Society

As an echo from the Junior league show comes an incident which occurred Saturday evening. Anything to do with a hammer and nails has never been considered woman's forte, but Mrs. Fred Bucholz, who handled the properties for the revue, proved a most efficient manager Such was her popularity with the stage hands who worked under her that they sent her an armful of flowers in token of their admiration. Not many amateurs do so win the respect of professionals.

Members of the Junior league occupied four boxes at the preformance of "Scandal" by the Orpheum Players last evening. The stock company comes to Omaha from Brockton, Mass. Although they were busy with rehearsals last week, five members of the company found time to attend the dress rehearsal and all four performances of the Junior league show, and make up every member of the cast. In the box parties last evening were the Messrs. and Mesdames Louis Clarke, Barton Millard, George Redick, John Caldwell, Robert Garrett, Jack Summers and Ray Millard and Harry Munsey.

Press Club Luncheon.

Mrs. Isaac Pearson of Washington, D. C., a former president of the League of American Pen Women, will be guest of honor Tuesday at the Press club luncheon to be held at the Brandeis, 12:30.

The Press club will present Willa Cather in lecture next October at the Fontenelle. Miss Cather, a Nebraskan, ranks among the foremost women writers of the country. She spoke before the Fine Arts last fall.

Card Pary for Creche.

The Creche will hold its annual card party at the Country club June 6. Mrs. Warren Rogers, treasurer, is in charge of the arrangements, and on the reception committee will be the president, Mrs. T. L. Kimball; the vice president, Mrs. Arthur C. Smith, and the secretary, Mrs. S. S. Caldwell.

For Miss Giltner.

Miss Lydia Burnett entertained three tables of bridge Monday at her home complimentary to Miss Helen Giltner, who leaves this week for Pomona, Cal., where her wedding to Jack Landale will take place next week.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin J. Busch are building a new home at 3820 Cass street.

Miss Zelrina Brisbin, who has been in Denver for some time, is expected home the end of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Megeath have returned from Chicago where they spent a few days last week.

Harry Marsh arrived Saturday from St. Louis, Mo., for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Marsh.

Mrs. O. C. Walt left last evening for Spokane, Wash., where she will spend the summer with her mother.

Mrs. E. B. Penney of Fullerton, president of the Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs, is spending a few days at the Conant hotel.

Miss Frances Burt spent the week-end in Omaha with her mother, Mrs. J. W. Burt, returning Sunday to the University of Nebraska.

Miss Mildred Butler left Monday afternoon for a visit in Kansas City. Since her mother, Mrs. J. H. Butler, left for Chicago, Miss Butler has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Brinker. She will join Mrs. Butler in Chicago for the summer a little later on.

Harry Munsey, who directed the Junior league show, produced last week-end, left for Chicago Monday. Mr. Munsey will be in charge of the Junior League Revue in Duluth in July. His assistant, Merle Ward, left Sunday for Fostoria, O., to rejoin the John Rogers Producing company.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt—Permanent—Relief

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver.

Stop after-dinner distress—correct indigestion; improve the complexion—brighten the eyes.

Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

ADVERTISEMENT.

YOUNG MOTHER NOW STRONG

Her Mother's Faith in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound led Her to Try it

Kenosha, Wisconsin.—"I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My mother had great faith in it as she had taken so much of it and when I had trouble after my baby was born she gave it to me. It helped me so much more than anything else had done that I advise all women with female trouble to give it a fair trial and I am sure they will feel as I do about it.—Mrs. Fred. P. Hansen, 562 Symmonds St., Kenosha, Wisconsin.

A medicine that has been in use nearly fifty years and that receives the praise and commendation of mothers and grandmothers is worth your consideration.

If you are suffering from troubles that sometimes follow child-birth bear in mind that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a woman's medicine. It is especially adapted to correct such troubles.

The letters we publish ought to convince you; ask some of your women friends or neighbors—they know its worth. You will, too, if you give it a fair trial.

Gauntlet Cuffs Accompany This Spring Frock

By Corinne Lora

New York.—(Special Correspondence.)—The "Butter's 60 cents today" cuffs are going well. These gauntlet-like affairs, rendered so familiar to us by the grocery store clerk, are one of Jenny's methods of making a twill or serge frock look different. On her most famous model of this kind the characteristic detail is carried out in embroidered linen with collar to match.

It is not only the spring frock, but the spring suit which benefits by these cuffs. In today's illustration, for example, we find hemstitched cuffs of white organdy allied with collar and vestee of the same material.

