

A virtuous deed should never be delayed. The impulse comes from heaven; and he who strives a moment to repress it, disobeys The God within his mind. —Thomas Devo.

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple; If the ill spirits have so fair a house, Good things will strive to dwell with them. —Shakespeare.

Thorne's Beautiful Tricotine Dresses Friday at Half Price

Scores of New Youthful Models in Sturdy Navy Tricotine, on Sale Friday, at 9 O'clock, at Half Price

40 TRICOTINE DRESSES—Formerly 49.50, Friday \$24.75 | 19 TRICOTINE DRESSES—Formerly 65.00, Friday \$32.50

38 TRICOTINE DRESSES—Formerly 55.00, Friday \$27.50 | 15 TRICOTINE DRESSES—Formerly 75.00, Friday \$37.50

Serge Dresses 25 navy serge dresses for Friday's event at half price. Buy Dresses Friday. Jersey Dresses 25 Jersey dresses for Friday's selling at half price.

All other dresses radically reduced—Nothing reserved. Friday in the Suits Tremendous Values at 1/2 and 1/3 off. Coat Clearance Startling Reductions of 1/2 and 1/3 off.

J. W. Thorne Co.

1812—FARNAM STREET—1812

Two Blocks Beyond High Rents

Did You See The Fine Used Cars in the Cadillac Building?

Cars of all sizes and of all prices are on display. You should come in now. Do not delay.

No matter what the weather is now, you'll want a good car to use some day soon—and it will pay you to travel many miles to attend this sale. You can pick now from a fine lot of re-NEW-ed cars—roadsters, tourings, coupes, sedans, every model—and all prices are certain to be advanced!

Wise buyers—leading business men are buying these cars now—because they are good—because the prices are still low—and they are buying from a reputable concern whose guarantee goes with the cars. Do not delay. Come in now. Open evenings until nine.

"We Are Not Satisfied Until You Are"

J. H. Hansen Cadillac Co. Farnam at Twenty-sixth, Omaha

"A Safe Place to Buy"

SOCIETY

Smith-Kraft.

The marriage of Miss Emma Kraft, daughter of Mrs. Katherine Kraft of Council Bluffs, and Ernest Smith took place December 26 at the home of the bride's mother. Rev. A. Lange performed the ceremony. Miss Emma Kraft and Mr. Tom Sorenson were the only attendants.

Fort Crook.

Col. and Mrs. John Morris will be "at home" at their quarters at Fort Crook Thursday afternoon for the officers of the post.

Dinner for Visitor.

Miss Margaret Strehlow will entertain at dinner at her home Thursday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Stella Finck of Wellington, O. Holiday decorations will be used, and covers will be placed for 12.

Tea.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Burns and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Brinker will entertain at tea at the Burns home, Thursday afternoon. Holiday decorations will be used.

Dancing Party.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hoagland will entertain at a dancing party at the Blackstone, New Year's evening, in honor of their daughter, Helen. Miss Hoagland is spending the holidays with her parents, but

will return soon to Cedar school, St. Mary's Garden City, N. Y. Holiday decorations will be used, and the guests will number 80. Supper will be served following the dance.

Fort Omaha.

Colonel and Mrs. Jacob Wuest will be "at home" New Year's day to the officers at Fort Omaha. They will follow the old army custom and receive their guests from 12 to 1 o'clock. Mrs. Cole Burns, wife of the adjutant, Lieutenant Burns, will assist. The officers will be presented by the adjutant to Colonel and Mrs. Wuest in the order of their rank. Holiday decorations, red roses, and shaded lamps will be used through the rooms.

Following this, dinner will be served at the Officers' club and covers will be placed for 50.

In Honor of Son.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Faier will be at home on Sunday afternoon, January 4, from 2 to 5, in honor of the confirmation of their son, Samuel.

Dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Peters entertained informally at dinner at their home, New Year's eve.

For Visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Kountze will entertain at luncheon at their home Thursday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilkins of Chicago, who are guests at the home of Mrs. Frank

Colpetzer. Covers will be placed for Messrs. and Mesdames Ward Burgess, W. H. Wheeler, Luther Kountze, George Prinz, Joseph Barker, Samuel Burns and M. G. Colpetzer.

Tea Dance.

Mrs. G. C. Cunningham and Mrs. C. O. Talmage will entertain at a tea dance at the Blackstone the afternoon of New Year's day in honor of their daughters, Janet Cunningham and Doris Talmage. The guests will include:

- Misses—Dorothy Weller, Genevieve Ortman, Eleanor Richard, Katherine Baxter, Sarah Simons, Frances Patton, Ruth Burdette, Ruth Payne, Jean Hampton, Natalie Hastings, Barbara Christie, Helen Schaefer, Charlotte Smith, Charlotte McDonald, Ruth Wallace, Antoinette Hall, Marcia Palmer, Elizabeth Robison, Frances Robison.
- Messes—Walter Metcalfe, Maurice Troxell, Jack Springer, James Tollard, James Forrester, Duff Sattler, Duane Anderson, Harold Schaefer, Milton Rogers, Duane Pillsbury, Kenneth Metcalfe, Jack Fetters, Leonard Peterson, Richard Wagoner, Bruce Cunningham.

In addition to serving as a cultivator, sprayer, sprinkler and fire engine, a new motor farm implement can be used as a tractor and to provide power for other machinery.

Mrs. L. J. Herzog and daughter, Carita, of Lincoln were the holiday guests of Mrs. William Rothschild.

Edward La Rew of the University of Nebraska, spent Wednesday in Omaha.

Electric bulbs lighted from a dry battery form animals' heads on a recently patented muff for women.

OLD WOOL DRESS NOW WORTH \$50
"Diamond Dyes" Make Faded, Shabby Apparel Like New

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings.

The Direction Book with each package tells so plainly how to dye that you can't make a mistake.

To match any material, have druggist show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.



We wish our friends and customers a Happy, Prosperous New Year Washington Market 1407 Douglas Street

HIKELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Inc.,

5922 Military Ave., Omaha, Neb.

The Incomparable Toilet Preparations

Lily of the Orient Toilet Waters

PERFUMES, HIKELL'S MASSAGE CREAMS, BARBER SUPPLIES, POWDERS, SHAMPOOS

Hikell's Hair Tonic

The tonic which contains the finest imported English Oil of Bay and Resorcin. Restores natural color and vigor to the hair. All Massage Creams made from pure milk of Nebraska cows.

For Sale at All Leading Druggists Mail Orders a Specialty

COMPOUNDERS OF TOILET PREPARATIONS

Heart Beats

By A. K.

Today the New Year Comes to life— A tender thing To start a right. What shall we do To make it live Into one of immortality? The record is blank— And the registrar Is old Father Time— Fair and faithful Through centuries gone— Who dips his quill In the heart For blood— To write the truth Of each one's life. This year let the pages Tell more of kindness— More of honesty— Less of blindness— More of energy— And greater ambition. Let the record show That our souls have grown— That our spirits o'ercome The menace of evil When the Powers that Be Offer opportunity. Let the pages show Development Let us hope to win— If we may win— And yet— Be cheerful losers— If a splendid fight Has made us stronger— Firmer— Truer— And more nearer The masters of our Fate. Let our winnings Show brotherly love— Sympathetic devotion To the souls of the earth To whom we are drawn By common sorrows And common joys. Let us pray for strength To suffer silently— To accept blessings Without pomp or show. If one page records Innocent—untainted Love of little children— The divine link Between heaven and earth— The year cannot Have been wasted And our lives cannot Have been lived in vain. SELAH.

My HEART and My HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

What Troubled Madge When Her Father Asked Her for "A Little Chat?"

"Daughter, dear!" My father's quiet voice sounded outside my door shortly after breakfast a few days following the smuggling of Kenneth Stockbridge's desk into our house. I hastened to throw open my door at the gentle summons.

