

Economy for the Shopper

By MRS HARLAND H. ALLEN.

By Mrs. Harland H. Allen, Baby's Layette.

If Winter Comes to Main Street before baby's layette is purchased the mother-to-be can now order a complete outfit by mail. There are layettes consisting of 27 pieces, 54, 72 and 126 pieces. They vary in quality as well as in number, nevertheless, with even the smallest outfit it is possible for a new born baby to have a home to get along until mother herself can purchase the added little requirements. A layette consisting of 27 pieces includes:

- Two cashmere shirts.
 - Two flannel binders.
 - Two flannel skirts.
 - Two flannel wrappers.
 - Two pairs cotton and wool hose.
 - Twelve diapers (18 inch).
 - One cotton wrapping blanket.
- We have yet to find the mother who had enough diapers or enough soft cloths to be thrown away after using, in her baby's trousseau, so great emphasis is laid on unlimited numbers of these useful articles.
- A more complete layette which can be bought by mail includes:
- Four silk and wool shirts, 4 silk and wool bands, 4 flannel binders, 4 knitted gowns, 1 bath apron, 6 baby towels, 3 wash cloths, 24 diapers (18 inch), 24 diapers (22 inch), 12 diaper pads, 3 flannel skirts, 3 nainsook skirts, 6 slips, 3 nainsook dresses, 1 tufted silk wrapper, 1 bonnet, first size, 1 embroidered wrapper, 1 embroidered sacque, 1 down pillow, 3 pillow slips, 1 silk quilt, 6 crib sheets, 1 rubber sheet, 1 pair rubber drawers, 2 crib pads, 1 eiderdown blanket, 4 pairs silk and wool hose, 1 all-wool blanket, 1 shirt frame, 1 hose frame, 4 pair knee-length booties.
- It is safe to say that just as fine specimens of humanity can be brought up in cashmere shirts, flannel wrappers and warm cotton hose with wool booties as can be accomplished with the silk and wool, and tufted silk variety of layette. The tendency of new mothers is to overdress their babies by too elaborate things, and to put too many bed clothes on them at night.
- Added requirements of baby in addition to the layette proper are:
- One hot water bag, 1 carriage robe, and pillow, 1 pair garters for diapers, 1 nursery chair, 1 box borated talcum, 1 toilet set, 1 pair scales, 1 teething ring, 6 bibs.

South Omaha Woman's Club.

The home economics department of the South Omaha Woman's club will meet with Mrs. R. Y. Maxon, 4338 South Nineteenth street, Tuesday, 2:30 p. m.

The subject will be "Efficiency in the Home." Each member is requested to bring a favorite recipe.

The meeting scheduled for January 30 at the home of Mrs. W. Koutsky has been postponed indefinitely.

Royal Neighbors Installation.

Ten Royal Neighbor camps will be represented at a joint installation of officers Monday evening, January 29. The juvenile department will also be represented. The supreme receiver, Miss Frances Robinson of Lincoln, will do the installing of officers. Following the installation a fancy drill will be given by the Fanny camp team.

Parliamentary Class.

Miss Ida Cannon, instructor of parliamentary Law, will hold a series of afternoon and evening classes at the Burgess-Nash company. Instruction is under the general auspices of the Omaha Council of Catholic Women, and the Catholic Daughters of America.

The course will begin January 30, with afternoon classes in the Tea Room, and evening classes in the Auditorium. For the six lessons is the small charge of \$1.00.

New Officers



Mrs. William S. Leete of Plattsmouth, newly elected president of the Nebraska Woman's auxiliary to the national council of the Episcopal church, has been active in church work for many years and is prominent in D. A. R. circles throughout the state.

She is a former vice president of the Episcopal Church School Service league, a past regent of the Plattsmouth Daughters of the American Revolution and is at present state chaplain for the D. A. R. She is the wife of Rev. Leete of the Plattsmouth Episcopal church. Rev. and Mrs. Leete have resided in Plattsmouth for nine years, having gone there from Clinton, Ia.

Christ Child Society

The basketball team of the Christ Child center practices at the Lincoln school gymnasium on Tuesday nights. As part of the boys in the team are also in the orchestra, it has been necessary to change the orchestra practice to Thursday evenings.

Gymnastics and boxing classes for the little fellows have been reorganized and are being held on Wednesday night.

Classes in social dancing are being formed under the direction of Mrs. Mary Quigley.

The sewing circles are going to work with renewed interest on the new material for layettes. This part of the work has grown to such an extent that it has been necessary this year to have the patterns cut by machine which work is being done by a local firm.

McFarlane Lecture.

Mrs. Ida Kruse McFarlane, dean of English at the University of Denver, will speak on "The Life of John Marshall," Saturday afternoon, 3 o'clock in the Brandeis grill room. This is the fifth of a series of lectures on "Topics of Timely Interest."

Scottish Rite Club.

