Society

IF the mountain arose and departed, would Mahomet go to the mountain? The answer in one case seems to be yes.

Miss Lena May Williams, dramatic director at Central High school, wished to have a Saturday rehearsal of "The Traitor" act from the Road show which will be presented at the school auditorium March 17 and 18. It is a military act, including 10 boys. The 10 boys, to a man, are in Lincoln witnessing the whirlwind of basket ball games at the annual state tournament. Miss Williams, therefore, will betake hersel fto the capital city today for a rehearsal there Saturday morning at 9 o'clock.

The seats are all gone, by the way, for both performances of the show, so it is not surprising that Miss Williams is doing all in her power to polish the acts to perfection. Stanley Letovsky, who will give piano solos in connection with the Road show, was captain of Company E of his regiment when he attended Central High, and was also captain of the band.

J. F. W. Club.

Mrs. Charles J. Hubbard was reelected president of the J. F. W. club at the annual election of officers Thursday. Mrs. Howard Rushton was made vice president, Mrs. Herbert Potter secretary and Mrs. S. R. Elson treasurer. Mrs. W. C. Fraser is the chairman of courtesies and Mrs. Austin Dodds of current topics.

The club does considerable philanthropic work, sewing for charity at each meeting, following a book review or discussion of current topics. This organization of 18 members recently endowed a bed at the Salvation Army Rescue home.

Dr. Towne Plans Trip.

Dr. Solon R. Towne is anticipating an event which is probably second only in one's life to a golden wedding anniversary. He plans to attend the 50th anniversary reunion of his Dartmouth college class in June. He was there for the fortieth anniversary and is now keenly looking forward to this greater event. Of the 84 members of this class, 42 are still living and three of them reside in Nebraska. Dr. Towne, Charles Sawyer of Kearney and Albert Lake of Murdock, Neb.

For Mrs. Marsden.

Mrs. J. J. Hadfield entertained at luncheon Thursday for Mrs. A. H. Marsden, who is leaving next week to join the Rev. Marsden at Kearney. Today Mrs. E. K. Buck entertained informally at luncheon for Mrs. Marsden, and Saturday Mrs. Claude T. Uren will be her hostess at a luncheon party. Mrs. Marsden will be with her daughter, Mrs. S. W. Napier, and Mr. Napier until next Wednesday.

To Give Party For Bride.

Miss Katherine Reynolds of Omaha will be hostess at a party Saturday afternoon in Lincoln at the chapter house of Achoth Sorority, when the honor guest will be Miss Betty Eacrett of Malvern, Ia., a former classmate of Miss Reynolds at the university. Miss Eacrett is a bride of next week. About 40 members of the sorority will be present tomorrow at the shower and bridge.

Miss Hagedorn Entertained.

Mrs. William Stryker will entertain at luncheon Saturday for Miss Helen Hagedorn, who is the guest of Mrs. W. P. Haney. Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hamlin will entertain at the Athletic club dinner-dance complimentary to Miss Hagedorn.

Miss Cooke Entertained.

Miss Marian Towle was hostess today at her home at a luncheon honoring Miss Lydia Cooke, who is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Gifford. Covers were laid for 12.

Legion Auxiliary.

Mrs. J. E. Baird of Lincoln, national committee member of unit activities for the Woman's auxiliary to the American Legion, visited the Omaha unit Thursday.

Luncheon.

Mrs. Russell Fisher will entertain eight guests at luncheon Saturday at her home in honor of her daughter, Jane, St. Patrick decorations will be used.

Dinner Party Planned.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Gates will entertain at dinner next Wednesday evening when covers will be laid for eight.

Bridge Club Meets.

Miss Catherine Thummel entertained the members of her bridge club this afternoon at her home.

When blankets are being washed remember that the rinsing water must be soapy in order to make them light and fluffy. Another point is that all the waters in which the blankets are washed should be of the same temperature.

Always, save scraps of soap; put in a jar and fill with water. Just as good as washing powder.

Personals

Governor S. R. McKelvie spent Thursday in Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Flynn returned Tuesday from six weeks in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Reed and Miss Erna Reed are to leave for Excelsior Springs next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Burt Patrick have returned from a five weeks trip on the Pacific coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lehr of Hawarden, Ia., will spend the week-end here with the parents of Mrs. Lehr, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. White.

Announcement is made of the birth of a daughter, Nancy Rockwell, to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Norton, March 9, at the Stewart hospital.

