

WOMAN'S PAGE—MAGAZINE FEATURES

SOCIETY

Mrs. Gunther Hostess at Dinner Dance in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. E. W. Gunther entertained at a dinner dance on New Year's day at the Waldorf Park hotel in Washington, D. C.

Miss Janet Jeffers, daughter of Congressman A. W. and Mrs. Jeffers, and Miss Louise Hayden, daughter of Mrs. Lawrence Hayden, formerly of Omaha, were among the guests.

Mrs. John P. Sebree Visits Duponts of Delaware.

Mrs. John P. Sebree, who is visiting at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dupont in Delaware, Md., will go to Palm Beach with the Duponts before her return to Omaha in February.

Engagement of Margaret Richardson Announced.

The engagement of Miss Margaret Richardson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Richardson, of this city, to Eugene A. Mathews, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Mathews, of Chicago, was announced at a bridge given by Miss Catherine Hadfield Wednesday.

Dinner Before Council Bluffs Dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Dudley entertained the Messers, and Mesdames Ben Wood, Allan Tukey, Mrs. O. A. Myers and Mr. Fred Hamilton at the buffet supper they gave for 18 guests Wednesday evening at their home preceding the dance given at the Grand hotel by Dr. and Mrs. Donald Macrae, Jr., for their daughter, Mrs. Clifford Wolfe of Rockland, Me.

Dinner for Dr. and Mrs. Karl Connell.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Gifford have invited 10 guests to their home for dinner last evening, honoring Dr. and Mrs. Karl Connell.

Irene Carter to Return.

Word has come that Miss Irene Carter will return to Omaha early in February. Miss Carter left last summer to spend the fall and winter months in Maine and New York city with Miss Lydia Cook.

For School Set Visitors.

Miss Maurine Richardson entertained Miss Lenore Pratt, and her guest, Miss Mary Brigham, of Granby, Conn.; Miss Charlotte Smith and her guest, Miss Eleanor Scott, of Washington, D. C., at a Mah Jong party Thursday.

Luncheon for Mrs. Cooper.

Mrs. Milo Gates entertained 12 guests at luncheon at the home of her mother, Mrs. Charles Offut, Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Samuel Cooper of Sewickley, Pa., who is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Wilhelm, for a few weeks.

Birth Announcements.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stenier announce the birth of a son, Tony, at the St. Joseph hospital, January 3.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Drummy announce the birth of William Wallace, Jr., at the St. Joseph hospital, January 3.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Age Difference No Barrier.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am about to be married to a nice chap, but there is one thing in my path of happiness. I am exactly 18 months his senior and people say a girl should be younger than a man because she ages quicker. Is this true? I am 26.

My advice to you is the same as in all such cases. If you were 20 and the boy 18 I should feel that the boy was too young to know his own mind. If you were 30 and the man 23, I should feel that you were a woman and he still a boy. But at 24 and 25 you are so close in years, in experience and knowledge of life—that the difference in calendar years or months makes no barrier. The barrier exists when too great youth or too great difference in age builds it. But a year or two one way or the other doesn't set man and woman off as belonging to different generations.

She Does Not Love Him.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Why does a man persist in loving a girl whom he knows does not truly love him? I am 19 and have been going about for over a year with a young man three years my senior. Although I admire the sterling character of my sweetheart and his devotion, I feel I do not love him.

He is well meaning, but I have absolutely no faith in him to be able to accomplish anything. His financial condition at present is such that marriage is far distant, and, as I have no faith in him, I do not believe I can love him. I have explained this to him, but he has only responded with the fact that he loves me. It is simply my sympathy for him that I cannot leave him. DILEMMA.

Of course you can't marry a man for whom you feel such sentiments as you describe. But you might at least give him a little faith in return for his devotion. You need not be a destructive force in his life. Don't tell him that you don't believe he is capable of getting anywhere in the world. This cannot help weighing on his mind and handicapping him unless he is so "set" and stubborn that he will grit his teeth and set out stubbornly to prove you are wrong. Make it clear that you do not love him—but in return for his devotion give at least the honest, constructive friendship of trying to aid him toward success.

FINAL CLEARANCE Shirts Sweaters Thomas Shop 1812 Furnam

Colorado Lump Coal advertisement with prices and contact information for Consumers Coal & Supply Co.

Mrs. Carmony New President of L. O. E. Club

Mrs. Martha H. Carmony was elected president of the L. O. E. club Wednesday afternoon at the Elks club rooms. Mrs. E. W. Shields was chosen vice president; Mrs. Frank O. Brown, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. Irving Sorrenson, guard; Mrs. John L. Niederst, publicity; Mrs. Pratt Harwood, high five hostess, and Mrs. A. Corlke, bridge hostess.

