

SOCIETY

Honest Fact! Few Things Found Out

In Which Everyone is Interested and Nobody Harmed.

By GABY DETAYLES.
RED CROSS and relief work is fascinating, Mrs. O. C. Redick, head of the surgical dressing department, Omaha branch of the Red Cross, declares. "Women," she says, "who formerly devoted an hour a day are now giving three-fourths of their time to the work. At first it was perfect work—now it is quantity. But so thoroughly have our women been trained to do perfect work that they now turn out great quantities in excellent shape." Other branches are having little trouble with imperfect work. The joke of doing it poorly is a thing of the past. The fad is passing and women are taking up their duties in earnest. The Canadian Red Cross leader says:

"One of the best traits of the women of the United States is that they are not afraid to learn. America has been in the war less than a year, Canada has seen it through three years. So the Canadian Red Cross can teach its sister organization across the international border."

"Under no circumstances would I offer advice to your splendid American women." Lady Laura Borden, wife of the Canadian premier, who heads the Red Cross in Canada, said at her office in the new customs building. "I know of the work they are doing. But if my experience is of any benefit, I will give it gladly. We are all one now. The Canadians and Americans have always been very close to each other. We have the same ideas and customs. Above all, we feel here that President Wilson has proved the man for the place."

"You need have no worry about lack of workers as time goes on. I have more women now, after three years, than I can handle. Sentiment plays a great part in the Red Cross work, and it must be recognized. At first some of our things were badly made, but we had experts who did them over. Then as quietly and kindly as we could we showed those women their mistakes. Now practically all our women are experts. We have them all well trained."

"The hardest garment to get women to make is the dressing gown. Ever since Agnes Laut wrote about ours I have had hundreds of letters from the United States asking about them. They are, as you know, made from the felt used in tanning and were at one time made into rugs. This felt was given to us and dyed red. The gowns were trimmed with Joffre blue collar, cuffs and cord. They are beautiful. A manufacturer here told me that he could not make them for \$6 and ours cost us about \$2.50. We are depending on America to find dye for us so that we can go on with them. At least they will have the red collars and cuffs. The men like the bright colors. It bucks them up a bit. Everything else is so gray. It is for that reason that we are all knitting the red ties for the men in the hospitals."

IS ONE name as good as another? Theda Bara doesn't think so. And it cannot be denied that for euphonism "Theda Bara" in Cleopatra has considerable of a lead on "Theodosia Goodman" in the same role. At any rate, Supreme Court Justice Donnelly does not deny it, for he has granted a petition of the screen's most successful vampire to make the change and to further help along a good cause by allowing papa and mamma and brother and sister Goodman to drop their very plebeian name and pick up "Bara."

Theda set at rest the speculation of an anxious world by testifying that she was born in Cincinnati and not in the shadow of the pyramids, as an eloquent press agent once declared. She explained that she had taken the name Bara on the stage because her maternal grandfather was Francis Bara de Copet of Switzerland. She declared that she had made the name Bara celebrated through her own efforts, and for that reason she wanted the legal right to accept checks made out to her in the name she uses on the billboards.

IT WAS in a movie theater at the Saturday 5 o'clock show, and it had to do with two Sammies and their dogs.

The screen flashed a comedy. Shortly after the appearance of the hero and heroine a dog entered the scene. The Sammies watched the picture with interest; but their conversation, which had hitherto been lively, suddenly flagged. Presently out of the gloom came a low-toned: "I'll wager my dog misses me."

"Mine, too," was the almost inaudible response.

Then there was a silence. The great organ rolled out a melancholy chord, and the Sammies slumped perceptibly in their seats.

But again from the shadow, in a softly reminiscent tone: "Got a letter from the kid today, and he says my dog goes to the corner every day at a quarter to 12 to meet me. Sits there a long time, whines a little and barks, then sneaks back to the house and crawls under the porch. 'Spoc wonders why I don't come.'"

"Mine was a regular pal. We went everywhere together. And last year when I was sick and he wasn't allowed to see me, he would curl up under a window at night and I'd hear him

POWELL'S PROFILES NO. 3.

Miss Virginia Offutt, only daughter of Mrs. Charles Offutt, was selected for the third of a series of studies by The Bee's artist, Doane Powell. Miss Offutt finished at Miss Spence's school in New York and was one of the attractive maids of honor in attendance on this year's Ak-Sar-Ben queen.

Had the war not caused a general abandonment of debut parties Miss Offutt would have been one of the buds this winter. She is active in Red Cross work.

