

Society



Mrs. George L. Howell, Janice and Phyllis HEYN PHOTO



Marcia Thummel GATCHELL PHOTO



Mrs. Robert Hamilton, Robert Stroud and Jeanette HEYN PHOTO

Gabby Gives a Lesson in Algebra--Answer Not in Back of Book

By GABBY DETAYLS.

ANY ONE who believes that teachers are apt to become old maids had better give heed to two romances which are blossoming (or whatever romances do) within sight of the blackboard. The odd part of it is that both the girls in the case teach in the same room and are good friends. And Gabby wishes to state that although their work is with subnormal children, there is nothing subnormal about either of these attractive young schoolma'ams. Just to show that she remembers some of the more general statements in the third grade arithmetic, Gabby will designate one couple as A and B and the other as X and Y.

A is a sorority girl, a graduate of Nebraska, who played havoc with undergraduate hearts a few years since. She has dark bobbed hair and is frequently seen driving a Studebaker coupe. B is a tall, blond young man whose family are well-known in Omaha and are old residents, but who have lived in the east for the last five years. His father is a publisher. He is in the advertising business. He has two sisters, and he himself returned to Omaha only this summer.

As for X, she comes from the Pacific coast and this is her first winter in Omaha. She met Y at a picnic, and at the same time she met Z, both of whom were decidedly impressed, and arranged, as boys will, to give pretty little X a large, joint rush. Notice the "joint" with special care for you will never see it again. After the first week Y declared the contract null and void, and poor Z hasn't been able to arrange a date with X since. Y is a tall, dark young person in the medical profession, and he served in a medical unit overseas.

And now, after these illuminating explanations, Gabby wishes to assure you that she is not asking for the age of the captain, the price of five apples or the cubical contents of A plus B. The answer is simple, but can not be found in the back of the book, children.

"If you are well bred," runs the heading of the column, and each day the social arbiter lays down more rules for your behavior. But if you are not well bred think of the good times you can have--the endless array of ungentlemanly acts you can commit.

If you are not well bred you need never wait for food to be passed you at the table, you can rise up and spear the wished-for viands with your fork and good right arm. You can sit in comfort on the street car with no qualms concerning the parcel-laden woman who teeters perilously on the end of a strap. You do not need to say it with flowers. You can let your wife wheel the baby carriage when you go for your Sunday constitutional. You can tell the telephone operator just what you think of the service. You can ask your young man to come in and stay a while if you feel inclined, and you can let him on with his overcoat when he tears himself away. You need never worry as to which arm to offer a lady, if any, or whether you should take hers. When you go on picnics you can throw

"LOTS of glory for these foot ball boys," said one woman to another while a certain player was being wildly cheered at a recent game. "Yes, but it's only temporary fame; it doesn't last," replied the second.

The boy of perhaps 10 who sat between them looked up. "Well, you can't peddle glory all the time," he said, settling the matter.

WITTER BYNNER, poet, told here this week of the religious tolerance of the Chinese. One Chinaman, when asked his religion, said:

"I am a Christian, a Buddhist, Mohammedan, Confucianist, Shintoist--and maybe there were others."

We are getting almost as mixed up, or tolerant, here. Father Flanagan's home for boys at Overlook is headed by the young priest himself, a Catholic. Morris Jacobs, a Jew, and Leo Bozell, Episcopalian, are doing the admirable publicity for this week's benefit drive for the home. Henry Monsky, also a Jew, is in charge of the speakers' bureau in support of the drive. The Y. W. C. A. has been supplying from town the delicious luncheon service, this past week to the various organizations which have inspected the home. Dan Desdunes, spectacular negro band leader, is directing the Flanagan horns and drums, and little 6-year-old Tomato, Japanese member of the Overlook family, is saying Christian prayers in English for the success of the drive.

What Happened in Kansas City. A Most Melancholy, True Ditty. A gallant youth to K. C. went His soldier friends to see, And there he found a goodly band A gladsome company.

They rolled some ash cans down a hill The sound did all entrance, And when the crap games wearied them They posed him in the jaw.

Our youth espied a pretty girl A-sitting at a table, "Now, prithce, gentle fair," he prayed, "Come dance, you sure look able."

The damsel looked him coldly up And down, she shook her head, An ancient cross was sitting near, "Ask me," she archly said.

The courteous youth with manner suave Then took her by the hand, Intending to assist her, "I'll bid you all good night."

The dame, hot-headed, read him wrong, Which scarcely he foresaw, And in the lad's vocabulary, She posed him in the jaw.

Then "Lad," quoth he, red with ire, "You did mistake me quite, And after your apologies, I'll bid you all good night."

So home he went, longing still Some vengeance for to wreak, Forgetting quite the good advice To turn the other cheek.

