

How the Omaha "Kids" Spend the Long Days of Summer Vacation



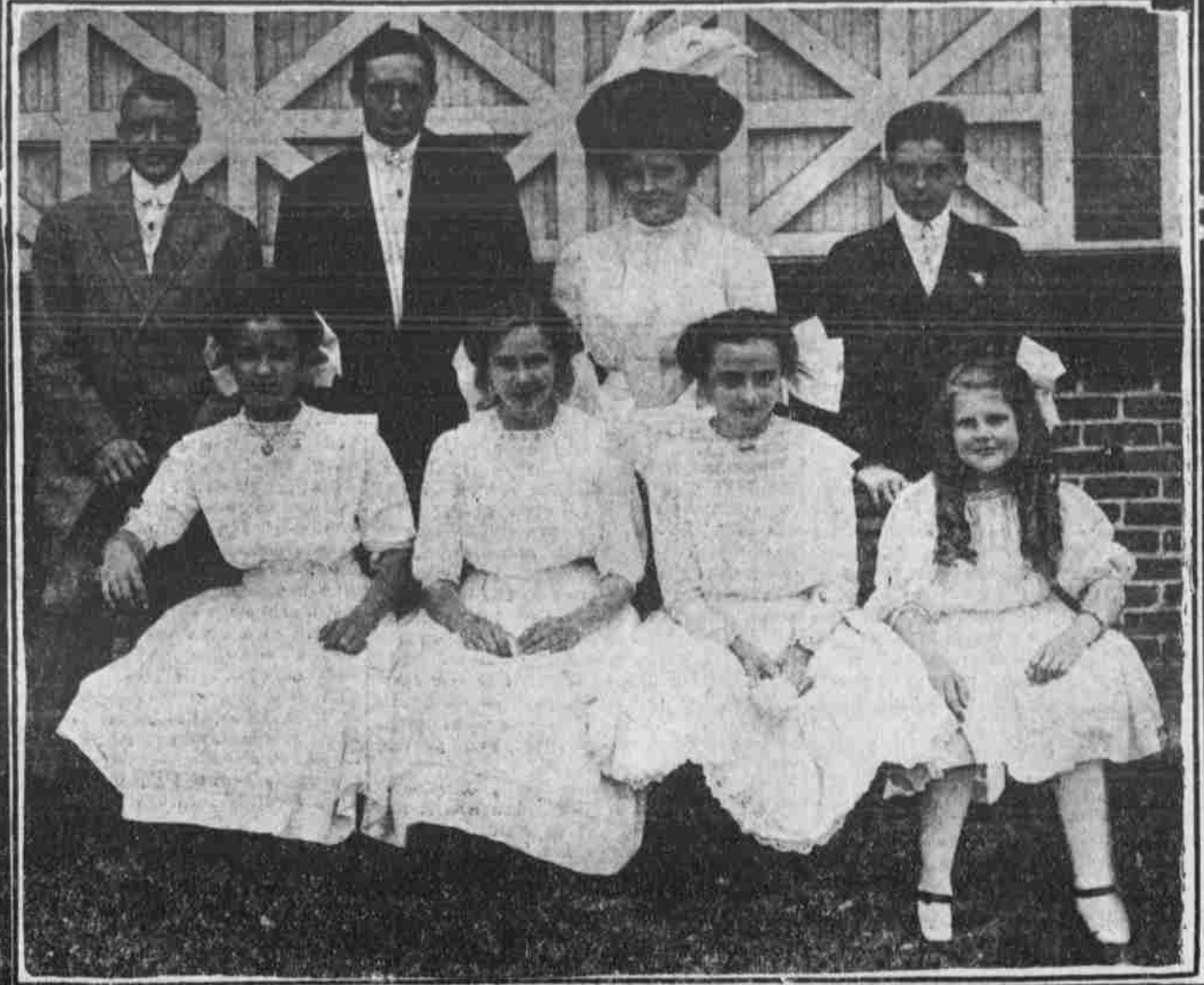
MISS HAZEL UDDIKE ENTERTAINED FOR HER COUSINS LAWRENCE AND MARJORY UDDIKE OF LOS ANGELES



COMING MEMBERS OF THE OMAHA FIELD CLUB



Group of the Field Club "Kiddies"



Mrs. O.D. Kiplinger entertained for Donald and Dorothy Kiplinger

YOU WHO whizz through the city in cars, steam cars, street cars and automobiles, what do you really know about the city, anyway? What do you know about all the good times it holds out to its children? And, after all, a city's reputation depends ultimately not upon its pillars of society—or business—but upon its children and what it offers them in the way of wholesome, healthy entertainment.