Mrs. Lee Huff arrives Saturday from a two months' stay in California. Mr. Huff returned earlier in the week. Mrs. Huff stopped for a few days in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. J. T. Stewart and her daughter, Jane, returned Wednesday morning from Chicago, where they spent a few days with Mrs. Harry Wilkins. Mr. Stewart, who has been on a short trip to California, returned to Omaha Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Head and daughter, Miss Vernelle, are planning a trip to White Sulphur Springs, aV., in May, after which they will go to their country home near St. Joseph, Mo., for a stay before going abroad in July.

Food Sale.

The daughters of Veterans will conduct a home cooked food sale Saturday afternoon at Rye and Chapman grocery, 202 South Twenty-fourth street.

Officers installed at the March meeting include Mrs. Alton F. Munnell, president; Mrs. Nellie Wamsley, senior vice president; Mrs. Anna Clausen, junior vice president; Mrs. Catherine Yost, secretary; Mrs. Eva Rye, treasurer; Mrs. Grace Lowe, chaplain; Mrs. Elsie Stiles, guard; Mrs. Etta Fuller, guide; the Misses Ora Johnston, Inez Bolin and Sophia Schneider, council members.

Musicale at House of Hope.

A saxophone concert will be given Sunday evening, 6 o'clock, at the House of Hope, 7915 North Thirtieth street, by Professor Frank Henry and his pupils.

Things You'll Love To Make

If you are looking for something "different" make some Appliqued Lingerie. For each ornament shown cut a two-inch circle of one color and a one-inch circle of another color. Hemstitch by hand or machine the smaller one to the larger. Cut three leaf-shaped pieces and join them to the underside of the large circle. If you use pastel shades of green for the leaves, pink and lavender for the flower, the effect will be most dainty. Hemstitch these flower motives to the bodies of your chemise to your gown or bandeaux. With the use of other color combinations and simple geometric forms charming Appliqued Lingerie is made.

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Problems That Perplex

Answered by
BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A Worthless Suitor.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going about with a man for two years. He always said he loved me and I loved him. My parents also liked him. Now they are dead and he has told me his family objects to his marrying me because I am poor. Is there such a thing as love? I hardly believe so. If there is, why did he listen to his parents and leave me heartbroken?

SORROWFUL.

The man for whom you're mourning isn't worth another thought, my dear. He was either a weakling who hadn't enough strength and courage to make a fight for you, or a mercenary creature who was easily persuaded to look for a richer wife than you. I'm sure you are a fine, sweet girl, worthy of a true devotion. The man who failed you when you needed him so would have made you miserable once you had entrusted your life's happiness to him. Try to believe that you are well rid of him and that you will meet with a kinder fate than becoming his wife.

Asking the Girl.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going about with a girl for about six months and would like to know if she cares enough for me to warrant my continuing. I have always appreciated being in her company and have learned to love her very dearly, but I cannot understand why she does not express herself as to whether she cares for me or not.

ANXIOUS.

Suppose instead of asking me whether or not your sweetheart cares for you, you ask her. This may be all she is waiting for. Why should you expect a delicate young girl, who has been reared to be reserved and dignified, to tell you of her devotion until it is asked for?

Simple Arithmetic.

Visitor: "To what do you attribute the fact that today you have attained the great age of 102?" The oldest villager: "Becoz Oi was born a long time back, my boy."

Brown Eyes: I do not know anything about the company you wrote to. The most helpful suggestion I can make is that you see the Woman's Exchange authorities. Their place of business is at 1517 Douglas street, second floor. They might be interested in your work.

H. O.: It is certainly not your move. If the man wants to know you better he will find the way. If he doesn't, anything you might do would not help your case. He would only think you silly if you pursued him.

Junebug: I do not know the law in Iowa on the subject you mention. Write the attorney general of Iowa, at the Des Moines capitol. He will gladly give you the information without charge.

Forget-Me-Nots: Watch The Bee fashions for spring styles. I would not listen to gossip about the boys you are going with. You probably know them better than the people who talk about them. You ask if you should apologize for not kissing some boys. I think you should apologize to me for asking such a March baking."

F. H.: You know if you read my columns regularly, that I do not bring about acquaintances between people I do not know.

My Marriage Problems

Adele Garrison's New Phase of
"Revelations of a Wife"
(Copyright, 1922.)

Who Was It Telephoned Dicky the News?

People were passing in the hotel corridor outside my open door, and Dicky did not speak, nor did he give me a chance to utter a word even if I had wished to do so. He swung himself deftly through the door, closed it after him, and stared at me in amazement for a second.

