

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Thompson, on Tuesday evening, to Mr. John G. Anderson. The Rev. F. W. Eaton, rector of Holy Trinity Episcopal church officiated.

Mrs. Seacrest and Mrs. Traphagen entertain the M. M. club at 1951 Euclid avenue, this evening.

The Misses Gere gave a dinner last Saturday evening in honor of Miss Harley. The guests were Mesdames H. H. Harley and E. C. Folsom; Misses Harley, Edna Harley, Richards, Ames and Heaton.

A breakfast was given by Mrs. E. C. Folsom on Thursday, in honor of Miss Harley. Those invited were Mrs. H. H. Harley, Misses Harley, Ellen Gere, Frances Gere, Richards, Edna Harley, and Heaton.

The Kismet club met with Miss Fay Marshall on Thursday. Euchre was played and the evening passed very pleasantly.

The Sans Souci club gave a dance at Walsh hall on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Manning, who has been studying in Chicago for the past three months, will be the guest of her sister, Miss Dennis, during the holidays.

Miss Ruth Bryan returned on Friday, December twenty first, from Monticello seminary.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Janowitz have issued formal announcement of their marriage. They are at home at 1345 E street.

Gregory, The Coal Man, 11th & O.

Mr. Arthur Raymond, an undergraduate of Union College, Schenectady, surprised his family by appearing on Monday for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wilkinson of Omaha, are visiting Mrs. Carpenter at 1020 K street.

Mrs. Robinson of Chicago, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. John B. Wright.

Miss Sherwood of Connecticut, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Lambertson.

Miss Blanche Hargreaves has returned from Smith College.

Mrs. Stebbins is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

SILHOUETTES.

[BY MARTHA PIERCE.]

WHEN A MAN'S FORTY.

"A Happy New Year to you Miss Kitty," I murmured, bending over her hand. I admit that I placed some slight, and perhaps unnecessary emphasis upon the pronoun. I suppose I did look melancholy and possibly I sighed. She maintains that I did—"like a furnace." I maintain that, even granting the truth of all this, it was distinctly unkind in Kitty to laugh. But Kitty is often unkind. Sometimes I half believe she knows it, and is not sorry. But that is, of course, a matter of mere conjecture.

I should not have been hurt, if young McWilliams had not stood so provokingly near, making an idiotic failure of an attempt to conceal his gratification. A man of experience naturally dislikes being grinned at by a young monkey, who has his *raison d'être*, yet to demonstrate.

I have no special love for young McWilliams. He goes through the world as if the chief end of man was to spend his father's money and enjoy Kitty Caruther's society forever. At any rate he is eternally hanging about her, a sort of animated fan and glove holder. I said as much to Kitty, later when we were in the conservatory. As her father's dearest friend I am accorded certain

privileges an uncertain place in Kitty's affections, and am permitted some freedom in offering advice—at times.

Kitty is somewhat difficult. She threw me a queer little smile from the corner of her mouth and a side look from under her lashes, but all she said was:

"How ridiculous you are, Mr. Vandervert."

"Of course you mean 'how ridiculous he is.' You cannot mean that I could in any way be included in this spectacle of subjugation, which is, as you say, ridiculous. It is—er—er—panoramic."

"If being disagreeable is really a pleasure to you, Mr. Vandervert, I trust you will continue to amuse yourself. It does not annoy me in the least," said Kitty, ruthlessly tearing at the smilax.

"I quite fail," I said, painstakingly rearranging the smilax, "I quite fail to see the appropriateness of your last remark. In fact I consider the first part of it very unjust. I think I have been behaving very well indeed. We have been here a half hour at least, and during all that time I have not said a word."

"Dear me!" cried Kitty, with vivacity. "Here is a bud on the Marechal Neil, and I am quite sure there was none this morning. I looked carefully. I was so anxious to have a blossom from that particular tree for papa's birthday. It is the fifth you know."