So ask the boys and the girls if you would learn the true place of Omaha in the nation's group of cities. Their replies will be quite as important as though they had visited other cities and made wise comparisons for all the questions are included in the one question, "Does Omaha make its children happy, healthy and storehouses of energy for their future contributions to the world's work?"

As a western city which has exhibited a truly western inclination to clamber over hills and through valleys, in other words, to stretch, Omaha has in its growing acquired an excellent lot of natural parks. Some of these parks are officially recognized as such and enhanced by the recognition, which means care and cultivation of the natural beauties. Other of these parks are recognized only by the youthful portions of the city to whom they have become playgrounds. These requisitioned parks which the real estate dealer labels "untenanted" are wont to be quite populous with ball players and rooting spectators, and important in itemizing summer amusements.

To locate all these improptu playgrounds would be as difficult a task as to tell of the continual journeyings to the other really truly parks which the city recognizes. Both are, however, important elements in the kiddies' answer to the question suggested above. In a measure both of these are unconscious ministrations to the child happiness, but neither loses in

efficacy for that reason. The planned ministrations to the child's play follows when the natural playgrounds have been pre-empted in any district by encroaching business interests.

Consciously the city's philanthropic people do not forget their children; witness the numerous picnics for the children who, without their thought, might be picnicless. And that would be a sorry state, indeed, for the real picnic has few rivals in the delight of the child. Anyone who has been so absorbed in the "world's work" that he has forgotten the bubbling joy of the youthful picnic should visit one of the parks—most any of the parks at most any time—and have his memory brightened.

Picnics, too, are most democratic in their ministrations, coming alike joyfully to those who are showered with the other good things of life, and to those whose blessings are fewer. Of course, in another sense, the picnic may be a most aristocratic affair, including only a select little circle of "special friends," who journey to the scene of festivities in smart motor cars and have luncheon and all the preparations looked after by their attentive maids. But these are only a small part of the summer's picnics and the more popular ones are the large Sunday school or other institutional outings which mean weeks of anticipation, anxious watching of the weather and breathless preparation for the great event.

Akin to picnics, in that they are frequently held in the parks, the birthday celebrations are almost as popular with the little Omahans. These parties are very pretty events, for the American maiden in her dainty short-skirted French frock and coquettish butterfly bows for rash and hair ribbons is a creature to make dance hearts much more stolid than that of quiet or mischievous-eyed youth in knickerbockers who shares in the festivities. Again, these birthday celebrations are held on the lawn at home. Though the home en-

tertainment lacks somewhat the excitement of the trip and all caddies have not the chivalrous way of one of the lads. It is his custom to consider all moneys which he receives in excess of the regular candy fee as belonging to his small sister, and faithfully turns over to her all such money. In addition to this the gallant brother recently indicated his affluence by inviting sister to go to the circus with him, "all his treat."

An important summer occupation, one which might be easily overlooked by the outdoor statistician, is the endeavor of the girls to put into practice some of their domestic science skill. The younger girls, also, show an eagerness to acquire proficiency in the household arts, thus disproving the cynic's prophesy of the country's homeless destiny.

In the matter of the public playground Omaha has been remiss this year, but it is hoped that this year's lack may prove the permanent gain of the children who must look to the city for their training in same play is that it may lead to the establishment next year of a permanent playground.

In the meantime the Social Settlement has instituted, in a small way, a playground at its headquarters. The yard is equipped with croquet and tennis sets and some hammocks. A lawn swing is one of the things which would be much appreciated as an addition to the present supply of recreation tools. The Vacation school, which meets every morning for sewing and manual training, devotes one morning of the week to nature study. Sometimes this takes an exceedingly pleasant form—automobile parties given by the directors or picnics at some of the parks.

