London's latest is a shopping tipster, whose duty it is to keep housewives posted as to what the storekeepers have in the way of bargains.

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

If you censure your friend for every fault she commits, there will come a time when you will have no friends to censure.

SOCIETY

Family Reunions, Formal Festivals and Joy-Bells Mark Glad 1918 Xmas

Christmas!

Holly and mistletoe, joy-bells and jollity, family reunions and formal festivities, caroling and church-going—all the time-honored customs of Christmas days before the war—will make this year's anniversary of Christ's birthday happy, holy and peaceful in Omaha.

This day will be the most important one in the social calendar the feasting and merry-making will continue through the week until the advent of the New Year.

Family parties will rule the day there is no doubt, even at the army posts the day will be spent quietly. Col. and Mrs. Jacob Wuest of Fort Omaha will have a family dinner-party, as will also Maj. and Mrs. E. W. Crockett at Fort Crook. The numerous dancing parties have been canceled owing to the epidemic and the enlisted men will be entertained in homes throughout the city. The clubs, too will be open to the soldiers. Mr. Harry Tukey is to be host at a party of 300 at the Athletic club.

The artistic dining-room at the Blackstone, beautifully decorated with Christmas greens and holly, will be the scene of numerous family dinner parties this evening. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Reed are entertaining one of the largest of these, their guests numbering 12. Others who will have the members of the family about their table will include Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dale, Mr. and Mrs. William Burton, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Exeley, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Calliot and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Monell.

A number of holiday dinner parties will be given at the Fontenelle this evening. Judge and Mrs. Irving F. Baxter will have a party of seven guests, Victor H. Roos, a party of six; W. T. Johnson and Morris Levy, parties of five.

As this is the first Christmas of the new Athletic club special plans have been made to make the day particularly festive. Yuletide decorations give the club a Christmassy look and the uniform of the army will be the admission card for numberless soldiers who will spend this day as guests of the club directors.

School Teachers in Y. M. C. A.

Miss Ella Van Sant Jenkins and Miss Esther Thomas, former teachers in the Central High school who left the school to do Red Cross work, have both been accepted by the Y. M. C. A. to do overseas work. Miss Thomas is in London at present and Miss Jenkins is on her way across having sailed from New York four days ago.

Selby-Gamble Engagement is Announced Under Holly Wreath And Mistletoe and Xmas Chimes

DAN CUPID is wearing a holly wreath this year and his arrows are tipped with mistletoe, for he and old Saint Nick are working in close partnership. The Christmas chimes ring out a message of peace and victory and also one of happiness for young hearts, for today Dr. and Mrs. H. M. McClanahan announce the engagement of their niece, Margaret Gamble to Lt. Wayne C. Selby, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Selby. The wedding plans are indefinite.

Miss Gamble, who is one of our most charming young girls, is a graduate of Briar Cliff Manor and also studied at the Art Institute in Chicago for a year. Preferring more serious things than the social whirl, Miss Gamble has occupied an important niche in the business world for the last year.

Lieutenant Selby is a graduate of the Central High school and was entering his third year at Cornell when war was declared. He enlisted as a private, but soon won his bars and was stationed at Syracuse and Cleveland. While at college he was a member of the Beta Theta and Phil Delta Phi fraternities, also of the Cornell Musical club. The young officer is spending the holidays with his parents.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE

By DADDY.

(Peggy, made into a whiff of air, is called to Cloudland by Crystal, Queen of the Snows, who asks her aid in taming two Giants, Blooey and Blizzy.)

CHAPTER III.

Blizzy and Blooey.

PEGGY was shocked to see the damage that Blooey the Giant had done in celebrating his victory at checkers. Half of the beautiful palace was in ruins, while broken Frigids were scattered all over the place.

