

Society

Up from my skull each scarlet strand... This is the ditty addressed to Miss Betty Kennedy of Omaha at the annual luncheon of the Order of the Golden Fleece in Lincoln Saturday...

For Eastern Guests. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Wharton will entertain at a dinner party at their home Monday evening for their house guests...

At the Orpheum. Among those who will give Orpheum parties this evening are O. C. Redick, A. B. McConnell, George D. Davis, J. M. Baldrige, Lee Huff, Nelson Urdike, F. B. Sweatt.

Jolly Seniors. The Jolly Seniors will give a hard times party at Crouse hall Tuesday evening. Mrs. J. A. Yost is in charge of the arrangements.

Luncheon Bridge. Mrs. Howard Baldrige entertained at luncheon this noon complimentary to Mrs. Frank Hamilton. Bridge followed the luncheon.

Personals

Miss Phyllis L. Johnson returned Monday from a short visit in Lincoln with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith of Kansas City spent the week-end with Mrs. Charles Neal in Omaha.

Mrs. Ray Low will return the end of this week from Arkansas, where she has been spending several weeks with her family.

Mrs. Sarah H. Cook and Miss Agnes Scott, who have been in New Orleans for the Mardi Gras, are expected home on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis C. Nash are in New York at present, and entertained at a dinner party Friday evening in the Della Robbia room of the Vanderbilt hotel, where they are staying.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The World for Their Benefit. Dear Miss Fairfax: We hope you will give us satisfactory answers. We read your letters nearly every day and certainly think for some of them it takes science and ability to answer.

It is proper for a girl to write to a boy she never saw before? (She knows quite a bit about the kid through friends.)

Your home, after all, is the home of your mother and father. You should most certainly consult your mother before inviting guests into her home.

Dear Miss Fairfax: My wife left me several months ago, but I still care for her. What shall I do? H. Don't lose any time getting in touch with her and making her believe what you say.

Dear Miss Fairfax: What do you think of a young man who has been very attentive to a young lady for the past three years and declares he loves her very much, but at the same time he is opposed to marriage.

Dear Miss Fairfax: My wife left me several months ago, but I still care for her. What shall I do? H. Don't lose any time getting in touch with her and making her believe what you say.

My Marriage Problems

Adele Garrison's New Phase of "REVELATIONS OF A WIFE" (Copyright, 1922.)

What Midge Saw When She Became Conscious. My little excursion into oblivion could not have lasted but a few seconds, for when I rallied to consciousness again after the blow from the swinging door in the railroad waiting room, and opened my eyes, I found myself being swiftly carried across that same room.

Weak and dizzy, I closed my eyes again, but not until I had seen that the arms bearing me so swiftly and steadily were those of the apparently elderly foreigner, who on the stalled train had come to my aid with the plea that he was a friend of my father.

My head was throbbing with pain, but through the beat of my brain pulses kept recurring something which I was vainly trying to remember, yet could not, although it seemed to dance elusive just beyond my comprehension.

"Is Yoh Feelin' Bettah?" I must have made some movement for I felt the arms of the man carrying me shift ever so slightly, and knew that he was looking intently at me.

"I did not answer him, nor did I open my eyes. I felt as though I never wished to see or hear of the man again, even though he had done nothing but aid me surely and tactfully.

"I beseech you, Mme. Graham, do not stir until I place you on the couch in the waiting room. We must see how bad your injury is."

The next minute I felt myself lowered gently to a couch, while the soft, disarming accents of the colored matron, in exclamations of pity and sympathy, came to my ears.

"Yes," I answered, lifted an exploring hand to my forehead, finding a ridge which gave me exquisite pain to touch, the tangible evidence of my injury.

"A thousand pardons Mme. Graham, but you must permit that a physician examine that wound."

He stepped toward the door, and spoke to the waiting colored porter. As she did so the matron drew a screen in front of the couch, shielding me from the gaze of the other

cloudy juice. They lacked flavor. So, a slice of lemon or a wisp of cinnamon would be added. Still the taste would be "flat," the appearance uninviting.

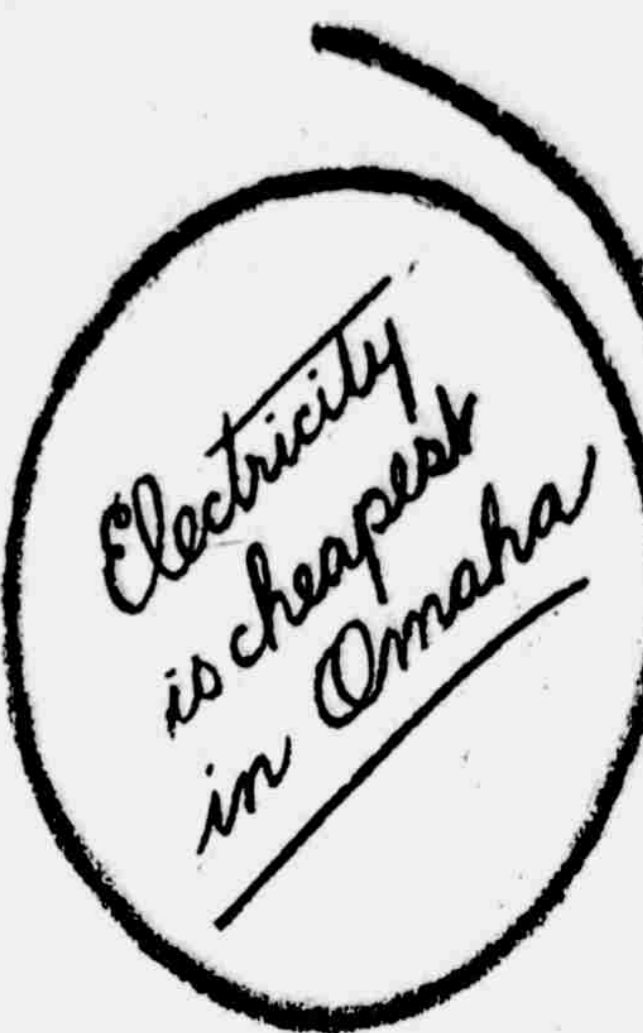
After all, stewed prunes were stewed prunes—what could one expect? One knew, at least, that Friend Husband at breakfast the next morning would grunt,

"What—prunes again!" and then swallow them with good grace as if he felt prunes must serve some wholesome purpose or an Efficient Providence would not provide them.

As a result of this painstaking treatment, the prunes would present a pitiable picture indeed. Broken and mushy, they were swimming around in a thin

Omaha Has Lowest Electric Rates in 114 Cities in the United States

Table with columns: Population 1920 Census, City, Maximum Net Lighting Rate. Lists 114 cities and their respective rates, with Omaha, Neb. at 5.5c.



Nebraska Power Co. Current generated wholly or in part by water power.

She used to stew prunes "after a fashion"

Like so many women who feel that "stewed prunes are stewed prunes and you can't make me believe anything else"

but now SUNSWEET CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED Prunes