Mrs. Frank Furness, retiring president, declined the nomination for reelection.

Mrs. M. E. Patterson, club mother, and Mrs. Fred Evans, who have been absent from several meetings owing to illness, were present at the meeting Wednesday.

D. A. R. Observes Wedding Anniversary of George Washington.

Major Isaac Sadler chapter, Daughters American Revolution will observe the wedding anniversary of George Washington and Martha Custis Saturday afternoon, 2:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Russell Baker, 4833 Farnham street.

The program will include vocal trios numbers "Sing for the Praise of Our Country" by H. K. Oliver; "Spinning Song," Hugo Jungst; and "America Triumphant," by Clifford Demart, by Mesdames Gilbert Brown, Paul Fleming and B. M. Anderson, accompanied by Mrs. Gail White McCoines. Mrs. R. B. Wikson will speak on "The Courtship and Marriage of George Washington" and Mrs. Gilbert Brown will talk on "Music of Revolutionary Period."

Leaving for Cuba.

Mrs. J. L. Kennedy had 12 guests at her home to luncheon Wednesday honoring Mrs. George Brandeis, who leaves next week for a trip to the West Indies. On Monday Mrs. A. I. Root, who has just returned from Europe, will entertain at luncheon at the Fontenelle, where she is stopping, in compliment to Mrs. Brandeis.

For Miss Buck.

Mrs. S. W. Napier entertained at luncheon Thursday noon at the Brandeis, honoring Miss Helen Buck of New York who is visiting at the home of her brother, Earl Buck.

Honoring Mrs. Sage.

Mrs. Earl Sage is to be honor guest Friday, January 12, at a bridge given by Miss Margaret Baum at her home.

St. John Card Party.

Mrs. J. A. Schall, Ed Dee and Penn Fodrea will be hostesses at the card party given this afternoon at the St. John rectory, at 2:30 o'clock.

Mrs. J. H. Rushton and her son, Raymond, returned Wednesday from a holiday visit in Fairmont, Neb. They were accompanied by Mrs. Rushton's sister, Miss Isabel Putt, who will spend the winter with them.

Friends here have received word that Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Austin, who have been at Wheeling, W. Va., are now in New York city, where they will locate permanently. Mrs. Austin was formerly well known here as Alice Carey McGrew.

Maj. William Irving Shuman leaves Friday for New York city. Mrs. Shuman will remain for at least two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Salmon. The Shumans, who have been residing abroad, will be in New York City until spring, and may decide to remain permanently in this country.

My Marriage Problems

Adele Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife."

Why Madge Felt a "Comfortable Little Feeling of Safety."

I found Claire Foster, dressed for traveling, even to her hat, rushing frantically from her packing.

"I'm going to make it," she said breathlessly. "I can't get everything in, but I can get some stout paper and cord from Mrs. Barker and make a bundle of what is left."

"I'll help you," I promised, to reassure her. "But come to breakfast now."

She looked at me with suddenly-widened eyes in which there was the haunting fear I had seen when she had mentioned Herbert Pettit's name.

"I—I couldn't eat any breakfast," she faltered.

I took her by the shoulders and swung her around facing me.

"Look here," I said crisply. "There's nothing more unpleasant going to happen to you. I guarantee it. The taxi is already waiting for us, and we only have to eat our breakfasts and start. I have telephoned Dickie to meet us at Timkinville, and we will motor from there to Nantucket and go from there to New York on the A. V. & W. In less than 20 minutes we shall be away from even the road leading to Caldwell."

"You mean—" she began breathlessly.

"I mean that you mustn't delay the game by not eating," I interrupted. "I will not stir a step unless you eat a decent breakfast. I won't insist upon it's being a hearty one. And there is not the slightest reason for your being nervous. I'll tell you all about it when we get into the taxi."

She drew a deep breath, as might a child who had been assured of safety from some pursuing danger, and faced me with steady eyes.

"I won't hinder you any longer," she said simply.

"That's right," I said briskly. "Come along to the dining room now."

She followed me docilely down the hall and into the dining room, where we found our places set, and as we sat down Mrs. Barker and the sulky maid came through the kitchen door, each with a covered tray.

Mrs. Barker Explains.

"It will save time to have these things ready by your plate," Mrs. Barker said practically. "Just keep them covered until you've finished your fruit."

She brushed an imaginary crumb from the tablecloth, came around to my side of the table, and said in a low voice intended for my ear alone:

"I didn't intend that anyone should eat in here this morning while you were here, but an old man came in last night after you did, who had made a mistake and left his train at the wrong station—he's some kind of high-class foreigner by the looks and accent of him—and he came just now and asked for an early breakfast, so I couldn't help giving it to him. But

SLEEPY-TIME TALES



JIMMY RABBIT ONCE MORE

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER X

Mr. Crow Gives a Lesson.