But she soon found that things were not so bad as they looked. A cloud that happened to be drifting by was seized by the uninjured Frigids and quickly attached to the palace, forming a new and handsome wing in place of the part that had been wrecked. As for the broken Frigids, they were just stuck together again, and soon were as good as new, all except one chap who had happened to get put on wrong side to. He had an awful time trying to straighten himself out until he twisted so far that he broke his head off again and was able to put it on right.

Just as the Frigids finished the new cloud addition to the palace, there was another loud rumbling from beneath the palace, a great shaking, and for a third time it came tumbling down.

"This is too much," exclaimed Queen Crystal, much exasperated. "I wish I were ten thousand times bigger so I could give those playful monsters a sound spanking. When you tame them, you just give them a few extra slaps for me."

Peggy was growing less and less anxious to tackle the Giants. She was afraid that if they tore her to pieces, she couldn't get herself together again.

"W-w-w-where are the Giants?" she muttered.

"Down in the dungeon, below the palace," answered the queen.

In the dungeon were two immense giants.

"Oh, they are in prison!" exclaimed Peggy, much relieved. She much preferred trying to tame Giants confined behind bars than Giants running loose in the open.

"Of course they are," answered the queen. "We always keep them locked up when they are not on a rampage. Then they can only wreck one palace at a time instead of smashing up all of Cloudland."

"Why do you have to tame them if you have them locked up? Why not leave them in these ruins and build your palace some place else?"

"Because they like company," sighed the queen. "And besides, our locking them up doesn't do any good if they don't want to stay locked up. If they feel like strolling about the earth and kicking up a rumpus, they just burst right out of the strongest clouds and walls we have and we can't do a thing to stop them. Would you like to take a peek at them?"

Peggy hesitated. If walls couldn't hold the Giants, what chance would she have to escape if they came after her? But her curiosity got the better of her fears. She nodded her head and Queen Crystal led her to a pipe sticking up out of the ground like a periscope.

"Look down this," she said. Peggy, obeying, found that the pipe really was a periscope and that by placing her eye to it she could see what was going on in a huge dungeon far, far below the ruins of the palace.

In the dungeon were two immense Giants facing each other across a large table, which was a large checkerboard. One of the Giants was as white as frost. The other was the color of lead. Both were bearded and had long tangled hair. They were dressed in streaming clothing the same color as themselves.

They seemed very keen over their game of checkers and smoked furiously at big pipes as they kept their eyes intent upon the board.

"The white one is Blizzy, and the dark one is Blooey," whispered the queen.

As she said this Blooey made a move that cornered Blizzy. As Blizzy disgustedly gave up, Blooey let out a wild whoop of triumph and rushed around in a frenzy of joy. The dungeon became just a swirling dark mass, and the ruins of the castle above it heaved and shook. It was as though a hundred elephants had broken loose all at once.

Peggy, thrown from the periscope by the violence of the upheaval, turned a pale face toward Queen Crystal, who was closely watching her.

"Poor little Giant Tamer," tinkled the queen, stretching out her hand in quick sympathy to Peggy. "You've got an awful job on your hands trying to handle those chaps! But come with me, and I'll show you why it must be done."

(Tomorrow will be described the strange sights the Queen of the Snows shows Peggy.)

Organized labor in Oregon is preparing to introduce in the coming legislature a number of measures calculated to better the condition of women workers.

Mrs. Pankhurst May Be Cabinet Member

Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst, noted British suffrage leader, is being mentioned as a probable member of the new British cabinet, according to a report from London. Reconstruction of the cabinet will follow the election, and it is reported that Premier Lloyd George favors the appointment of the first woman minister. The name of Mrs. Pankhurst is being mentioned in this connection.

Personals

Miss Catherine Goss has arrived in Omaha from Wellesley college for the holiday vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Goss.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Golden will spend Christmas with Mrs. Golden's sister, Mrs. Robert B. Kelly and Mr. Kelly in Lincoln.

Lyle S. Caldwell, a student in the mechanical engineering department of Brown University of Providence, and a member of the Naval Reserve, U. S. N., is visiting during the holidays, his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Scannell.

