Youngest Queen in History Takes Place Beside King

Miss Emma Hoagland in Gorgeous Gown Makes Unforgettable Picture at Ball Friday Night.

Ak-Sar-Ben's youngest queen, Miss Emma Hoagland, took her place on the throne Friday night as royal consort of John L. Kennedy.

Miss Hoagland, 19, is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hoagland, and the granddaughter of the late George W. Hoagland, one of Omaha's most influential pioneers.

Her mother was Miss Florence Boothroyd of Colorado. Both the queen's maternal grandparents are still living. They were unable to come to Omaha for the coronation.

Miss Hoagland has a sister, Miss Helen, whose maid of honor she will be when Helen is wed to Loring Elliott on October 22, and a younger brother, William.

During the past week Miss Hoagland's family moved from 510 North Forty-eighth street, the family mansion occupied by her grandfather until his death.

Patrician Slenderness.

Queen Emma has a patrician slenderness and height. A brunette, her locks have never been shorn, and are worn, slightly waved in a conservative fashion, softly outlining the shape of her head.

Her eyes, which are unusually large and brown, flash brightly when she smiles.

When she took her place in one of the two chairs reserved for her and the king, she made an unforgettable picture against the crimson velvet curtain, which suspended from a gold crown, formed a background.

The present queen, despite her youth, has twice been honored by Ak-Sar-Ben. A year ago she figured as a duchess in Queen Eleanor's court, one of the group of four who first inaugurated the custom of added attendants to the queen.

Flower Mission Member.

She is the namesake of the late Emma Hoagland, her aunt, and is a well known figure of mercy in local hospitals, where she goes on Thursdays with her mother, as a member of the Emma Hoagland flower mission.

Miss Hoagland's aunt, Mrs. David Stone, wife of Colonel Stone, who came to Omaha a year and a half ago to live, was a princess of Ak-Sar-Ben when she was Miss Helen Hoagland.

Miss Hoagland studied at Bradford academy in Haverhill, Mass., and is a graduate of the Marlborough school of Los Angeles.

At the latter school she became an acomplished equestrienne. As a result, she may leave the royal box at Ak-Sar-Ben field this afternoon to take a place among the entrants in the horse show. The queen is also an excellent swimmer.

Miss Hoagland is the first queen, since the organization of the Junior league, who has been chosen outside the league's membership.

This winter she is enrolled in the University of Omaha school of cookery.

Queen's Gown Has Charm.

The queen's gown, each year a robe lovely enough to conjure with, bore out it's traditional charm.

It was fashioned of white crepe without a suggestion of a belt, over silver lace. A Persian pattern of crystals covered the entire gown, with four rows of inch-wide crystal fringe completing the design on the skirt.

The hemline, cut 16 inches from the floor, was finished with a six-inch fringe of rhinestones and crystals, through which gleamed silken ankles, silver clad.

At the right side of the gown a long fringe of crystal and brilliants, dripped dewily from a low waistline and on the left uncurled white ostrich, each filmy feathered frond tipped with a rhinestone, cascaded from hip to hem.

The neckline was cut low and round back and front.

The straight coronet of rhinestones set in silver, with its six-inch diadem in front, sparkled over Queen Emma's glowing eyes. The necklace, with its pendant and the two bracelets, set off her neck and arms.

Miss Hoagland wore the traditional court train of silver cloth boardered in sequins, and lined with satin, which Mrs. Willard Millard wore for the first time three years ago, and in which Miss Gertrude Stout and Miss Eleanor Burkley have since appeared. It has great dignity and grace cut with a V neck and fastened on the straight shoulders of the graceful queen, with silver cords.

Slippers of silver brocade and rhinestone buckles completed the royal ensemble.

After the ball, Miss Hoagland and her escort, John Reed, were guests of Miss Josephine Schurman at supper at the Omaha club, where Miss Hoagland's sister, Helen, and Mr. Elliott were honor guests.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

A gentleman's a gentleman
In every time and place.
He shows it by the way he acts,
Whatever he must face.
—Jimmy Skunk.

A Perfect Gentleman.

Jimmy Skunk is nothing if not a gentleman. Of course, he had been provoked when he was caught in that box trap of Farmer Brown's Boy. He had been still more provoked when he had been dropped out of it into a barrel. He felt that he had been treated very rudely. But there had been no one on whom to use that little scent gun of his, and so he hadn't used it. It didn't take him more than a minute to find out that he was just as much a prisoner in that barrel as he had been in the box trap. You see, he couldn't climb up the sides of the barrel.

Now, Jimmy is a philosopher as well as a gentleman. A philosopher is one who believes in making the best of

"A little gentleman, if there ever was one," said Farmer Brown's Boy as he watched Jimmy.

things as they are. Jimmy couldn't get out of that barrel, but he could curl up for a nap. So that is what he did. He was left undisturbed for quite a while, and so it happened that he was asleep when Farmer Brown's Boy tiptoed up and threw a blanket over the top of that barrel. Then, taking care to keep the blanket over the top, Farmer Brown's Boy very gently picked up the barrel and carried it outdoors. He carried it some distance away from the house and the barn. Then, as gently as he had picked it up, he set it down.

He went back to the barn and got a rake. Then he returned to the barrel. He pulled off the blanket from over the top. Then with the rake he reached out and got hold of the edge of the barrel between the teeth of the rake. Slowly and carefully he pushed the barrel over and gradually let it down until it gently came to rest on its side. Then Farmer Brown's Boy hastily backed away and waited.

He didn't have to wait long. Jimmy had been wakened by the moving of the barrel. The instant that barrel came to rest on its side Jimmy saw that the way was clear for him to get out. He wasn't afraid to go out. He didn't run out of that barrel, as some of his more timid neighbors would have done. He walked out of that barrel slowly and in a dignified way. His big, plumey, black-and-white tail was held high, a sign that he was ready to use that little scent gun of his if there was cause to use it. Outside the barrel he stopped to look around.

No one was in sight but Farmer Brown's Boy, grinning at him a short distance away. Jimmy knew Farmer Brown's Boy. He knew him as a friend. He didn't know that Farmer Brown's Boy had been the cause of his recent troubles, but he felt pretty sure that Farmer Brown's Boy had helped him out of those troubles. Jimmy lowered his big tail. Then, without hurrying in the least and acting for all the world as if nothing unusual had happened, he walked away. A little way beyond the barrel he stopped, dug down into the grass roots, pulled out a white grub, ate it and calmly went on about his business. Could you have seen him you wouldn't have guessed that anything unusual had happened.

"A little gentleman, if ever there was one," said Farmer Brown's Boy, as he watched Jimmy. "I wonder if it was Jimmy who was under that porch all the time instead of Unc' Billy Possum." And to this day Farmre Brown's Boy doesn't know just how it happened that he caught Jimmy Skunk instead of Unc' Billy Possum.

Fit for Her Majesty The Queen

QUEENS, being human, like candy. And queens, also being royal, must have the best candy obtainable in all the kingdom—so with last evening's elaborate coronation a new queen came into power, and afterwards it was only proper that she be presented with a marvelous box of the finest candies made.

Of course, Woodward's Inner-Circle Candies were selected, and such a gift is MORE than acceptable by such a royal personage as Her Majesty, the Queen of the Mighty Kingdom of AK-SAR-BEN.

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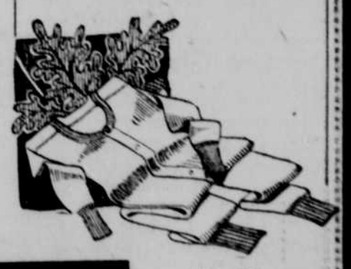

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