

WOMAN'S PAGE—MAGAZINE FEATURES

SOCIETY

Gertrude Kountze and Catherine Cartan Give Dance.

Miss Gertrude Kountze and Miss Catherine Cartan will entertain Tuesday evening, January 2, at a dancing party at the Blackstone hotel.

Miss Lenore Pratt Gives Tea for Holyoke Visitor.

Miss Lenore Pratt entertained at tea Friday from 4 until 6 o'clock in honor of her guest, Miss Mary Brigham of Granby, Conn.

Dinner and Box Party for Eleanor Scott.

Mrs. Forrest Richardson entertained last evening at dinner at her home in honor of Miss Eleanor Scott of Washington, D. C.

Miss Gilbert Honored

Miss Vernelle Head entertained at luncheon at the Omaha club Friday in honor of Miss Dorothy Gilbert of New York, who is the guest of Miss Mary Morsman.

George Palmer entertained for Miss Gilbert and for her daughter, Miss Jean Palmer, at a dinner of 14 covers and at a theater party afterwards.

Assistants at Tea.

Assisting at the tea which Mrs. S. S. Montgomery will give with her daughter, Miss Beatrice Montgomery, at their home Monday afternoon will be Mesdames H. V. Bennett, E. M. Siefert, Edwin Knapp, who will pour.

Miss Head to Speak.

Miss Vernelle Head will tell of the cathedrals of Europe in a talk before the members of the Ladies Aid society of the North Presbyterian church, who will meet next Friday at the home of Mrs. R. A. McEachron, 1925 Wirt street.

Nelson-Morrow.

Miss Ruth Morrow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Morrow of Nebraska City, was married to Frank G. Nelson, son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Nelson of Omaha, at a pretty home wedding, Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

For Mrs. Cooper.

Miss Erna Reed will entertain 13 guests at luncheon at the Omaha club on Saturday, honoring Mrs. Samuel Cooper of Assonet, Pa., who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Wilhelm.

Shadden-Zulser.

The wedding of Miss Edna Zulser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mitzkoff, and James Shadden of Council Bluffs took place at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon at St. Mark's Lutheran church. The Rev. Mr. Guss performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by Mr. and Mrs. Victor Fleischer. The young couple are spending their honeymoon in Colorado Springs.

Personals

Dr. George Boehler is confined to the Clarkson hospital.

Miss Mary Hawthorne Roberts, hostess at the Girls' Community house, is spending the holidays in Minneapolis.

Mrs. Madeline Krug leaves soon for Marshalltown, Ia., where she will visit Mrs. P. W. Mickell, formerly of Omaha.

Birth Announcements.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Gustafson at the Clarkson hospital on Sunday, December 24.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Schaefer announce the birth of a daughter, Janet Elizabeth, at the Stewart hospital on December 28.

Heads Press Club



Miss Eva Mahoney was elected president of the Omaha Woman's Press club Thursday afternoon at the Brandeis tea room.

Winners in the club writing contest will be announced at the annual banquet Wednesday evening, January 10, at the Brandeis tea room.

Club Department Gives Christmas Party

The home economics department of the Omaha Woman's club entertained at a Christmas luncheon and social meeting Thursday at the Y. W. C. A. Covers were placed for 40.

Mrs. Charles Johannes, club president, who was an honor guest, gave an interesting talk on Camp Pike where she was hostess during the war. A song group was given by Miss Grace Jackson, accompanied by Miss Olga Sorenson.

Mrs. R. L. Prantz and Mrs. P. J. Bernard, past leaders, gave short talks and Mrs. J. F. Dimick, present leader, presided. Each guest was presented with a loaf of bread, through the courtesy of a local baker.

Mrs. Milo Gates will be a hostess next week Thursday at a bridge luncheon for Mrs. Cooper.

New Year's Reception. Rev. and Mrs. B. R. Vanderlippe are at home to the members and friends of the Clifton Hill Presbyterian church Monday, New Year's day, from 2:30 to 5 p. m. at 4334 Lake street.

Check Girls Add Tips to Charity Ball Fund. Miss Dollie Kavan, head check girl at the Brandeis restaurants, and her assistants, presented to the Associated Charities \$72, which they received for tips at the Charity ball Wednesday evening.

Mrs. E. S. Westbrook, chairman for the ball requests those who have not sent in their checks to do so at once, mailing them to Mrs. Lee Huff, ticket chairman.

Suits, Coats, Dresses HALF PRICE. Blouses, Hats, Sweaters. Thome's Shop 1812 Farnam

Genuine Edison MAZDA LAMPS. 10 to 50-Watt Mazda Lamps for \$35. 60-Watt Mazda Lamps... \$40.

HAIR NETS. 10c Elona Hair Nets, per dozen... \$50.

