

Society

Woman's Faculty Club Spreads Cheer

Gay red and green holly wreaths and flowering narcissus will make the University hospital on Christmas day a very cheery place.

Benedict-Deems. The wedding of Miss Addie Gladys Deems, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Deems, and Irwin Benedict, formerly of San Francisco, will take place Christmas night at the home of the bride's parents.

Tea for Miss Schurman. Mrs. Edward A. Pegau was hostess at a holiday tea Thursday afternoon at her home in honor of her daughter, Miss Josephine Schurman, who is home from school for the holidays.

At Tea Dance. Misses Janet Dickey and Eleanor Tippet entertained at the tea dance at the Omaha club Friday afternoon in honor of Miss Dickey's guest, Miss Joyce Weston, of Trenton, N. J.

Personal

Dr. William Mayo spent Thursday in Omaha with Dr. A. F. Jonas.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brandeis will spend Christmas in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Rolla Bartlett of Boston are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Field.

Judge and Mrs. B. O. Hostetler of Kearney are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Anan Raymond.

Mrs. E. B. Sargent of Rockford, Ill., will spend the holidays in Omaha with her sister, Mrs. Julius Kessler.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Robertson of Chicago have come to spend Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. J. F. Hecox.

Mrs. Charles B. Wing of Corning, N. Y., is visiting her nieces, Mrs. Robert L. Robison and Mrs. Louis W. Edwards.

Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Percival of St. Paul, will spend the holidays with Dr. Percival's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Percival.

Miss Nell Dugher arrives in Omaha Christmas morning from Chicago to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dugher.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gunlock and daughter, Natalie, of Chicago have arrived to spend two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Murphy.

Community Service League. The Girls' Community Service League will hold open house Christmas afternoon and will entertain at a dancing party in the evening at the club rooms.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

The Aid and Comfort Mother Graham Gave Madge. "Mother! Come here quick!" Dicky's excited voice rose from the sleeping porch which we shared and from which I had just removed by belongings preparatory for the trip north I meant to make against Dicky's unreasonable objection.

"What's the matter now?" Mother, Graham's irritated voice sounded from the living room door. Then she began to walk swiftly toward our room, and I guessed that Dicky was making frantic gestures for her to hurry.

"Why, everything of Madge's is gone, her hat, her coat, bag and suitcase! Did you hear her go out? I didn't, but I suppose she's streaked."

Problems That Perplex Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A Polite Young Man. Dear Miss Fairfax: Am very interested in your answers to young people, which I think are of great help to a person when in company with other friends.

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it down to that station to get that reservation again. "She's probably taken it over to Betty Kane's, or some place like that, to wait until it's time for the train to go," my mother-in-law suggested with an equable, matter-of-fact manner that surprised me.

"Do you think that's what she's up to?" Dicky spoke dubiously, but there was a rough note in his voice that told me of the rage which was consuming him.

"Why, of course, it is," his mother returned incisively. "And I glory in her spunk. You know very well what you've got on hand in moving and finding a place. If you had the backbone of a—mouse, you'd go with her instead of acting like a frightened baby."

Dicky Decides. I executed two or three silent dance steps behind my father's locked door at this unexpected backing. I knew, of course, that to Mother Graham the thought of her personal possessions being left uncared for in Marvin was well nigh insupportable, but I had been afraid that Dicky would be able to wheedle her over to his way of thinking as he had done so many times before.

There was a minute's strained silence. Then I heard Dicky explode into heart-felt ejaculation. Instantly his mother's shocked and angry voice commanded his silence.

"Oh, of course, I beg pardon, and all that, mother," he said, sullenly, after a minute. "But if you or Madge think she's going to get away with anything like that you're very much mistaken. I'm going to sit down at that ticket office the rest of the day, and believe me, if she does come in and try to get that reservation after I've cancelled it, she'll get an earful. She's so afraid of a scene, I'll stage her a mighty nifty third-act finale."

"I have no doubt you will," his mother replied icily. "It will only be on a par with the other asinine exhibitions you have been giving me this morning. But please spare me

the details, and go along about your business if you have any. I am really too upset to listen to anything more."

A Grim Smile.

"Oh, I'll get out pronto!" Dicky rejoined happily. "But if Madge comes back here before she goes to the ticket office—as, of course, she will—you'll be only doing her a good turn if you put a flea in her ear as to what I mean to do."