Mrs. George L. Howell and her two daughters, Janice and Phyllis, aged 3 years and 6 months, respectively, are links in a chain of four generations, all of whom live in Omaha. Col. C. F. Weller is the great-grandfather of these two little girls, and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Clarke are their grandparents. Janice goes to kindergarten and in her spare hours her grandfather, Mr. Clarke, is her favorite companion and playmate. In fact, she deserted her own home this summer to spend a month in Estes park with her grandparents. She thinks there never were such stories as grandpa's, "all about animals and little girls."

Little Marcia Thummel, aged 3, is an only child. Her constant companions are her two teddy bears, for whom she gives elaborate tea parties several times a day. Her mother, Mrs. George B. Thummel, fears, however, that teddy bears are losing their popularity, for little daughter has been teasing for a dog. When questioned as to what kind of a dog was desired Marcia announced, "Oh, mother, any kind if it's just dog."

Mrs. Robert P. Hamilton, jr., says that Bobby already has a passion for automobiles at the tender age of 3½. And as a logical outcome he takes a great interest in good roads and makes them his chief subject of conversation. The fact that Bobby's adoring grandfather, Mr. T. F. Stroud, is county commissioner may have something to do with it, though, as no formulated opinions about them as yet. Or perhaps they won't bear repetition.

Mrs. Carl H. Muller is the wife of Lieutenant Colonel Muller of Fort Crook. She came here a year ago from College Station, Tex., where her husband was in charge of the military department of the Agriculture-Mechanical college, the largest military school in the country, excepting West Point. Janet is the attractive 9-year-old daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Muller.

Mrs. Muller has already made many friends in her new environment. This section of the country was not strange to her, for as Gertrude Janit she lived formerly at Crawford, Neb., as well as at Sioux City in the neighboring state of Iowa.

Rag-A-Jazz Boys See Pershing

Typically American is the letter Donville Fairchild of the Southern Rag-A-Jazz band, University of Nebraska, wrote to his parents at Lincoln, from London on the occasion of General Pershing's recent visit there. He said:

"Believe me the five hundred American soldiers and Colonel Harvey sure looked good to us all. As usual, they outclassed the British.

There are only two or three things that the British rival us in. The tubes (underground) are very wonderful. The system is far better than the New York subway and is much easier to get to. The trains are all the way from 70 to 200 feet underground. The tubes in which they run are so air tight that there is a constant draft through them from end to end. The trains come out of them at each end of the line.

The police system is also very good. They seem to anticipate all trouble and are ready for it. Just the other day the unemployed had a march and started for Trafalgar square where nearly all such groups head for a demonstration. They found

over 400 "Bobbies" standing shoulder to shoulder in a double cordon around the square. Some one yelled "Come on boys, let's charge them." Upon this the Bobbies themselves charged and with their batons dispersed the mob. Believe me, they did it quick too.

"We have a trip planned when we leave here or when we are ready to sail for home. It includes Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Zeelbrugge, Amsterdam, Berlin, Cologne, Brussels, Antwerp, Ostend, the battlefields of France, resorts in Switzerland, Monte Carlo, Nice, Florence, Milan, Venice, Rome, Genoa, Barcelona, Marseilles and home. This may be changed. This is instead of coming home we may go to Cairo for a while and then to Shanghai. We are now dickering over that and a trip to Christiania and Copenhagen."

The Rag-A-Jazz boys played in Omaha a season before going abroad.

Katherine Worley Christmas Shoppers Begin Annual Parade Up "The" Avenue

Miss Katherine Worley, chairman of state board of control, will speak on "State Institutions," at the general meeting of the Omaha Woman's club Monday afternoon, 2:30 o'clock in the auditorium of the Burgess-Nash store under the auspices of the civil service reform committee, Mrs. John Mullen, chairman.

Mrs. Leo Hoffman will sing "Till I Wait," by Amy Woodford-Tine and "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise," by Seitz, accompanied by Jean Duffield.

Miss Worley will be the guest of the civil service reform committee at luncheon in the Burgess Nash tea room preceding the meeting. Covers will be placed for Miss Worley, Mrs. Johannes, Mrs. F. H. Cole, state chairman of civil service department; Messdames John M. Mullen, C. J. Hubbard, W. A. Baldwin, James Dahlman and James Bone.

Christmas Shoppers Begin Annual Parade Up "The" Avenue

New York, Nov. 12.—Like leaves racing before a coming storm, the first of the holiday shoppers rushed through shopping districts here today.

So crowded was the avenue at the high hour of traffic reaching from Fifth street to Thirty-fourth street compelled many an anxious-eyed woman to gather up her furs, handbags and Pekingeses and take to her own trusty feet for locomotion.

Many a one succeeded in buying, or at least ordering, such gowns and wraps as should make the Christmas season one long series of joyful shocks to beholders.

Others, farther sighted, fared up to Fifty-seventh street and laid in the first installment of Palm Beach wardrobes. For this town manages at least to pace the seasons as they go by. And what more appropriate Christmas gift for madam than a summer wardrobe? Especially if it contains two such delectable gowns as a famous importer offered today.

