SOCIETY AND WOMAN'S PAGE

Miss Betty Paxton to Honor Miss Eleanor Scott.

Mrs. James L. Paxton will entertain for her daughter, Betty, New Year's eve at a supper dance at the Omaha club when the honor guest will be Miss Eleanor Scott of Washington, D. C., who is the guest of Miss Daisy Rich.

Phillip Gilmore Weds Mildred Johnson.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Phillip L. Gilmore, son of Mrs. George S. Gilmore, and Miss Mildred Johnson of Daneville, Ill., which was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harvey Johnson, at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, December 24, in Danville.

The young couple are at present visiting with Mr. Gilmore in Omaha. A number of affairs have been planned in their honor.

John Byron Davis Christened.

On Sunday afternoon at 3:30 John Byron Davis, infant son of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Davis, was christened at All Saints church by the Rev. Thomas Casady.

Miss Gertrude Stout was the godmother and Louis Metz, brother of Mrs. Davis, also sponsored. About 40 members of the family and friends were present.

Following the ceremony Dr. and Mrs. Davis served tea at their home to the 40 guests who were present.

Rockford College Girls Give Luncheon.

The Omaha Rockford club entertained at luncheon Tuesday for the Rockford college girls who are home for Christmas vacation. The luncheon was given at the Brandeis restaurant. Honor guests were Misses Estella Lapidus, Genevieve Ortman, Eloise Thomas, Dorothy Weller, Ruth Wilinsky, Margaret Widenor. Covers were placed for 20. Decorations were in the college colors, purple and white.

For Recently Wed.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Kennebeck of Denver, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wall, parents of Mrs. Kennebeck, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kennebeck of Kansas City, are the guests of his mother, Mrs. John W. Kennebeck. Both young couples have been recently married, and in their honor Mrs. Wall entertained 20 guests at dinner on Sunday and will give a reception on Wednesday evening at her home. Mrs. John Kennedy was hostess to them at dinner Christmas day.

Miss Stevens Honored.

The Misses Winifred McMartin and Veronia DeVore entertained at luncheon Tuesday at Athletic club complimentary to Miss Laura Stevens of Columbia, Mo., house guest of Miss DeVore. Covers were placed for the Misses Stevens, Geneva Noble, Dorothy Guckert, Elinor Kountze, Daisy Rich, Marian Hoerner, Doris Pinker and McMartin and DeVore.

Miss DeVore will entertain 16 guests at a bridge tea Friday afternoon at her home in honor of her guest.

Luncheon for Miss Yeager.

Miss Isabel Evans will entertain at luncheon Saturday at the Athletic club, complimentary to Miss Frances Yeager of Oakland, Cal.

Hadassah Meets.

Omaha chapter of Hadassah will meet Wednesday at 2:30 p. m. at the Jewish Community center.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jones are visiting in Orlando, Fla.

Mrs. Mary I. Creigh returned Monday night from Lincoln, where she spent the day with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Jenkins had Christmas with Mr. Jenkins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Jenkins of Lincoln.

Miss Helen Kobalter is spending her holiday vacation with her parents at Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. M. Kobalter.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wharton were guests Monday of Dr. A. P. Taylor and his mother, Mrs. Nelson of Lincoln.

Mr. Warren G. Pressnall of Detroit, Mich., is spending the holidays with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Dickey.

There is no change in the condition of Mrs. H. J. Bailey, who is seriously ill with pneumonia at Clarkson hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Millard have returned from Marseilles, Ill., where they spent Christmas with Mrs. Millard's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Huff will go to Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Cary's for a dance at the Country club in Grand Island over New Year's.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Brownell and Mrs. M. M. Heffley of Omaha spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Mullen at Lincoln.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mallory are holiday guests in Lincoln at the home of Mr. Mallory's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Mallory.

Miss Helen Gould of the University of Nebraska at Lincoln is spending the holidays at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gould.

Mrs. Edward W. Ayerigg and two children of Norfolk, Neb., will arrive in Omaha Saturday, to spend New Year's with Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Hall.

Eloise Searle, a student at National Kindergarten and Primary college of Chicago, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Searle.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Wikstrom are spending the holidays at the home of Mrs. Wikstrom's mother, in Ponca, Neb. They will also visit friends in Sioux City and Lincoln before returning to Omaha.

