

Society

EGG-ROLLING parties on the White House lawn have been annual and famous affairs. Even during the war, when the executive grounds could not be turned over to the public for that purpose, the egg-rolling still went on, Rock Creek park, the capitol grounds and any attractive slopes being "occupied territory" for the gaily dressed children carrying their baskets of brilliant eggs.

Omaha is to have an egg-rolling party this year, not as a city, but as a group. Children of the Unitarians will be entertained at the home of Mrs. N. P. Dodge, 204 South Fourth street, Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Mrs. R. B. Lutton is in charge. Eggs will be hidden over the lawn and the 50 children expected will go forth with their pretty baskets for the hunt. All eggs found will be returned to a large basket and divided. Then will come the egg-rolling up a slope, the winner of the contest being the child who gets his egg up first and in the best condition. No prize will be given.

Charles Reed to Marry Florida Girl.

A wedding of interest to Nebraska readers is that of Miss Georgia Elizabeth Lunnus of Miami, Fla., and Charles S. Reed of Lincoln which will take place at the First Baptist church Wednesday, April 5. Miss Lunnus and her mother, Mrs. James Lunnus, were visitors in Lincoln last fall. The romance had its beginning during the war when Mr. Reed was stationed at Miami. He acquired a name in the last session of the state legislature as the youngest member.

Engagement Announced.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Christofferson announce the engagement of their daughter, Helen, to Jack M. Dunleavy of Minneapolis. No date is set for the wedding.

Tea for Brides-Elect.

Mrs. George Plack was hostess this afternoon at a pretty tea honoring Miss Ruth McCoy and Miss Ruth Carter, two of the spring brides. The house was decorated with pink roses and snapdragons. Pouring were Mrs. Charles Grinnell and Mrs. Frank McCoy. Assisting were the Mesdames Miles McFadden, Edwin Davis, the Misses Emily Keller, Marian Coad, Irene Carter, Elizabeth Barker, Ruth Grinnell and Evelyn Ledwich. About 100 guests were present.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Gilchrist returned the end of the week from Excelsior Springs.

Twin boys were born to Mr. and Mrs. T. Glen Pettigrew Sunday at the Clarkson hospital.

Mrs. John Nearhood of Minneapolis, former of Omaha, is visiting Mrs. H. D. Rhoades.

Conrad Young returned Tuesday morning from Excelsior Springs, where he spent the week-end.

Mrs. A. E. Farrell left Sunday evening for Keokuk, Ia., to attend the funeral of Mrs. Ida F. Davis.

Ernest Pegau, Billy Hynes and Nelson Updike, jr., returned yesterday to the Hill school to begin the spring term.

Miss Pauline Nason left Monday for Fort Leavenworth, where she will visit Major and Mrs. J. R. Allen for 10 days.

Mrs. H. S. Clarke, jr., and her daughter, Mary, who have been at Atlantic City for several weeks, will return Sunday.

Mrs. Henry Hart gave a bridge party yesterday for Miss Geraldine Hess, who is to be married soon after Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ayrig of Stramford, Vt., are spending several days here with Mrs. Richard Hall and Miss Dorothy Hall.

Mrs. Leonard Hertz and her small son, Leonard, jr., will leave Wednesday for a three weeks' trip to California and Washington, where they will visit relatives.

Among Omaha people who are spending the week at Excelsior Springs are Mrs. Arthur Mullen and the Messrs. and Mesdames C. R. Wilson, S. A. Houser and S. Pells.

Mrs. John McCague will leave for Chicago Thursday, where she will spend three weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hollinger.

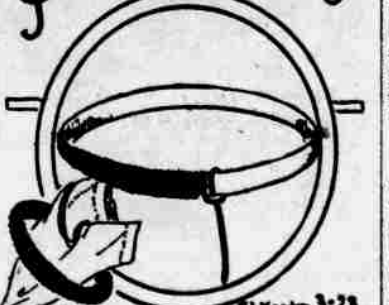
In honor of Mrs. Richard Bennett of Lincoln, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. Lyman Shugart of Council Bluffs, Mrs. Thomas Greene was hostess at luncheon at the Brantley tea room Tuesday noon.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur English returned home last Thursday from a six weeks' cruise in the West Indies. They spent some time in New York and also in Ohio visiting relatives before they came back to Omaha.