FOR MEN. \$1.00 Gillette Razors... \$9. 10c Gillette Razor Blades for \$69.

50c Durham Duplex Blades for \$39. \$1.00 Auto Strop Blades for \$65. \$1.00 Gem, Ever Ready, Auto Strop Razors... \$79.

\$1.50 Yellow Cabs for \$98. \$4.00 Electric Curling Irons for \$24.9. 60c Kotex, the sanitary napkins... \$49.

\$2.50 Hair Clippers... \$1.49. \$1.00 Household Rubber Gloves, special... \$69.

My Marriage Problems

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

How Madge Valiantly Faced Mrs. Barker.

Even as I rushed back to the Barker house after the receipt of the telegram from Lillian I was swiftly marshaling in my mind the things I would have to do in order to elude Dr. Pettit, who—half-insane with anger and wounded affection for Claire Foster—was drawing nearer to us with every throb of his swift motor.

I must telephone to Dicky. I must get a motor car to take us to some point upon which Dicky and I should agree. I must waken Claire Foster, have her ready to leave in record-breaking time, and I must plan our road home so that there should be no danger of Dr. Pettit's finding our route. Last, but by no means least, I must enlist Mrs. Barker's aid in placating the irate physician, or at least throwing him off the track when he should arrive.

By the time I had reached the doorway I realized that I must tackle Mrs. Barker first. She could give me the information I sorely needed concerning telephones, motor cars and routes. She was nowhere to be seen, although I knew she was busy somewhere about the house, because the old man who had brought me the telegram had said she had sent him to me. I made my way down the hall to the empty dining room, and crossed it to the kitchen door, where I knocked precipitately.

"Oh, it's you!" "Come in," Mrs. Barker's voice, while pleasant enough, was crisp, and I guessed that she did not relish interruptions to her work. I pushed open the door, and found myself in a brightly lit kitchen, with flowers in the windows, and brilliant parti-colored rag rugs softening the severe linoleum floor covering. Mrs. Barker, erect, efficient and wholesome in spotless gingham working costume, was putting muffins into a pan, while a rather sulky-looking girl was attending to the frying of potatoes.

"Oh, it's you!" Mrs. Barker dropped the last spoonful of soft, almost batter-like dough into the muffin tins, dusted her hands together—although I could see no flour on them—and popped the pans into the oven before she spoke again. Her air of absorption was such that I did not feel like speaking until she should have finished, and when she turned from the oven she quickly forestalled any speech on my part.

"Watch those muffins better than you did yesterday, Jennie," she said curtly. "I don't want to have another scorcher batch on my hands. Come into the dining room, Mrs. Graham. What Madge feared. She led the way out of the kitchen, loftily ignoring the sulky muttering which the girl at the stove sent after her.

"I count the days in the fall until my boarders go," she said when the door had closed, "not because I don't enjoy them, but because I can't abide the help you get nowadays. I'd much rather do the work myself, but I can't cook and wait on table at the same time, with all these boarders so when they're here I have to put up with a specimen like that one in the kitchen. But that's neither here nor there. What's on your mind? Bad news in your telegram?"

"Not bad, but upsetting news," I returned. "And I need your help very much. I know it's not necessary to ask you to respect the confidence I am going to give you. I know you will do that without asking." "It's been considered pretty close-mouthed ever since I was a child," she returned with a note of pride in her voice, and I knew that I had struck the right key. "When Miss Foster was in our town," I began, "she was engaged to a physician, who, while he is our family physician, has no love for my husband, because of old differences, which, however, have nothing to do with Miss Foster. He is a peculiar man, and, I believe, is dangerous no longer exists, and he is very bitter toward Miss Foster."

I drew a deep breath and went on: "When he read the newspaper accounts of this—performance, he was wild with rage—abnormally and unjustly—against Mr. Graham. I have just learned that he started for here at 3 o'clock this morning. At any cost, he and Mr. Graham must not meet, for Mr. Graham is as fiery-tempered as Dr. Pettit.

"Now, I want a telephone at once," I hurried on, "a motor car in half an hour, breakfast in between, and where can I find out about trains to New York on some other road than the one going through Caldwell, and motor roads which will connect me with such a route? And will you give Dr. Pettit a note from me if he comes here? I hate to trouble you, but really, I am alone here among strangers—I know I am trespassing on your—"

My voice trailed off in trepidation at the steady, critical gaze she gave me. Had I, indeed, trespassed too far on her patience?

Tea for Daughters. Mrs. Robert L. Robinson gave a tea Friday for 100 guests in honor of her daughters, Miss Frances, who is home from Syracuse university, Syracuse, N. Y., and Miss Elizabeth, a student at Bradford academy, Bradford, Mass. Assisting were the Misses Jane Horton, Doris Pinkerton, Martha Cox, Beth Trimble, Emma Ritchie, Charlotte Smith, Helen Graham, Betty Orman and Josephine Draper.