The Scottish Rite Woman's club will hear a program given to their organization by the Omaha Woman's club chorus Friday afternoon, January 26. Mrs. W. H. Sleeper, Jr. is in charge.

Afternoon Cards.

The Ladies of the Blessed Sacrament church will entertain Friday, January 26, at their hall at Thirtieth and Curtis streets. There will be refreshments and all are invited.

Married Life of Helen and Warren

The Depression of Arriving Home at Night is Unexpectedly Dispelled.

"Going to get out or not?" Warren dragged out the hand baggage while the driver lifted the steamer trunks from the front of the taxi.

Shrinking back in the cab, Helen was fighting the sick depression that always shadowed their home comings.

Aroused by Warren's caustic impatience, she stepped out to the familiar surroundings that three months abroad had made curiously unreal.

The same doorman who had seen them off came running out to greet her.

"How are you, Joe? Everything all right?" brisked Warren.

"Yes, sir," grinning his welcome. "Don't you carry them bags, Mr. Curtis. I'll come back for 'em," as he helped with the trunks.

With a strange sense of detachment Helen followed them through the hall and into the elevator.

Warren, always glad to get home, radiated a bustling energy.

"Well, here we are!" when he unlocked the door of their apartment. "Seems darned good to be back."

He did not notice her unresponsive silence as she switched on the lights and gazed about. The rolled-up rugs, curtainless windows, and drawn shades gave a dismantled dreariness to the dusty rooms.

"How dead everything looked! It all seemed to belong to a remote past. There on the desk was the address book she had laid out to take and forgotten. And there the paper and string from the box of chocolates—a last minute steamer gift.

"Love, it's close in here," Warren was struggling with a weather stuck window. "Now, where d'you want those trunks?"

"In the dining room—until I get them unpacked. Wait, I'd better put down some newspapers so he won't scratch the floor."

As she watched the man carry in the trunks, every foreign label brought back some alluring memory of the trip.

Now that magic time was over. She must settle down to the drab realities of housekeeping.

A bit of pasteboard fluttered from the pocket of her coat as she took it off. A London bus ticket! Those long exploring rides on the bus atop! The quaint old streets—the fog—the dinginess—the lure of London!

"Dear, we will go over again, won't we?" wistfully. "Maybe next year?"

"Oh? You crazy! Talking about another trip before we get unpacked? What's the matter with you anyway? Look about as lively as a hearse."

"I—I guess it's getting home at night—that always depresses me. I was hoping we wouldn't dock until morning."

"Well, I'm darned glad to get off this trip. My own bed looks good to me. Twenty of ten," glancing at his watch. "Too late to call up Stevens?"

"Wait, let me dust off that desk!" as he sat down to the telephone.

But when she returned from the pantry with the cloth, Warren's elbow was resting on the dust-covered mantel.

"Line's busy," he flung up the receiver. "Now for heaven's sake, you're not going to start cleaning up tonight?"

"I must wipe off the worst of this—we can't lay anything down. Just look at that chair arm!"

"Well, what of it? Got somebody coming tomorrow, haven't you?"

"I hope so, I sent Mrs. O'Grady a special delivery from the dock. And this floor! How does it get so gritty when everything's closed up?"

"How about the mail?" with exasperating unconcern. "Guess the superintendent's got it. I'll phone down."

"Wait, dear, open the trunks first."

"See here, you're not going to start unpacking now?"

"I've got to get some things for the night. And I want to hang up my dresses. The way that inspector jammed them back. He was horrid! He made hardly any allowance for wear—and I've worn almost everything I bought."

"Well, we got off pretty easy," tugging at a trunk strap. "Forty dollars duty wasn't much to pay on all the stuff you carted back."

"You always make me declare everything! Nobody else does—not all the things they've worn."

"Makes no difference what anybody else does," sternly. "We're not going to do any smuggling to save a few dollars."

"I don't call that smuggling," with feminine lawlessness. "Dear, put these in the bathroom, handing him his shaving things from the suitcase."

"And wait, take this," throwing his bathrobe over his arm.

"Holy smoke, this light's on!" he shouted back. "You haven't been in here, have you?"

"The light on! Helen flew to the bathroom door."

"Oh, she gasped. "You don't mean it's been burning ever since—"

"Looks like it," grimly. "Unless you've just turned it on."

"No—no, I haven't been near here! Oh, how could it have happened? I'm always so careful to see that all the water and lights are off!"

"Well, you weren't so blamed careful this time! That meter's been working day and night—ever since we left. Running up a whale of a bill."

"And it's a 40-watt!" looking up at the large frosted bulb. "Think of it burning three months! I wouldn't have enjoyed a moment of the trip if I'd known."

"Then good thing you didn't know. Well, no use stewing over it now."

"How much do you think the bill will be? About?" at his disclaiming shrug.

"How in blazes do I know? Now forget it, I tell you. Come on, let's get things straight and turn in."

Forget it! Forget that light-burning ever since they left! All the time they were in Holland—Paris—London! All those days on the steamer!