Lt. H. A. Van Dercreek of Camp Travis, San Antonio, is spending Christmas with his parents, Mrs. and Mrs. Walter Van Dercreek.

Lt. Van Allen Dyer is spending the holidays with friends in the city.

Ex-Empress Eugenie.

The ex-empress Eugenie long ago set apart a certain section of her house at Farnborough as a kind of Napoleonic museum, the contents of which may some day be of priceless value. Here may be seen a great number of souvenirs and relics which have come to Eugenie through her connection with the Bonapartes, one of the most interesting of these being the huge wash hand basin which Napoleon the Great carried about with him on all his campaigns.

In railroad shops in the United States 3,000 women are doing every kind of work from common labor to skilled machinists, earning the regular machinist's or carman's rate of compensation.

WAR PUZZLES

THE FOURTH CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES

Was spent one year ago today, December 25, 1917.

Find old Santa Claus.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

Upper right corner down in waves.

Christmas Bells

Ring, Christmas bells, oh ring!
Send one glad peal
From mountain peak to mountain peak,
Till all the folk of heaven land
Shall in the doors of heaven stand,
With all the casements opened wide
To let the joyousness inside.
Oh, Christmas bells, ring loud, ring long,
That they may know
The dear ones there
That sacrifice was not in vain.
Though blood flowed free like summer rain,
The earth is washed and shall grow fair.
Oh, wondrously shall it reveal
That God, upon His great white throne,
Can smile again upon His own.

Oh, Christmas bells, how glad you are!
How grand your peal!
Each throbbing, pulsing, vibrant voice
Sends out one song—Oh, earth, rejoice!
So clear! So real!
The homes of earth are sad no more!
It floats to heaven's open door,
And saints and angels, bending down,
Find sweet saints here who wear a crown,
Who spared not incense on the fire
To win for earth her dear desire.
Desire of love,
Desire of peace.
Oh, Christmas bells, you must not cease—
Your echoes shall go all the way,
Till Christ shall come
And peace shall stay!

JEAN PALMER NYE.

Adelaide Kennerly's New Story for Lonesome Women,

Who Stacks My Cards?

An Unusual Diary of Adventure, Love, Courtship and Marriage.

Copyright, 1918, by Bell Syndicate

CHAPTER CIX.

My Wedding Day.

Another day! Why did he do it? Only to give me one day more of agony. Each hour with him becomes more and more unbearable.

I heard both Mrs. Writer and Frederick up and around the house at 7:30. The cook tapped softly at my door and I called, as softly, to bring in my coffee.

"Tell the folks to have breakfast any time they choose for I did not rest well last night and shall sleep as long as possible this morning."

"All right, Miss Dorothy," she drawled.

I had determined to make this, my wedding day, the shortest day of my life by sleeping hours away. When I finished the coffee and glass of water, the cook went out, closed the door and I turned my face toward the open window.

At 10:30 I heard them talking in the next room and I listened.

"I wonder if she is ill?" asked Mrs. Writer. "Perhaps I had better open the door softly and if she is sleeping I shall not waken her but if not, there may be something we can do."

Forewarned is forearmed. I turned my face toward the door through which I knew she would enter, parted my lips slightly and began to breath a wee bit heavily. I heard the door open and, after a minute, close again.

"Is she asleep?' asked Frederick.

"Yes."

Masculine Selfishness.

"Well, I suspect we had better wake her—she has slept long enough and we want to visit before I leave. She can never be ready to leave the house at 11 o'clock now and I have the minister all primed and ready for that hour. You go in and call her."

Indignant beyond words! I jumped out of my bed and ran my hands through my hair in a frenzy. His pleasures always came first. My rest mattered very little when it did not fit in with his plans. And yet, to him was this not the most important day of his life—his wedding day? To me it meant everything but happiness.