George DeLacy returned Monday night from Lincoln, where he and Mrs. DeLacy spent the day with relatives. Mrs. DeLacy motored back to Omaha Tuesday.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by
BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Susanne is infatuated with a man with whom she sadly confesses she has "nothing in common" save love. She is a college graduate, a member of a conservative family steeped in tradition. Luxury, culture, social position are part of her heritage. Woven into the very fiber of her being is a deep respect for old traditions, delicate ways of doing things, refinement and assured position.

Susanne is the oldest of four sisters—and the one girl in her family who is not a beauty and a belle. At 26 she is single, while two of her sisters are married and established in their own homes, and the debutante sister is scheduled as one of the brides of the winter.

Into Susanne's life has come a man she met down in a social settlement where she was teaching last winter. He is gruff, crude, uneducated and with no background save that which he has made for himself. The niceties of life mean nothing to him. He is a mechanic in a garage where Susanne leaves her car when she goes to the settlement to take charge of classes.

Somehow in the strange way things happen. Susanne has drifted into a friendship with this man. He keeps her car in order. He comes into the settlement now and then and waits until her classes are over.

Then he drives her to the garage where her car is kept, walks home to her door with her, and departs proud in the knowledge that he has protected his "Lady."

Susanne knows that the man cares, that he idealizes her. He shows her a fine chivalry and respect. Underneath his restrained manner she has come to feel some of the turbulent emotion she stirs in her admirer. He is a man of 32—vital and eager.

"He won't speak unless I encourage him," she writes. "I know he cares. He is the first man who has ever cared deeply, tenderly, protectively for me. I feel that life with him would be a wonderful adventure. But my family would never accept him. How could they? He would cost me position, friends, security, comfort and all that has made my life so far. Is it safe to risk it all for love? Could I be happy outside the environment which is so natural to me? Dare I encourage this man to look up to the one who may be bitterly ashamed of him later? On the other hand, dare I refuse the chance to be a happy woman mated to the man who stirs something in me I never knew existed until he came my way? Even if I can't be proud of him—won't I have something to make up for it?"

Conservatism bids me remind Susanne of all she has put into her letter—of the gap in education, ideals and customs between her and the man who has captured her imagination. When "first love" comes at 26, it is a big thing—a vital force—and not to be idly denied.

A big, strong, magnificent, brave woman might seize on material such as this and weave it into a pattern of happiness and content. Primitive love such as men and women knew when the world was young was built on such basis as this.

But today we are dealing with civilization and society. They are forces to be reckoned with. They cannot be denied or decried.

For the wear and tear of every day, a man and a woman need a language in common if they are to speak to each other intelligently. And when a man is 32 and has not sought education, the niceties of life, the refinements, is he likely to make himself over and to seek the things which 26 years of environment, heredity and tradition have made part of life itself to Susanne?

Can a man and woman be happy together when they have no tastes, no ideas, no background to share?

Can Susanne revert to her lover's level of intellect, ambition and social usage? Can he rise to hers?

If the gap can be bridged, happiness may lie ahead. If the gulf between them be leaped by one—and the man will not gird himself to the noble effort—what chance is there that Susanne will find happiness on his side of the stream?

Love must have something on which to build. Attraction, loneliness, infatuation are not enough.

My Marriage Problems

Adele Garrison's New Phase of
"Revelations of a Wife"
(Copyright 1922)

The Way Claire Fosfer Strove to "Sacrifice" to Madge.

I heard sibilant whispering behind us, as Claire Foster and I turned away from the door from which we had bidden good-bye to Dicky. So I knew that the veranda gossipers were busy with conjectures as to the meaning of my apparent friendliness with the girl, and my remaining with her. With the knowledge of those watching eyes and ears, neither of us spoke until we had again reached the dining-room. Then Claire Foster drew a deep breath and faced me with shining eyes.

"I wonder if you can guess what your staying here has meant to me," she said earnestly. "I believe another night here alone, with the knowledge of those whisperers talking me over and tearing me to pieces would have driven me mad."

