

THE GUMPS—SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

ADVICE FROM A NATURE FAKER

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith

To send the supper up here for Captain Graham, formerly of the air service, and I don't think we will need to complain either of the food or the service.

I saw Dicky's quick brown, and knew that he was annoyed. But I thrilled with pride that Dicky's bravery and wonderful exploits had not been forgotten.



Society

For St. Louis Guests.

Mrs. Ford Hovey was hostess to-day at a luncheon at the Fontenelle honoring Mrs. E. Conde Smith of St. Louis, who is the guest of Mrs. David Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Smith arrived last Friday, and Mr. Smith returned to St. Louis Monday. Mrs. Smith left last evening for her home. Last Saturday they were home or guests at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Cameron. Sunday they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wright, and Monday Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Pratt entertained Mrs. Smith at dinner. Tuesday Mrs. David Cole was hostess at luncheon at the Brandeis restaurant for Mrs. Smith, when covers were laid for 14. Wednesday Mrs. G. W. Stain entertained eight guests at luncheon at her home.

Woman's Club Card Party.

Among the prizes for the Omaha Woman's club card party Friday afternoon, 2 o'clock, in the Elks' club-rooms are a French perfume bottle, Wallace Nutting picture, amber glass water pitcher, Tiffany bonbon dish, cheese knife and dish, lemon dish and fork, dozen glass coasters, Philip pine-made fan, orange metal waste basket, wicker vase, candy, pottery bowl, book on bridge rules, art calendar, salt and pepper set and silk vest.

Tickets may be obtained from the house and home committee, Mrs. John R. Golden, chairman. Proceeds will be added to the club building fund. The game will be called promptly at 2 and will end at 4 o'clock.

Witness Carnival.

Miss Genevieve Brook, a niece of Mrs. M. T. Barlow, who has several times visited Mrs. Barlow in Omaha, has just begun a course at the Sorbonne in Paris. Miss Brook and her mother, Mrs. Edward H. Brook, have been in the Riviera for the winter, and witnessed the famous flower carnival at Nice. They write that it was unusually brilliant this year, with the streets crisscrossed with dancing maskers who pelted with real flowers the occupants of the barges and floats which wound along the canal. Men in the crowd sold small bunches of flowers to be used as confetti, and others sold fans with which the ladies protected themselves against the harmless missiles.

Auxiliary Tea Postponed.

The tea for the Woman's auxiliary of All Saints church, which was to have taken place at the rectory Friday afternoon, with Mrs. Thomas Casady as hostess, has been indefinitely postponed on account of the sudden death of Mr. Casady's mother, a resident of California. Mr. and Mrs. Casady will go to Des Moines, where the funeral services will be held.

Guild Sale.

The Woman's Guild of St. Johns Episcopal church will hold a sale of home baked goods at the Morris hotel, Eighteenth and Dodge, Saturday, March 18.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Simple: We still have five of your questions to answer, having disposed of three of them yesterday. They are:

1. Are not girls protected too much by American laws, thus making them weak?
2. Why do men expect girls to be more perfect examples than themselves?
3. Why are so many men going about with other girls besides their sweethearts and wives?
4. Why are men so busy making money and so poor at managing love affairs successfully?
5. And with all this, why are we advancing in civilization?

4. You exhibit astounding ignorance for one of such apparent good sense when you say girls are protected too much by American laws. Some girls and women are made weak by too much indulgence, but not by too much legal protection. Laws have been made by men and for men through most of time. I haven't time to cite you examples of great injustices to women which may be found in our statute books today. Nebraska has as good legislation for women as any state, but even here there are some discriminations against women in regard to property rights. A man may buy bonds, for example, store them away in his safety box and some time prior to his death give them to the nurse who cared for him, leaving the wife who has made the fight of life with him penniless. He couldn't will his property away from his wife, but he could make any gift of personal property during his lifetime and be within his legal rights. In other words, while our laws protect the wife fairly at a husband's death, and while they give her just interest in real property during his lifetime, they do not represent her in the personal property acquired by both of them after marriage. Our men have always been better than our laws, you know. In fact it is difficult to cover some of the finer points of justice by law. Man, under our system, holds the advantageous position. That is as it should be so long as he is responsible for the support of his family. He is the economic head of his home and must have some leeway in managing financial affairs. Nature has given him some advantages over

the woman and while it works out well enough in the majority of cases it refuses to make a specific case your point that women are too much protected by law.

