

What of the Marriage Market

At Present Giddy Rate Will There Be Any Brides for Spring?

Judging from the giddy rush of brides to the altar this autumn, some of our sober siders are wondering if there will be any brides left for spring.

But there is one Gabby knows of right now, a tall, medium dark complexioned girl, one of three sisters. She has attended school in the east and the man, who, in the language of his own business, would insure her to himself for life, is from a state east of here. But we must divulge no more, for that would be telling.

There is another "case" which is causing comment. It hasn't reached the engagement stage, but her friends are hoping. Her name indicates that she hails from Erin's Isle. A sister, married about a year ago, is living in a nearby city. The heroine of our tale is in the east now attending school, and the favored man is not far away. They will doubtless see each other often during the coming season and that may be as potent an absence to "make the heart grow fonder."

THE woman of today who does not possess a sewing machine is certainly more to be pitied than censured. But the woman of 1875 who had one was condemned, if we are to believe our own eyes.

Scribner's Monthly, "An Illustrated Magazine for the People," conducted by J. G. Holland, carried at that time a department called "Home and Society."

"It is doubtful," one of the stories in this department runs, "if it (the sewing machine) has yet proved more of a blessing than a curse. On an average, quite as much time is now devoted in a family to the more elaborate garments which its use has brought into fashion, as formerly was given to the needle; and the appalling increase of debility and certain diseases among women is proved to be largely due to its use. This 'benignant domestic fairy' is one to be handled with caution; it has too, its malignant errand. At least, let young girls keep clear of it; and give their leisure time to higher studies than the mysteries of stylish costumes, and they will not remain 'ignorant' of the bad taste shown in heaping shirrs and frills on their delicate young bodies, or in the 'unseemly behavior' which no gaudy costumes can excuse."

Compare this with style notes in any of our current magazines!

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, but the weight of the roses will hang round it still."

WHAT might have been! Thirty years ago a man living here became engaged to an Omaha girl of a well-known family. Something happened, just what, nobody seems to know. The girl married "another" and the man went away, never marrying. The sweet girl of the man's youth still has his ring, remade into a pin, and it is faithfully worn by her despite the passing years.

A few weeks ago the man returned and telephoned to his "girl" of three decades ago. They did not meet except through the telephone conversation. But that conversation alone might have been a scene from some beautiful old play. It was full of tender feeling, lacking in bitterness and sincere in its quality.

Gabby knows little more about this appealing romance but she senses in it a little tragedy of the heart. And, too, Gabby wonders if broken engagements of the present day will retain so much of beauty and meaning after 30 years.

THE world isn't all coldness and selfishness. Little kind acts are being done every day.

A certain well-known professional man drove up to the First National bank in his sedan with his wife and small daughter last Friday night during a heavy shower. He rushed into the building and presently returned from his office with an umbrella.

When he arrived again at his car his wife called his attention to a poorly dressed little woman standing at the shelter of the doorway, a small baby in her arms and a tot of 2 years by her side.

The professional man went back with his umbrella and spoke to the woman.

"We'll take you home," he said. The woman smiled gratefully and he piloted her in, lifted in the 2-year-old and the car drove away through the pouring rain.

"MANY a young man on meeting a girl these days cherishes the fond illusion that he is about to be vamped, when in reality he is merely being psychoanalyzed," said the New York Sun recently in an article about the dress of the modern woman.

"The frock of the highbrow is likely to be just as short at the bottom and just as low at the top as that of any Broadway flapper, it continues. "Sensible shoes are common among all sorts of intellectuals, including princesses and chambermaids.

"It is no longer possible to differentiate the woman intellectual by her clothes. Because she is concerned with the inside of her head, she no longer believes the potency of a witching head covering. The stenographer and the female professor of biology are apt to dress very much alike, and of the two the stenographer is apt to be of more formal speech."

Whether or not we agree absolutely with the statements, we must admit, thinks Gabby, that the intellectual woman is no longer an odd person. She is likely to be cleverly dressed; she is sure not to be overdone. We can no longer find a "type" which represents the intel-



RINEHART MARSDEN PHOTO

Mrs. Warren Blackwell

Mrs. W. J. Buttgess

GATCHELL PHOTO

Mrs. C. W. Russell

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Promising Fine Arts Year

A promising year lies before the Omaha Society of Fine Arts. Mrs. Ward Burgess, the president, brings to her office, which she is filling for a third term, the successful experiences of two years past, and a deep and continuing interest in the progress of art in Omaha.

