

Woman's Work in the World

London Society Dancers Insist On Having the United States Flag

Entertainment Was Held Up in Ball Room Because the Stars and Stripes Were Not Displayed With Other Allied Colors.

REMEMBER the old truism?—"There is no great loss without some small gain."

No matter what America has lost in this world war, we have gained recognition for something other than dollars in Europe. The old prejudices are being relegated to the few who remain within their own narrow confines and refuse to mingle with the big world.

Word from every section tells us how the royalty follows our plain "Mr. and Mrs." Wilson; how Americans are being recognized as honest-to-goodness folks and not altogether low-brows. They are seeing real America in Europe now and not merely the touring crowds.

Lary Mary, a special correspondent for the St. Louis Globe Democrat, sends an interesting story to her paper on this subject.

London.—We are just recovering from the hysteria of armistice week and are beginning to appreciate to a small extent what "peace" stands for at home and abroad. It is not in my province to speak of the deeper and more serious side to the present amazing situation, but to chatter in a rather irresponsible sort of fashion concerning the lighter matters that, like the Hun air raids of the past, are of "no national importance."

To us who have lived in London under the immediate shadow of war it seems as if, with the turning up of the lights and the reactionary influence of years of strain, everyone is "perking up" to an astonishing extent. Everybody is dining and lunching and dancing and preparing for further gay doings when the actual celebrations occur, while the "grand ball of the allies," the coming of which I hinted to you some weeks ago, has now by the hastened march of events been turned into the "peace ball," and will take place very shortly within the huge and hallowed space of the Albert Hall.

America is beginning to assert itself very charmingly in social London, and the United States navy and army is seen and admired everywhere. I went to a dance the other night at the Empress rooms, a very popular ball room attached to a famous hotel situated almost in the grounds of Kensington palace, and there I found any number of young American officers dancing merrily with English partners in whom they obviously took a very lively interest.

The big ball room was beautifully decorated with flags of the allies—Italian, French, Belgian, Japanese, Portuguese and the rest of them—but nowhere was there to be seen the Stars and Stripes. Several English women noticed the serious omission and at once formed themselves into an impromptu delegation to the manager of the hotel.

"We refuse to dance in your rooms," said the appointed spokeswoman, "until you have rectified a grave error. Where is the American flag?" I really felt quite sorry for the poor man, who was perhaps the only hotel manager in London who did not possess an "Old Glory."

U. S. Flag Cheered.

He asked the ladies, however, to postpone their wrath for a short time, and in the course of about half an hour, and long before the dancing had ceased, he produced from somewhere an American flag of quite a respectable size, when was conspicuously hung over a balcony on one side of the room.

As soon as it made its appearance the dancing stopped, and cheers and enthusiasm made a sort of pandemonium for several minutes. Then the band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner," while the American and English officers stood at salute. This was followed by "Over There," to which familiar tune everybody "one-stepped" vigorously.

And so it goes—there is no great loss without some small gain. Royalty is crumbling under the weight of more important things. The whole world is growing westward in spirit and cosmopolitan at heart. The barriers which formerly kept a "cat from looking at a king" have been shattered and, bit by bit, the debris of former pomp is being swept into the background of discards.

If nobody knew that America was good for anything but to spend money until the crisis came—now the world knows better.

Miss Robertson Will Be Capt. Maenner's Bride at Pretty Wedding

Just after the New Year the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Millard Mahlon Robertson will be the scene of a military wedding, for on the evening of January 8 Miss Gladys Maurine Robertson will become the bride of Capt. Theodore H. Maenner.

Mrs. G. Eldridge Hamlin of Chicago will be matron of honor and the attractive sister of the bride-to-be, Miss Elizabeth Robertson, will be maid of honor. Capt. E. Paul Phillips will come from Arcadia, Cal., with Captain Maenner and will attend him as best man. Lieutenants William Collins and Joseph Spang of Fort Omaha will act as ushers. Rev. Titus Lowe will officiate.

Following the ceremony a reception will be held at the Robertson home.



Mrs. Louis S. Clarke
and Bobby

PHOTO BY OSATO

Mrs. Clarke Retires from War Work to Give Full Time to Her Home

Sacrificing the ease and luxury of their beautiful homes, Omaha women enlisted "for the duration of the war" and donning mannish uniforms hurried forth into the busy world to do their great part in bringing peace and victory to a war-weary universe. One of the most beautiful of the younger matrons who has given her entire time to the great cause is Mrs. Louis S. Clarke. Always ready to assist, Mrs. Clarke has been enrolled for active service in every war drive, aside from her work at the Service League. Perhaps because of a dear little son, Bobby, this charming young woman is deeply interested in charities for children. She has always been one of the most zealous workers for the Creche, and the success of the large affairs given for the support of this institution has been due to the untiring interest of Mrs. Clarke.