I could cite you laws from other states which would absolutely injustice upon wives, discriminating against them as to their right to their own wages, the right to their children in case of divorce, etc.

5. Woman has, in the past, been more sheltered and, I think, more virtuous than man and men have consequently come to expect a higher standard from her than from themselves. It is wrong, of course, but its basis is custom and circumstance.

6. Why does man err in what your question means? The query goes all the way back to Adam and much too deep a one for me. Surface reasons a plenty could be given, but you know what they are.

7. I've known some who were rather good at the latter and poor at the former. My own belief is that God Himself wills that we shall progress. I cannot assume to explain the "scheme of things entire," but I firmly believe that the guiding hand of the universe lives and is capable of determining many things about which we mortals needlessly concern ourselves. A final word to you: You are evidently doing some thinking on important human problems, but I judge from the questions themselves that you lack the information for working out answers. You should read more substantial literature. I don't mean current events (though of that I approve), but of good essays (try Ruskin and Emerson) of philosophy, of psychology and good drama. You should read what might be called "reflective" literature. You don't see life as a whole sufficiently. You seem to be rather arbitrary. Morals, customs and things are sharply distinguished by you into right or wrong, desirable or undesirable. But that isn't life. Life is complex and relative. Do this reading I suggest and your brain will expand and your sympathies along with it.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Spigle of Lincoln, formerly of Omaha, announce the birth of a son, March 15.

Mrs. Fanny Manning left Thursday morning for Parkville, Mo., where she will spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur English are expected home the first of next week. They have been cruising in the West Indies for six weeks.

Mrs. George Thummel and her little daughter left last Sunday for Syracuse, N. Y., where she will spend several weeks with relatives.

Mrs. W. A. Redick returned on Thursday morning from Florida, where she has been staying with Mrs. William Swett of Minneapolis.

Miss Roberta Trimble will come home to spend her spring vacation. She is at Downer school in Milwaukee and will reach Omaha next week.

Miss Nell Ryan will return to Omaha the first of next week. She has been visiting in the east and is spending this week in Chicago with friends.

Mrs. John McClintock has been in Camden, O., for the past two weeks with relatives. She is expected to return next week to be with her daughter, Mrs. Milton Barlow. She will be accompanied by her grandson, Milton Barlow, who is at the Hotchkiss school and will return to Omaha for his spring vacation.

Mrs. Harry Jordan will leave Friday for San Francisco, where she will spend the summer with Mrs. J. J. Dickey, formerly of Omaha. Mrs. Dickey has been in Honolulu with her daughter, Mrs. Harold Bloomfield-Brown, this winter, and will land in San Francisco April 26. Mrs. Jordan's son, Jack Jordan, is attending the University of California.

Business Women Meet.

John V. White of Chicago spoke before the Business and Professional Women's league Wednesday evening on the subject of "Taxation." George Haupt, organist, appeared in several musical numbers, and a crystal gazing "stunt" was given whereby the members were mysteriously connected with the firms they represented.

For Mrs. Marsden.

Mrs. H. A. Lowe entertained at a foursome luncheon at her home Wednesday in honor of Mrs. A. H. Marsden, who is leaving Monday to join the Rev. Mr. Marsden in Kearney, which is to be their new home. On Friday Mrs. Charles Davis will be hostess at luncheon at her home for Mrs. Marsden.

Musical Tea Next Week.

The March and April teams of the Ladies Aid society of the First Methodist church will give a musical tea at the home of Mrs. Royal Miller on Friday, March 24. There also will be a food sale. In charge will be the Mesdames W. G. Spain and Harry Snider.

My Marriage Problems

Adele Garrison's New Phase of "REVELATIONS OF A WIFE"

(Copyright 1932.)

The Way Dr. McDermott Arranged Everything.