"Well, I'm ver ymuch here," I returned practically, for I saw that the girl was on the verge of an emotional outburst of some kind. "So suppose we finish our supper and plan for the night? I wonder if Mrs. Barker has an extra room near yours."

"Oh!" The exclamation was so filled with nervous fear that I started. "Please don't leave me alone! There's a very comfortable couch in my room. It's fully as good as the bed, and I've slept on it several nights. So if you don't mind sharing the room with me, I'd be delighted to let you have the bed and I'll take the couch."

"Very well, I'll share your room," I acquiesced quietly, for I saw the futility of denying her anything in her tense mood. "But it doesn't matter a bit to me whether I sleep on the bed or the couch."

"But it does to me," she returned. "Please let me have my way, won't you?"

She was very winsome, very attractive in her softened, humble mood. All the hard defiance, the metallic, superficial smartness which I had noticed in her the summer before had vanished. I said to myself with a quick little clutch of something very like fear at my heart that if she ever had revealed this softened, alluring side of her nature to Dicky it was no wonder that he had lingered in her vicinity instead of coming home.

The little mental colloquy delayed my answer, although I did not know I had hesitated until I heard her say with a grieved but apologetic intonation:

"Perhaps I'm asking too much, Mrs. Graham. You've been wonderful, coming up here and standing by me as you have. I ought not to presume—"

"You foolish child," I laughed, putting down with a firm hand every thought save that of helping her. "You're not presuming. I'd much rather share your room than have one to myself, honestly. And I'll take the bed with thanks. You may be as self-sacrificing as you like."

A Welcome Suggestion.

"I wish it were a sacrifice—" she burst out, then stopped short, evidently regretting the betrayal of the regret which I guessed was hers on my account.

"I'll look up Mrs. Barker," she went on at last, "and get some linen and extra quilts. It's pretty cold up here at night now."

I knew she did not realize the reluctance to face the doughty chatelaine of the house which pervaded every inflection of her voice, and I tried to make my own matter of fact as I casually suggested:

"Better let me attend to that, don't you think?"

"Oh, if you only would!" she gasped in relief. "Honestly, it's a long time since I believed in fairies and ogres and those things, but I've revived my childish belief in them since I've seen her. Ugh! She's far more terrifying to me than any ogress could be"

"There's no need for you to see her again if you don't want to," I said, soothingly. "I don't mind her in the least, and I'll attend to everything for you."

"That will probably suit Mrs. Barker as well as it will me," she returned shrewdly. "I certainly am far from being the woodchuck's whiskers in her estimation. I'll bet she'll draw at least one long breath of relief when she sees the last of me."

She had so accurately described Mrs. Barker's sentiments that I hastened to turn the subject.

"If you've finished," I said, "suppose we go back to your room, and then I'll hunt up Mrs. Barker."

"You deserve a medal for bravery," she said, when, after leaving her at her door, I departed in search of the landlady. But I found that I needed no fortitude this time in dealing with Mrs. Barker.

She loaded me down with blankets and fresh linen, and volunteered to let us sleep beyond the usual breakfast time in the morning, both because of my fatigue and our natural desire to avoid the other breakfasters.

Ingwersen Xmas Reunion.

Mr. J. G. Ingwersen has his family as his guests at the Fontenelle, for the holidays. Mrs. Milton Shaw Kimball, formerly Miss Helen Ingwersen of Augusta, Me., arrived last week with her brother, James, who is on a vacation from the Roxbury school, Roxbury, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ingwersen of Elgin, Ill., recently wed, who stopped in Omaha in November on their honeymoon, came to Omaha on Sunday. Mrs. Ingwersen will be remembered as Miss Dorothy Collier.

Fashion's Secrets.

A white broadcloth Russian blouse, with a V neck, had a square yoke suggested by a line of drawn work. The hip band effect was gained in the same manner. A patch pocket was ornamented with a monogram in blue.

A smart jacquette model chooses fancy tan roshanara for its medium. Though the jacquette fastens at one side there is a center front opening as well, revealing a species of vestee panel. The little string tie is tipped with two bright blue beads.