Miss Offutt is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Casper E. Yost.

fretting and scratching about whenever I'd waken. I hated to leave him almost as bad as I hated to leave the folks. You see,"—half apologetically, with a shadowy gesture of the hand—"he couldn't understand why I was going away and that I might never come back! When he watched me go down the street he barked his goodbye to me, just as though he expected to see me again at night; and he might never—it's tough on the poor little chap!"

"Tough! Sure is." Silence, moody and sympathetic, followed.

Then: "I'll wager my dog misses me."

"Mine, too."

Once more there was silence. The Sammies stirred uncomfortably. At last one of them glanced furtively at his companion, and immediately snatched up his khaki coat. "Let's go."

"All right; I am ready," was the instant reply.

Personals

Mrs. Lloyd Craig of Kansas City and little daughter are visiting Mrs. J. Frank Carpenter.

Mrs. Edward Hayden, wife of an Excelsior Springs, and Miss Ophelia Hayden, in Washington, are expected home before Thanksgiving.

News comes from Garden City, L. I., of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Clement Edward Gardner last week. Mrs. Gardner was formerly Miss Margaret McPherson of this city, and the baby is granddaughter



Miss Virginia Offutt

AFTER A PHOTO BY HEYN

Real "Model Swagger" by Sweet Maids And Pretty Matrons at Charity Ball

Beautiful models in the most stunning evening gowns, smart sports clothes, afternoon gowns and "tailory" street costumes were the attraction at the Charity ball given Friday evening at the Fontenelle for the benefit of the Child Saving Institute.

The feature was of special interest as the models were well known society maids and matrons wearing their own individual looking clothes.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. McPherson, who now make their home at Thurmont, Md., the baby is to be named Louise Buchanan McPherson.

Mrs. Arthur Byrd of Salt Lake City is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Ben Gallagher, until after Thanksgiving. Mrs. Byrd, formerly Miss Emma McCormick, has visited in Omaha frequently in the past and has many friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Crofoot are in New York, to be gone until Tuesday. They went from New York to Washington, accompanied by Mrs. E. W. Nash, who will come west with them.

The real "model swagger" had been practiced by the young women so that the posing was done to perfection. They walked and posed as manikins on a platform at the end of the ball room and it seemed to the onlooker as if they were turning the pages of "Vogue" and the lovely models pictured therein had suddenly come to life.

The reigning queen of Ak-Sar-Ben, Miss Elizabeth Reed, made a striking picture in her regal robes, later appearing in riding togs.

Mrs. N. B. Updike and Mrs. C. J. Ingwersen returned yesterday from a week at Excelsior Springs.

Miss Nellie Burke, sister of Bishop Burke of St. Joseph, arrived last week and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hamilton.

Mrs. Clifford Weller has gone to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to spend Thanksgiving with her sister, Mrs. Elias Vail, and Mr. Vail.

Mrs. and Mrs. Charles T. Kountze returned Thursday from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Craig Culbertson of Louisville, Ky., are at the Fontenelle. Mr. Culbertson having come here to enter the balloon school. Mrs. Culbertson was one of the bridesmaids at

the ball room was darkened at the close, a huge spotlight turned on the platform and Miss Regina Connell in her robes as the goddess of Liberty appeared, holding her huge torch aloft, every light aflame in her crown.

The orchestra struck the opening bars of the "Star Spangled Banner" the great crowd stood and sang the national air. It was without doubt the most striking picture of the evening and a fitting climax to the brilliant affair.

Social Calendar

Sunday. Dinner party and rehearsal for Engler-Slabough wedding party, given by Judge and Mrs. W. W. Slabough.

Monday. Engler-Slabough wedding at First Christian church. Vesta chapter dance and card party at the Blackstone.

Tuesday. Winter dancing club party at Harle hall. Charity concert at Blackstone.

Wednesday. Creighton University Mixers club dance at Keep's academy. Week End Dancing club dinner-dance at the Blackstone. Thanksgiving dinner-dance at Prettiest Mile club.

Thursday. Le Mars club dancing party at Keep's academy. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Howe Thanksgiving dinner at the Prettiest Mile club.

Friday. Keeline-Undeland wedding. Phi Beta Pi fraternity dance at the Blackstone.

Saturday. Qui Vive club dancing party at Turpin's academy.

Masquerade Dancing Party

The Friday Night Dancing club announces the annual masquerade which will be given Friday evening, November 30, at the Metropolitan hall. A number of special features have been arranged, including the original Danse de Cendrillon, as it was formerly produced at the student parties in the old Latin quarter of Paris.

