

SOCIETY



Bright Prospects For Coming Week In Social Whirl

Dansantes and Other Gay Affairs Sprinkle the Week's Forecast

By MELLIFICIA.

WHITE elephants! white elephants! They are hanging on our door knobs; they are pasted on our shop windows; they wave their trunks at us from the street cars; they flap their ears from unexpected crannies in the stores. You must follow the sign of the elephant and his yon to the Auditorium this week for a peep at the sale of "things that people don't want." That really sounds ironical for when we consider victrolas, toys, trinkets, china, glass ware, baby wagons, to say nothing of the filmiest of frocks and the daintiest of shoes they don't exactly sound like cast-offs. Let us chat a minute about a couple of the evening gowns which will be on sale. Geranium pink chiffon, the tunic caught with little clusters of velvety geraniums, edged with crystal trimming and caught at the foot with seal brown marabou—can't you just see a lovely brown-haired miss with a peach-blow complexion in that gown? The blonde ladies are not forgotten for there will be a frock, just to suit one of them. Tiny white tulle ruffles mounted over pink satin finished at the back with a narrow separate train of mauve velvet make the skirt while the bodice is of crystal fringe and it was just fashioned for some blue-eyed miss.

All society will be there for the loveliest of the young girls will have booths and the most charming matrons will be in evidence every minute until the last elephant is sold. Music there will be by a real, regimental band and dances are only 5 cents apiece. Surely every girl can secure a man with a few coppers in his pocket!

Nippy Nights.
The Fontenelle still continues to be the most popular spot in town these snowy afternoons and nippy nights. Every Saturday finds numberless parties of pretty girls and stalwart officers enjoying cozy chats and a hot cup of chocolate in the attractive dining room of the hotel.

The men are most enthusiastic about these dansants and a popular bachelorette told Mellificia just yesterday that he didn't have as much fun anywhere else.

Music Lovers.
For Omaha music lovers there are several treats in the near future. Of especial interest is the concert to be given Wednesday evening, February 6, as the two performers, Mrs. David Stone and Mrs. Edith Wagoner, are well-known Omaha women. Mrs. David Stone, formerly Miss Helen Hoagland, is counted among Omaha's most talented daughters and the announcement that she will sing in public in her home city is a matter of great rejoicing among her friends. Mrs. Stone is the wife of Captain David Stone, now stationed at Charlotte, N. C. Mrs. Stone and her three children, Ianthe, Helen Margaret and David, jr., will leave soon after the concert to be with Captain Stone until he sails for France which they feel will be in the near future. After the captain's departure Mrs. Stone and the children will return to stay with Mr. and Mrs. George A. Hoagland.

Mrs. Edward McDowell.
Saturday evening is the date scheduled for the appearance of Mrs. Edward McDowell, the widow of the great composer, who will give a lecture recital at the Young Women's Christian association auditorium under the auspices of the McDowell club.

Acryrig-Hall Betrothal.
Mrs. Richard S. Hall announces the engagement of her daughter, Janet Ellen, to Captain Edward Wilcox Acryrig, U. S. A., son of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Acryrig of Stamford, Conn. No date has been set for the wedding.

Miss Hall is one of the most charming members of the younger set and is a very talented young woman. Following her graduation from Brownell hall, Miss Hall attended the Rye seminary and then studied for two years abroad. She made her debut career more than a social life, this young lady went to Chicago with her sister, Miss Dorothy Hall, where she specialized in music for a year.

Captain Acryrig is a graduate of Cornell University. The young officer received his commission at the first officers' training camp at Plattsburg and is now stationed at Camp Devans, Mass.



Dorothy Belt
BASED ON A PHOTO BY THE HEYN STUDIO

DRAWN BY
Doane Powell

Social Affairs and War Work Keep Omahans Busy

"A PARADISE for bargain hunters" is the way one woman speaks of the White Elephant sale to be held Wednesday and Thursday in the Auditorium. Another exclaims: "Why it is already as fascinating as a curiosity shop." The great White Elephant idea has been brought to Omaha from the east—that is, the eastern part of the United States—not Indian—and many brilliant ideas came with it. One is to bring everything you do not want and everything you do not care to sell, whether you want it or not.

One woman brings the news to Omahans that a successful sale was held recently in the east, where women brought everything they did not want and all of them brought their husbands. But since the men are participating in this White Elephant sale it has been rumored that many of them will bring their wives. However, it must not be taken for granted that all men who bring their wives and all women who bring their husbands are doing so with a view to offering them as "White Elephants." In fact several "happily married" couples have decided to keep close tab on each other so that no mistakes may be made as to their purpose in being present.

Soldiers will be there in khaki to dance with the beautiful belles of the ball to the tunes of Fort Crook's regimental band and the price, of a nickel.

One gift is a delightful little evening gown in geranium pink chiffon in the same lovely tone; the tunic caught low with small clusters of velvet geraniums, is edged with a narrow crystal trimming and finished at the foot with a band of seal brown marabou—a gown most certainly meant for a beauty with seal-brown eyes and geranium lips.

This creation was from Hollander. Another bewitching one of Paris extraction—probably Callot—and suited to a very gay and perhaps blonde young lady, has a bodice chiefly of crystal fringes, with skirt of white tulle ruffles. These are examples of the finer wearing apparel department at ridiculously low prices.

It must be remembered that no matter what is offered to the chairmen of these booths, it will be thankfully received and ladies need have no hesitancy about bringing their husbands as the White Elephant sale is for a good cause—the National League for Women's Service—and every woman is expected to do her bit.