The City mission had one large and never-to-be-forgotten picnic at Lake Manawa in June, but smaller picnics are part of the summer program, and some entertainment is a part of each week's schedule.

For the children at the Creche the directors plan

a series of picnics, one every three weeks. The directors take turns in superintending these outings.

Over at the library there is a Vacation Reading club, which is having the good effect of stimulating reading. There are more than seventy children who call for state—a blue star is indication of a book read—and are displaying a keen interest in the book world.

Individual interests, like the summer coaster in the yard at home and kindred toys, are found, of course, but being distinctly in the luxury class and are by no means an expression of the community of summer.

All these things—and they by no means tell the complete story of Omaha's summer attractions for children—contribute to the emphatic answer which you will get from any of Omaha's children when you ask, "How is Omaha for summer?"

"Great!"

to the park, it has other compensations—sometimes in the way of games, sometimes in the matter of luncheons.

For the favored little folks whose families belong to the Field club a special form of birthday celebration is provided: the Children's day at the club, every Monday, forms a splendid way of celebrating.

The club last year inaugurated children's matinee dance for Monday afternoon, and so popular did it prove that it has been continued this year, and its popularity does not wane. The club provides the music for the dance program and the younger dancers show the same appreciation as do their older brothers and sisters for the excellencies of the dancing pavilion. The club's invitation is general to all youthful members. These members in turn invite their special guests, "Just as papa and mamma do," and the joys even of the picnic party are quite dimmed by this smarter entertainment.

This children's matinee dance is a pretty feature

of club life. How attractive is the Monday scene can be judged from the above pictures of groups taken recently before the club house.

Of course, all summertime isn't devoted to parties and picnics and just having a good time. It is, on the contrary, a season in which young America branches out into business for himself; witness the prevalence of the pop and lemonade stands. These business establishments which dot the boulevards and residence streets, rivaling the famed mushroom in their quickness of erection, may be assigned according as the assignee chooses, either to the work or play spirit. Certainly they are a big element in the summer life of youthful Omaha, whatever the incentive.

Another summer occupation which can be classed both as play, because it is pleasant, or work, because it is profitable—though the distinction is a heresy—takes a group of school children to the parks in the morning each week. This is the Nature Study club. The members are the boys and girls of the Columbian and Farnam schools and they meet one morning each week to study the flowers and birds.

There is, however, a more serious expression of the desire to "earn money." For the boy just entering his teens the pin money proposition becomes an important one. He feels a keen desire to become a real wage earner. As they wheel around of an evening under the corner arc light the boys discuss respective salaries and "jobs," chances of increase of first, and really feel—and talk—quite grown-up in their opinions. These evening conferences and bicycle contests under the arc light are themselves a conspicuous part of summer life, as important to the boy as the century old corner grocery discussion was to their ancestors.

Caddying is for many of the ambitious youths the popular summer occupation. Forty cents for eighteen holes does not sound princely to the golfer, but "it counts up." Of course, there are tips, too, sometimes,

A New Airship Serial by Herbert Quick
Author of "DOUBLE TROUBLE"

VIRGINIA of the AIR LANES

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CHAPTER III—Continued.

Willett went back to his work. Mrs. Shayne bowed graciously to the empty air which her gaze indicated as occupying Carson's position. Virginia, begging his pardon with her eyes, excused herself and followed her aunt, and Carson was alone.

He felt the insult, the condescension, the utter contempt of him which the treatment accorded to him by all but Virginia made plain. He hated them. He wished fervently that he had never stepped aboard to ash a favor of the great and arrogant Shayne. He would enter into no arrangement with him, now; he would win his own victory, or fail. He would make the world gasp. He was in a shimmering fury; a silly, reasonless, boy's fury; but his instincts were true.

Silberberg was making it unpleasant for profanity. He was ready to do almost anything in his jealousy, which was a weakness

of his well known circles in which his affairs of court were known. Mr. Shayne saw real danger of a breach to which no obligation to Carson could have forced him, and grasped Silberberg's hand warmly. He made his decision without much real difficulty, though he hated being bullied by Silberberg. Yielding, he yielded completely, as a diplomat should.

