



Miss Flora Marsh
Gatchell Photo.

Miss Flora Marsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Marsh, will leave early in September for a visit with friends in Marlborough and Springfield, Mass., before returning to Wellesley college, where she will enter her sophomore year. Miss Marsh, who is a lover of outdoor sports, has been spending much of her time during the summer on the tennis courts. She is an expert equestrienne and is often seen on the west Dodge road enjoying an early morning canter.

Miss Stella Robinson has just returned from New York, where she has been engaged in case and hygiene work at Lennox Hill settlement. Miss Robinson has been connected with this house for two years, and distinguished herself the past year in conducting the arts and crafts department of the institution. She will be with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Homer B. Robinson, for a two months' visit before returning to the east.

Miss Grace Marsh of Highland Park, Ill., arrived this last week to visit Miss Almarine Campbell. Miss Marsh is being widely entertained. Monday she will be an honor guest at a bridge given by Miss Izetta Smith at her home. Miss Marsh, who is an attractive brunette, is a graduate of the Ogontz school.

Miss Polly Robbins, a popular member of the school set, who had many honors during her career at Central High school, is leaving this week for California with her mother, Mrs. Robbins, and sister, Dean Robbins. They will spend the winter in California. Miss Polly Robbins will enter Pomona college. For the month of August the Robbins will visit Mrs. Robbins' mother, Mrs. Wyman, who has a cottage at Carmel, near Monterey.



Miss Stella Robinson

Miss Grace Marsh



Miss Polly Robbins
Rinehart-Marsden Photo

Gabby Seeks to Introduce New Magazine to Her Readers

By GABBY DETAYLS.

IT LOOKS serious, very serious. When the college girl conducts her romances away from home it is hard for Omaha folks to keep right up on the latest developments, but my goodness how they do try. For the benefit of those who are straining every nerve to keep well informed by other methods than reading the Literary Digest, Gabby will print a brief summary of the month in social circles: "Our Own Amatory Digest," she has decided to name it.

The month has seen a brisk flurry in mails. One young lady who has not announced her engagement, but who has given plenty of grounds for suspicion, has received 50-count 'em, 50-letters in the brief space of 30 days, according to her own admission. And, not having been able to express with a pen, which we must conclude is a facile one, all that was in his heart, he has thrown in a few telegrams to boot. One evening the young lady sat up for four hours waiting for a long dist. telephone call from the region which the Pilgrim Fathers nicknamed New England. In vain she waited, while the family smothered their smiles in their pillows. At last she gave up and sought solace in sleep, but then the telegrams began to arrive explaining just what was the matter with the telephone system. Rest was broken up thoroughly in that household.

Gabby would like parenthetically to insert an apology for her style. Try as she will she cannot acquire that concise and strictly neutral way of stating things that the esteemed Digest affects. Her own personal prejudices will creep in, and she may as well admit at the beginning that her prejudices are all in favor of romance.

But on with the chronicle. One most attractive college girl was considered enough to start an interesting affair with one of the city's bachelors, who is often described as irresistible. Whether she finds him so or not Gabby has been informed, but they can be seen several afternoons a week at one of the clubs going together. As a word of warning, for bright, well informed little lads, no other class can compare with the caddies. Their eyes are so sharp, you know, from looking for balls, and what an interest they do take in the club patrons!

Two sisters from an eastern city who were visitors during July, have caused a buzz of comment. The first to arrive swept the city by storm and attached at least three ardent cavaliers, one tall and curly haired, noted for his dancing, another a decided blonde, and a third good looking chap who has dark hair and an elusive way with him. Still another bean followed her from the east. The other sister's visit was a brief one, but the young gentleman who hastened to appear from a neighboring city is said to be a childhood friend whose devotion has never wavered. Although, the Young Visitors had a retinue of no mean proportions.

And then there is one of those ring affairs. There are no two ways about it, they are concrete enough for any Digest. The possessor of the ring has two married sisters, both of whom live out of town. She herself, lives in the southwest quarter of town, and the donor of the ring, if so he may be termed, is a handsome southerner, who is in every way eligible. He has spent the last six weeks in Omaha and the engagement is to be announced very soon.

His name, by the way, is one well known in the financial world, and is engraved in modest letters upon the doors of the banking edifice just across the street from the United States treasury building in New York. He is said to be related in fact as well as in name.

Note: The Amatory Digest will not be on sale at all news stands. This is its first and possibly its last appearance.