French Class Formed. Several of the younger matrons and girls have formed a class for the study of French this winter and are meeting Thursday mornings at the home of Mrs. John McCague, jr., with Mrs. McMillan as their instructor. The class includes Mrs. McCague, Mrs. Marold Pritchett, Mrs. Jack Webster, Mrs. Clyde Roeder, Miss Betty Bruce, Miss Elizabeth Davis and Miss Daphne Peters.

Cheer Up! The Best Is Yet to Come

Dame Fashion Will That Sad
Spirits Shall Be Cloaked
In Bright Colors.

By MELLIFICIA.
Bur-r-r-r! Shis-s-s-s-s! Ooh, how the wind doth blow!
And as old man Kabibonokka turns loose the north blast we begin to think seriously of our winter wardrobe.

How shall we cloak our emotions? Is the question being asked by women who wish to conserve everything from social gossip to Thanksgiving turkey.

War styles have simplified the dress question so that it is no problem at all to look beautiful compared to what it was two years ago. All new gowns have "lines" and they are the things on which all sorts of costumes are built.

Prominent women in Washington dress as well in war time as in days of peace. One correspondent writes that all signs point to a triumph for Dame Fashion in the winter just opening in the national capital.

"Not that Washington women are vain," says the correspondent, "than their sisters elsewhere, but because of the very presence of the newly-arrived sisters who are establishing a more extravagant style of dress than the average Washington woman of smart society has ever sustained, even in time of peace and plenty. To dress well in Washington has always meant to dress conservatively and appropriate to the occasion, not extravagantly or in the spirit of competition such as stimulates trade in more commercial cities."

"With millionaires by the score arriving from all parts of the country and establishing their families in the largest and handsomest homes possible to rent or to buy, there is naturally a noticeable increase in sable stoles, sealskin coats, velvet gowns and the most exclusive millinery on the streets, at the country clubs, at the play or wherever women congregate."

"Mrs. Wilson has given her approval to the satin afternoon gown and is wearing a combination of white and black in American made satin which has the narrow, slightly draped skirt almost entirely in black, with a long coat bodice of white with rolled collar of black embroidered in white."

In support of the prediction that American women will help to keep life cheerful by cloaking saddened spirits in beautiful clothes, we acquaint you with the opinions of some of our most prominent women.

Red, White and Blue.
Mrs. Rupert Hughes, Bedford Hills, N. Y.: Personally I feel very strongly from every viewpoint that we women of America should not adopt the conventional black of mourning when we receive news of our glorious dead.

In its place I would suggest the wearing on the arm of a brassard of red, white and blue, since for the grief-stricken women there is only the one consolation for that supreme sacrifice, and pride in our country and our heroes must take its place in the land.

For widows and mothers I suggest as a source of tender expression in memory of their dead they dress when possible in the color best loved by their husband or son. I am in deepest sympathy with the question.—Adelaide M. Hughes.

Maxine Elliot, New York: To me it is inconceivable that any woman should wear conventional mourning for her relations who died in the war. I should think that she would realize, first of all, the pride in being able to make the sacrifice. This should temper her individual sorrow. On the grounds of pure economy, the custom of mourning should be discouraged as it involves useless and expensive manufacture and this is the day of saving and common sense.

From Mrs. Wiggs of Cabbage Patch.
Mrs. George L. Riggs, New York: All my life long I have stood against pictorial, spectacular mourning—though abstaining from too gay colors and scenes betokens not only sorrow but good taste. In war times I confess obvious mourning carries a touch of distinction seeming to say: "I have suffered and sacrificed as was my privilege." But even that does not convert me to it!—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Mrs. Hartley Manners, New York: I would suggest that American women who may lose their men in the war should not "go into mourning," but should display on their clothing, to denote the fact, some particular insignia such as a band or star on the collar or sleeve. The wearing of this badge would signify grief at the departure of the loved ones and joy in the manner in which it was made.—Laurette Taylor Manners.

Mrs. Atherton, New York: No, no mourning—Gertrude Atherton.
Mrs. Henry S. Richmond of New York City writes a verse on the subject:

If my dear one should go to war,
And in its time the worst should come to me,
I could not swathe myself in crepe,
Or other outward sign of inward pain.
Far rather should I wear but gray—
The calm, courageous, tender, peaceful gray.

Of resignation and of Faith,
So would I tell my little world, at least,
I dared not mourn for one who died,
Not of disease, or slow or creeping age,
But gloriously—for honor and the right.
In this way would I proudly then make known
The steel-gray badge of courage led to me.
—Julia Redmond.

Everything points to the reign of Dame Fashion.
"Cheer up, the best is yet to come!"