

Greek Girls as Housekeepers

"What! And the announcement not yet out?" was asked incredulously of an attractive young lady one day this week when she was caught in one of the leading furniture stores going anxiously over an assortment of rugs. Nearby hung a collection of curtains through which she had undoubtedly been glancing, while a collection of straight backed chairs, rockers, tables and other house furnishings rested suspiciously apart from the rest of the store's goods. She blushed in a manner described as almost convicting. Then she explained:

"O no, you don't understand. I know I've been with him a lot lately, but that doesn't have anything to do with my mission today. You know we have a house this year," and she displayed with pride the fraternity pin that was all but concealed behind the chrysanthemum.

"I'm on a lot of committees; I don't know how many, and am treasurer besides. I know that I'm almost worn out, though. This selection of household goods is something new to me. It would be bad enough if I had my own way about everything, but I don't. That's the worst part of it, sometimes. There's too much referendum.

"I'll come down here and select something that I think is just perfectly lovely, and then I'll bring some of the other girls to approve my judgment. Somehow they don't agree with me often enough, and there's a whole lot of work and exertion gone for nothing.

"Yes, I think I'll know a whole lot about what to do if I ever have to go through the experience of selecting furnishings for a house of my own. I know this much, there won't be so much consultation of the other person or persons concerned. I'll have my own way a little more than I'm having it now.

"But say, we're having an awful time. We're undertaking to do the most of the lighter work ourselves.

Think of the sewing and tacking and decorating we have to do," and she showed two bruised fingers and a thumb as evidence of the attempts at driving tacks.

Every ladies' fraternity in the university is supplied with a house this season, something never before known in the history of Greece at Nebraska. All the boys' fraternities have either houses or rooms. Three of the sororities are just now going through the throes of fitting up quarters for the first time. The sentiments above quoted may be applied to any one of about three dozen young ladies who will read them over and say fervently, "Amen."

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"That Chicago woman amuses me," observed the first guest at the seaside resort.

"Amuses you?" echoed the second guest. "Yes. She told me she had been so busy with her annual divorce suit that she had forgotten to get a bathing suit."—Baltimore American.

"ROBERT EMMET" A STRIKING SUCCESS



"Robert Emmet" is one of the season's greatest dramatic successes. As may be gathered from the above production of a flashlight, the play is prolific of stirring scenes and dainty humor. The author is the son of a famous Fenian, the supposed "Number One," in fact.

Even the Women Play the Markets

"O, pshaw! Blame the luck! d-n!" You might not think it, but it's true. Some of them even let that last exclamation escape their lips. Then they partially apologize and jolly the broker. Generally a little squeal of pain or a sharp word of disgust suffices them and they try again. That's when they lose.

But they don't always lose, nor do they lose all the time. It just happens occasionally, as it is bound to do.

Who would think it? Lincoln has a little clique of women who play the bucket shops. Oh, horrors, no! They don't flock to the shops and keep the seats warm while watching the figures multiply on the boards. They use the telephone.

"How's corn? 56 1-8 did you say? What's been the tone? Down with a rush? Oh, that's good. Buy me a thousand at 56 1-8. Have I got it? All right."

That is the way they talk. Half an hour later, more or less, this lady purchaser will call up again.

"Well, how's my corn now? Up? Good! 57 3-4! Whew! Say, stop loss at, Oh, let's see, 57 1-4."

She blithely hangs up the 'phone with a snap, for she is fixed. The price can fall back wherever it pleases, but if it touches 57 1-4 it is closed, and subtracting the broker's fee of 1-8, she has gain one cent, or a little over \$3 on her investment of \$10. If it advances still farther, so much the better.

When she meets trouble she grits her teeth and employs numerous steel pointed words of her own coinage with

which to punctuate her displeasure.

It is all very secret. You couldn't get at the names of the women for any price. But they are there, nevertheless. Either by mail or in person after hours they have made deposits with the brokers and thus their margins are right on hand to back them in any deal they may 'phone in.

It is fine sport. Not a host of women indulge in it, but the number is great enough to think about once or twice.

Why isn't it just as pleasant and proper to do this as to play games for prizes at parties? The answer by the women interested is that the propriety in either case is equally commendable. And the prizes from the bucket shop are far more substantial than those at the pink teas and such. Of course in some of these society games actual money stakes are played. One may naturally infer that the women who participate in these games take the most interest in the bucket shops.

Married and single—both do it. The social state makes no difference. The interest is as keen to one as to the other. Just as it is with the men, there are some who show unusual shrewdness. Mayhap the naturally intuitive nature of millady makes her in many instances an operator even superior to her brother. She deals, however, under a handicap. She cannot be present to watch the board herself and get the trend.

Still she reaps occasional flattering harvests of pin money and when she loses she charges it up to hubby under the head of general expenses.

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Mrs. Gayboy—Down at the bargain counter I can get a lovely canary and a cage for \$2.98.

Gayboy—Pshaw! I can get a bird and a bottle for that.—Town Topics.

THE FASHIONABLE NEW MULL WAIST



No more successful design than this simple, yet elegant model has been produced during the season—moulded on Parisian lines it shows American taste.

Pretty Blouse of light blue mull, entire waist is tucked, except lower part of sleeves. A yoke of white lace is applied on the waist, also lace cuffs on sleeves. The wide girde is of white tucked taffeta with narrow lace over, and plait ribbon laced through.—From James McCreery & Co.

GREEN GABLES.



The Dr. Benj. F. Bailey Sanatorium

Is not a hospital, not a hotel, but a home. The building is located on a slightly hill at Normal, and is reached by the cars of the Lincoln street railway, being only 28 minutes' ride from the business center of the city. It is thoroughly equipped and beautifully furnished. Every electric current useful in the treatment of the sick is used, and Ideal Turkish, Russian, and Medicated Baths are given. In conditions where the kidneys and liver are affected, and in cases of rheumatism, our Hot Air Treatment has been remarkably successful. For full information address **The B. F. Bailey Sanatorium, Lincoln, Neb.**