

# Woman's Work in the World

## A Girl Who Works--Plays-- Dances--Swims and Enjoys Life

After Keeping Books, Doing Philanthropic Work,  
Studying Music and Taking Proper Recreation;  
She Has Nothing To Do Until Morning.

SEE her? For she is a live, love-work-and-be-happy-every-minute-of-the-day girl—Miss Frances Hillier whose peculiar gift is to stretch the day into illimitable number of minutes to live, work and be happy in.

You to whom life is a wearisome treadmill, whose hours are vacuums save for sighs of "nothing-to-do" to whom work is a "joy-killer" scornfully coined by fate and whose interests are a crystal of one—look you and heed you to one who crowds work and pleasure in its "stealth" degree and whose day is as long as the interests thereof.

"A story of me?" she said, "why I just work and love it, and have for twelve years. There is no story of me, but I have learned one thing and some others and that is that there is nothing more precious than the friends, the wide horizon, the breadth of view and the love of life that can come from work that you like, among friends that you love and seasoned with fun that is awaiting you."

'Tis true that from eight thirty in the morning until five thirty at night she works with a magazine publishing company in Omaha and has for twelve years—since she left Lincoln and came to live with her sister in Omaha, Mrs. R. E. Hitchcock.

All save one little hour in between and that very hour and the hours after is my story.

It was during that hour that she sold 1,000 tickets—more tickets than any other girl—for the dance given by Miss Robinna Kammerer for the little St. James Omaha orphans.

"I'm not a catholic," she said, "but it was one of the things that helped to make happiness."

Beside giving of her time and interest she and Miss Kammerer bought 125 tickets and sent them, as their gift, to soldiers at Fort Omaha and Fort Crook. And what else? For 12 years she

has taken violin lessons. Twice every week during her hour "in between" is given to the lesson.

"But the practice?" some one asked.

"Every night, I do that," she explained. "Usually I do it at the studio or downtown for amateur violinists in apartment houses are not good company."

But this is not all.

"Theaters?" Of course I love them, and I have tried not to let a good play or concert go by. I can't, for I do enjoy them."

"During the war, in spite of work and play and music and sleep, she worked every week at the Red Cross shop, and besides that kept 1" boys in cigars, cigars "and all soldiers' extras."

"They grew desperately extravagant at times, too," she admitted, "but it was such fun that I was glad that they were."

The frills of life? She adds them unto herself, for in summer she dances and swims and play tennis and, last of all, she admitted with a laugh that she once played, and still loves, real base ball.

Can life be boring to such as these? Wise philosophy and real ideas are in the keen little head under the big, droopy hat, for she says with a smile,

"I'm just learning to marvel at women, and so proud of what they have done during the war. I think that the happy woman is the one who plays the big games in life, works the tasks in life and loves the friends in life, with a determination to enjoy it. People have all learned that one's chosen work may be the biggest step to happiness if it is balanced with the right kind of 'props.'"

Yet her day has but 24 hours! Just the same as others! And after work, play, music and friends the night has come—

And isn't it the glorious feeling? For just think! "She has nothing to do until morning!"



### Heart Beats

By A. K.

We wish and wish  
For the best of things,  
And we long for that  
Which we can not get.  
When the day-clouds  
Cover the shimmering sun  
We worry and fuss  
And we fume and fret.  
We fully expect  
That our luck will change  
And the walk of life  
Will be cleared by Time.  
But the wise man  
Paused in passing  
To hear our foolish  
Bit of raving.  
A twinkling eye  
A smile away  
An ambiguous "Ah! Um-hum"  
We caught.  
Youth's high hopes  
Ran wild we know  
As our castles  
In air took form.  
We ranted and bubbled  
All over again  
Till our thought trains  
Became wreck trains  
On the highway of Life's  
Scummy road.  
Then the wise man winked  
As he shook his head  
In that kindly  
Way he has  
And murmured  
These words  
Of wisdom:  
"Blessed is he who  
Never expects for  
He shall never be  
Disappointed."

SELAH!

Frances Hillier  
Rinehart-Marsden Photo

## "June Bug Day" Is Most Important In All Year for Some

By TRUMA KITCHEN

"JUNE BUG DAY"—it's almost here! And those who keep the day of the June bugs are now feeling its spell. You'll not find it circled in red on printed calendars; you'll search in vain for it in holiday lists; papers will not announce its arrival or herald its departure. June Bug day is the sunshine holiday of an Omaha woman—Mrs. Franklin A. Shotwell; her original and own day that's celebrated in her eyes, her heart and spreads into the eyes and hearts of all her friends, who, with her, bow to the appearance of the June bug. Think just a minute—that June, the month of all months, should be holiday-less! There's monotonous year-in-and-year-out holidays in dreary months and cold months—month of snow and months of rain, but June, the princess month of the year, when the holiday spirit is on, there is no holiday to celebrate.

Mrs. Shotwell thought of this two years ago—and the result? She coined a June Bug day.

You know him—the fat, little, shiny, puffy, wiggly June bug! He comes with the first breath of June and he seeks the warmest of sunshines, he kicks up his funny little feet, and plays and plays. He spreads his gauzy pretty wings, shakes himself and awakes to life with a glad-to-be-alive feeling. He hurts no one in particular, but says unto the winter-saturated world: "Spring is over and summer's here, the playtime of the year."