One was so very French that one hesitates to describe it save in the language of that so dear to Paris. A basque of buff taffeta was fashioned close to the figure, but crushed toward the low waist line to establish a look of softness. It was sleeveless, and the throat line, just above the shoulders, was finished with a straight band of taffeta covered with gold lace.

"Oo La La" Skirt. The skirt, an "oo la la" thing of ivory chiffon, was wired bouffant over the hips like a ballet dancer's. The hem was deeply scalloped.

Three rows of box-plaited taffeta and net, set on a line with the scallops, trimmed it.

The other dress of crepe de chine suggested ivory lilies for pale beauty and grace. Falling straight from the shoulders, it was finished with pin tucks, back and front to the moya-age waist line. The skirt was done in shallow accordion plaits. A sash of crepe tied at each side fell in streamers longer than the skirt.

There were no sleeves, but a band of crepe two or three inches wide, was hemstitched to the arm holes, and above the oval throat.

Such a floating spirituelle bit of drapery might Beatrice have worn when Dante saw her first under his Tuscan stars.

But the high light of the fashion array struck from a wrap, a most gorgeous effluence of redder than flame velvet cut to the slender confines of woman's adornment, destined to make or mar the beauty of one among the thousands who shall see and covet.

It was wide and billowing and the searing redness was of the inside as well as the out. Two broad bands of ermine ran round the inside near the bottom. Otherwise it was untrimmed save for the exotic design of the collar.

That was neither more nor less than a scarf of great velvet roses. They were so huge that any feminine being nestling among them would be quite lost.

Slipper Buckles a Novelty. The newest of novelties are slipper buckles and ornaments. It is hard to imagine anything more attractive or desirable in the way of holiday gifts.

One set is designed much like a brooch, with a setting of any color either to correspond or contrast with the multi-shaded pumps of velvet, brocaded satins or feathers, style slogans of the moment.

The setting is circled with brilliant or pearl, and a pair of diamonds or pearl drops dangle from the ornament almost to the ground, to bronze kid pumps, is a gold fringe, made of hair-line chains below a small gold hand set with topaz.

The third and perhaps most striking design is a pair of wings made of brilliant. They are attached, one wing to each slipper, to the outside of black satin or patent pumps.

Young Social Set Are Not Parasites

Mrs. Samuel McKelvie protested the other day about the "jazz wife," the gay, incompetent young woman who treats her husband like a cash register, and who could not keep house even if she would like to. There are doubtless plenty who answer the description, but young married women of Omaha as a whole do not. Many are those who have grown up in homes where they were not called on to do housework, and who have buckled down with a vengeance to cooking and dusting for two, and who are proving themselves able housewives.

Mrs. Herbert Davis has been taking all the care of their pretty new house in Dundee since her marriage in June, only treating herself to manicures as a reward. Mrs. Kenneth Norton has been proving valiantly that the college graduate can be efficient with her hands as well as her head.

Among the recent brides are Mrs. Edwin Davis, who confesses that they go to "Mother's" now and then for an extra square meal, but boasts that they "make out" most of the time, and Mrs. Byrnie Holmquist, who enters on matrimony already an accomplished cook and housekeeper. Mrs. Richard Mallory is another bride who "shakes no mean frying pan," according to the statement of a bachelor who has diner at the house.

Both Mrs. Charles Burgess and Mrs. Lewis Burgess, brides of the year, have been navigating the culinary seas successfully, and Mrs. Al Manger's deprecatory remarks about her housekeeping are not borne out by her friends. Mrs. Milo Gates is noted for the good things to eat which she concocts for her guests.

And the incentive of a husband isn't always necessary to make a society girl an accomplished housewife. It is hard to get to market before Miss Gertrude Stout in the morning, and Miss Eleanor Burkley, who goes to school as well as manages a house, occasionally takes the family socks along to bridge parties to darn while she is darning.

If Mrs. McKelvie is discouraged she should visit Omaha.

University Woman's Club

Reservations for the luncheon of the Omaha branch of American Association of University Women Saturday at 12:30 o'clock, at the Burgess-Nash tea room, should be made by 9 a. m. Friday with Mrs. H. B. Patrick.

The general meeting of the club will open Saturday at 11 a. m. in the Burgess-Nash auditorium, the president, Mrs. J. E. Wallace, presiding.

The Old Bridge

On the old, old bridge, with its crumbling stones All covered with lichens red and gray, Two lovers were talking in sweet low tones:

And we were they! As he leaned to breathe in her willing ear The love that he vowed would never die, He called her his darling, his dove most dear:

And he was I! She covered her face from the pale moonlight With her trembling hands, but her eyes looked through, And listened and listened with long delight:

And she was you! On the old, old bridge, where the lichens rust, Two lovers were learning the same old lore; He tells his love, and she looks her trust:

But we,—no more

—Henry Van Dyke.