THE young mother is trying to train her son according to the latest approved methods. Personal responsibility is the keynote of her system. Tommy has had it explained to him many times in terms of 4-year-old understanding. The other day Tommy's baby sister just would not go to sleep and so mother had no chance to do all the many household tasks. So, in desperation she summoned Tommy from his play in the garden.

"Tommy, will you mind sister for a few minutes while mama is in the kitchen?"

"No," answered Tommy stoutly.

"Why, Tommy?"

"You buyed sister," declared the victim of his mother's educational theories, imitating the firmness with which he had been met so often.

"You buyed sister, now you mind her."

THANKS to the Sunday supplements, we are all familiar with those of Nature's Noblemen who have a bit of trouble with their j's. However, it isn't so often that Jonson becomes Yonson in casual converse in these parts and so it occasioned some mild amusement in a certain respected family when the youngest son set sail on the Sea of

Republican Women Plan Booths at County Fairs.

The republican women of Nebraska will not take an active part in the campaign until after the state convention in Lincoln, August 15, but various plans are already being made and will be proposed at the convention.

Mrs. Lulah T. Andrews, outgoing secretary of the republican state committee, who states that she will not be a candidate for re-election, will submit a plan which has been successfully tried in Illinois, and which is recommended by Louise Dodson of the national headquarters at Washington. The program is to open up at each county fair a republican women's headquarters under the authority and direction of the local republican women, either in a booth in some permanent building, or in a tent erected for the purpose. This headquarters may be provided with chairs and should be a comfortable place to rest. Lemonade or drinking water should be on tap, and entertainment of different sorts provided. At intervals during the day there might be short, snappy speeches either from women or men, perhaps the candidates themselves. Phonograph records of political speeches and music and motion pictures will be among the suggested amusements. Literature may be distributed from here.

Crook Relief Corps. George Crook Woman's Relief corps will meet in Memorial hall, court house Friday, 2 p. m.

Knowledge and the friendly Viking who shakes the rugs and grates inquired, "Where was Yasper?" "Oh, he's in Yale," was the reply, and it was a moment before his sister could understand the kindly commiseration of the glance that accompanied the exclamation "Yasper in Yale!"

FRIENDLY enemies, so much in vogue in drama during the late European unpleasantness, are at large again—this time in the heart of our own little domestic circle. One young woman who lately has become a Miss after being a Mrs. for a matter of two years or so, and who was quite evidently convinced of the horrors of matrimonial war at the

time of her discharge, was seen dining in the most admirable amity with her mate some time after the papers had been signed. Of course, Gabby inquired, as she very well should, if it meant a reconciliation had been effected. The answer was that, "no, this dinner was only a matter of sentiment, a celebration, if you please, of the anniversary of their wedding day."

It seems the husband is no longer an Omaha man and, passing through on the day of days, arranged the party. It must be easier, from all one hears, to remember your wedding date when it doesn't mean anything, rather than when it does, what?

Miss Leach Widely Feted



Miss Nancy Leach
Dewell Photo

Society Discussing Ak-Sar-Ben Maids

With the Ak-Sar-Ben festivities less than two months off, speculation is rife as to which of King Ak's fair young subjects are to be chosen to grace the court of the new sovereigns. In recent years the royal princesses have often been chosen from the school set, and many a maiden is secretly wondering whether she could possibly please the school authorities if she should go back late.

IF she should be asked to be a special maid to the queen.

The coronation ball will take place Friday evening, September 22, and will revert to balls of several years ago in the elaborate detail of the ceremonial. The adaptation of the Den show which was given last year in conjunction with the ball will not be attempted this season. Mrs. Arthur Guion, wife of the reigning King of Ak-Sar-Ben, will be in charge of the arrangements at the ball. She is at present out of town on a vacation trip, but on her return 10 days hence, plans will go hastily forward.

The 12 royal princesses will be chosen from a large group of girls between 18 and 22. Probabilities are listed below:

Misses—	Misses—
Katherine Denny	Irene Simpson
Willow O'Brien	Rosie Bahman
Jean Kennedy	Virginia Leussler
Mary Flinder	Maria Neville
Gertrude Kountze	Gwendolen Wolfe
Virginia Barker	Margaret Eastman
Pauline Cook	Mildred Weston
Helen Porter	Dorothy Norton
Mildred Walker	Katherine Baxter
Flora Marsh	Josephine Plattner
Maurine Richardson	Charlotte Smith
Ruth Nolan	Marjorie Ribbel

Much brain wracking is taking place anent the queen herself, who will take the place of Miss Claire Daugherty, popular reigning monarch. Until the curtains part for her triumphal entry the night of the ball one guess is as good as another.