Mrs. Bertha Clark Hughes, supreme president of the P. E. O., has left for Salt Lake City and various points in California on a three weeks' tour. She will speak before the branches of the P. E. O. and will attend their state meeting in Los Angeles.

Things You'll Love To Make

Guest Napkin Rings



When guests are visiting at your home it is nice to have a napkin ring for each one. Here are guest napkin rings that are very inexpensive and easy to make. Use as the foundation small brass curtain or ivory rings. Cover them with raffia, ribbon or colored cord. Place one end of a strand of the raffia along the lower edge of the ring; hold it in place with the thumb of your left hand. Then buttonhole over it. Continue until the ring is closely covered. The diagram in the center of the large ring shows the looping of the raffia. You will find a number of these attractive guest napkin rings a great convenience.

Club Convention Soloist



Miss Mabel Dattel

Miss Mabel Dattel of North Bend, Neb., will be a soloist at the third district club convention in Wayne, April 19. She sang Monday afternoon of this week for the Fremont Woman's club, giving seven delightful numbers. Miss Dattel is well known in Omaha, where she was formerly a student at Brownell Hall and a voice pupil of Miss Mary Munchhoff.

College Women Attend Convention.

Mesdames J. E. Wallace, Sanford Hudson, Herbert C. Woodland, S. M. Cronk, J. C. McClure, A. F. Harrington, H. H. Henningson, Charles Hawley, Victor West and other members, members of the Omaha College club, left yesterday for Kansas City, where they will attend the national convention of the American Association of University Women, April 5-8.

First Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kuklin celebrated the first anniversary of their wedding Monday evening at their home. The entertainment consisted of cards and dancing.

Presbyterian Aid Society.

The regular meeting of the Woman's Aid society of the First Presbyterian church will be preceded by luncheon at 12:30 o'clock Friday at the church.

For Miss Cooke.

Mrs. Guy Kiddoo was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon for Miss Lydia Cooke of Portland, Me., who is visiting Mrs. Sanford Gifford. Covers were laid for 12.

Bird Houses Now

By JEAN TRUE.

Do you really love the birds? If you do, hang bird houses in your trees, mount bird houses on standards or otherwise place tiny little structures in nooks and corners where the birds may find them. Bird houses will help to beautify your garden and will help you to make neighbors with the birds themselves. These little creatures in turn will help to protect your trees and shrubs from insects that may otherwise infest them. They will fill the air with song and thus add refinement to your grounds.

If you do not care to purchase bird houses, get busy and make what you wish. Only do it now. The birds are coming every day.

(The Omaha Bee has secured the services of Jean True, who has prepared a series of articles on "The House and Its Surroundings." She will discuss in the columns of The Omaha Bee questions relating to gardens, lawns, the house and its interior—art in the home will be emphasized. The Omaha Bee wishes to set of real assistance to Omaha readers and all our readers in general. If you have a problem and need assistance, write a letter and address it to Miss True, in care of The Bee.)

Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

What to Wear.

Dear Miss Fairfax: May I also beg for some advice? My problem is clothes. I have been thinking of getting a spring dress, but am uncertain as to what I should get. You see, what is a new dress is a great event. What is being worn most this spring, both as to material and color? What will be worn this summer, organdie and gingham or silks? There are any material, make and color of dress could get which would be suitable for this spring, summer and autumn or at least spring and autumn? Will the new cape blouses be worn much this spring and summer? I am 20. Thank you. BLACK EYES.

The best material if you are getting only one dress, is a dark silk crepe. Such a dress can be worn through spring, summer and autumn, and even in the winter. If it holds together that long. Henna color is being worn, but if you are having only one dress, you would be wiser to purchase dark blue, black, or some shade of brown becoming to you. Do not get anything extreme in style. Get something with a pretty style sleeve and a becoming neck line. It should be simply made. I think the satin back crepe is one of the most durable yet graceful of materials.

Underweight. Can you please tell me what causes white spots on the finger nails, and how to get rid of them? Also I am 18, and five feet eight inches tall. Am I too tall? I weigh 113 1/2 pounds. Is that too much or not enough? How is my writing? ANXIOUS.

You are very much underweight. Normal weight for a girl your age and height should be 138 pounds. Try to build up to 125 anyway. I do not know what causes the white spots and they aren't worth any effort to be rid of them. Your writing is legible, but not particularly beautiful.

