

Woman's Work in the World

Omaha's Acknowledged Society Leader and Red Cross Worker

Mrs. Charles T. Kountze Gave Full Time to Organizing War Workers

WHEN it dawned upon Omahans that our city needed a Red Cross chapter, without knowing why, a thousand thoughts turned to Mrs. Charles T. Kountze for help. Not because Mrs. Kountze had any more time than many others, but because she is a born executive and organizer—a promotion "man" and an absolute necessity. It was the concentration, perhaps, of thousands of minds which caused this woman of energy and executive ability to turn her efforts to assisting in organizing the Omaha chapter of the American Red Cross.

England's Newest Queen May Be American Girl

THE "Ah-la-la-la" from France and the "Oh, By Jove!" from England echoed to our American shores when the news came through that the next queen of England (if queens are not abolished at the peace table) may be an American girl, the princess of Wales shortly will visit the United States and may return with an American bride. King George himself, I understand on excellent authority, is not adverse to this.

The war has narrowed the field of choice for royal marriages on the old lines of historic tradition and precedent. There is a keen desire here that the prince should be allowed to choose for himself an American wife. The enthusiasm on both sides of the Atlantic would be unbounded and the union would go far toward cementing the bond of friendship, now closer than ever, between the United States and Britain.

The fact is there is nothing to prevent an unmarried sovereign of Great Britain marrying whom he chooses, providing the proposed consort is not a Roman Catholic. The idea of a royal caste exclusively marrying within itself is no part of English law and forms no written part of any continental constitution.

It existed only as a part of the "house laws" of the different Teutonic dynasties. A member of the caste could only marry within it. All other marriages weremorganatic and incapable of royal inheritance.

But the democratic principles of a real fighting "he-man" like the prince of Wales can't see this unwritten royal tomfoolery interfering, and Canadian officers who have fought and worked with him on the western front give it to me first-hand that he'll marry whom he pleases and make her his queen sans morganatic, sans historic precedent.

"Why, he's a real man. There's none of the aristocratic bunk about him. I've known while I was with him on the western front we had a helluva time keeping him out of the front line trenches. He'd try to sneak into 'em and fight with the boys. Of course we couldn't let him risk the chance of capture, because there would be one big German hulabaloo and raising of the hoche morale, but it goes to show where that kid stands. And when it comes to marrying I got it from him straight, he'll pick out a girl he loves no matter whether she's a princess or the daughter of the butcher, the baker or the candlestick maker."

Thus Lieut. Jack Gillies, of Detroit, characterized the prince of Wales. He's an upstanding, clean-shaven, athletic type of a youngster in his early twenties, and during the war he has been connected with the Royal Air Force as an officer.

The exact date of the prince's trip to the United States and the Dominion has not been decided, but I understand it will be soon and may probably result in a romance, the example of which would be infectious and doubtless open up dramatic possibilities.

Already in London it is whispered the embryonic romance centers about a young American heiress at Newport, while there are other mentions of "eligibles" in New York, Chicago, Boston and other American centers.

There is a story that when Great Britain declared war on Germany the prince of Wales's first remark to his sister was a heartfelt thanksgiving that they would both be spared German partners.

smiled, bowed gracefully, and made her exit to take up the work of another branch of the service. Her latest work is state chairman of nursing survey.

Omaha society would have missed this famous hostess had it not been for the fact that where she leads they follow—not because they are sheep people, but because Mrs. Kountze leads so beautifully, so harmoniously, so graciously that the following becomes a pleasure and at the same time lifts the burden of responsibility from many another person. She plays tennis, golf, drives her own car, swims, has a wonderful old-fashioned flower garden and is the mother of two children.

"What shall you do when this war is all over?" we asked of this woman who never quarrels.

"I hardly know," she replied, "but there will be plenty for all of us to do. The world has changed considerably during this struggle and I think the woman mind has developed. Her taste is different and it is doubtful if she ever will turn solely to society again. This great work has given her a vision and when she has finished her Red Cross and other war work there will be civic and philanthropic problems to take her attention. I think most all women were dreadfully tired of society by itself—it meant so little."

Denman Kountze, though a mere boy, is serving with the American army overseas and it was after he left that his fond mother scoured the attic for medals, school trophies, photographs and other reminders.

"These things didn't mean much while I had him with me, but now, I couldn't part with one little thing that belongs to him," and as she smiled the merry "May Kountze" smile, a tear tried its best to come all the way through.

Mrs. Kountze has, without knowing it, won the love of all who know her. It is the tender, affectionate tone that accompanies the "May" from friends that proves her popularity.

Mrs. Chas. T. Kountze Acknowledged Society Leader

Heart Beats

By A. K.
It's complimentary
But awfully distracting
When people call
Us over the phone
And expect us to
Answer every
Imaginable question
Under the sun.
One of our friends
Called us today
And said she was on
The program
For a paper to be
Read at her literary
Or political
Or social science
Club.