A blouse of printed crepe in a black and white design featuring colored motifs seen recently was made in an original fashion. It has a bateau neckline and a side front fastening closing with a row of black buttons. The front of the blouse was closely pleated. The sleeves were of the lantern style. From wrist to above the elbow they were finely pleated, corresponding with the front.

Nothing exposes a careless housewife as does tarnished table silver.

Christmas as Usual.

She needed some pots and a new cream jug
And a dustless mop and a parlor rug,
And a dressing sack that was free of holes.
And bedroom slippers with real soles,
And her best bathrobe let in the air,
And her sofa cover was a despair,
And her napkins, they were down to three,
And her pillow slips were a sight to see,
And she hoped that some good, practical soul
Would see that she needed a gravy bowl
And a soup tureen and a bread knife, say,
And a set of spoons for every day,
And she hoped and hoped till Santa came
And these are the gifts that he brought the dame:
Two boudoir caps and a calendar
And a bone doo-dad for her hair, b-r-r,
A copy of Omar, making three
Of him she had in her librarce,
And a chafing dish and a silver set
For picking nuts and a cellaret,
And a five-buck box of chocolate creams
And a powder puff (she gave three screams.)
And a calf-bound book by a seer who taught
How things may be won by the power of thought,
Some cut glass this and some sterling that,
She looked them over and down she sat
And wrote each giver, "I must confess,
Just what I needed, how did you guess?"

(Reprinted.)

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

CHAPTER II.

It was no wonder that Jimmy Rabbit was afraid of Peter Mink. Peter was very peppery; and he would rather bite anybody than not. But he had a cousin, Otto Otter, who was Peter's exact opposite.

Otto Otter was as good-natured as Peter Mink was ill-tempered. He loved sports. And his two favorite sports were fishing and sliding down hill. He did most of his fishing in the summer time, and most of his sliding in the winter.

To be sure, now and then he fished along the streams in cold weather, at places where they were not ice-covered. And sometimes he even crept under the ice. Moreover, it is true that he had been known to

The seat broke off; and Peter Mink went sailing through the air.

coast in summer, down a muddy bank after a rain. But everybody knows that winter is the right time for coasting, and the first snowfall of winter the best time of all.

Now, when Otto Otter saw that snow lay deep upon the ground he hurried away to a certain steep bank that he knew well. He wanted a good coast. He had had none, on snow, since the winter before.

Arriving at the top of the slide, Otto Otter found that others of the forest-folk had had the same notion as he. Jimmy Rabbit was there ahead of him. And so was Frisky Squirrel.

It was Jimmy Rabbit who was doing all the coasting, while Frisky Squirrel looked on and kept warm by running up a tree trunk now and then.

Otto Otter had meant to sit down on the snow the moment he reached the steep bank and slide all the way to the bottom. But he didn't do that at all. Instead he stood still and stared at Jimmy Rabbit, who was half way down the slide and fast rushing toward the foot of it.

"Well, I never saw anything like that!" Otto Otter exclaimed. And his eyes stuck right out of his head.

Jimmy Rabbit reached the end of his coast. Looking around, he noticed Otto Otter staring at him.

"Come on!" cried Jimmy.

Otto Otter sat down then and slid down the bank.

"What in the world is that thing?" he asked Jimmy Rabbit.

"This?" said Jimmy Rabbit. "This is my jumper. I couldn't find my red sled anywhere; so I made this jumper to slide on.

"Let me try it!" Otto Otter begged him.

Jimmy Rabbit was more than willing. So Otto Otter tried the jumper and said it was fine. They took turns sliding on it. And they were having great sport when somebody came and put an end to it.

Otto Otter's cousin, Peter Mink, saw the coasting party. He stole up and chased Frisky Squirrel into a tree. And he would have chased Jimmy Rabbit, too, had not Otto Otter told him to stop.

"What's that thing?" Peter Mink snarled, pointing to the jumper.

Jimmy Rabbit told him.

"Give it to me," Peter Mink ordered.

Jimmy Rabbit was afraid of Peter Mink. So he let Peter take the jumper.

"You'll have to take turns with us," Otto Otter told Peter. "You slid once; I'll slide once; and so on."

Peter Mink didn't say anything. He climbed the bank, seated himself upon the jumper, gave a push with one foot, and away he went.