She will be a member of a well-known family—a girl with beauty and good carriage.

Among the names which are being murmured across the bridge table and what is more, the dinner table and the breakfast table as well, are those of Miss Eleanor Burkley and Miss Vernelle Head, both of whom are summering in Europe. Both these young women have served as princesses in former years. Miss Head is rather tall and her beauty is of the blonde type, while Miss Burkley is an Irish type with dark hair and blue eyes. Her dignity and presence attracted much comment last year.

utantes, Miss Dorothy Judson and Miss Dorothy Belt, are often suggested. Both of these young women have dark hair, which is bobbed in the prevailing mode, and are of medium height and slim.

One of the most popular candidates in this guessing contest is Miss Gertrude Stout, who was president of the Junior league last season and who is a favorite with the league set. Miss Stout, although not tall, carries herself well and is strikingly dark in coloring.

Two of last season's popular debutantes, Miss Dorothy Judson and Miss Dorothy Belt, are often suggested. Both of these young women have dark hair, which is bobbed in the prevailing mode, and are of medium height and slim.

IF she should be asked to be a special maid to the queen.

The coronation ball will take place Friday evening, September 22, and will revert to balls of several years ago in the elaborate detail of the ceremonial.

The adaptation of the Den show which was given last year in conjunction with the ball will not be attempted this season. Mrs. Arthur Guion, wife of the reigning King of Ak-Sar-Ben, will be in charge of the arrangements at the ball. She is at present out of town on a vacation trip, but on her return 10 days hence, plans will go hastily forward.

The 12 royal princesses will be chosen from a large group of girls between 18 and 22. Probabilities are listed below:

Misses—	Misses—
Katherine Denny	Irene Simpson
Willow O'Brien	Rosie Bahman
Jean Kennedy	Virginia Leussler
Mary Flinder	Maria Neville
Gertrude Kountze	Gwendolen Wolfe
Virginia Barker	Margaret Eastman
Pauline Cook	Mildred Weston
Helen Porter	Dorothy Norton
Mildred Walker	Katherine Baxter
Flora Marsh	Josephine Plattner
Maurine Richardson	Charlotte Smith
Ruth Nolan	Marjorie Ribbel

Much brain wracking is taking place anent the queen herself, who will take the place of Miss Claire Daugherty, popular reigning monarch. Until the curtains part for her triumphal entry the night of the ball one guess is as good as another.

She will be a member of a well-known family—a girl with beauty and good carriage.

Among the names which are being murmured across the bridge table and what is more, the dinner table and the breakfast table as well, are those of Miss Eleanor Burkley and Miss Vernelle Head, both of whom are summering in Europe. Both these young women have served as princesses in former years. Miss Head is rather tall and her beauty is of the blonde type, while Miss Burkley is an Irish type with dark hair and blue eyes. Her dignity and presence attracted much comment last year.

Auto Tourists at Omaha Camp Ground Describe Joys of Life in Open.

"It's nice and cool up here on the hill in the shade, but the Omaha tourist camp ground needs a lot of improvements before it is in a class with those in western cities," was the cry that went up one warm afternoon this week from some dozen auto tourists from all sections of the country, who were busily cooking supper on the edge of Elmwood park.

Motorists who have found any of the conveniences of home missing during their sojourn in Omaha would be reassured for their future stops here if they could talk to Joseph B. Hummel. There may be bumps under their beds now, the cook stove may be rusty and the two showers may extend only a cold welcome to the dusty and travel-stained, but by September 20, if they wend their way back, they will find that a transfiguration has taken place. It remains to be seen whether even the foundations are now being laid for the two structures, which, with the other improvements to be made, will be completed at an estimated cost of \$30,000. According to Mr. Hummel these two buildings will house every convenience that the most luxury-loving autoist could expect, laundry rooms, equipped with washing machines and mangle irons (it is to be noted that some tourist less scrupulous than his fellows has absconded with the sole existing washboard on the premises); hot and cold showers, numerous gas stoves and electric lights. A caretaker will be put in charge and all these comforts will belong to whosoever registers his name and address and car number for the space of 96 hours, rent free.

Although there will be no grocery store in connection with the camp, there is a small concession stand in Elmwood park where staples can be purchased. The present site, which commands a fine view to the west and can almost always boast a breeze, will be extended eastward, and the rough places will be made smooth.

