

Woman's Work in the World

Miss Chamberlin Uncle Sam's Omaha Lady Duff-Gordon

This Aide to Dame Fashion Is a Charming Woman Sent by Government to Untangle Dress Problems at the "Clothes Shop"

By PEGGY NATTINGER.

Do you know that Uncle Sam employs a Lady Duff Gordon?

Now please suppress all thoughts of a black aproned modiste, with a pencil in her hair and a pin in her mouth, designing star spangled suits for our imaginary uncle, who is the inspiration for all the cartoonists of the world. In this case the aide to Dame Fashion is a charming young person, by name, Miss Elizabeth Chamberlin, who has been sent by the government to our city. She stands ready to help the women of Omaha with their dressmaking problems for she is the proprietress of the Clothes Shop, which may be found at the Girls' Community house. "Home Demonstration Agent" is Miss Chamberlin's official title and it fits her perfectly for she certainly demonstrates her particular abilities in devious ways.

That funny old gown with the flowing skirt and puffy sleeves long discarded, may be brought forth and under the supervision of Miss Chamberlin a miracle will be performed before your very eyes and when the last pin is placed, lo, you have one of the slinky new models of the season. The Clothes Shop is still in its infancy for it is the first shop of its kind in Omaha. There is just one sewing machine and we must admit that it has a little of the "one lung" look. For you see, there are so many things needed. That serious-minded body which dwells in the congressional halls at Washington neglected to appropriate any sums to maintain this tiny dressmaking establishment. For what are such incidentals as shears, pins, and measuring tapes to a mere man? They provided Miss Chamberlin and we must do the rest.

Clothes Shop.

In spite of such handicaps, however, the Clothes Shop is flourishing and if you could see the group of earnest women who work there every day, busily stitching and cutting you would realize what a success is Uncle Sam's Lady Duff Gordon. Samples of the new materials, dainty lawns, bright ginghams, sheer batistes and pretty foulards are carefully pasted to huge sheets of pasteboard and pinned to the walls. Here you may select the materials you want and with Miss Chamberlin's help, plan your new gown. Then the purchasing of the necessities is no trouble for the long, discouraging trips through the shops are greatly minimized.

But a bit of history concerning the Clothes Shop. Miss Chamberlin is a St. Paul girl and came to Omaha when our country was plunged in war. Her mission was to tell us just how to make one pound of sugar go as far as two, and all the other intricacies of transforming unappetizing "substitutes" into delectable dainties. The cooking classes were progressing finely, when bang! the German pen was dipped in French ink and the armistice was signed. Every gun was stilled, every pound of sugar dropped a dollar! Did Miss Chamberlin calmly fold her hands and tell her government that her work was done? Not she! She immediately decided that reconstruction must follow in the wake of war, and so, armed with shears and perseverance, she began to reconstruct the garments of feminine Omaha.

It is the women of the middle classes that Miss Chamberlin especially wishes to help. She feels that many of the members of this strata of society live far beyond their means and they welcome gladly an opportunity to remodel an out-of-date suit into a smart, modish outfit.

Fashion Expert.

Very soon Miss Chamberlin is to bring fashion experts to Omaha who will lecture to the women who are interested in making their own clothes. The shop will be conducted during the spring months, but when the torrid sun tells us that summer is on the way the home expert will tread pastures new. She has many an original plan tucked away in her active brain. Her next venture will be the study of home furnishings. Decorators will lecture to the women, and if you wish to know just whether to buy crepe curtains or Brussels net you must enlist under Miss Chamberlin's banner. There will be interesting talks on rugs by experts and you may learn which vase or bit of pottery to keep and just which to delegate to the White Elephant sale.

You see, a home demonstration agent must be cognizant with every phase of home life. And in every true American home King Baby reigns supreme.

Therefore, Miss Chamberlin, the genius of the home, will conduct classes in baby welfare work. She plans to do this in the schools during the summer months and the trials and tribulations of his majesty during the heated season will feel

away when the mothers follow the directions of this capable young woman.

With summer fruits ripening on every bough, the thrifty housewife finds her waking thoughts a jumble of glass jars and preserving kettles. Enter Miss Chamberlin again. She will carefully explain just the best methods of canning and her demonstrations will be helpful in the extreme. In summing up the work of this agent of Uncle Sam we must admit that she is a veritable wizard, a boon to womankind and incidentally to man, for with the wife cutting her bills in two, what man would not be wreathed in smiles? Would you know the secret of being efficient in every line of domestic activity? Then seek Elizabeth Chamberlin, envoy of Uncle Sam, and "the cares that infest the day will fold their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away."

Heart Beats

By A. K.