Is He Reasonable? Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young woman of Percival, Ia. I am going with a young man who I think lots of. I also think lots of a girl here, but the young man says that if I don't quit running with her he is going to quit me. Which would you go with. Yours truly, A. GUYTON OF U. S. A.

Is the young man's request reasonable? Is the girl not a fit associate? She is a fine young woman and the man is merely asking you to quit going with her to satisfy his own whim. I would not grant his request. If he has a good reason for making it, I would certainly consider it.

'Twas Ever Thus. Dear Miss Fairfax: I met a young chap through flirtation. We seemed to care for each other a great deal. For the last two weeks we have been going out steadily. He told me he intended to be away from the city a few days, stating that in case he did not leave the city he would call me up without fail. I met him casually

My Marriage Problems

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

(Copyright, 1922)

The Sight That Madge's Eyes on the Wood Road.

Like many another adventurer, the farther I journeyed in my search for temporary freedom, the less joyous and free I felt.

At Southampton I began to wonder how things were going at home. The Shimmeville hills were robbed of their lure by qualms as to the worry which my unexplained absence might cause Lillian and my mother-in-law, and at Good Ground a new and terrifying thought struck me squarely. Suppose because of worry caused by my absence, the watch always kept upon Junior should be relaxed, and he met with some accident—an accident that would be my fault!

My little excursion into the realm of what is so touchingly known among our ultra-modern circles as "living one's own life," stopped abruptly there. I turned the car around and swiftly that I almost rammed an unoffending countryman driving the other way. Headless alike of his indignant glare and his shouted objection, but with a hasty glance over my shoulder for the possible proximity of a traffic officer, I sped back over the road I had come, with only one thought in my mind—to reach home as quickly as possible.

Irresistibly my own actions and reactions reminded me of those of the small boy of tradition who runs away from home, only to find himself drawn back again by a hundred pulling cords. The small boy's grouch often starts with a parental whipping, mine had its inception in a conjugal tongue lashing—I stopped my mental comparisons with a jerk. For while the small boy had to return home, I had to go on. I had to tell myself firmly of yielding to Dicky's absurd demand when I should see him again.

Homeward Bound.

Most women are kittle cattle when it comes to following any line of conduct which comes in conflict with their affections. I have found that out before, in my own experience, and the fact was borne in upon me more and more forcibly as I retraced the road along which I had rushed with such fury and freedom of spirit but a few minutes before.

For, try to keep them elsewhere as I would, my thoughts kept straying back to Dicky. What had he done when I dashed away from his brutal remark?

I knew subconsciously, indeed consciously, if I would permit myself to admit it, that he had not meant a single syllable that he uttered. No doubt, if the after-time time ever came in which we could discuss the thing calmly, Dicky would deny in perfect good faith that he ever had uttered such words. But he would remember them keenly enough in that first minute of my departure.

I knew him well enough for that, and tried to picture his probable action. Would he make any effort to follow me, or would he be so angry that he would return home, not caring for the time being whether or not I met with an accident?

A sign flashed across my vision: "Village Limits of Southampton." I slowed down the car because I had to make a decision as to my route in the next few blocks. I could take the winding wood road back to the farm, or I could continue straight through Southampton and Watermill to another direct road past the farmhouse, the latter route was shorter, straighter and a better road, but something in my heart which I

would not confess to myself, made me turn back into the wood road.

But if I had cherished a secret hope that I might meet Dicky coming after me, it was doomed to disappointment, for though I slowed down my pace, in the fear that I might meet his car on some of the dangerous curves of the road, and precipitate the accident, which I had courted but a short time before, I met neither Dicky nor any other human being. The solitude of the woods, the freedom from companionship which I had craved was mine in full degree, and I felt unutterably lonely and miserable.

There was no room in my heart now for anger, although the dying embers of my temper did give an expiring flare or two at the thought that after all Dicky might be sulking at home, waiting to empty the vials of righteous triumph wrath upon my returning head. But crowding every other emotion out

was fear—insistent, unreasoning fear, growing stronger every minute—that my husband had started in search of me, and that because of his haste, he had met with an accident, thus sending the boomerang of reckless action straight back into my own heart.

I fairly crept around the curves now, and made scarcely more speed upon the straight stretches, for my eyes were searching the road upon either side. I was beyond reason by this time. The obsession that Dicky had met with an accident was making me as frenzied with fear as his brutal, angry words had consumed me with anger. And woman-like, I tortured myself most poignantly with the reflection that if anything had happened to him, I should have to remember all my life the bitterness which had voiced those last words to each other.