Jimmy Rabbit was a great admirer of Miss Belinda Bunny. He often called at her house. He sometimes brought her presents. He even did errands now and then for her Uncle Isaac.

"I'll sing for her, under her window, some night," he exclaimed one day. Of course he was thinking of Belinda Bunny.

Now, there was only one slight drawback about his singing for Belinda Bunny—or for anybody else, Jimmy Rabbit didn't know how to sing. And as soon as he recalled that fact he looked very glum.

But soon he cried, "I'll take singing lessons!" Jimmy Rabbit generally found a way out of every difficulty.

This was the reason why he went to old Mr. Crow and asked him for the name of a good singing teacher.

"That's easy," Mr. Crow told him. "I can tell you without the slightest trouble. The name of the best singing teacher in Pleasant Valley—you want the best, don't you?"

"Yes," said the old gentleman wisely. "Well—ha! hum!—it's Mr. Crow."

Jimmy Rabbit was greatly surprised. He had had no idea that Mr. Crow was a singing teacher. And he told Mr. Crow so, too.

"It's true," Mr. Crow admitted, "that I am not teaching here at present. I don't teach because there are no good pupils. When I teach, I want a pupil who knows nothing at all about singing. A good many folks here in the valley think they can sing. If I undertook to teach 'em the right way, I'd have to unteach 'em everything they thought they

knew first. But with you it would be easy. You don't know anything at all."

"About singing," Jimmy Rabbit added.

Mr. Crow nodded. And then he said, "When do you want your first lesson?"

"Now," Jimmy cried.

"Good!" Mr. Crow exclaimed. "Now, listen closely. I'm going to teach you a song. I'll sing a song. And when I've finished it you must try to sing it just as I did."

He began. He began the most doleful, mournful song that Jimmy Rabbit had ever heard.

"Stop!" Jimmy interrupted. "I don't want to learn that song. I want to learn something gay and pretty."

"Ah!" Mr. Crow replied. "I knew you were a greenhorn—where singing's concerned. Please don't stop me again. I must teach you by my method. I always teach the sad songs first."

Jimmy Rabbit looked a bit foolish as he listened while Mr. Crow began his organ again and droned through it.

"Now you try it," said Mr. Crow, looking much pleased with himself.

So Jimmy started to sing Mr. Crow's song. He made the strangest sounds. Nobody would have known the song for the same one that Mr. Crow had sung. It sounded even sadder and more dismal than it had from Mr. Crow's throat. But the old gentleman seemed very much pleased

He kept nodding his head and beating time with one of his wings.

"That's fine!" he declared when Jimmy Rabbit had finished. "I dare say there's not another person in Pleasant Valley who could sing that song the way you did."

Well, Jimmy Rabbit couldn't help being flattered.

"Can't you teach me a merry song now?" he inquired.

"Now, why do you want to learn a merry one?" Mr. Crow asked him. "I want to give a certain person a serenade," Jimmy explained.

"I knew you were ignorant—about singing," said Mr. Crow with another nod of his black head. "A merry song's no good for a serenade. It's sure to wake folks up so that they can't get to sleep again. The best kind for that purpose is a sad song—and the sadder the better. Then there's some chance that folks will feel so sad they'll weep themselves to sleep, after hearing it."

Now, all this seemed a bit strange to Jimmy Rabbit. But he remembered that he was a greenhorn. And Mr. Crow seemed to know everything there was to know—about music.

"Well, then," said Jimmy, "please teach me the best song for a serenade that you can think of."

"That's just what I've done," Mr. Crow informed him. "If you want to learn another, come back tomorrow."

(Copyright, 1922.)

Favorite Recipes of Famous Women

By Mrs. CALVIN COOLIDGE. Pineapple Salad.

Place on a lettuce leaf a slice of Hawaiian pineapple, cover with salad dressing; over this press through a potato ricer cream cheese and lay a preserved cherry on top. To make dressing for this salad use six table-spoonfuls of pineapple juice, two level table-spoonfuls of sugar, butter size of a walnut. Heat in a double boiler, add two beaten eggs and cook until it coats the spoon. When cold add whipped cream.

Stains can be removed from brown or tan shoes by rubbing lemon juice well into the leather. After polish has been applied all stains will have disappeared.

Large advertisement for 'The Fashion' clothing store, featuring 'The Astounded Eyes of Omaha' and various clothing items like coats, suits, dresses, and furs.

Advertisement for 'The First Shoe Store' featuring 'Genuine Russian Boots' and 'Come In Out of the Wet' slogan.