Love seems to be
The question of
The day and indeed
Why not
For are we not
About to enter
The season of spring?
Between now and June
Youth and
Middle age
And even the aged
Will think of love
And matrimony
And a thousand
Questions
Will be asked
Of Miss Fairfax
And other
Sages and saints (?)
Whose business it is
To untangle love.
The very young
Will ask how
To determine
Whether
This kind or that kind
Of a mate would be
Best
And most lasting
So if nobody minds
I'll just wedge in
On some of
Miss Fairfax's work
And tell these youths
To watch their
Beloveds
When they read a book
Or a daily paper
And if they discover
That they read
Only the headlines
And the paragraphs
And glance at
The sports
Or if they skim
Through a book
Getting a bit
From here and there
They will soon
Qualify
For the divorce court
Because they
Cannot concentrate
On anything
Or YOU
Such folks turn
Their eyes
And hearts
And wandering attention
To the "headlines"
And "paragraphs"
Of life and people
And nothing will
Be very important
Or mean very much
To them
They have
A crazy-quilt heart
Made up of
Bright bits
From here and there
And their attention
Wanders
From one spot
To another
Always in search
Of something
Easy to understand
Easy to look at
Without any
Mental
Or moral
Or intellectual
Effort on
Their part
So (girls especially)
Look for the mate
Who concentrates
For he is booked
To win
In the
League of Matrimony.



Elizabeth Chamberlin

Photo by Heyn

Women on Time? There Are Yeas and Nays

"WOMEN on time?" said the timekeeper of a factory. "Yes, they are on time promptly, shopping must be systematic, but that is because if they are not they are locked out for the day. That is the only way to get a girl to her work on time."

"The women themselves," said a professor in a college, "realize their lack of punctuality is a characteristic weakness of their sex. As proof, let me tell you about the Yonta Woman's club. The Year resolution adopted by the club as a body, calls upon all the members to arrange a schedule of living and to maintain it with business exactness. The resolution has attracted much attention, particularly that part of it which demands that all engagements be filled with punctuality."

"The men, have had their fling of humor at women's utter inability to keep an engagement on time, and have rather enjoyed the ammemorial right to joke about the matter, but the 300 members of the club intend to prove (if they can) the absurdity of the notion that women cannot be prompt, for-

ing that the adoption of the resolution proves they do not know what punctuality means, or such a resolution would be unnecessary. "To begin with, they are to set an hour for rising at a certain time, and more time devoted to profitable pleasure."

Gabby is Charitable With All and Has Malice for None

Let Us Wonder and Giggle and Then Look Wise as We Discuss Ivory Soap Walks, Canteeners and Decent Dress Crusade

By GABBY DETALYS.

My dears, don't you adore the narrow skirts? They're so—so sinuous and slinky. And how we love the ivory soap walk! You sort of float along, you know. If you are to make any progress along the path of life in 1919 you must learn the ivory soap walk and it really is very simple.

A few easy rules and there you have it. First you must change your frame of mind from the dull wintery way of thinking to the bouyant, exhilarating, springtime method. You must feel that you are a disembodied spirit—floating—floating—as if you were a bubble, a bit of thistledown, a feather, a gentle breeze—or a cake of soap in a miniature sea.

Awfully alluring isn't it? You must glide ethereally and clinging like a bit of silk on the lissome limb of Nazimova. You must sweep, you must flow, you must glide like an eel or suffer the consequences of your ignorance of the siren walk and, terrible to tell, your skirt will bag at the knees.

But brush away the pucker between your eyes for we hear that there is a key to the intense situation. And like all the great rules of life's game, it is very simple. Use your knees!

One advances one's knees first slowly, soapingly, vampirishly, in the ivory soap or siren walk and then drags the feet after them. And then there is another little technical detail very essential. This is—the art of stepping on a street car. You of the padded electric please don't listen but to all poor working girls who board the yellow buggies we extend this valuable advice. Walk up close to the step, slide your knee up in your skirt. A slight leap and there you are on the platform like a startled fawn—your dignity and your nickel intact.

Even with all the guide post we are erecting along the way, the ivory soap glide so essential to all devotees of the prevailing modes, may appear to be a rocky road indeed. But to prove our point we will whisper that numbers of the Omaha maids and matrons have acquired this glide and we stand and marvel as we see them drifting up the street.

Miss Grace Allison was among the first to wear the long narrow skirts and we saw her just before she left for California, a figure of grace in her smart duvety dress for she neither hobbled nor hopped, she skidded along in the approved fashion.

Quite like a white fluff floating on a sea of yellow blanc mange in a blue bowl are some of our modish young women. Petite Mrs. Fred Hamilton wears the new slinky gowns so gracefully and she is quite a sensation at Pasadena, where she is spending the first blustery weeks of spring. We marvel as we watch them at the tea dance of an afternoon. Mrs. J. E. Davidson wears the new skirts very correctly; she has evidently acquired the prescribed walk with her smart spring gown.