Among the capable chairmen who are serving on the board with Mrs. Burgess are four who have filled the highest office within the gift of the society, the presidency itself. This fact augurs for the stability of administration matters this season and reflects credit on those who have been leaders, are now willing to assist in any of the lesser capacities where they may further the work of the organization.

Mrs. W. H. Garrett, serving her first of three years on the executive committee, and a charter member, was president in 1908-09.

Mrs. Warren Blackwell, president in 1911-12, gave "distinguished serv-

ice" last year as lecture chairman, and the prospectus for the season which opens with Willa Cather late in October, indicates a program equally strong.

Mrs. C. W. Russell, serving her third of three years on the executive committee, succeeded Mrs. Blackwell as president.

Mrs. Edgar Morsman, jr., was president during the war period when relief from war was desirable and life itself a fine art. Her administration it was that brought Hon. William Howard Taft, John Masefield and Elizabeth Fraser here. Mrs. Morsman is chairman of the courtesy committee, which means considerably more than "being polite." She is responsible for a hostess in charge during every hour of the exhibits at the public library. The first exhibit, under the direction of Maurice Block for the society, will open October 3. Nebraska artists will present their work.

lectual woman. In fact it is as difficult to find "types" among women now, as it is among men. There is always the carefully groomed and the carelessly attired person, due to disposition, however, and not brains.

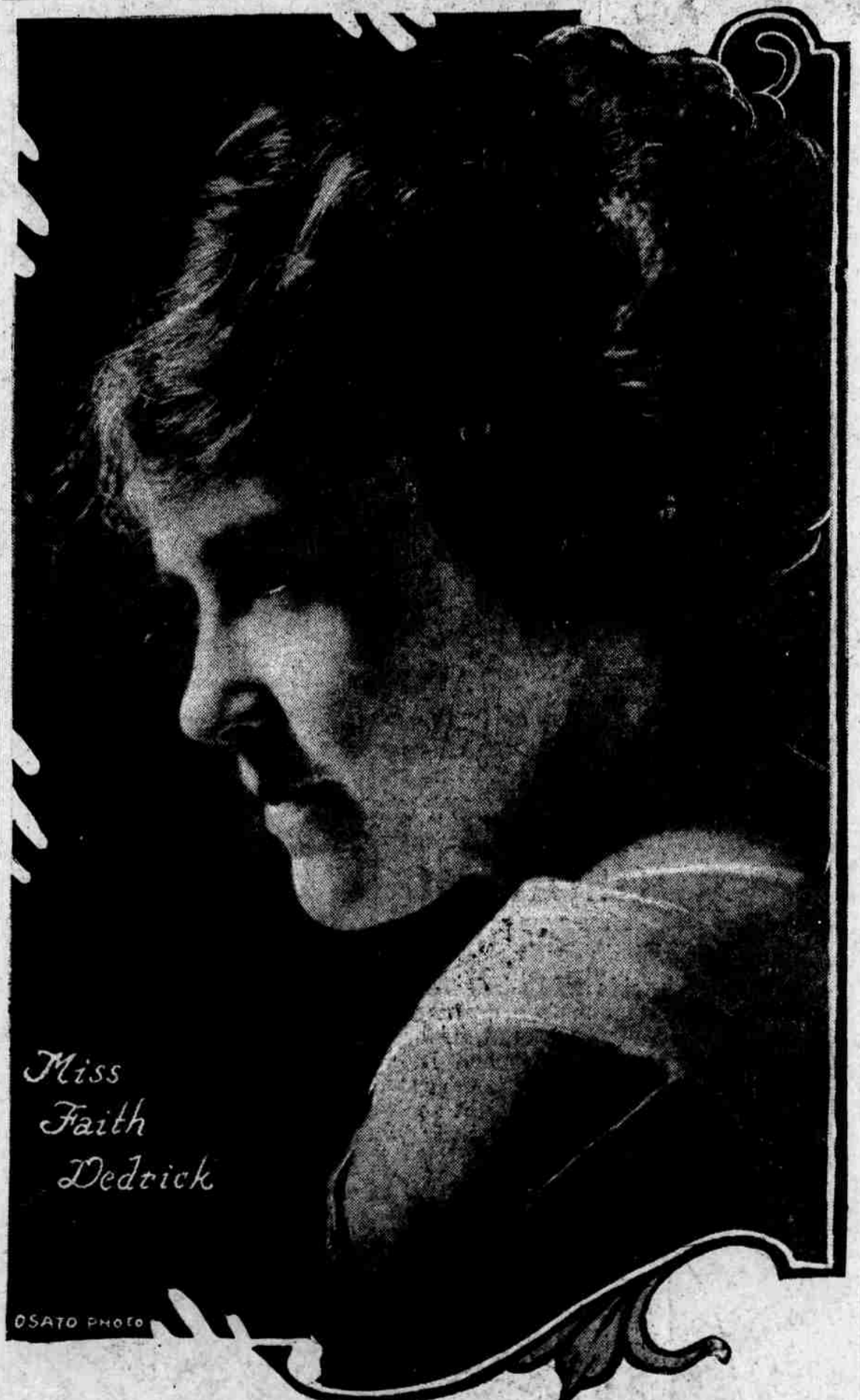
WHO IS "J. D.?" That question has been going the rounds of the Country club set, ever since a clever bit of invitational verse reached them regarding the closing dinner of the season. Here 'tis:

"Come and join the dinner. At the dear old Country club. The dearest party of the season, old friends will be awaiting you. The golfers and the dancers, too. You must show up, there's really every reason. For summer days are on the wane. The harvest time is here again. So while we can let's merry be and treat ourselves to one more spree. Please telephone you'll come—don't miss the chance."

Everyone has been wondering about the signature, "J. D.," but no one has thought to ask Gabby, who noses, and knows, most everything. It might help the guessers if they knew that the initials were really "F. D.," the "F." having been mistaken for a "J," and that she's a tall and stunning brunette.

Get Acquainted Club. The Get Acquainted club will hold a meeting Sunday evening at 7:30 in the Common room of the Unitarian church. Mrs. Stella Williams Kendrick will sing and Mr. F. O. Lewlaw will be the accompanist. Wednesday evening the club will give a party for the members. The evening will be spent in dancing and games.

Engagement of Miss Detrick Announced



Miss Faith Detrick

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Detrick of Superior, Neb., announce the engagement of their only daughter, Faith, to Curtis C. Kimball of Lincoln, son of Mrs. W. R. Kimball of that city. The wedding will take place in the late fall.

Miss Detrick was graduated from the University of Nebraska at Lincoln in 1920, where she was a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority, and Theta Sigma Phi, honorary journalistic sorority. She has been a member of the reportorial staffs

of the Omaha Bee and the Lincoln State Journal. Mr. Kimball is an alumnus of the University of Nebraska and was a member of Delta Upsilon and Phi Delta Phi. He and his bride will reside in Lincoln.

John G. Neihardt to Address Club Women

Mrs. M. D. Cameron, program chairman for the twenty-sixth annual convention, Nebraska Federation of Women's clubs, to be held at Seward, October 25-28, announces that the "All Nebraska" program is meeting with much encouragement and commendation from all points in the state. This idea originated with Mrs. John Slaker, state president.

That this subject is of paramount interest in all organizations at the present moment, is evidenced by the fact that many are planning programs and exhibits along this line.

The State Federation considers itself very fortunate in having secured, as one of the evening speakers, the poet laureate of Nebraska—John G. Neihardt, the "American epic poet," as he is often called, who will interpret some of his own lyric and dramatic readings. Of this our own poet, William Marion Reedy, in the Mirror, says:

"Of John G. Neihardt I may say, as Sir Philip Sidney, 'He cometh upon you with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner.'" While Leland Samford university says: "His voice and presence are excellent for public hearings, and support adequately the strength and dignity of his heroic narrative."

Another great "treat" will be the first appearance in Nebraska of Mrs. Rose V. S. Berry of Berkeley, Cal., general federation chairman of fine arts, who will speak on the topic, "Art and Its Relation to Life."

Mrs. Cameron has just returned from a conference with Mrs. Slaker, and the local committee at Seward, and states that the preparations are well under way by the hostess club, and that a great convention is assured.

Wooden Actors a Delight to Old and Young

There are many definitions for a work of art, but most people who know agree that what makes a work of art a real delight is that it does not fully express but merely suggests and excites the imagination. The observer then sees the reality for himself.

This may explain why a puppet play is so amusing and artistic. It is said that Tony Sarg's marionettes, or puppets, coming to the Brandeis, October 28, for two performances under the sponsorship of the Drama League, can be more ridiculous than human actors, more pathetic, when once the audience has entered into the illusion that they are real people in a real world, and can portray Ibsenic subtleties with the fewest possible gestures and words.

It may be because the gestures of these quaint little wooden creatures are so simple and primitive that the emotions they are supposed to express are so clearly conveyed to an audience. Mr. Sarg has personally taught his puppeteers to so manipulate the puppets by strings that all

Fables for the Modern Child

Bret Harte Improves Upon Our Old-Time Friend, Mr. Aesop.