And she wanted to know
About the peace
Situation and the
Developments
In Europe.
Her mind was a jumble
Or perhaps it was a
Jungle we are not
Sure
From reading and trying
To digest the latest
Press news
Our own opinion is
The subject is too
Involved for a
Woman's club
Or a man's club
But we did our best
And told her that
From what we could
Learn by reading
Public print:
Japan will be
Satisfied with the
Annexation of China
Serbia asks only
North Italy and
Half of Greece,
Greece stands pat for
The annexation of
Serbia and a large
Portion of Rumania
Switzerland demands
Freedom of cheese
All peace representatives
Favor disarmament of
Every other power
The I. W. W.'s insist
On less peace and more
Bloodshed
Allied governments
(whoever they are)
Have ordered the
Poles and Hungs
To cease warfare
Lloyd George is greater
Than King George
And Wilson sailed
From France Saturday
Without having
A motorcycle ride
Or any serious
Social or moral
Entanglements
So far as we can
Learn

This is the situation
In a nut shell,
As we see it!
SELAHI

Spring is a Model!
It's just like this girls—whether you like these new styles, at first, or not, you might just as well fall in line. The hang-backers are the gray mice.

We have remarked that the stylishest style for skirts permits of only 40 inches around the bottom. These skirts are being attacked by a few very conservative women in this fashion:
"Scat!
"They are indecent and immoral!"
But under this scathing arrangement our modish maids and matrons will continue to don their narrow robes—the narrower the better—and the fashion will flourish.
For, since the days of our childhood haven't we heard a certain group of women wax hot with indignation over the latest styles. Why, the plain front skirt was a disgrace; the small hat was bold and the large hat was a character signal of distress. The plain skirts were vulgar and the short, full skirts of recent vogue were sinful. Now that the skirts are long and narrow they are impairing the morals of our maidens.
As a matter of fact, they are dangerous; and if we are not careful, in crossing the street, we may be crushed beneath a Ford or a Wattles electric. Aside from these points, we see nothing terrible about the 40-inch skirt.
Ora Cne, that wizard of fashion and lightning-artist in "building" gowns from odds and ends and bits of sofa pillows, rugs and lace curtains, turned on the X-ray and we discovered that silk will soon be a thing of the past unless we are able to import more of the raw materials. Silk workers are idle, in the east, in groups of thousands.
But with every gesture, Ora Cne thinks a thought. Just at this point in the conversation, he exclaimed:
"But they can't beat us! They can't beat us! We will fashion beautiful hats and gowns from American materials—ginghams, calicos and percales—and we will make them so beautiful, with such artistic, fascinating lines that the silk worms will stop weaving and listen to the death knell of their long-flourishing business."
But are women late in business hours? Look around you in your office. Who is it comes in last of all? Is it a woman, or is it a man? A woman whose business it is to oversee the 300 girls in a department



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Uniforms Must Now Take Second Place While Creations Reign

This May Be Gayest Spring in Several Years for Beautiful Colors.

our tips from the man who, when he enters a room, casts his eyes over its contents, gathers up the unnecessary decorations or ornaments or drapes, swoops a silk drape toward the east, a lace curtain toward the west, tacks the ends together at the south, loops with a pin at the north and, behold! we have a new gown, stunning, original.

Prices are so high, despite the forecast of lower prices, that the woman of modest means must purchase her gowns with extreme care and judgment. To offset these war-prices, however, our fashion designers and manufacturers have given us such very substantial materials as indestructible voils, for transparent combinations, to take the place of delicate chiffon and flimsy nets.

Men have an easier time, to be sure. Each one of them may dress like his neighbor, and all is well. But that happy time has not arrived for women, if it ever will arrive. They are still known as the creatures who are beautiful, and though the type of their beautiful dressing has changed materially, it must still be beautiful. The change involves a change in the point of view—that is all.

Line and material, then—these are the two important phases of the new home dressmaking. One is a matter of brain power and understanding, the other of dollars and cents. The clever combination of the two is a union that will gain for itself recognition wherever it may happen to be, and much satisfaction lies in store for the woman who successfully accomplishes the trick.

Since the day when Adam asked Eve to meet him at the garden gate there has been a complaint, resounding from masculine throats down the ages, that women cannot be on time. Father makes it, brother makes it, it is the first fault every man finds in his sweetheart. If the meeting is to be at 3, she comes along at half past, or 4, and her excuses are always fluent and plausible.
"But if you can't be on time for a social affair," say the men, "how do you suppose you are going to succeed in business?"
But are women late in business hours? Look around you in your office. Who is it comes in last of all? Is it a woman, or is it a man? A woman whose business it is to oversee the 300 girls in a department

store in New York talked freely on the subject.
"I do not have any trouble with my girls arriving on time, beyond the natural delays one meets when there is trouble on the cars. I check in my girls, and a few years ago I was timekeeper when men were employed, and I find that girls are more punctual, as a class, than the so-called superior sex. I do not claim the girls are beyond criticism. I object to the time wasted in powdering necks and noses, but that does not represent a waste of time equal to that the men spend in lighting and smoking cigars."
"That is my only complaint of women in business," said a man who is at the head of a banking concern which employs several hundred girls. "They are reliable; they are neat;

TASK

How various her employments, whom the world Calls idle, and who justly in return Esteems that busy world an idler, too! Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps her pen, Delightful industry enjoyed at home, And Nature in her cultivated trim, Dressed to her taste, inviting her abroad. —Cowper.