Camping in 1922 is a vastly different thing from the old days of a blanket, a can of beans and a coffee pot. One has only to listen to the stories of the friendly folk who are to be found every evening unloading their outfits, putting up their tents and folding cuts and cooking supper on their portable gasoline stoves to realize that roughing it is now done de luxe.

More than likely you will find mother cooking the chops while father enjoys nine holes of golf on the Elmwood course, for many motorists travel with their golf clubs.

Both Mr. and Mrs. H. J. McMurray of Newton, Ia., had their club with them and were enthusiastic concerning the course. They were in a party of 13, which seems to disturb them not at all, and with three cars are motoring to Denver. Others in their party included Mrs. Eleanor Cox and daughter, Lois; Mr. and Mrs. Dick Tripp and two sons, Mrs. A. F. Haupt and her twin daughters, Josephine and Grace Arline, aged 6, and Mrs. G. M. Tripp, an old lady of nearly 70, who according to her daughters, gets more fun out of the trip than any of them. They all hail from Newton.

Camped next to them were Mrs. M. E. Brett and her son, Ernest Brett of Los Angeles, who are driving to Mason City, Ia., and who have come 5,000 miles by way of Portland, Seattle, the Yellowstone and Denver, and have only slept indoors one night, of which they were justly proud.

Nowhere is rubbing elbows more generally accomplished than in a tourists' auto camp, so say they all. "One of the nicest parts of the trip is meeting people from all over the country," said Mrs. Brett, "and everyone will give you a helping hand if you need it."

As if to prove her statement, the next tent in line belonged to Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Ensign of Cleveland who were headed for Denver and down the hill a little way Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith of Salt Lake City and their two sons, Rover and Franklin.

It remains to be seen whether even the foundations are now being laid for the two structures, which, with the other improvements to be made, will be completed at an estimated cost of \$30,000. According to Mr. Hummel these two buildings will house every convenience that the most luxury-loving autoist could expect, laundry rooms, equipped with washing machines and mangle irons (it is to be noted that some tourist less scrupulous than his fellows has absconded with the sole existing washboard on the premises); hot and cold showers, numerous gas stoves and electric lights. A caretaker will be put in charge and all these comforts will belong to whosoever registers his name and address and car number for the space of 96 hours, rent free.

Although there will be no grocery store in connection with the camp, there is a small concession stand in Elmwood park where staples can be purchased. The present site, which commands a fine view to the west and can almost always boast a breeze, will be extended eastward, and the rough places will be made smooth.

Camping in 1922 is a vastly different thing from the old days of a blanket, a can of beans and a coffee pot. One has only to listen to the stories of the friendly folk who are to be found every evening unloading their outfits, putting up their tents and folding cuts and cooking supper on their portable gasoline stoves to realize that roughing it is now done de luxe.

More than likely you will find mother cooking the chops while father enjoys nine holes of golf on the Elmwood course, for many motorists travel with their golf clubs.

Both Mr. and Mrs. H. J. McMurray of Newton, Ia., had their club with them and were enthusiastic concerning the course. They were in a party of 13, which seems to disturb them not at all, and with three cars are motoring to Denver. Others in their party included Mrs. Eleanor Cox and daughter, Lois; Mr. and Mrs. Dick Tripp and two sons, Mrs. A. F. Haupt and her twin daughters, Josephine and Grace Arline, aged 6, and Mrs. G. M. Tripp, an old lady of nearly 70, who according to her daughters, gets more fun out of the trip than any of them. They all hail from Newton.

Camped next to them were Mrs. M. E. Brett and her son, Ernest Brett of Los Angeles, who are driving to Mason City, Ia., and who have come 5,000 miles by way of Portland, Seattle, the Yellowstone and Denver, and have only slept indoors one night, of which they were justly proud.

Nowhere is rubbing elbows more generally accomplished than in a tourists' auto camp, so say they all. "One of the nicest parts of the trip is meeting people from all over the country," said Mrs. Brett, "and everyone will give you a helping hand if you need it."

As if to prove her statement, the next tent in line belonged to Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Ensign of Cleveland who were headed for Denver and down the hill a little way Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith of Salt Lake City and their two sons, Rover and Franklin.

(Turn to Page Two, Column Seven)

Visitors From Norfolk



Mrs. Edward Ayer and son
Dewell Photo

Mrs. Edward Ayer of Norfolk, William, her eldest son, and baby Richard, who have been visiting Mrs. Ayer's mother, Mrs. R. S. Hall, leave today with Mr. Ayer, who joined them last night, for Stamford, Conn., where they will spend a month with Mr. Ayer's family. They will stop again in Omaha for a short time during September before returning to Norfolk.