

Society



Mrs. G. Sutphen Kiplinger  
Emhardt Narsden portrait

Mrs. G. Sutphen Kiplinger arrived last week with her 13-year-old son, Delmore Kiplinger, from her home in Tacoma, Wash., where she has been for the past two years, and is receiving many social courtesies here. She will spend a month in Omaha, and during her stay will be the guest of Mrs. Clair Baird, Mrs. A. B. Currie, her brother, C. J. Sutphen, and Mrs. Sutphen; Mrs. B. Krenold and Mrs. J. C. McClure. Mrs. Kiplinger has been enjoying her two years in the west since leaving Omaha and just recently completed a country place on Gravelly lake, Washington, where she resides.

Mrs. Lee W. Kennard is one of the fortunate Omahans who is leaving soon for the south. Mr. and Mrs. Kennard, their sons, Leo Burton and Frank, and Miss Ida Smith will go to Miami, Fla., on Wednesday, and shortly after will sail for Havana. On their return they will spend a month in Miami, while Miss Smith will visit with her brother in Haynes City, Fla.

Mrs. George Taylor of Great Barrington, Mass., and her sons, Charles Henry Brown and James Jay Brown, are making their annual visit to Omaha, with the Blackstone hotel as their stopping place. Mrs. Taylor was formerly a very popular Omaha girl, and her visits here have always been the occasion for many delightful affairs.

Miss Eleanor Burkley will be among those assisting at the benefit card party tomorrow night at the Brandeis grill, under auspices of the Omaha Catholic Council of Women. Proceeds from the party will be devoted to an educational fund which helps girls through high school. Many reservations have been made and handsome prizes will be given. Mrs. Thomas F. Quinlan is taking the bridge and Mrs. William McKenna the high five reservations.

Impressions and Mental Wanderings Inspired at Supper Dance

BY GABBY  
IMPRESSIONS—snatches of conversation and mental wanderings inspired by the Tip-Top supper dance benefit for crippled children at the Brandeis restaurant Monday night:  
Uniformed waiters wriggling through narrow aisles, silver trays nicely balanced on single hands high over their heads.  
"Did you ever see such dancing?" (Overheard from a member of the Fred Stone company who was watching the crowd.)  
The flash of a dainty silver flask. A slender hand whisks it back within the folds of her napkin. At another table a long slender vial looking like a perfume bottle from milady's dressing table is passed quietly around.  
Many guests appearing studious. They carry little books in their pockets. Titles, "Four Swallows." Book contains four bottles and is opened when you touch the "Spring Poems."  
Only two women seen smoking. They became the subject of conversation at nearby tables. (Idea for debate: "Is Omaha Provincial?")  
"It takes no intelligence to smoke," said one onlooker.  
"No intelligence, but a good digestion," replied another. "When I see a woman smoking I don't concede her brains, but I do say to myself, 'Gosh, she must have a fine stomach!'"  
Enter the Chorus.  
Shining gold and silver vanity cases left on table tops, the owners dancing. Herbert Connell stationed close to the chorus girls' entrance at the orchestra's left. A man and woman whose names could be mentioned, standing on chairs and peering over the top of the gold screens, which formed the temporary dressing room for the dancing girls. Waiters clustered around pillars during the Fred Stone program. Nice of them to stand there and hold that pillar up. Only 500 people to wait on anyway and, of course, no one would want to be eating with a chorus like that kicking around.  
"Ain't it well to have to do this?" said one chorus girl to another.  
"Yeah," drawled her pal, "but when they say 'gub yoo gotta, whacia gub' about it?"  
Assistant Manager Ross, as cooing as a dove. He stands at the door and utters a thousand peeps as their 45 minutes. He somewhat yells, but still a good. Rather anything.  
In Park is a story to tell to pick up novelties such as a red sequined paper, a camera, etc., once