"For the love of Mike, Madge, how did this happen, and why didn't you wire me?" he demanded with the usual masculine proceeding of fixing the blame first and administering the comfort later. Then he must have seen how near I was to tears, for he suddenly opened his arms, swept me into them, carried me to a big chair, and seated himself in it, still holding me.

"What you need," he announced cheerily, "is a good, comfortable cry, so go to it. This coat's rainproof, and here's a hanky."

He put into my hand one of his own big linen handkerchiefs, and the humorous flourish with which he embroidered the act had the effect which I fancy he secretly intended, and I burst out lauging instead of crying.

Madge Is Puzzled.

Dicky echoed my laughter, potently relieved, but he held me close until my rather hysterical outburst had ceased. When I put up the handkerchief to wipe away the tears the laughter had brought to my eyes, I slipped off the bandage from the injured eye and forehead, and heard Dicky give a dismayed gasp.

"God gracious, Madge! Have you had a doctor? Are you sure there isnt a fracture somewhere? Here! Let me get up. This must be seen to right away."

I put my hands on his shoulders restrainingly.

"Listen," I admonished, purposely using one of his especial aversions in words. "I have had a doctor. The house physician examined the injury very carefully, and he says it is not serious. In fact, the only reason he wishes me to stay here for a day or two is on account of the shock. And there was no reason for my wiring and frightening you. You didn't much expect me home until tomorrow. And—now it's my turn to ask questions, and I warn you that I shall give you no mercy until you answer them. How in the world did you know what had happened, and where I was, and how did you get here so quickly?"

I was indeed wild with curiosity. Dicky must have had some imperative summons from some one who knew exactly where I was. And I knew of no one save the mysterious foreigner whom I had met on the train, who even knew that I was in the city. It must have been he who had notified Dickey, and I paid a mental tribute to his powers as a sleuth. My efforts to elude him, of which I had been so proud, had been utterly useless. I listened with all my ears for Dicky's first words, and was utterly taken back and amazed when I heard them.

Dicky Explains.

"Why, some woman, I couldn't quite catch her name, called up the Leffleys, and asked them to send for me, said she would call up again in 20 minutes. She must know the neighborhood down there, for that's a correct estimate of the time it generally takes for the Leffleys to notify us, and for use to get to the telephone. If we ever get a 'phone put in—but I'll not tantalize you with remarks about that now."

He drew a deep breath and went on:

"Anyhow, over I went, to hear a most dulcet contralto voice sweetly inquiring if I were Mr. Richard Graham. And then she sprang the pleasant news that you had met with an accident, that some friends had taken care of you and escorted you to this hotel, where I would find you. Believe me, the next few minutes were serious ones. I did the tallest kind of lying of my life to convince Mother that it was a most important business matter which called me into town. I think she's still divided between two theories—one that you're in some morgue, and the other that some wicked luring woman has asked me to dine and dance with her while you're temporarily off watch."

My thoughts were whiling madly by this time. A woman had telephoned, a woman who said friends had cared for me, and had taken me to the hotel. What—Dicky took a fresh breath and began again.

"Of course, there was no use my handing old Lil any spiel like that. I told her the truth, and she's very much on the job until I get back again. I promised to wire her as soon as I found you, phrasing it so Mother won't catch on to anything. Guess I'd better attend to that right now."

He rose, put me back in the chair with infinite care and strode to the wall telephone.

"Take a telegram, please," he directed crisply.

I had no ears for the short, simple message he sent to Lillian. All my thoughts were engaged with a puzzling question.

Why had the mysterious foreigner not telephoned Dicky himself?

"Was it because he feared to trust his voice to Dicky's critical ears and—perhaps—knowledge—over a telephone?

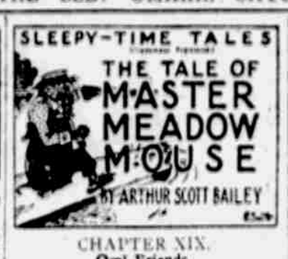
Parents' Problems

Is chewing gum bad for children?

The general consensus of opinion is that children should not chew gum. It is bad for their teeth, and it is worse still for their digestion—since it causes an undue flow of saliva.

Cocoanut Cream Tarts.