The suit itself is one of those combination affairs now so fashionable. Black satin brocade is administered together with black Cheruit twill in a way that gives the latter fabric sway in the form of back and front panels. The twill is also inset upon shoulders and sleeves in order to emphasize the reglan effect. One white pearl button negotiates the closing of a jacket blousing above a tight-fitting peplum.

For Former Omaha Woman.

Mrs. Jay Foster will entertain at luncheon Wednesday, honoring Mrs. W. H. Munger of Long Beach, Cal., who is the guest of Mrs. Edward P. Smith. Mrs. Munger reached Omaha today after a visit in North Platte with her son, Horton Munger. Thursday Mrs. G. W. Megeath will give an informal tea for Mrs. Munger at her home.

Kensington.

Ladies' Kensington of Fraternal Aid union will meet with Mrs. W. A. Hostetter Wednesday, May 17, at 2:30. Those attending are asked to bring needles and thimbles.

White kid cutouts applied on hats of black straw for little girls.

State Federation Executive Board Meeting

The executive board of the Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs met in Lincoln Friday, May 12, at the Lincoln hotel, with the following officers in attendance: Mrs. Edgar B. Penny, Fullerton, president; Mrs. James T. Lees, Lincoln; vice president; Mrs. W. E. Minier, Oakland, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Paul Perryman, Ord, treasurer; Mrs. S. P. Cresap, Nebraska City, president of First district; Mrs. E. S. Nickerson, Papillion, Second district president; Mrs. C. A. Millar, North Bend, Third district president; Mrs. S. L. Mains, Crete, Fourth district president; Ellen Ackerman, Ainsworth, Sixth district president, and Mrs. Addison E. Sheldon, Lincoln, General Federation director for Nebraska.

The vacancy caused by the resignation of the recording secretary, Mrs. E. W. Hurst, Grand Island, was filled by the election of Mrs. R. D. Kinsbury, Grand Island, to that office.

The board of trustees of the endowment fund, which is to be closed this year, was chosen as follows: Mrs. F. A. Long, Madison, chairman, six-year term; Mrs. W. M. Widener, Lincoln, four-year term, and Mrs. Thomas D. Griffin, Hardy, two-year term.

Nebraska's part in paying for the new General Federation headquarters in Washington was the subject of much discussion, and it was decided that the district presidents would issue calls for special meetings of the clubs in their districts to take action upon this question and make pledges so that Nebraska's delegation to the biennial will be able to make a definite report.

A message of condolence was sent to Mrs. L. M. Lord, retiring president of the Second District federation, upon the death of Mr. Lord. A message was also sent to Mrs. J. N. Paul, St. Paul, former president of the state federation, expressing sympathy in her recent bereavement.

Bills to the amount of $173.83 were allowed and much routine business disposed of.

Club Women Pay Tribute to Bess Streeter Aldrich

The following poem, composed by Mrs. E. B. Penney of Fullerton, president of the Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs, was given at the Aldrich day celebration of the Elmwood Woman's club May 11 in honor of Mrs. Bess Streeter Aldrich, noted Nebraska writer:

We bring you laurel wreaths, Bess
Aldrich,
On this all-Nebraska day
When we come to do you homage
Come and go again our way,
Go our way, not to forget you,
For each year in blossom time
Shall the echo of this meeting
Answer back in memories' chime.

All honor to you this day,
When life is at its best,
Happy days to us who claim you,
Spirit of our own great west.
There's a wholesomeness about you
That we cannot quite explain,
Like a breath of prairie roses
Wafted o'er our wind-swept plain.

It was in your early glories,
In your Mason family stories,
That brought you early recognition
Of a pure and high ambition
Offered a jazz-swept world a throttle
As from out your own ink bottle
Stepped your ideal of womanhood,
And you chose to make her good.

This your high ideal of woman
In her home and in her life
You have lived in its perfection
As a mother and a wife.
Woman stepped from your ink bottle
As home's guiding star,
Understanding heart aglow
With love that cannot mar.

We love you for your honor
And the way you made us know
That there's more to making doughnuts
Than just mixing up the dough;
That the way to do one's housework
And to drag the lifting weight
Is to get a big idea
And to make it pay the freight;

That homemaking is not drudgery
Only as we make it so;
We may work with inspiration
As we labor here below.
You've lent dignity to labor,
And it's what we need today
To meet the world-wide debt
Of life's toll that we must pay.