"Very well," replied Theodore. "You are the sole judge of that, of course."

"And you may consider the negotiations good-by."

"I adopted that theory some time ago," replied Carson.

Shayne took out his purse and ostentatiously removed from it a number of bills. "I think I ought to pay you for your time," said he, "and your service to my niece. Please take these, and be good enough to go aft with the crew!"

If Silberberg had not seen fit to indulge in a sardonic laugh at this exigency, the speech would not have occurred; but Carson's sneering chuckle acted as a detonator for Carson's temper. He struck Silberberg out upon the mile-high deck. She halted, extended hand, scattering the bills over the floor. One of them slid sitherwise across the door and was just blowing out when Silberberg caught it. The others lodged in the hoarse growl from the earth was as the bill of the parachute admonished him that at last it was doing its work, and re- height from the ground. Beyond the illum- ination of the lights, it was absolutely dark.

"Don't notice the fellow, Shayne," said "You must be going aft," said she inter- roactively. "I'll go with you."

"No," said he, "I shall never see you again; but I shall never forget you! Good- by, Psyche, good-by!"

That instantaneous leave-taking the trembling girl never forgot. Pressing her hands, she started forward as if to clasp her in his arms, while she made no gesture of either yielding or resisting. He turned from the embrace already half begun, stepped upon the rail, and dropped off into that black abyss of night and tempest. Like a stone he fell, lost in the mists.

The parachute, so far as she could see, had not opened in the least when he vanished; and with pallid face she stood there, peering over into the unpeopled space, her soul filled with horrible visions of the end of that wild and reckless leap at the behest of pride. As she pictured his fall to the solid earth, she covered her face with her hands and sank down on the deck.

CHAPTER IV.

Theodore fell like a stone, so swiftly that the aeronaut seemed to dart inconspicuously toward heaven. All about him were the tossing folds of the cloud, streaming bore- stals of fog, fleeces of aerial wool, invisible, save for the lights of the Roc, which inter- mittently revealed the vaporous details and partly dispelled the weird illusion that he was falling eternally, like a soul hurled forth into a purgatory of limitless descent. Like the retinal image of a quenched flame, he saw in the murk the eyes of Shayne's niece, and her white face under the quaint pointed hat, blankly amazed at his de- parture. Suddenly the parachute admonished him that at last it was doing its work, and re- stored to him an acute perception of his wind rose about him; he was whipped

but the wind of his fall burst upward as then a lower one bowed him through its dense top; he laid hold of a slim birch, and, as it bent like a fishing rod under his weight, he let go the sheets of his parachute, the wind split from the silken leach, and he tumbled heavily into a mat- tress-like bridal wreath bush, over an as- phalting walk, and, eased down by the shrubbery, he rose unhurt, so far as he could feel, to find himself by a rustic seat near a dry fountain. On his left he could make out a long building three or four stories high, the roof of which he had barely missed, looming against the night sky, black, solid, "dark like the fool's heart," and to his eyes, immitigably sinister.

A high wall running back from each end of this structure, seemed to him to bound the garden—for a garden he guessed it to be. Back in some crepuscular jungle he heard the throaty bellow of a great dog, and thanked Heaven that he had left no trail. He found his parachute almost un- injured, whipped it about with the leech- ings, and slung it on his back. The dog's felonious bark seemed angrier now, and he fancied, nearer. Feeling for his pistol and finding it lost, he limped—for he now discovered that one knee was hurt—across the lawn to the place farthest from the dog.

Following the wall, he found it interval with that of the house. For 200 or 300 feet back, it was blank and high and in- ountable. The dog was still now, and, though Theodore's legs prickled with the fear of fangs at each rustle in the shrub- bery, he remembered the rear wall to a brick barn into which it was built. Every- thing was depressingly secure and sub- stantial and workmanlike. Like the walls that surround the terrestrial paradise, these structures were as the native rock of the eternal hills.

(To be Continued.)