a free-born American citizen, had voluntarily got himself into such a bedlam. His wife's vague reply about crippled children seemed to satisfy him and he meekly followed her to their table.  
Cigarette girls! They just have to be pretty when they get a dollar for a cigar or five for a 10-cent package of mints. One of them a bride and a newcomer. Chestnut hair, hazel eyes, teeth like pearls, a profile perfect, though girlish. Striking contrast to her dark and handsome husband, on whose shoulder her white hand rests. Flashes from her watch and rings of platinum and diamonds.  
He Plays Safe.  
A napkin stuffed high up in a man's vest. Emily Post's book of etiquette isn't keeping him awake nights.  
Brown Brothers' saxophone scatted the climax of the evening. Dollars thrown on the floor around them. They hold a consultation and announce that all money is for the crippled children. More dollars. Mrs. Barton Millard in a fluttering yellow gown and Miss May Mahoney in ecru velvet, down on the floor swooping up greenbacks and jingling silver.  
Generous actual! To follow their regular show with another one which couldn't mean much to them. Their services were donated. They win their laurels at the tiller and not at girlish entertainments. Just a real act of generosity and kindness on their part and one funds numerous evidences of such noble spirit in the profession. Randall's excellent orchestra—generous, too—donated their services after midnight.  
Blue smoggers, smoke permeating the place. Gowns in red shades, particularly running to the orange, most noticeable. Many in black, especially those who are in the retiring class. Mrs. — in black looks very trim. How she has reduced around the waist? They do say she is the most satisfied woman in the camp in town, going on orange and butter milk diet for weeks at a time with daily massage thrown in for waist measure. An elderly man leaves the room at 2 a. m. clutching in one hand a key master received as a favor. The world is topsy turvy for he doesn't look half as silly as the stiff conventional looking gentleman who seems to be saying to himself: "This is all very well but I have an important business engagement at 9 a. m. No wonder my wife doesn't care. She can sleep while I am out earning another \$200 for a half spring chicken and a package of cigars."  
At 2:30 a. m. the music ceases and there is no place to go but home. Thus did the merry dances depart, as the Village Gazette would say, "tired but happy." And a good time was had by all.  
In fact Fred Stone himself confessed to Manager Miller of the restaurant that he was amazed at the affair, declaring, "I have never seen a

DETAILS.  
They have touched the floor. Sanitary reasons, of course. But they do not apply in Omaha. The cotton snowballs were scooped up from the floor again and again and whirled back at one's newest friend. These balls Monday night gave indisputable evidence of many a potential Babe Ruth or Ty Cobb blushing away unseen as a mere bank president or a large general manager for a railroad. And Gabby is sure the judges would never have decided to inscribe George Sisler's name on that monument in Washington, D. C., as the most valuable baseball player in America, had they not seen Miss Erna Reed, who, for accurate, long distance throwing, was unexcelled at the supper dance.

A Profitable Evening.  
A girl stoops over to pick up a snowball. A friend whispers hoarsely: "That's what they think I got a minute ago, but actually picked up \$2.50."  
And what will Maurice Black do with the lovely orange sweater he won at the punch board. It would hardly do as a substitute for a smock. Charles Metz, trying to sell chances on a Miss Taylor dress, heard by Harvey Milliken was heard to remark, referring to some ordinary stitched on embroidery: "It is lace cut work and all in all."  
"I don't expect to see anything; don't expect to be able to dance and don't expect a good meal," said a professional-looking man as the waiter seated him. With anticipation so well tempered he probably had a good time.  
Big red joyous balloons, three times the size of those you used to cry for on circus day, let loose like creatures from Pandora's box. One of them settled down on a shiny bald head. The owner of the head looks pleased. Everybody grabs for a balloon. Something for nothing! One woman deftly takes off the rubber band at the mouth, expels the air in a business-like manner, folds up the toy and drops it into her bosom, probably thinking: "I can blow it up for Johnnie in the morning. He'll — love to play with it."  
N. — wearing flowers. Come to think of it women are not wearing them much any more. One sees them at buffet parties but in no such lavishness as formerly at balls.  
A sea of tuxedos. A heavy man leaving the dance floor, perspiring. Raising his voice above the noise he inquires from his wife: "What is it all this is for?" He seemed struggling to explain to himself why he



Mrs. George Taylor

Pepper Pot Turns to Cookery on Fridays

Just by way of proof that the art of wedding a pepper pot is an easy accomplishment for members of the Pepper Pot themselves, those who are at home for the winter are meeting every other Friday to cook their own meals.  
Margaret Lee Burgess, Dorothy Higgins, Emma Nash, Jane Stewart and their sponsor, Miss Claire Daugherty, are all that are left at home since the eastern schools have taken their quota following the Xmas holidays, and they meet at the home of Mrs. F. A. Nash, who has turned her big kitchen over to them on these days. The girls go to work with their shining pots and pans under the direction of Mrs. Alma Thorin, who is so famous a culinary artist.  
Each girl takes her turn at ordering a complete dinner, as a surprise for the rest to cook. "It's simply great," says Miss Dorothy Higgins; "we get it all ready, and when we've cleaned up afterwards, we dash off to a movie to rest."  
It was all most intriguing and the more so, since when they finally appeared they were Ray and Joe Millard of Omaha (recent very professional looking gentlemen) who had been schoolmates of the groom in the east.  
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At the wedding Miss Burt wore a dress of old gown trimmed with a swath of blue velvet, made very formally, with a sweeping train of the velvet. She carried a sheaf of Premier roses.



Mrs. Lee Kennard and Lee, Jr.