"Come in, father," I said, holding out my hands to him.

As I did so, a twinge of remorse caught me, for all at once I realized that although in the same house, I had seen very little of my father in the months that were past. It is apt to be the fate of unobtrusive elderly persons to be neglected, I think, because they have a horror of "bothering" people. But the love light in my father's eyes as he grasped my hands, drew me close to him and I kissed me tenderly, showed me all too clearly how precious to him were the moments when he could have me all to himself, when I was just daughter, with motherhood, wifehood, everything else relegated for the moment to second place.

With a little catch at my heart I remembered something else, that the short intervals of confidential chat with me were more than he had ever enjoyed before. He had never known what it was to see his child grow from small childhood into young girlhood, and from that into womanhood, and never enjoyed that dearest of all privileges, to be the average father, that of indulging the slightest wish of an adored young daughter. He had only found me after my marriage when my first thoughts and affections were irrevocably bound to my husband, when even a father I had known and loved from babyhood would have been compelled to take second place.

That it was his own sin and folly which had thus set him apart from all family ties did not absolve me, I reminded myself grimly, for neglecting him now. With my mother's dying admonition ringing in my ears I had freely forgiven him for all that old bitter wrong, and in the years that had passed since I had learned to love him dearly. In his turn he had lavished upon me such a wealth of affection as few daughters know.

Afraid of Bothering.

Only the loss of his fortune, I knew, had prevented him from showering the material things of life upon me to a degree that would have been embarrassing. And in return I had given him—what? Defiance, love, attention to his comfort, yes—but I acknowledged to myself guiltily that there had been many times when I might have made an opportunity to sit and talk with him and had not done it.

"Are you sure I am not bothering you, dear, sure you have time for a little chat?" he asked deprecatingly, and the words seemed to embody all the accusation I had just made against myself.

"Bother me?" I returned with real indignation in my voice. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk like this. Don't you know that you couldn't possibly bother me? The trouble with you is—" I went on breathlessly, encouraged by the gratified light that leaped into his tired eyes, at my rallery—"that you don't bother me half enough. You neglect your own daughter shamefully, sir, and as for your grandson—just see how reproachfully he is looking at you."

I could not help laughing at my own ridiculous words as I looked at my small son, who was not a picture of anything but reproach or sadness. I had begun to disrobe him for his morning tub, and he—rejoicing in his freedom from his hated clothing—was indulging in a series of baby gymnastics in his crib that threatened to tie him up in a hard knot, chattering to himself the while in his cooing, untranslatable jargon.

My father smiled as he followed my eyes; he is no less a slave to the baby than is mother-in-law.

"I don't think he will pass out for lack of my attentions just now," he said dryly. "But am I not interrupting his bath? I know how careful you are to give it to him at just the same time each morning."

I took him by the shoulders and pushed him into my easiest chair.

"Now, sir, you sit right there until I give you permission to move," I said with playful authority, "and please see that Junior doesn't tie himself up so tightly that he cannot get straightened out again. I'll be back in one minute."

Mother Graham Aids.

I fairly ran out of the door, shutting it behind me, however, and tapped on the door of my mother-in-law's room, hardly waiting for her "Come in" to enter.

"Would you mind," I asked breathlessly, "giving the baby his bath this morning? I have him nearly ready, but my father has just come to my room, evidently to consult me about something, and I don't want to keep him waiting, he so seldom asks me for anything."

"I don't know, Margaret," my mother-in-law replied tartly, and I saw that she was in one of her acid moods. "that I have ever 'minded' doing any service, no matter how menial, for Richard Second. And if you have any time to spare for your father I shall be glad to see him get it. It's more than Richard has for me. Bring my grandson and his bathing things to me immediately."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Inward Beauty.

The rill is tuneless by his ear who feels No harmony within; the south wind steals As silent as unseen among the leaves. Who has no inward beauty, none perceives, Though all around is beautiful. R. H. DANA.