The world is thankful in its heart
For women just like you.
We need your cheery courage
To help this world through
In this day of world upheaval.
May the pictures that you paint
With words from your ink bottle
In ways ideal and quaint
Still paint the home fires burning
As the great eternal plan;
That all things work together
For the final good of man
Using words for your brush, splash color,
Still paint the good and true,
Give of your best and truly
The best will come back to you.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Longer Skirts.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Have read some of your splendid advice to others and I now wish to seek some for myself, and hope you will be kind enough to answer in The Bee soon.

1. How long should a girl of 23 wear her skirts?

2. Is a teddy-bear suit to serve the purpose of the old-fashioned union suit, or is it worn over the corset?

3. How is my penmanship?

Thanking you very much.

"DOLLY."

Skirts for women of all ages are worn about 12 inches from the floor if one is conservative. Some women have been wearing theirs shorter. In the east the longer skirt is gaining in favor.

A teddy bear is worn outside the corset. As a rule, though, there is no reason why you should not wear it in place of the union suit. You can buy beautiful silk union suits, which I should think you would prefer if you are wearing them beneath the corset. Your penmanship is good.

At Seventeen.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Do you think a girl 17 years old is old enough to go with boys if she is well behaved and goes only to good place? Also, how often do you think she may go? What is usually ordered for lunch after a dance?

Now, I haven't a mother, Miss Fairfax, so I am coming to you for my advice and hope you will give me good advice at some early date. I have not gone out very often with boys and am very particular who I go with. I never allow them to kiss me. "SUNSHINE."

A girl of 17 is old enough to go with boys if she is all else you say she is. She ought not to go out every night, nor even every other night, and she ought not to keep late hours. A sandwich and a cup of coffee, or ice cream and cake, or some such simple combination is proper for a lunch after a dance.

Seventeen: It would not be necessary to take a present to a birthday picnic, unless you really wished to compliment the honor guest with a gift. Yes, you should pay your respects to the hostess and to your escort as well. And, if some one else takes you both home in a car, thank the person who does that. Don't be afraid to thank any one for any kindness. It is always good etiquet. Respect yourself and be considerate of others and you ill seldom be guilty of incorrect manners. If you arrive home as late as midnight, I think I would not invite the young man in. You might say: "It is so late you probably will not care to come in. Come over some other evening for a call, won't you?"

I. O. U.: An average stenographer receives from $75 to $125 a month. If you are in school and only 16 years of age, you should not be out more than two or three nights a week, and those nights should be Friday and Saturday.

Perplexed: The trouble with you is that you are young, self-conscious and overly sensitive. You will get over much of your difficulty as you grow older.

Lonely Girl: I believe I would try to forget about the boy if he doesn't care enough about you to reply to your letters.

Happy: A girl must be 21 in Nebraska to be of legal age.

By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Hen Tells Tales.

Old Dog Spot came home from the pasture feeling quite pleased with himself. He had caught a fat woodchuck. And that was enough to make him happy.

Spot hadn't crossed the barnyard when Henrietta Hen came fluttering

That was exactly what Mrs. Green herself thought.

up to him. She was a busybody, always trying to get somebody into trouble.

"Snowball went to the village with Johnnie Green and his father!" Henrietta shrieked.

"That's good news," said old dog Spot. "I've been hoping to hear something like that. We're well rid of that Snowball Lamb."

"Oh! But they brought him back with them!" Henrietta Hen explained.

Spot's face fell. "That's a pity," he said.

Henrietta Hen peered into Spot's face. There was something that she couldn't understand.

"Why aren't you angry?" she inquired in her high-pitched voice. "Don't you realize that Snowball tried to follow the wagon to the village? To be sure, they picked him up down at the corner. But I want you to know that he tried to take your place."

At that old dog Spot let out a howl of rage.

"I'll never go woodchuck hunting again!" he cried. "Things have come to a pretty pass if I can't leave the farmyard for a few hours without having a lamb insult me like that."

Henrietta Hen was pleased.

"I thought you'd want to know what had happened," she remarked. "And now I must add that Snowball has been boasting about his trip. Of course, his journey was nothing, compared with my visit to the county fair last year. But I don't like to hear a lamb telling about his travels. Can't you put a stop to it?"

Old dog Spot shook his head.

"For once," he said slowly, "I can't help wishing I was a sheep-killer."

"Well," said Henrietta, "you know you could try."

"It's not a question of trying," Spot told her. "My family isn't a sheep-killing one. I have to live up to the family name."

"Well," Henrietta Hen declared, "if I were you I'd join another family—at least for a short time."

But old dog Spot declared that that wouldn't do at all.