How Dr. McDermott explained things to the authorities of the hotel I never knew. But that he was able to make satisfactory arrangements was proved when he returned to the room where Dicky and I were waiting, bearing in his hand a folded paper and a door key.

"I thought perhaps you'd prefer that I act as billboy," he said, handing the folded paper to Dicky. "This is Mrs. Black's receipted bill. There was really no need of either of you being bothered with details."

Dicky thanked him heartily, then stuffed the paper into his pocket nonchalantly. "I'll just keep this for a souvenir," he said banteringly, "to be brought out when my wife gets to feeling too femininely superior. It's always a good thing to have a rod in pickle, doctor, as you probably know."

The physician looked at me with a twinkle in his eye.

"If Mrs. Graham is like most women, she probably has a good salted bunch in readiness for you," he said.

"You enunciated a whole menu, there," Dicky ejaculated. "Trust her. No, I'll take that bag, by your leave. You can do without that accessory to your role of billboy. And, by the way, shall I not settle now for Mrs. Black's bill?"

His hand went toward the pocket where he keeps his billfold, but an authoritative gesture from the little physician arrested it. "We won't discuss that now," he said decisively. "Time enough later. The thing now is to get Mrs. Graham to her new quarters with as little delay and coercion as possible."

A Safe Transfer.

I thanked him mentally, for my head beneath the hat I had put on was throbbing with nervous pain. Lillian, with her usual thoughtfulness, had stuffed a dark veil in the pocket of the long motor coat she had sent by Dicky, and with it draped around my hat in such a way that my forehead was hidden, I was able to disguise my plight to some small degree. But I knew that such a drapery alone would at-

tract the eyes of the curious, and I was anxious, indeed, to have the running of the gauntlet over and find myself in the suite the physician had promised us.

It proved, however, a far less formidable ordeal than I had thought. We met only a few people on the way, and though each paid my bizarre appearance the tribute of a glance, quick, prolonged, furtive or open, the consciousness of protection which the presence of Dicky and the physician gave me supported me so firmly that I reached the haven of the suite Dr. McDermott had secured for us without the collapse which I secretly had feared when I started upon my short journey.

The little physician gave me a restorative as soon as the door had shut behind us, and spoke authoritatively to Dicky. "She is to lie down at once," he said, "and keep perfectly quiet for half an hour. After that we'll discuss the matter of the little supper you were kind enough to propose."

The Doctor Scores.

He left the room somewhat abruptly, and I felt Dicky's fingers busy with the fastenings of my cloak and hat.

"There!" he said masterfully, flinging them, man-like, in a heap on the floor. "Those are out of the way."

He lifted me, bore me to the little bedroom, and put me carefully down on the bed, loosened my frock, took off my shoes, covered me carefully, and, stooping, kissed me.

"Try to sleep a little," he said tenderly. I put up my arms, clasping him closely, trembling.

"I can't sleep," I said, "but I can rest here wonderfully, and I do want you to know how much it means to me to have you here. I feel so safe, so warm."

I sat outside the cave with my stone hatchet," he promised lightly, "and many another cave man shall come within howling distance, and if you are a good girl and keep quiet, me and the Doc will be with you join us when the kill is ready."

He tiptoed out of the room, and I lay quiet, the throbbing nervous pain gradually leaving my forehead. It was a most comfortable little sleep that came to me, and when I awoke I luxuriated in the warmth and elegance with which I was surrounded. I felt that the memory of the past hectic hours had slipped into the limbo of things not forgotten, but not too strenuously remembered.

At the end of the half hour he had named, the little physician re-

appeared, felt my pulse, took my temperature, and spoke to Dicky: "I think it will be safe for Mrs. Graham to join us at supper," he said. "She can rest here until it is all ready to serve."

"Which will be some long rest if this hotel isn't a most unusual one," Dicky interrupted.

"The little physician smiled. 'It is like all the rest,' he conceded, 'but I took the liberty of confiding to the chef that he was

to send the supper up here for Captain Graham, formerly of the air service, and I don't think we will need to complain either of the food or the service.'

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