Inward rage brought the blood to my cheeks with a bound and I began to quote aloud from Chaloner's "Scorpio." There was scorn in my voice, although I did my best to modulate it,:

"The nameless folly of the human race
It's cruel selfishness and tractless guile,
Make me ashamed at sight of human face——
That stamping ground for treachery and wile.
The smirking smile of callow empty youth,
The ripe pomposity of hoary age,
The shaded gleam of manhood's lustful tooth,
Each plays it's part upon it's petty stage.
Seduction, lying, thieving each in turn—
A murder here and there
Each needing only that temptation burn
And hold fair chance of ultimate escape.
Exceptions to said rule exist—'tis true,
No such exception doth exist in you."

"Oh, are you up dear?" asked Mrs. Writer as she came into my room. I am sure she listened to my recitation before she entered but, perhaps, did not wish to admit it.

"Yes, I heard you close my door a few minutes ago and I caught something Frederick was saying about a minister being ready for us at 11 o'clock."

"Oh, no wonder she is out of bed like a flash," laughed thedear soul who saw in her brother only the manliest, kindest traits of human nature.

I could not talk. My throat was full and I had to brush briskly at my hair to keep back the tears. When I had dressed in a simple white frock with almost no trimmings, white hose and slippers, I made my way straight for Frederick.

"She looks like a bride today, doesn't she, sister?" he greeted me taking both my hands in his. "Have a bite, little girl, and then let us strike out for the preacher."

Was this man altogether selfish? I asked myself. And I tried to understand the alternate rage and sympathy which almost incapacitated me. "You have been very kind to me, Frederick." I said in as calm a voice as possible," and I am deeply indebted for all you have done, but I do not intend to cancel that obligation in any such fashion. It would hurt all the rest of my life. I am able to work now and today we make out a series of notes, which I shall sign. When my financial obligation is taken care of in that way, then we shall be on a decent basis for talking love and marriage.

"There shall be no wedding today, Frederick.'

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Goodies

Celery Chowder—1,383 total calories, 245 protein calories.

4 c. finely cut celery
1 qt. milk
1 large potato, grated
1 medium sized onion
2 T. margarin
1 T. flour
2 hard cooked eggs
Salt and pepper to taste

Boil the celery in water to cover until tender and force through a sieve, keeping the water as well as pulp. Add the milk and grated potato and cook five minutes. Chop the onion fine and saute in one tablespoonful of the margarin. When delicately browned, add to the first mixture. Chop the hard-cooked eggs and add. Thicken slightly with one tablespoonful of margarin and flour cooked together. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Leaves and the tough outer stalks of celery may be used.

Czarina Liked Antiques

Many royalties are ardent collectors. The late czarina of Russia found antique warming pans interesting souvenirs, and at the imperial palace in Petrograd she had the most complete set of these domestic utensils in the world. Altogether, there were nearly 70 specimens, most of these being valuable on account of their historic interest, and some on account of their beautiful artistic design.

Of Interest to Women

Miss Julia Lathorp, chief of the children's bureau, and Miss Grace Abbott, director of the child labor division of the Department of Labor at Washington, have started for Europe to study the protective measures that have been undertaken in England, France and other countries in the interests of child labor.

In Portugal women are now allowed to be officials of the civic register, clerks or officials to the secretary of state, administrative bodies, etc., on the same terms.

Soon after the commencement of the war the ex-Empress Eugenie set off a wing of her magnificent house at Farnborough, England, for wounded officers; and they could hardly be in better quarters, for the mansion is surrounded by a great park with six acres of lawn and pleasure gardens.

In Brazil corpulance is considered the essential point of female beauty and the greatest compliment that can be paid to a Brazilian lady is to tell her that she grows fatter and fairer every day.

While her husband is with the boys "somewhere in France," Mrs. Jennie Foley is keeping the home fires burning by working as an expert toolmaker in the shops of one of the big machine companies in Chicago.