"You surprise me! I should have thought him older. Up to this moment I have believed myself to be, approximately at least, his contemporary."

Kitty laughed gayly, as only youth can laugh out of a pure heart, at my clumsy wit. That is how I lost my head for a moment and began to say:

"Kitty you are an angel." But before I was quite ready to enunciate the last word distinctly (I knew she would pretend not to hear), Kitty who is grace, came down from—well—from wherever it comes down from,—very awkwardly, stumbled against a big pot, holding a very large, peculiarly devilish, and ugly, but also, very valuable, cactus.

And that was 'the end of that conversation, for while I was replacing the plant, (which fortunately was not broken) and Kitty was brushing her skirts, with much fluttering, her sister came briskly down the green aisle. Mrs. George Judson is a fine looking woman when she is not too near Kitty, she comes close to being a beauty. She has picked up in her looks too, since Judson was gathered to his fathers.

"Mother wants to know if you two are ever coming with the flowers for the table. What Kitty? Have you been in mischief?"

"She has," I asserted gravely, and as Mrs. George was busy examining the cactus, I took the opportunity to give Kitty a look which any other woman would remember.

"A Happy New Year to you, Mr. Vandervert," said Kitty when I went away. She too, placed an emphasis on the pronoun, but it was a different kind of emphasis and she did not sigh. In fact she gave me a creeping corner-of-the-mouth smile and a side glance from under her lashes. It is an expression peculiar to Kitty. It would be simply maddening to a less experienced man. I hope for the sake of his peace, she does not look at Young McWilliams in that particularly irritating way.

SOCIETY.

The Union Commercial club give an inaugural ball next Thursday to Governor Dietrich, the incoming state officers elect and members of the legislature. The reception to everybody will be held at the state house until ten o'clock when dancing will begin at the auditorium to which tickets have been sold.

Miss Pound and Miss Olivia gave card parties on Thursday and Friday afternoon. Mesdames Thomas, Ross, Curtice and Frank Woods won handsome prizes: a salver, a Japanese water-color and a silver fork. Misses Adeloyd, Whiting and Mabel Hays served the punch on Thursday afternoon. Miss

Lathrop who was in Germany with Miss Pound is her holidays' guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Castor went to Beatrice on Thursday morning to attend the noon wedding of Miss Pearl Cotton and Mr. Fred Black. The bride and groom came home with Mr. and Mrs. Castor and were guests at their luncheon where Mr. and Mrs. Westervelt, Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. Kelley, Mrs. Remington, Miss Jackson and Mr. Will Black were the guests. Mr. and Mrs. Black left in the evening for the east.

Miss Kirker gave a luncheon for Miss Lathrop of New York on Wednesday.

LITERARY NOTES.

In variety and worth of contents McClure's magazine for January is notable, as well for literary merit and for art. The first in a series of memoirs by Miss Clara Morris appears in this number, and by the graces of her writing the famous actress gives added value to a narrative full of interest. In this is told the story of her trials and triumphs on the occasion of her first appearance in New York.

Some six months ago The Ladies' Home Journal offered a series of cash prizes for the best outdoor photographs taken by amateur photographers during the summer. The returns almost swamped the Philadelphia post office, which in three months delivered 26,400 photographs to the magazine. The photographs make perhaps the largest single collection ever sent to one particular quarter. It will require nearly a month's work on the part of the magazine's entire staff to assort the pictures and make the awards.

Do you get your Courier regularly? Please compare address. If incorrect, please send right address to Courier office. Do this this week.

The Great Annual JANUARY CLEARING SALE.

Greater than ever this year from the fact that a backward season has left more goods than usual to be disposed of—has made greater profit sacrifices necessary—greater selling imperative.

The Sale Begins on Wednesday, January 2.

And it's our intention to make it the most important clearing sale we've ever had. Come to the store if you can. If you can't, send your name for a special circular.

A. Herpolsheimer Co

Lincoln, Nebr.