Just now, when movies are presenting Aesop's fables, and even good King Ak is Aesopizing, Bret Harte's improved Aesop stories "For Intelligent Modern Children," are of more interest than usual. They are not here recommended for child consumption, but rather for the elders, who, after all, are only children grown tall.

I.—The Fox and the Grapes. A thirsty fox one day, in passing through a vineyard, noticed that the grapes were hanging in clusters from vines which were trained to such a height as to be out of his reach.

"Ah," said the fox, with a supercilious smile, "I've heard of this before. In the 12th century an ordinary fox of average culture would have wasted his energy and strength in the vain attempt to reach yonder sour grapes. Thanks to my knowledge of vine culture, however, I at once observe that the great height and extent of the vine, the drain upon the sap through the increased number of tendrils and leaves must, of necessity, impoverish the grapes and render it unworthy the consideration of an intelligent animal. Not for me, thank you. With these words, he thought slightly, and withdrew.

Moral.—This fable teaches us that an intelligent discretion and some botanical knowledge are of the greatest importance in grape culture.

II.—The Fox and the Stork. A fox one day invited a stork to dinner, but provided for the entertainment only the first course, soup. This being in a shallow dish, of course the fox lapped up readily, but the stork, by means of his long bill, was unable to gain a mouthful.

"You do not seem fond of soup," said the fox, concealing a smile in his napkin. "Now it is one of my greatest weaknesses."

"You certainly seem to project yourself outside of a large quantity," said the stork, rising with some dignity, and examining his watch with considerable embarrassment; "but I have an appointment at 8 o'clock, which I had forgotten. I must ask to be excused. Au revoir. By the way, dine with me tomorrow."

The fox assented, arrived at the appointed time, but found as he fully expected, nothing on the table but a single long-necked bottle, containing olives, which the stork was complacently extracting by the aid of his long bill.

"Why, you do not seem to eat anything," said the stork, with great naivete, when he had finished the bottle.

"No," said the fox, significantly, "I am waiting for the second course."

"What is that?" asked the stork, blandly.

"Stork, stuffed with olives," shrieked the fox in a very pronounced manner, and instantly dispatched him.

Moral.—Trust hospitality obliges the host to sacrifice himself for his guests.

III.—The Wolf and the Lamb. A wolf one day, drinking from a running stream, observed a lamb also drinking from the same stream at some distance from him.

"I have yet to learn," said the wolf, addressing the lamb with dignified severity, "what right you have to muddy the stream from which I am drinking."

"Your premises are incorrect," replied the lamb with bland politeness, "for if you will take the trouble to examine the current critically you will observe that it flows from you to me, and that any disturbance of sediment here would be, so far as you are concerned, entirely local."

"Possibly you are right," returned the wolf, "but if I am not mistaken you are the person who, two years ago, used some influence against me at the primaries."

"Impossible," replied the lamb; "two years ago I was not born."

"Ah! well," added the wolf, composedly, "I am wrong again. But it must convince every intelligent person who has listened to this conversation that I am altogether insane, and consequently not responsible for my actions."

With this remark, he at once dispatched the lamb, and was triumphantly acquitted.

Moral.—This fable teaches us how erroneous may be the popular impression in regard to the distribution of alluvium and the formation of river deltas.

superfluous and distracting gestures, frequently used by people in every day life, are eliminated. The art of the playwright then stands revealed in a clearer light.

Even the dog in Rip Van Winkle and the man-eating lion in "The Rose and the Ring," the two plays booked for the Omaha production, seem to possess souls that can be easily understood.

But these little wooden-headed actors are merciless in their portrayal of human weaknesses and absurdities. Why, it is that drollery and wit in a piece of wood is doubly droll and farcical is somewhat of a mystery. But all who have seen any of Mr. Sarg's productions declare they have been shaken with the mirth of these diverting little creatures.

A prominent dramatic critic has said that the wires and pulleys that govern Tony Sarg's marionettes are conductors to carry off the spleen and "all that perilous stuff that weighs heavy upon the heart." This must be true for grown-ups as well as children delight in the antics of the puppets and flock to see Tony Sarg's marionettes wherever they have appeared in the east.

Mr. Sarg's company is now making a coast to coast tour with a full equipment of puppets, scenic and lighting effects, besides eight or more puppeteers and a musician who produces the peculiar tinkly music that harmonizes with the fantastic little world of the marionettes.