With the well contented feeling of a task well done, the women who have given their time and talent for so many months may turn again to social activities. Mrs. Clarke is one of the most charming of hostesses, and as she entertained extensively before the war, will no doubt resume the dinner parties and dances, now that her war duties will be lightened.

Master Bobby Clarke is a very musical little chap. To his mother's accompaniment he sings very sweetly all the new popular airs and many of the ballads of long ago. In his "little boy" voice he recites numerous little sketches, which are especially well done for such a youthful elocutionist. With his pretty mother, whom he resembles so closely, they make one of the most charming of family groups.

Holidays in Nebraska During 1919

Jan. 1—New Year's.
Feb. 12—Lincoln's Birthday.
Feb. 22—Washington's Birthday.
April 22—Arbor Day.
May 30—Memorial Day.
July 4—Independence Day.
Sept. 1—Labor Day.
Oct. 12—Columbus Day.
Nov. 27—Thanksgiving Day.
Dec. 25—Christmas.

Have a Heart For Soldiers Convalescing

Send Them All Your Books and Stories With Happy Endings.

HAVE you any of Ibsen's books or plays? Well, keep them! Have you any of the popular fiction with happy endings? Give them to the soldier boys and help save their reason.

Popular fiction is not usually treasured as a part of the home library, and after these books are read they are good for but one thing—to be passed on to another who had not read them.

Have a heart! Take the first few minutes you have and gather up all the bright, cheery stories there are about your house and send them on their merry way.

Fiction and the lighter forms of reading play a large part in the daily lives of the men in hospitals. Every librarian of the A. L. A. War service reports. Stories of adventure cannot be supplied in sufficient number. The men cannot get enough of Zane Grey, Rex Beach, Jack London, E. Phillips Oppenheim and Kipling. The best novel is a western story with a dash of romance.

"Every man will read a love story, but he honestly prefers the wholesome sort," says the librarian at one of the largest hospitals. I've quite revised my idea of the attitude of man toward sentimental reading.

On a visit of the librarian to the wards, one man had tentatively selected Stevenson's "Treasure Island" from an armful of books presented for his inspection. "Is it a love story?" he asked, and handed it back when given the negative answer. "Sure, I want a love story," he affirmed. "I've got a girl."

Not a Happy Ending. He liked the looks of Mary Johnson's "Audrey," but was warned that, though emphatically a love story, the novel had not a "happy ending." That gave him pause, but he finally chose "Audrey."

"I can stand the ending," he said. Unhappy endings have been known to cause lasting depression in military hospitals. In the assortment of fiction and stories of personal war experiences, carried by the librarian on the same ward visit, were a dictionary, a higher algebra and trigonometry, a plain and solid geometry, and a book on mechanics, each of them going in response to a special request to the occupant of some bed. An Italian in one of the wards eyed the collection and drew out the trigonometry.

"Bill, you don't want that book," volunteered his bed neighbor to the left. "That's higher mathematics, you can't read that. Better give him a novel."

Bill looked inside the trigonometry and quite apparently found it no more intelligible than Chinese. Still, he was reluctant to surrender it for a novel in an easy style. Probably the title had appealed to the Latin in him, but obviously he had real substance. He brightened with delight when the librarian told him she now was equipped to supply him with Italian books.

Detective Stories. All the men like detective stories. A casual evening visit to the extreme psychopathic ward brought requests for detective fiction from three white and two negro patients.

There are hundreds of thousands of books, unused, on the shelves of American homes, that are just the books the tens of thousands of wounded men in the army hospitals need now. Every public library is a receiving station for library war service. Books taken or sent to the library will get into the soldiers' hands promptly.

Give Them Happy Endings.

Why the unhappy ending is the stock weakness of the beginner at story writing is easy to explain. Stories with unhappy endings are easier to write! The human mind is naturally subjective and sad; vocabularies in every language have many more adjectives, verbs and adverbs to express sorrow and gloom than to express happiness and lightheartedness.

This subject lends itself nicely to a debate, but as far as the men in the war hospitals are concerned the argument has only one side: Give us happy endings!

A Red Cross nurse tells of a serial story that had been read by two of her patients, one of whom was depressed for a whole day because the heroine died.

"I wish I'd never read it," he complained. "I fell in love with that girl. I'd ever found one exactly like her. I'd certainly ask her to marry me!"

One very sick man in a Canadian hospital had started an adventure serial on the ship that brought him to America. The story was such a lurid affair that it actually increased his fever. He died the morning the next instalment was received.

Books with happy endings, books that will entertain and help pass away the weary weeks of convalescence, are needed at once for our wounded men in hospitals. Send your gifts to your public library. They will get to the soldiers without delay.