One pint rich milk, using part cream, yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one tablespoonful corn starch, one-half cupful cocoanut. Cook in a double boiler until thick and smooth, and just before taking from the fire add the beaten whites of two eggs. Flavor with orange. Line patty pans with rich pie crust and bake. Set aside until ready to use. Then fill with the mixture. Sprinkle a little grated cocoanut over the top and brown slightly in the oven.



CHAPTER XIX.

Owl Friends.

"There's no sense in wasting our time here," said Solomon Owl to his small cousin, Simon Screecher. "It's a fine night. The mice will all be out sooner or later. Let's go over

Master Meadow Mouse pulled his head in just in time

and sit in that old oak on the edge of the meadow!"

Simon Screecher was more than willing. And they had no sooner settled themselves among the bare branches of the oak when Simon started to amuse himself by giving his well-known quavering whistle.

Solomon Owl stopped him quickly.

"Don't do that!" he said sharply. "Do you want to scare the mice?"

Simon Screecher cut his whistle off right in the middle of it.

"I forgot," he murmured. "But I don't believe my whistling would do any harm. I don't think there are many mice left on Farmer Green's place. It's my opinion that they've moved away—most of them. Or maybe old Rough-Leg, the Hawk, has caught more than his share. Anyhow, it's so long since I ate a Meadow Mouse that I've almost forgotten what they're like."

Solomon Owl made no reply. He was a person of few words. If anybody asked his opinion he was ready to give it. But he seldon gave any unsought advice.

"I've about made up my mind," said Simon Screecher, "that I'd move to some other neighborhood. If I knew where there was good mousing, I'd move tomorrow."

While he was speaking Solomon Owl started ever so slightly. And he cocked his head on one side, as if he were listening for something.

At that moment his cousin began to whistle again.

"Be quiet!" Solomon Owl thundered. "If I'm not mistaken I heard a squeak. But no Meadow Mouse will ever venture out-of-doors if you're going to whistle."

"I forgot," said Simon Screecher once more. "I'm so used to whistling that I don't know when I'm doing it."

"That's the reason why you can't catch more mice," Solomon Owl snapped; for he was angry. "There are dozens of Meadow Mice under the snow. But of course you can't surprise them if you tell them you're coming. You might as well send them a telegram, saying that you'll be on hand to meet them at 8 p. m."

Simon Screecher was silenced, for the time being. And he kept perfectly still.

And it wasn't long before Solomon Owl gave another start.

"There's that squeak again!" he whispered. "I believe it is getting nearer, too."

Now, Master Meadow Mouse had a tunnel that led right beneath the tree where the two cousins were sitting. And he had strolled that way, after scurrying under the snow when he heard Solomon Owl laughing in the woods earlier in the evening. It was he that Solomon heard. It was he that stuck his head out of a hole in the snow and peeped up at the star-sprinkled sky.

Solomon Owl saw him. And he dived out of the old oak straight at Master Meadow Mouse.

Master Meadow Mouse pulled his head in just in time.

"I didn't suppose that chap would be here as soon as this," he gasped. "He must have hurried over here from the woods. He must be very hungry."

As Solomon Owl returned to the old oak, his cousin Simon Screecher laughed somewhat unpleasantly.

"Missed him—didn't you?" he inquired.

"Yes!"

"Why didn't you grab him out of the snow" Simon asked. "What are your claws for? What's your beak for?"

"I couldn't dig him out," Solomon Owl replied. "The snow is three feet deep. And it has seven different crusts, one under another."

"This is a hard winter," said Simon Screecher. "I wish I'd gone south last fall. I wonder how the mousing is down there?"

(Copyright, 1922.)

If coal is kept in a dry, airy place it will burn much better than if placed in a close, poorly ventilated cellar. Coal that is excluded from the air soon gets rid of its gas and the absence of this renders it more wasteful when burned.

Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

At the postoffice this morning the postmaster induced Luke Mathews to move back a few inches so he could sweep around the stove.

• • •

Sile Kildew was taken in custody Saturday morning on a charge of being intoxicated, but he swore he had not had a drop. The wife of Sim Flinders says she never yet has seen a husband that didn't say exactly the same thing.

• • •

Jefferson Potlocks and family are preparing to move again. He says he wouldn't mind moving if it wasn't so hard to get the clock to running again.

Testifies Husband and Self Fight Like "Cats and Dogs"

"Since our marriage, November 6, 1916, we have quarreled like cats and dogs," said Viola Demos, 24, yesterday in district court, in her trial for divorce from Peter Demos of the Crystal Candy company. Mrs. Demos charged that her husband refuses to support her and their two children.