Within four miles of the farm there is a narrow wood path, impassable to any but the lightest smallest automobiles. My straining searching eyes glanced down it, as I crept past it, and then with a startled little cry, I stopped my own car, jumped out and ran down the path.

For on that wood path, leaning somewhat drunkenly against a tree was Dicky's car—but of my husband there was no sign.

A Silly Song

By A CUCKOO BIRD.

The neighbors are scouring the country with guns, and axes and pitch forks and things. If they catch old Bill Bassett they'll tear him apart—they'll rip him to tatters and strings. I have been old Bill's pal for this many a day, but I've got my gun down from the shelf, and if I can find him before I cool off, I will take one shot at him myself. For any darn man that will pull off a stunt like that dratted old fool did today, should not be allowed to encumber the earth, but should sleep beneath six foot of clay. He got up this morning a quarter past two, and sent out the general ring, and all of us jumped from our warm, cozy bed, expecting some terrible thing, and when all of the neighbors had got to their phones, Bill filled us with anger and pain. "Go take in your chimneys, you poor nuts," he said, "don't you know it is going to rain?"

Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY.

"None will criticize you as long as you stay a nobody."—Bacon.

If you fear to do anything which will bring criticism, you never will do anything which will bring success.

The man who is a good superintendent is criticized.

The man who is a success in business is criticized.

The man who works long hours and spends little time in a social way is criticized.

The man with money is criticized, and the man without money is bound to be criticized.

Every man who makes advancement has enemies in proportion to his success.

Often these enemies have no reason whatsoever for feeling antagonistic, but they do anyway.

One must be aggressive to be able to insist upon his rights in order to succeed.

One must demand that others carry out orders explicitly, if there is to be a full measure of success, and there are always those who are slack, and no matter how just the demand, they resent being put into place—on time.

But as a man, you have a right to proceed along prescribed lines and you have a right to expect others to allow you to pass, if you find they are in your way, or your "right of way," so go ahead, forget the criticism.

Announce for Wednesday

Orkin Bros.

CONANT HOTEL BLDG.

Announce for Wednesday

A Great Sale of Coats : Capes : Wraps

—Specially purchased groups on sale Wednesday—one of the foremost events of the Spring campaign, offering most extraordinary values in 475 authentically styled Spring and Easter Coats, Capes and Wraps—for women and misses.

At a price much lower than you ever expected for such wonderful qualities

Favored Styles

- New Sport Coats
- Wide Flaring Capes
- Newest Cape Effects
- Smart Wrappy Models
- Strictly Tailored Coats
- Fancy Dress Models
- Plain Embroidered or with Silk Fringes

\$15

Sizes for Women and Misses—14 to 44

— Full Silk Lined

INVOLVING—

*49⁰⁰ Coats, Wraps, Capes

*45⁰⁰ Wraps, Capes, Coats

*39⁰⁰ Capes, Coats, Wraps

Hundreds of them to choose from—

Offering newest styles and finest qualities at

This Very Moderate Price

Just at the beginning of the season—and yet such wonderful values! We have planned this sale for weeks—and after several under-priced purchases from foremost makers, you can come expecting the most wonderful collection of high-type Spring Coats, Wraps, and Capes, we have ever offered at \$15.00.

You Will Want More Than One

So Be Here Early—Sale Starts at 9 a. m.

Foot Fitters

Too many people confuse a perfect fitting shoe with one that is large and unsightly. The truth of the matter is: A shoe that is too large is just as injurious to the foot as one that is too small. A Perfect Fitting Shoe is by no means large and cumbersome (as many people suppose), but a shoe that is constructed to fit the natural lines of the feet.

Shoe construction, in the past few years, has made marked progress toward building shoes to conform with the lines of the foot; and each day more people (many who have experienced the ill effects of poorly fitted shoes—others, through observation and wisdom) realize and appreciate the vital importance of Properly Fitted Shoes.

We are here to Fit Feet—not merely to sell shoes. Dr. Weeks, our surgeon-chiropodist, is in this store to advise you on your foot trouble. This Service is GRATIS.

See the FOOT FITTERS

W. S. Stryker

Douglas Shoe Store, Inc.

117 North 16th Street

Opposite Post Office Omaha, Neb.



Dr. Weeks