Mrs. Wilhelm to Entertain Opera Singer at Tea on Tuesday

Mrs. C. M. Wilhelm will be hostess at tea at her home Tuesday from 4 to 6 o'clock, honoring Miss Edith Mason, noted opera singer, whose concert at The Brandeis Wednesday night under Tuesday Musical auspices, will be one of the most notable musical events of the season. Mrs. Wilhelm is president of the club.  
Members of the Tuesday Musical club board will be at Mrs. Wilhelm's home to receive with the hostesses when Miss Mason arrives. Board and committee members of the musical organizations of Omaha are among the invited guests.  
Mrs. Samuel Cooper of Pittsburgh, daughter of Mrs. Wilhelm will assist at the tea with her friends, Mrs. Burdette Kirkendall, Mrs. Milo Gates, Mrs. Herbert Davis, Mrs. Glenn Wharton, Miss Gertrude Stout and Miss Erna Reed.

NEBRASKA SUNSET

By Arthur W. Stevens, Kearney, Neb.  
(This poem won second prize in its class in the Omaha Woman's Press Club literary contest for 1922.)  
The river's somber flood is changed to red  
And gold. In shallow streams the waters flow  
Past treeline banks, by devious course and slow,  
Like rippling fire upon the sandy bed.  
A dark'ning sky is brooding overhead  
Where daylight fades and evening shadows grow  
While in the west, where sunset's banners glow,  
A symphony of colors wide is spread.  
Adown an aisle with dazzling radiance limed  
And draped with clouds, there floats the crimson sun.  
It strikes to rest. The brilliant lights are dimmed.  
With silver sheen illumed the waters run  
Between dark sand-bars spread across the flat,  
As twilight falls—'tis sunset o'er the sea.

Character Actress to Entertain Lonely Folk

The Get-Acquainted club meets this evening at 7:30 o'clock, First Unitarian church, Turner boulevard and Harney street, Miss Lillian Sandberg and Mrs. C. J. Emery will be hostesses.  
Mrs. Emma D. Barker of New York City, character actress and grand opera singer, will present "The Flying Wedge," (a baseball game). Miss Dorothy Lustgarten will play violin solos and Mrs. C. J. Emery will sing vocal solos by Miss Sandberg.  
This club is non-sectarian and is open to all.

Mischa Here on Feb. 20

Mischa Elzen, who comes to Omaha for a violin concert February 20 at the Auditorium under auspices of the Ladies Society of the First Central Congregational church, is now in his first year of concerts in America since his two year tour of India, China, Japan, Java, and Australia. Critics, wherever he appears, are unanimous in praise of this artist.  
Mrs. J. B. Porter is chairman of the concert. Mrs. Irving Cutter is president of the Ladies' society and assisting her in making the concert a success are Mesdames W. R. Wood, E. G. McGilton, Franklin Mann, Nelson Updike and A. W. Gordon.

Press Women Bring Mrs. Elia Peattie February 16

The Woman's Press club is to present Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, distinguished novelist and literary critic, in a lecture and reading of her own plays at the Fontenelle hotel at 4 p. m. Friday, February 16.  
While Mrs. Peattie is a national figure in the literary life of this country, she is particularly well known in Omaha. She lived here for many years and engaged in active newspaper work and also took a leading part in club activities. She was president of the Omaha Woman's club in 1916 and is an honorary member of this club and of the Woman's Press club.  
Interested in all women's activities, yet it is as newspaper woman, critic and short story writer that she has become a national figure. During the greater part of their lives she and her husband, Robert Peattie, have been associated together on newspaper staffs. They are perhaps the best known newspaper "couple" in America.  
Only in the last two years has Mrs. Peattie attained recognition in the dramatic field. Her new activity came about in a most unusual manner. She and her husband moved to North Carolina to make their home. After being there a while Mrs. Peattie found herself intensely interested in the story of long-existing feuds. She concluded that here was dramatic material, so she set about writing dramas about these feuds, inviting the natives to enact them.  
Instant success attended her efforts. Not only did the natives find an outlet for their pent-up feelings in these dramatic offerings, but the outside world heard of this venture and Mrs. Peattie was besieged with demands to leave her home and give these plays to the public. She has presented them in Chicago and other cities.  
Her visit to Omaha will mark the western boundary of her touring to date.

International Shoes Worn by Miss Cowell

Shoes with a decidedly international parentage are the envy of all who behold Miss Mona Cowell's trim little feet. Miss Cowell had them made when she was touring the world. When commented upon she informs those inquiring that her sturdy grey suede oxfords, so smartly cut, and with flapping brogue tongues, were made in China from an English model, for "cobblers over there were wonderful at copying, are painstaking, and most unfailingly accurate," she says.  
Miss Cowell, during her travels in the orient, also had a number of evening slippers fashioned.  
They were made after a French model, sandal slippers, with many intricate straps and tiny buckles. Rich brocades, bought in Burma, India, went into their making. One pair is of royal purple and silver; another of green and gold, and still another of white satin, heavy with metals.