"Will you please permit me to plan my own conduct?" his mother replied, a most artistic note of infinite weariness in her voice.

With a muttered exclamation, which I was sure would pass no censor of proper speech, her son once more departed, this time with a closing of the door that was unmistakably and most emphatically a slam.

I heard my mother-in-law's footsteps lightly and rapidly going back to the living room and I wondered if she shared Dicky's ridiculous and far-fetched notion that I had left the house. For the space of five minutes I heard nothing more and I was wondering how soon I would dare leave my hiding place and find her when I heard her coming back down the hall, and the next instant her low knock sounded on my door.

"Margaret," she said tensely, but softly. "Let me in."

I hastily unlocked the door, and when she stepped inside I locked it again after her. When I turned and looked at her I was surprised to see her thin lips twisted into an approving if grim smile. I was so relieved that I laughed outright and pulled her down to the bed on which I was sitting.

"He has really gone," she said first, practically. "I watched him until I was sure. And now what is your plan? Of course, you can't go to Cedar Crest."

"I never intended to," I said smiling. "But there are other stations, easily reached by taxi."

"Good!" she commented, "meant to suggest that if you hadn't thought of it. But you'll have to make tracks, for he may come back at any minute. Now you get ready for the journey and I'll go over to Mrs. Luken and telephone for a taxi to come there—how soon?"

"Twenty minutes," I replied laconically. "Fine!" she responded approvingly. "As soon as I get back I'll help you carry the things over there, then if Richard does come back before you go I'll be able to switch him off the track."

(Continued Monday.)

Horlick's Malted Milk advertisement featuring an image of a cow and text: 'Get the ORIGINAL Fresh, full-cream milk and the extract of selected malted grain, reduced to powder form. The Food-Drink for All Ages. Used successfully for over 1/3 century. Superior to tea, coffee, cocoa. A quick lunch readily digested. Invigorating, Nourishing, Delicious. Ask for Horlick's at All Groceries. Prepared in a moment by briskly stirring the powder in hot or cold water. Keep at home when traveling. Ask For... Get Horlick's thus Avoiding Imitations. SUBSTITUTES Cost YOU Same Price. Write for free sample to Horlick's Dept. B. Racine, Wis.'

San Francisco advertisement for Hotel Whitcomb: 'Dear Eleanor: Today we toured the city on the street cars. San Francisco has all kinds of patterns and sizes in street cars. Here is a little cable car, the only kind that can climb certain hills and not get out of breath. We stood outside on its platform and watched the city sink below us as we climbed up a very steep hill. It was really very interesting.' Signed Betty Lou, at HOTEL WHITCOMB, Civic Center, SAN FRANCISCO. Rates at Hotel Whitcomb from \$2.00, 400 outside rooms. Write for folder containing map of city. J. H. VAN HORNE, Manager.

Advertisement for Guy L. Smith: 'May your Christmas be merry, and may the Tour Book of Life for 1921 route you over many pleasant highways... Wherever you go, you go smoothly in a Hudson - Super Six or an Essex. GUY L. SMITH SERVICE FIRST OMAHA, U.S.A.'

Season's Greetings To All My Friends Lee W. Edwards Chiropractor. A circular graphic with text inside.



The Nation's Spirit THE spirit born in the days of Bethlehem—the Spirit of Christmas—springs high in the human heart. It is the spirit of good-will, of good cheer, of unselfish giving. It calms the strife and turmoil of daily life, and brings promise of a common brotherhood. Year by year the world moves nearer this ideal; more and more do nations see that universal good transcends individual gain. The great war pressed this lesson home. With good-will abiding in our hearts, what a wonderful world would be ours! Let us strive to bring the Spirit of Christmas into our daily lives. Let us make Good-Will our motto and Brotherhood our goal. THE JAY BURNS BAKING COMPANY OMAHA

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets Be sure its Bromo E. W. Brown The genuine bears this signature 30c.

The "Will" Man is Coming WATCH! Sunday's Papers for Announcement of the Most Colossal SALE OF MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S Suits and Overcoats Ever Held or Ever Heard of in This Country. Store Closed All Day Saturday, CHRISTMAS DAY "A Merry Christmas" Nebraska Clothing Co. CORRECT APPAREL FOR MEN AND WOMEN. SEE OUR WINDOWS TODAY. COMPARE OUR VALUES ALWAYS.

666 is a prescription for Colds, Fever and LaGrippe. It's the most speedy remedy we know.