Miss Mary Megeath and Miss Regina Connell, two tall young women who wear the new styles well are very adept and we watch the buckles on their dainty pumps twinkle in and out in a fascinating manner as they make their way about, apparently unconcerned that their skirts are but a very few inches wide at the bottom. Poets have written poems concerning the graceful walk of the ladies of bygone days. What inspiration these artists of the quill pens would receive if they could see Omaha femininity as she ivory-soaps her way down Farnam street.

SINCE censorship is quite the fad among certain members of the gentler sex we are expecting every day to have a clothes censorship here. Already in New York they have one—trying their best to control window display as well as Broadway display. In fact it has succeeded to this extent: Mrs. James Griswold Wentz (note that crusaders take refuge behind their husbands' full names—poor husbands) president of the Woman's Republican club and acting chairman of the decent dress committee says that she has been instrumental in having window displays changed from silk and georgette underwear, which was absolutely transparent, to something less demoralizing to the innocent soldier who is returning from France. Pardon us while we resort to the vulgar—can you beat it?

"Letters," she says, "have been coming to me from all parts of the country expressing approval of the stand I have taken on matters of dress. One was from Lincoln, Neb., where they are taking legislative action to restrict the extremely low evening dress."

We are inclined to believe that the returning soldier has something far more important to look after than the displays of transparent "undies" in shop windows. Besides, we have spent many hours on Broadway and other New York streets where these attractive bits of feminine apparel are on exhibition and we've never yet seen a man enjoying their thinness. But the women! Ohi, ohi! We all just love to look at them and buy them and—even wear them.

Mrs. Wentz and her crowd may prefer flannel but that is their business—we shall not interfere since this very substantial material covers a multitude of ugly lines.

Oh, well! If this wave of morality reaches Omaha there will be a good job for such a leader—she always leads these things. Come on, Mrs. Wentz? ???? ???? ???? ???? what's the use to repeat the name when everybody knows who will head the committee with her little battle ax.

By their fruits ye shall know them, this being a la mode! And if you wish to be quite in style read and heed this little verse:

For quite some time the orchard fruit Has ripened on our hats so cute. How now truck gardens add their charms And products from the country farms. The coy cucumbers curling neat Upon the hats that are the best. And carrots, turnips, beet-roots red Are raised upon each swagger head.

This is quite a change, indeed, and relief from the polecat, comman cat, rat, etc., in which we have swathed ourselves during the winter.

NOW that the crowds are settling somewhat, as a result of the armistice, canteeners and other war workers are expressing their real sentiments in most emphatic words. One very conservative worker for the good of soldier's appetites and entertainment declares that some—in fact hundreds—of these soldiers whom she has served have perpetrated the gravest of improprieties—yea, even crimes. And she allows bigger and greener-eyed cats out of the bag as she relates in detail, with flashing and flaming anger, how, after she had stood on her aching little feet, hungry and without rest, to serve hot food to these battle-scared heroes, they would blandly extract from a case of relics, a photograph of friend-wife.

Our little canteener believes that there should be a law making this crime punishable by—, by, death something, for, indeed, do they not lay all the romance over the canteen cups when they bring forth some other woman's picture? This, of course, sounds good to the soldier's wife who has been at home doing her duty like a man but, after all, it isn't she who is complaining.

A Small Blonde Woman Manages Man Film Star

Harry Carey, film star of western dramas, is probably the only masculine performer of stellar rank who has a woman for business manager.

Carey, six feet tall, a daredevil in the saddle, a former amateur champion boxer, one of the best all-around athletes in filmdom—a man's man from the tip of his sombrero to the clanking spurs on his boots—is managed professionally by a woman. And in the hearty, care-free ways of the western country, Harry admits that she is "some manager."

Olive Fuller Golden, blonde-haired and a little more than five feet tall, is the professional boss of the six-foot hero of western thrillers. She is a perfect type of the clever young women who in the last few years have become so formidable in the world of business.

Miss Golden kows every single angle of the motion picture business. She was born and reared in an atmosphere of theatricals. Her father, the late George Fuller Golden, was one of the greatest monologists this country has known. He was a friend whose memory is cherished by the great mass of vaudeville performers through his efforts in founding their famous organization the "White Rats."

Both the stage and screen know Miss Golden as a player. She appeared in New York in such successes as "The Shepherd King," "Three Twins" and "The Yellow Ticket." Before the camera she played the feminine leads in "The Committee on Credentials," "Love's Lariat," "The Devil's Own," and "A Woman's Eyes."

For several years she was Harry Carey's leading woman, but she gave up her promising career as an actress to look after the star's business affairs.

Miss Golden arranged all the details of Carey's 5,000-mile personal appearance tour which he is now making as far east as Chicago. She prepared the script for the special one-reel feature which will be shown at the various theaters on tour under her personal supervision.

Eastern states report a large increase in the number of women life underwriters.

In China the old women, and not the young, are the ones who receive homage and adulation.

Governor McCarthy of Hawaii has declared himself strongly in favor of woman suffrage for the territory.

Des Moines is to be the meeting place of the next biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.