease your mind about those dependent upon you to state their personal likes and dislikes in the amusement question and take a definite sum and do a certain thing to "make up" for what you do.

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Where It Started

Bogus.

The term "Bogus," meaning false, is a corruption of the word "Borghese," and was derived from a famous swindler of that name who, in 1837, flooded the west with counterfeit bills and notes on non-existent banks. In time any worthless bill was called a "Borghese bill," and the word became "bogus" by process of long use.

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