Dovey-Roseners. George E. Dovey of Chicago, who is spending the holidays with relatives in Plattsmouth, and Miss Mary J. Roseners, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Roseners of Plattsmouth, surprised their relatives when they were quietly married in Omaha Saturday afternoon.

They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Degen of Chicago, who are also spending the holidays with Mrs. Degen's relatives in Plattsmouth. Mrs. Degen is a cousin of Mr. Dovey, who is a son of George E. Dovey of Plattsmouth.

TOILET ARTICLES. 25c 4-oz. Peroxide Hydrogen for \$10. 60c Dandierine... \$45. \$1.00 Q Ban Hair Tonic for \$79. 60c Woodbury Facial Soap for \$19. 30c Resinol Soap... \$21. 50c Beaton's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil Shampoo... \$39. 50c Peppermint Tooth Paste for \$36. Wilson Cleaner, the peer of them all... \$35. 60c Odorono... \$42. \$1.10 Pyros, for the teeth and gums, for \$73. \$1.00 Krank's Lemon Cream for \$79. 75c Stacom, keeps the hair in place... \$69. \$1.50 Van Ess Hair Grower for \$139. \$1.00 Herpicide... \$79.

CIGARETTES. Camels, Lucky Strikes, 2 pkgs. for \$25. Per carton... \$1.25. CIGARS. 10c Flor De Intals... \$5. Box of 50... \$2.25. 10c Lord Curzon... \$5. Box of 50... \$2.25. 15c Straight Mozart, Rosa size, each... \$10. Box of 50... \$4.25.

RUBBER GOODS. Guaranteed for a Year. \$2.50 Velvet 2-qt. Combination Hot Water Bottle and Fountain Syringe... \$1.25. \$1.50 2-qt. Velvet Hot Water Bottle... \$89.

DRUG WANTS. 1-pt. Norwich Milk of Magnesia... \$33. 30c Bromo Quinine... \$23. 30c Lysol... \$21. \$1.00 Vita Vim Tablets, 69c. \$1.10 Tanlac... \$94. 40c Fletcher's Castoria... \$22. 60c Resinol Ointment... \$42. 30c Phenolax... \$22. 35c Freezone... \$25. 35c Nature's Remedy Tablets for \$17. \$1.25 Lyko Tonic... \$98. 30c Mentholatum... \$17. 30c Sal Hepatica... \$21. \$3.75 Horlick's Malted Milk, hospital size... \$2.89. 30c Zymole Troches... \$18. 35c Energine... \$27. \$1.00 Listerine... \$79. \$1.00 Imported Olive Oil, pints... \$73. \$1.00 Bathing Alcohol, 95%, for... \$63.

CANDY. \$1.10 pound original Allegretti Chocolate Creams, Saturday, per pound... \$75. 60c bulk Chocolate Creams, assorted flavors, lb... \$39.

NATURE'S REMEDY. Night's Tonic—fresh air, a good sleep and an NR Tablet to make your days better. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) asserts a beneficial influence on the digestive and eliminative systems of the stomach, liver and bowels. Tonight—take an NR Tablet—its action is so different that you will be delightfully surprised. Used for over 30 years. Get a 25 Box. Chips off the Old Block. NR JUNIORS—Little NRs—One-third the regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy coated. For children and adults.

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SLEEPY-TIME TALES JIMMY RABBIT ONCE MORE BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER V. Mrs. Bunny and Her Ball of Yarn.

Everybody in Pleasant Valley said that it was going to be a cold winter. The snow had come early. The bears and the woodchucks had denned up for the long, bitter months, where they would be snug and warm.

Everybody had expected a cold winter, except Belinda, Bunny's mother. She had thought it was going to be a mild one. And now she found herself without mittens and wristlets and mufflers for her family. She hadn't knitted these things because she was so sure they wouldn't be needed.

When Jimmy Rabbit called at her house one day to ask Belinda to come out to play he found Mrs. Bunny winding yarn into balls. "My daughter's gone off somewhere," said Mrs. Bunny. "Now that I've got all this yarn to wind she doesn't stay at home any more than she can help. I'm in a hurry to get my knitting started. So sit right down, young man, and hold this skein for me while I wind it into a ball."

As she spoke, Mrs. Bunny snatched up a fresh skein of red yarn and tried to stretch it out Jimmy Rabbit's paws. She didn't mean to let him get away, if he could stop him. "Excuse me, ma'am!" he said, backing away from Belinda Bunny's mother. "I can't stay here now."

"Oh, yes, you can," Mrs. Bunny insisted. "It won't take more than an hour or an hour and a half to wind all my yarn. You'll have plenty of time later to do anything else you please. Or if not, then you can do it tomorrow. But my knitting won't wait."