"We'll have to be patient," he said. "The Muley Cow claims that Johnnie Green will get tired of Snowball sooner or later. It may be that she is right. Let us hope so!"

"Farmer Green ought to turn that great lamb into the pasture," Henrietta Hen spluttered.

That was exactly what Mrs. Green herself thought.

"Your lamb can't come into my kitchen!" she called at that very moment. For Johnnie Green was just then entering the doorway, with Snowball at his heels.

"Thank goodness," Spot barked, "there's one person on this farm who has some sense! If it wasn't for Mrs. Green I'd be tempted to run away."

As Johnnie Green closed the door behind him, leaving Snowball upon the stone step, Snowball gave a plaintive baa-a-a!

"Ugh!" cackled Henrietta Hen. "Did you ever hear such a silly sound in all your life?"

(Copyright, 1922.)

A Silly Song

By A CUCKOO BIRD.

The fellow who delights to bluff is riding to a fall. There never was a bluffer yet who someone did not call. Sometimes, of course, he gets away and then he pats his back. But next time some guy calls his bluff and then he holds the sack. There is no way that any bluff can make a worthless hand beat a dirty pair of deuces and a wagon load of sand.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Parents' Problems

What course should be followed in the case of a girl of 9, who being somewhat of a tomboy, prefers to play with her brother's friends rather than with other little girls?

There is nothing alarming in such a disposition. Such a prefenence for boys and boys' games is an indication of a robust mind as well as a robust body. She will change in time; and meanwhile her association with boys, and her liking of their sports, will develop in her a spirit of self control, and independence, which will prove of tremendous value when she has to meet the problems confronting her own sex.

New Members of Chamber Welcomed at Luncheon

New members of the Chamber of Commerce were welcomed into that organization at a good fellowship committee luncheon yesterday noon. President Paul Kuhns and J. T. Dysart, chairman of the committee, were speakers. Central High school debaters argued on whether or not "The fight of organized labor for the closed shop has the support of public opinion," as a feature of the affair.

My Marriage Problems

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

(Copyright 1922)

The Plan That Lillian Suggested.

There was a puzzled, hesitant look in Tom Chester's honest gray eyes as Lillian told him we were ready to hear his story of the pursuit of Smith. I guessed that he was far more ready in action than he was in words, especially in those in which he was compelled to clothe his own valor and ability. That Lillian saw his dilemma, I realized when she spoke again, to me, in casual apologetic fashion.

"Pardon me, Madge," she said, "but I had forgotten for the minute that you know nothing of what happened after we heard Katie's scream, so I'd better pick up the dropped stitches before we go on."

I forced back the smile which trembled upon my lips at the idea of Lillian forgetting anything. She was simply using her supposed neglect of me as a broom with which to sweep conversational obstacles from Tom Chester's way, but I was tremendously glad, nevertheless, to hear more of the bizarre happenings in Katie's room.

"In the first place," Lillian resumed, "as soon as you left, I drew up the very ingenious rope ladder by which the gifted Mr. Smith descended to the ground, after his stunt of staring in at us. Or rather," she continued, with a significant little smile at me, "by which he descended part way. The last portion of his journey, I fancy, was a swift, if not graceful back somersault. We were that successful at least in our shaking of the rope."

"How you women ever dared!" Tom Chester exclaimed, boyish admiration in his voice and face. "The man was desperate as a trapped rat. He might have killed you both."

Lillian's feminism flared in a second. I knew the signs by her heightened color and the glitter in her eyes, but her voice was cool and pleasant, as she queried:

"It is your experience then, that women dare less than men?"

An Embarrassed Reply.

The young chap flushed to the roots of his hair, stammered, then said resolutely:

"I should be a fool to say that after what I saw of the nurses and other women workers under fire when I was across. But I must still insist that it was an exceptional thing that you did, and that the average woman, because of her training, would not have done it."

He spoke to her, he looked at me and his earnest eyes emphasized his meaning. He was stubbornly insisting upon dubbing us heroines, and I think Lillian's impersonal defence of woman in general momentarily breached its defences to admit the boyish compliment, for she laughed lightly when he had finished.

"Oh, we're heroines, all right!" she said. "We'll acknowledge the fact and smile prettily, but we'd rather discuss the rope ladder. It was a most intricate piece of work, of the finest, staunchest quality possible, and fastened somewhere on the roof above us. He must have been in Katie's room before we came up, heard us coming and hiked to the roof just in time, pulling his rope ladder up after him."

"Then," I breathed, "He must have been on the roof above us all the time we were ransacking Katie's room."