Meets Pershing's Sisters.
While in Lincoln last week at the State Council of Defense meeting, Mrs. Clement Chase was entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. George A. Goupland. The other guests were Prof. and Mrs. W. Langworthy Taylor (Mrs. Taylor is state chairman of the National League for Women's Service), and Miss Pershing and Mrs. Butler, the sisters of General Pershing.

The two sisters, who have the care of General Pershing's young son, Warren, were accorded special hon-

ors at the Council meeting. Warren is a delightful little chap about 8 years old. He received as a Christmas gift from Madame Joffre a uniform made especially for him in Paris, being a complete replica of the one worn by her distinguished husband, the field marshal, including miniature reproductions of his various medals and crosses of honor. General Pershing was a member of Holy Trinity church of Lincoln, where the little boy is now one of the chorists.

Army News.
Captain Charles Hamilton was ordered from Camp Cody to Fort Sill. A letter to Mrs. R. Beecher Howell from her son, Sidney Cullingham, who sailed with his aviation squadron in November, tells of his arrival on Christmas eve at Dartford, England. He is now a sergeant, first class.

Brinkley Evans has left Kelly field at San Antonio and gone to Atlanta, Ga., to continue his training in the aviation section.

Lieutenant Newman Benson, who was at Camp McArthur, Waco, Tex., left there two weeks ago, presumably for France.

Lieutenant Morton Wakeley came up from Camp Funston to spend last Sunday with his father, Lucius W. Wakeley.

Kenneth Norton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Norton, who has been in France since October, took his

SOCIAL CALENDAR

- MONDAY—**
Afternoon bridge given by Mrs. James Boyle.
Luncheon for Ralph Adams Cram of Boston, given at Fontenelle by directors of Fine Arts society.
- TUESDAY—**
Merrymakers' club dancing party at Keep's academy.
- WEDNESDAY—**
Le Mars club dancing party at Keep's academy.
Comus club, Mrs. J. O. Jennings, hostess.
Opening of the White Elephant sale at the Auditorium.
Luncheon at Fontenelle for Mrs. Virgil Lewis, given by Omaha Woman's Press club.
Card party and dance given by Holy Angels parish.
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Templeton, afternoon and evening reception in celebration of their golden wedding anniversary.
- THURSDAY—**
Cinosam club dancing party at the Scottish Rite cathedral.
Original Cooking club, Mrs. Ward Burgess, hostess.
Luncheon at Prettiest Mile club given by Mrs. J. M. Lowe.
Dinner-dance at Prettiest Mile club.
- SATURDAY—**
Week-end Dancing club party at Fontenelle.
Dinner-dance at Prettiest Mile club.

In the Toils of Gabby You May Find Yourself-- Laugh and Live Happily

THERE'S a busy little woman we know, and you do, too, who press agents nine out of every ten society endeavors launched in Omaha. She is an earnest Red Cross worker, too, and aims to work, not chatter, when she goes over to the Baird building.

One day last week she found, it impossible, so she gathered up her apron and veil and hid herself over to the public workshop and placidly and without interruption continued her work.

The same little matron found a happy way in which to evade the 101 things she is called upon to do each day. Everyone knows how capable she is, so they are always thrusting additional duties on her.

She hit upon the plan of neglecting to answer her telephone.

"Every time it rings I know it is someone else wanting me to do something else, so I've stopped answering the calls," she confided to Gabby.

There's never knows whether her bath slippers are in her room or Billy's.

With these horrible realities looming large before her, Gabby realizes the uselessness of a camouflage of toilet accessories.

HERE'S a good joke on Mrs. O. T. Eastman, and she tells it herself! With a corps of helpers Mrs. Eastman was selling home-made cakes at the David Cole "buttermilk bar" Saturday. As all the members of the St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church contribute home-made edibles to the sale, Mrs. Eastman was sure that everyone who came in with a box had brought her a cake. Approaching a nice-looking man who carried a cake size package, Mrs. Eastman seized it and began to thank him.

"Pardon me, lady," he said, "but these are shoes!"

HIST! There is an epidemic in the quiet village of Dundee. The first symptom of the dread disease is a sparkling stone worn on the left hand. Several young women have contracted it and now I hear that another young miss has succumbed and that her case is chronic! The girl in question has been seen about with a certain young officer, a great deal this winter. She is an accomplished musician and was recently a bridesmaid at her sister's wedding. From Gabby's press agent, Dan Cupid, comes the news that this may be a war-time wedding.

GABBY walks to The Bee office every morning and is quite frequently picked up along the way by a breezing chap in a little runabout. Gabby doesn't flirt, but she is rather absent-minded, so she ascribed the young man's actions the first time she stopped the car for her to a previous introduction.

MR. CLARKE G. POWELL suggested several plans to his three youngsters, 4, 6 and 8 years old, for earning money with which to buy war savings stamps.

"A dime," said he to the little folks who are losing teeth, "for every tooth you lose."

One morning last week he heard a smothered howl from the bath room—then another and yet another. Fearing that one of his kiddies was suffering a heart attack or something worse, Father Powell burst open the door and there he found his daughter, 8, trying her utmost to extract a perfectly solid tooth from David's (4 years) jaw.

WHERE do all the babies go? This is the question being asked by young matrons who are trying to keep young "for John's sake." One pretty little mother has given up in despair and quite innocently told Gabby her very good reason.

"There is absolutely no use trying to flatter myself that I am still a slip of a girl," she said. "That son of mine was a baby yesterday, it seems, but today he has gone skating with my gloves on, although he has four pairs of his own and will not wear them. And his feet! He is only one size behind his father now, and his repeat all the names this time."