She thought of her little economies during the trip—and every moment this 40-watt bulb had been consuming money. That remorseless meter registering day and night!

"Well, the water hasn't been running, that's certain," grunted Warren, as a rusty stream splattered from the faucet when he started to wash his hands.

"If it had only been a smaller bulb!" deplored Helen. "25-watt is all anyone has in a bathroom—but you always want such a strong light."

"You bet I do—and I'll have it, too! Got to see to shave. But you needn't leave it burning for three months. Who the deuce is that?" he stalked out to answer the bell.

Recognizing the superintendent's voice, Helen ran out to the hall.

"Glad to see you back, Mrs. Curtis. Just come up to bring your mail. I hope you found everything all right."

"Oh, Mr. Thompson—the light in the bathroom! It's been burning all the time we were gone! I don't know how we happened to leave it on. I've never done such a thing before."

"Why no, Mrs. Curtis that light's not been burning. I turned off both the light and water the day after you sailed. Just turned them on tonight—when I saw them bringing in your trunks."

"But how—how could you?" stammered Helen. "You haven't a key!"

That he had bought at an expensive Piccadilly shop.

The superintendent, beaming his thanks, said he would be up in the morning to see if anything was needed.

"Oh, I never was so thankful for anything! He does look after things," enthused Helen, as the hall door closed. "I'd have been just sick over that light."

"Where'd you get those ties you gave him?" demanded Warren. Looked like some I got at Morgan and Ball's."

"Yes, dear, they were. But the pipe I brought him didn't seem enough after he'd saved us all that—"

"Well, you've got a nerve. But a lot of cheap junk for presents—too blamed stingy to get anything decent! Then you're ashamed to give 'em—and you hand out my best ties."

"But think of the electric bill if that light had been on all the time! Oh, I never was so relieved! I'd have worried myself sick over it."

"Huh, worrying's your long suit. Come on now, no more unpacking tonight. Turn on that water in the tub—let it run clear. I want a bath. What about this bed?" jerking down the sheet from the bare red-tripped mattress.

"Oh, be careful, that's covered with dust," gathering up the sheet. "I had her strip the bed."

As Helen hurriedly got out fresh

bed linen, she was conscious that the depression, the "let-down" of getting home that had weighed so heavily a few moments before, was now replaced by a joyous relief.

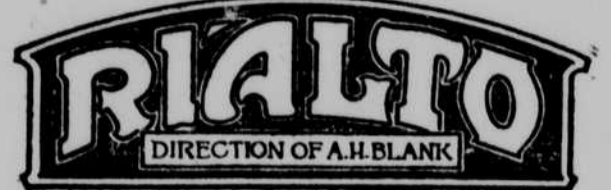
And why? Nothing had happened. Everything was just the same. Only her state of mind had changed.

"Dear, isn't it strange how trivial things change our moods? I was so depressed at getting home tonight."

"Oh? What the Sam Hill you driving at?" Warren was unlacing his shoes. "No time to dissect your fool moods. After eleven—and I've got to get to the office early. Now stop spouting idiotic philosophy—and slip some covers on that bed!"

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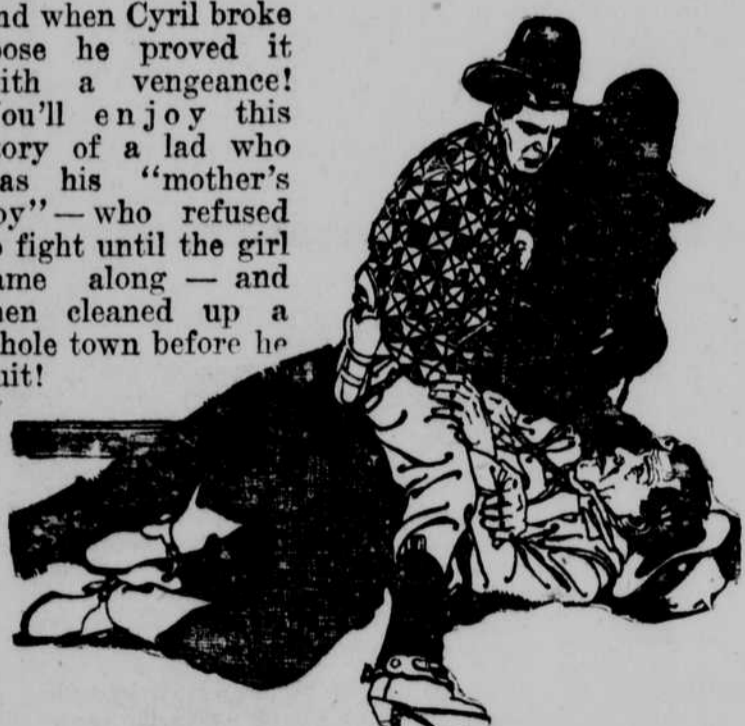
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