

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMEN

Clubs

Circles

SOCIETY

Suffrage

Philanthropy

The Live Oak drill team entertained with a birthday party Monday evening honoring Mrs. Laura Cobb and Mrs. Louise Moore at the home of the latter, 620 Pennsylvania av. The time was spent socially with games and contests, the favors being won by Mrs. Fay Wyman, Mrs. Cora Martindale, Mrs. Edward Harris and Mrs. Jewell Shultz. Refreshments were served to 23 members and guests. The place of the next meeting to be held May 3 will be announced later.

Mrs. E. J. Sundart gave a book review of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" at the meeting of the Lincoln Literary club, which was held at the home of Mrs. C. A. Pitfield, 528 N. Cushing st., Monday afternoon. The current events were in charge of Mrs. George Enterline. A short business session preceded the program. Refreshments were served during the social hour to ten members. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Edward Vogt, 1655 Portage av., May 16.

At the last meeting of the art department of the Progress club which was held Monday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock in the club rooms an interesting history of Oriental rugs was given by P. M. Garrison who accompanied the story by an exhibition of thirty or more different kinds of rugs. There were 40 members present. A special business session will be called soon.

The Monday afternoon Bridge club was entertained at the home of Mrs. W. E. Bryan, 255 N. Navarre st., Monday. A luncheon was served and the afternoon spent in playing auction bridge, the prizes being won by Mrs. Howard Enmons and Mrs. W. E. Bryan. The club will be entertained in two weeks by Mrs. Fred Cook, 1994 Woodward av.

The Misses Ethel and Zora Zeitzer, 742 Sansome av., entertained twenty friends at a miscellaneous shower Saturday evening in honor of Miss Alma Gustafson whose marriage will take place this week. A color motif of pink and white was carried out in the decorations.

The marriage of Miss Viola Fettner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Fettner, 505 N. St. Louis blvd., to Henry Davenport, residing west of the city, took place Monday morning at 10 o'clock at St. Joseph, Mich. Mr. and Mrs. Davenport left immediately for Lansing, Mich., where they will reside.

The Married Folks' Dancing club held its last dance of the season on Monday evening at the Indiana club. More than 30 couples enjoyed the program of dances played by Messick's orchestra.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer McDonald, 1814 Lincoln way W., entertained the members of the Triple Four club at their home Saturday evening. The time was occupied with games and contests, the favor winners in the latter being, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Rogers, Charles Van Dusen and Elmer McDonald. Refreshments were served at the close of the evening to 14 guests.



Paris society is gossiping about a sensational discovery of perfume. The Princess of Rospigliosi, an American girl, purchased five hundred drops at \$5 a drop. The perfume is the finest and most expensive in existence. One ton of seaweed yields only five drops of the substance from which the perfume is made.

Revelations of a Wife

My Heart and My Husband

BY ADELE GARRISON

WHY MADGE LISTENED FEARFULLY TO DICKY'S NEWS.

"I'd like to be Rita's old fashioned dad for about 15 minutes," Dicky growled as we hurried over to our home to get wraps for the visit to "The Sand Pile," upon which Miss Brown had insisted.

"Why?" I asked, reasonably, although women like my pulses were leaping at my husband's evidently genuine irritation at the girl whom I so disliked.

"So that I could stand at one end of a good hickory switch with her at the other and give her the tanning—tanning—tanning off the fool starts this is the limit."

"I thought you liked an occasional evening in a cabaret," I said, dimly, deliberately feeding his ill-humor. I knew I was being catfish but I felt that I could listen to many more strictures upon Rita Brown without satiety.

What Dicky Declared.

"So, so," Dicky retorted, "but there's a time for all things, as I've heard somewhere, Shakespeare or Scripture—anyway it's true. Here's one of the most perfect spring days you could find, with a moonlight evening coming on—I'll bet it will be perfectly warm, and time to sit on the veranda and watch the moon over the lake through the apple blossoms, and nothing will do that blasted cat but a trip to this cafe of all places. Any cafe would be

You Don't Mean."

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bad enough on a night like this, but 'The Sand Pile'!"

He paused as if he could think of no words strong enough to express his disgust. I slipped in another scoop.

"It is so bad, then?"

He turned on me angrily.

"What are you trying to do? Did me?" I'm not worrying about the rednecks of the thing—indeed, if it were clever, it would be there might be some sense in going there if it were in the winter time, or if we were stranded in an apartment or a hotel, and had no place like this to go to. But of all stupid, uninteresting places on the face of the inhabited globe that cafe is the worst of the lot."

"Two hot boys from one of the most aggravating restaurants as to price and service in all New York and that's going some—got so much money planted in their jeans that they didn't know what to do with it, so they started this thing out here, it has got the bad things in New York places. But without one of the redeeming features of the city proprietors do slip in occasionally when they're asleep. The food is bad, the drinks are worse, the cabaret features vulgar and sensational without a streak of cleverness, and the prices outdo New York."

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