"Except the time when he was swinging on his ladder beneath heaven an earth and giving us the once-over." Lillian retorted with apparent flippancy, but I guessed that her nerves were no less tingling than mine at the thought of that sinster watch upon our movements.

Jerry Is Amused.

"Then the rope ladder is still fastened to the roof," I remarked feeling myself blush at the banalty when I saw Lillian's lips quirk into a smile.

"Not being a circus acrobat, I have not yet attempted to get it down," she said. "That will be Mr. Chester's job in a few minutes. You have a flashlight?" she turned to him.

"Two of them and a couple of extra batteries."

"Good." She looked at him approvingly, turning back to me, caught my look of astonishment and grinned impishly. "Think a minute," she said. "A couple of shots or more in this section will arouse no curiosity. There's hardly a night but someone fires at a cat, or a possible weasel in the chicken yard, or—in the case of our neighbors across the road—for the sheer joy of discharging a gun. But the sight of Mr. Chester on our roof in the daylight would be a goodly titbit of gossip. Can you imagine the excitement if I sent Jerry Tiger to get that rope ladder? We might as well tell the whole story to the local newspaper."

"But," I objected, "the Tigers no doubt heard that shot from this direction. Won't Sam or Jerry be apt to investigate on our account?"

"Oh, wise young dame!" Lillian paraphrased. "They did hear the shots and did investigate. Jerry arrived, breathless and excited awhile ago, and I sent him back home again with a plausible explanation of hearing noises in the chicken yard, but finding out afterward that it was the cow. He set off home, trying not to chuckle too audibly over the foolishness of women in general and you and me in particular. We'll give him time to get to sleep again and then Mr. Chester will tackle the roof and the rope ladder."

Common Sense

Do You Really Love Your Home?

You know that you never had any sort of standing in your community nor among worthwile persons till you owned your home.

You were considered a floater, an unsettled proposition, fine fellow perhaps, but lacking in permanence, and not one with the community on civic questions.

You realize all this and have spoken of it openly.

But how much of your personality do you put into your home?

Do you love your home well enough to be a partner to the lady of the house in staying around home enough to know what it needs to be livable?

Not one member of your family begrudges you one bit of exercise and outdoor life to make you "fit" and able to grow old comfortably.

But is it fair, in pursuit of the great outdoors, which it is acknowledged you need—that you take every single minute you can spare outside your home confines, rather than spend part of it in a hand-in-hand effort with the family to get things in shpae.

Every man goes where his interest leads him.

Do not blame the family if their interest leads them outside, since they cannot get anyone inside to "share" in the mutual state of enthusiastic love of "work around home."

(Copyright, 1922.)

Concert Series Opens

Wymore, Neb., May 15.—(Special.)—The first of a series of 22 concerts was given here by the Wymore band. These concerts have been given each summer for a number of years.

ADVERTISEMENT.

REALTY BROKER WAS BENEFITED IN EVERY WAY

Declares Tanlac Is Most Wonderful Medicine He Ever Seen—Gives Facts About His Case.

M. F. Martin, 2116 Webster St., Omaha, Neb., well-known real estate man, is an enthusiastic champion of Tanlac. He said:

"I am enthusiastic about Tanlac because it is absolutely the best medicine I ever tried. Some time ago I lost my appetite, got nervous, began to lose weight and was going down hill every day.

"After I had been taking Tanlac a few days I began to feel better and have been improving ever since. I have more strength and energy, and, in fact, have been wonderfully benefited in every way."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.

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This tells how to build all kinds of sets, parts, etc. Written by an expert and easily understood. Contains 136 pages.

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How to make a Detector and Amplifier Unit. Our patterns are the best and most complete of any on the market.

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PURE REFINED CRYSTAL SALT

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There's a difference in Salt - Therefore

HOW salt may contribute to the difference in bread is graphically pictured in the illustration. In one test tube is shown a solution of ordinary salt with the sediment and impurities common to that grade.

If your bread is ordinary bread, baked for price alone, you will find these impurities distributed through the loaf.

In the other tube is a solution of the pure crystal rock salt used in baking BETSY ROSS. It is taken from deep wells, thoroughly filtered until all of the impurities are removed. This salt is greatly responsible for the clear color of BETSY ROSS.

Salt may be a minor ingredient in bread, but in an effort to keep BETSY ROSS absolutely pure, we buy salt at double the price of that ordinarily used in baking.

The JAY BURNS BAKING COMPANY

There's a Difference in Bread