Jimmy Rabbit didn't want to stay there and work for Mrs. Bunny. He wanted to find her daughter and have a good time in the snow. But he couldn't leave Mrs. Bunny's house without being impolite. And Jimmy Rabbit almost never forgot his manners.

"Don't put the skein on my paws, Mrs. Bunny!" he said. "Don't!" she exclaimed sharply. "Do you mean that you don't wish to help me?"

"I mean—" he explained—"I mean that I'll do most of the work for you. You hold the skein and I'll wind the yarn."

That was even better than Mrs. Bunny had hoped. She held up the skein. And Jimmy Rabbit took the end of it. "If you don't mind, Mrs. Bunny, I'll wind it in the doorway," he said.

"Certainly! Certainly!" Mrs. Bunny answered. "Leave the door open, but, so the yarn can run through easily."

Jimmy Rabbit went out of doors, tied the end of the yarn about his waist, and then began to spin about on his hind legs. As he whirled round and round, the yarn wound around and round his body.

Inside her house, Mrs. Bunny didn't know what he was doing. "My goodness!" she muttered. "He's the fastest winder I ever saw."

Soon the last of the skein flicked out of her paws and through the doorway. "Good!" cried Mrs. Bunny. "Bring the ball here to me, young man!"

When Jimmy Rabbit appeared on the threshold with Mrs. Bunny's yarn wound all about him that lady threw up her paws in amazement. "For pity's sake!" she exclaimed. "What have you been and gone and done?"

"I thought—" said Jimmy—"I thought this was a quick way of winding the yarn. I'll just slip out from inside it; and there your ball will be—like this!" As he spoke he tried to wriggle out of the yarn waistcoat which he had wound about himself. But it was too tight. He couldn't crawl out of it.

"There!" cried Mrs. Bunny none too pleasantly. "This is what comes of new-fangled ways. You've got yourself into a fine fix—and me too!" Jimmy Rabbit looked foolish. And he looked troubled.

"What shall I do?" he asked. "Do!" snapped Mrs. Bunny. "You will have to stay here until I've knitted that yarn into mittens."

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"How long will that take?" he inquired. "A week, at least!" Mrs. Bunny told him. "He started for the door. But Mrs. Bunny leaped past him and slammed it."

"Where are you going?" she demanded. "I'm only going home to tell my mother that I'll have to stay here a week or more," he explained.

"No, you don't!" said Mrs. Bunny. "No, you don't! You shan't stir out of my sight. I don't mean to lose that nice yarn. How do I know you'd come back again?"

"Well," said Jimmy Rabbit, "won't you please begin to knit those mittens now?" Mrs. Bunny agreed to that. And she set to work at once to make a pair of warm mittens for her daughter, Linda.

"It's warm in here," Jimmy Rabbit complained after a while. "And this yarn about me makes me feel too hot. I'll step out into the dooryard, if you don't mind."

she set to work at once to make a pair of warm mittens for her daughter, Linda. "It's warm in here," Jimmy Rabbit complained after a while. "And this yarn about me makes me feel too hot. I'll step out into the dooryard, if you don't mind."

Mrs. Bunny agreed to that too. So Jimmy Rabbit left her. And she knitted as fast as she could for some time. How her fingers did fly!

All at once she had to stop. The yarn seemed to have caught on some thing. And Mrs. Bunny stopped to the door to see what was the matter.

To her surprise, Jimmy Rabbit was not in the dooryard. The red yarn stretched away into the woods. She could see, by the tracks in the snow, how Jimmy had spun round and round and round as he moved away from her house, unwinding the yarn as he went. It had caught on a bush not far from Mrs. Rabbit's door.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Bunny. "I'll have to knit out of doors until I've used up all of this skein. It'll be a wonder if I don't have a terrible chill. I'll never ask that Rabbit boy to help me with my yarn again."

And that was exactly what Jimmy Rabbit had hoped.

The Useful Vegetable Brush. I have no doubt that every housewife in the country has been given a vegetable brush by some enterprising brush company during the last few months. If you should happen to have two of them, use one for scrubbing soiled rockers, collars and cuffs of shirts. They get the stains out in no time and are so very much easier on the material than hard rubbing on a board.

Sifted Ashes. The ashes that are left after the cinders are sifted can be utilized to advantage for lightening heavy garden soil. In some localities a market gardener would be glad to purchase the ashes from you.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become. As they draw near to their eternal home leaving the old, both worlds at once they view. That stand upon the threshold of the new. —Edmund Waller.

Out today New Victor Records January 1923. HIS MASTER'S VOICE. ADDRESSES BY THE PRESIDENT. POPULAR CONCERT AND OPERATIC. MELODIOUS INSTRUMENTAL. LIGHT VOCAL SELECTIONS. DANCE RECORDS. SPECIAL ISSUES DURING DECEMBER.