Organizer of the Red Cross

Gabby Does Not Vouch For Anything, but She Usually Tells Facts

Oh, Cne! Your Home-Grown Models Are Frights. Ugh! Help!

WE are expecting it to hit Omaha most any minute! And when it does, there will be nothing in New York or anywhere in the world, more enthusiastically welcomed than the "Splash Tea."

Being of tango teas, pink teas and of the dansants, New York has found a brand new way of serving this indispensable beverage. The idea was, we presume, taken from the sea nymph and the rules and methods of acquiring the necessary agility, from the Japanese acrobats.

By-the-way, we refer to the "Splash Tea," as you probably know after reading the second paragraph of this chatter. This "splash tea," served in a swimming pool, is the newest fad.

Remember the last time you balanced a cup of tea on one knee and a plate on the other, an expected trick to be done? Well, the requirements of the newest tea party are that one must be able to swim out to the center of the pool with one hand, balancing the tray with tea things above water with the other. One's most proficient guests must swim about the tray and take their cups. The tea is poured, sweetened, flavored, stirred and drunk. Splash teas are never served in water less than six feet deep.

"The tea promises to become popular in New York," says our Manhattan authority, "although from the nature of its requirement it is not likely to attain to the rage on Broadway that some of its predecessors have had, as it eliminates one of the chief 'raisons d'être' of the old-fashioned tea, namely, gossip."

There are several places where Omaha women might learn to accomplish this feat—we mention the Y. W. C. A., the Athletic club for immediate use, although, if the fad doesn't hit us for a few weeks we might add a few of the resorts within automobile reach of the city.

Still mentally wandering around the metropolis, we notice that the society women have organized a Tank Corps club as a means of keeping together the "Treat 'Em Rough" corps upon their discharge from service. The club rooms will contain all that is attractive to the ex-fighters. Of course, we are only surmising or suggesting or hinting, but we venture to say that a "Tank club" might be a popular organization in Omaha. It might also be a means of keeping husbands and wives together—at the club, of course—with "everything attractive" and refreshments, we presume—at the "Tank club," but, then we may be mistaken, since there are several definitions—we're only taking the well, er, the popular—Um, yes, now that that's settled.

One swallow does not make a summer but two straw bonnets and Ora Cne do make a spring and we were on our tip-toes when the little man of fashion in his sealskin coat came to invite us to a really home-st-to-goodness style show at the Blackstone Thursday. Our hopes were tinged with rose, for surely we expected to be whisked from prosaic Omaha into the ivory and gold of Lady Duff Gordon's Paris shop.

But after all it was only the ball room at the Blackstone, with a few palms added and oh, such a squeaky orchestra! Ora Cne came out finally, with his nicest bow, and gave us a very clever little metropolitan atmosphere. When he spoke of his "charmant" models, we brightened, for we felt sure they would be Junos or Billie Burkes or something.

A soft (?) flitting little note from the violin, and the lights flickered out. We sat on the edge of our chairs and Miss Model Number One stepped out. She was pretty but vaguely familiar and her suit was very smart—with its little blue hat trimmed in wheat and roses, but still she looked very pale—poor girl, perhaps she was tired. After twirling about several times she slipped off and another of the mannikins stepped forth and at the same minute—bang, went the spot light.

We gasped, we choked! Merri, such a sallowness. We longed to rush forth and lend her a little pink from a small and wicked box lodged in our bag. And you should have seen the poor lady walk—really it was dreadful. Of course, she wore one of the new slinky skirts and was probably afraid of skidding, but she had the funniest little hop, skip and jump. She held her arms out straight in front of her, just what she expected we do not know, probably a bouquet or something.

Finally we had them all named and the pretty gowns were almost eclipsed by the Omaha goddesses who wore them. There was Miss Hop and Miss Mouth Open (she had that "adenoid" look, you know!) and then there was Miss Unbeam! She really was sweet, gave such a pretty little smile when she emerged in a new gown.
But wait! These were only the street suits and afternoon dresses and we trembled when we remembered the sleeveless dinner gown.
(Continued on Page Two.)

gone back to her typewriter, "what she'd do with that half hour she decided not to waste in waiting for me. Guess you just have to take women as the Lord made them, and find no fault. She does twice the stenographic work of any man I ever had, but she is never on time to begin with."

Can Women Acquire Trait of Punctuality?

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