At the bottom he slipped off the seat of the jumper and called, "Come and get it!"

Of course he should have carried the jumper back to the top of the bank.

Jimmy Rabbit hesitated. He was afraid to go down where Peter Mink was.

"I'll get it for you," Otto Otter told him.

But when he reached the bottom, Peter Mink said, "No! You can't have this jumper. I'll carry it up to Jimmy Rabbit."

"Oh, don't do that!" Jimmy cried.

"Very well!" Peter Mink exclaimed. "You don't want it. So I'll keep it. I'll take it away with he now." And he started off with the jumper clutched tightly in his paws.

"Stop!" cried Jimmy Rabbit. "That's my jumper."

"Stop!" bellowed Otto Otter, who for once was fast losing his temper. "Don't you run off with Jimmy Rabbit's jumper. We're having fun with it."

But Peter Mink only moved the faster. He hurried on towards the river, with Otto Otter and Jimmy Rabbit following him and shouting, "Drop that!" and "Stop that!"

Peter Mink never looked back once. As soon as he reached the top of the river bank he sat down on the jumper and started to coast down the steep slope.

When Jimmy and Otto Otter peeped over the edge of the bank at him he was going fast. He was leaning forward, holding tightly to the seat with both his forepaws.

Then something happened. The single runner of the jumper struck a stone which jutted up through the snow. The seat broke off; and Peter Mink went sailing through the air.

When he came down he fell upon the ice on the river and slid along it, trying hard to stop himself by digging his claws into its glassy surface.

He stopped at last. He stopped when he came to a crack and fell into the cold, cold water.

Jimmy Rabbit didn't dare laugh. He was afraid of Peter Mink. But Otto Otter wasn't afraid of his cousin. He laughed and howled and rolled over and over upon the snow.

He was very good-natured about the accident.

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THIRD FLOOR

CROCHET COTTON—Star and Royal Society brands. While 100 boxes last, per ball, **5c**

EMBROIDERY COTTONS—R. S. and D. M. C. Special, 6 skeins for **10c**

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Consisting of linen colored table scarfs, centers and pillow tops, etc., each, **50c**

PURE SILK ROMAN FLOSS AND ROPE SILK—Brainerd & Armstrong. Regular 10c skeins, 4 for **10c**

Hand Embroidered Pieces
Embroidered on select materials. Originally used for show pieces at
One-Half Wholesale Cost

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WE KNOW what you do not yet realize, viz.: How much wholesale prices have advanced since the tariff bill passed in November.
Purchases at prevailing prices is economy.
Purchases at these reduced prices is like finding money.

A Sale Confidently Recommended for Its Values

SILKS—*Lot No. 1*—
40-inch Crepe de Chines. 36-inch Wash Satins. 32-inch Kimono Silks. 32-inch Shirting Silks. 36-inch Fancy Lining Satins. 36-inch Colored Pongee. 36-inch Figured Foulards, etc.
Formerly priced to $1.95 per yard, Clearing Price, yard ... **$1.25**

Lot No. 2—
40-inch Showerproof Foulards. 36-inch Chiffon Taffeta, plain and changeable. 36-inch Changeable Satin. 40-inch Paisley Prints. 36-inch Silk and Wool Canton Crepe. 40-inch Silk Poplin, etc.
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Lot No. 3—
40-inch All Silk Charmeuse, black and colors. 40-inch Crepe Meteor. 40-inch Heavy Crepe de Chine. 40-inch Bulgarian Prints on Crepe de Chine and Georgette. 40-inch All-Silk Canton Crepe, Etc.
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Lot No. 4—
A group of very fine high-grade novelty and plain silks. Sold up to $5.00 per yard.
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36-Inch Black Satin Messaline
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A very desirable lot, consists of odd pieces of woolen dress goods in plain, checks and plaids. 40 to 50 inches wide. Suitable for dresses and skirts. A remarkable value, per yard **$1.25**

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54-inch all-wool French Serge in shades of navy, brown, black, copen and wine; an exceptionally fine weave and good weight. 48-inch embroidered Serges in plain colors. 54-inch all wool checks and plaids, etc.. Formerly priced to $2.50 and $2.95 yard Clearing price, per yard **$1.89**

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