It's this first new bug that has a day of its own. June 2 Mrs. Shotwell chose for his "day." For when they first come they're the spark that kindles happiness—they haven't lived long enough to be stepped on, and "squashed" and bruised and hurt. Life is the present—May is gone and July is of no consequence. What matters is that June and the sunshine are here.

Their little wings are natural and beautiful—they haven't been scratched and cut by the pessimists

who hate the little June bug, as they are later in the month. So this is the reason for June Bug day. And what does she who keeps it do? She asks her friends to play, too. They forget the ones who



have "stepped on them" during the winter months; they forget that likely there will be others who will hurt them during the coming months; they forget that even June bugs cease to be, and that sometimes when their wings have been spread too far they have been hurt and broken. They forget everything but this—June is here; June has no holidays unless you make

one; June is the month of the year to live and play and smile and be gay, and they do it.

They have everything that everyone likes to eat; they put away all wishes after bugs that are of different type, that have different wings and live in different climes or longer years. They're glad in themselves: "So here's to the success and

happiness of the new June Bug day—and a hope and wish that we all may adopt a wee bit of the light, summery feeling of the little June bug, who avoids all gloom, who puts away winter's moodiness and spring's uncertainty and ushers into everyone's hearts the certainty that summer sunshine is here! Happy little June bug, they!

## Spring Style Discovered by Gabby

Wilson's Old Silk Tile Made  
Lovely Spring Bonnet for  
Pretty French Girl.

By GABBY DETAYLS

BEHOLD the Victory Bonnet of 1919. It was bought by Mlle. Marguerite Namara for \$30. With it she wears a gown of black Victory satin dotted with rosebuds, cut rather full over the hips and falling in graceful lines to the ankles. Black satin pumps with rhinestone buckles accompany the gown, and another accessory chosen by Mlle. Namara is a stick, six feet long, inlaid with Persian ivory and topped with a brilliantly colored tassel.

Here is the secret about the bonnet. It can be made out of your husband's old silk hat. Not only can a charming chapeau be produced—no small consideration—but you will possess that feeling, almost holy in its purity, which comes from the act of practicing economy. Now made-over economies which are not beautiful, are not economies at all, for either one does not wear the result of her thrift, or finds that the wear and tear on disposition make the experience a costly one.

But there is no question about the beauty of this bonnet, else Mlle. Namara, now on her way to Mexico to sing, would not be wearing the original. (To be sure, her fetching creation was made from President Wilson's old silk tile, but that only adds to its interest and not its charm.) And neither is there a question about the economy effected, for your husband's old silk tile of last season can do him little good now. Blocks have changed with the calendar, and the latest word from fashion centers is "moderately high crowns with rather rolling brim." And then—even if your husband is not fastidious—there are still the moths which might eat up his hat this summer anyway. So have no scruples. Appropriate his hat for your own high purpose—high in the sense of attitude rather than altitude.

This is how it was done by Mrs. Thomas Walsh of Washington, D. C., creator of the original design: First she carefully steamed the hat and proceeded to peel off the silk, as if she were peeling an orange. This silk was then cleaned and pressed. Every inch was used.

As there was no practical method for utilizing the stiffening in the crown, a shape of crinoline was fashioned and the original silk was sewn to it. The front was decorated with white satin and pink rosebuds. A poke here and a twitch there caused the soft silk felt to fall in folds, and then two streamers were added.

Truth crushed to earth may rise again, but no such ambition should be cherished for John's crushed headgear. Let it rest in peace above your curls—an epitaph more eloquent than the departed for whom it speaks.

KEEPING an eye on the wary god of love is one of the jobs of a society editor, and when she has a hint that the rotund infant with the bow and arrow is attempting to hoodwink her she surmounts every obstacle until she again catches sight of the tips of his wings.

A warning of Dan Cupid's philandering was brought to the attention of the scribe by one of those fatal slips, a telegram.

An individual by the name of Shaffer had not patronized Omaha merchants in the way he should and had bought his marriage license in Chicago. Calling the W. E. Shafer company in search of a clue of the benedict the editor encountered a telephone girl with a sense of humor.

Explaining her mission, she asked Miss Hello if there was a W. E. Shafer employed by the firm. "No, there was no such man, but there was W. A. Shafer, president of the company."

Visions of a front page story immediately filled the mind of the indefatigable news agent and she asked breathlessly: "Is he married?"

"Why, really, I don't know," laughed the girl at the switchboard, "although it's nothing in my young life I'll find out for you."

A long wait. My dreams of a runaway match, racing taxicabs,irate fathers—screaming headlines—click!

"Hello," giggle, "the Mr. Shafer has been married forever and a day."

Mrs. Nina Laree Duryea, organizer of the Duryea war relief in France, will be actively interested on her return to this country, in the new shop opened in New York for the purpose of raising funds for this relief work.

It is reported that conductresses in Vienna are unable to collect fares from riders on the footboards and buffers of the electric cars, thereby entailing a daily loss of something near \$9,000.

### Four-Minute Girls Is Latest Instead of Men—At San Jose, California.

"Four-Minute Girls" is the latest—instead of men. They were organized recently in San Jose, Cal., at the University of the Pacific, and are speaking at the University Young Women's Christian Association meetings.

The duties of the "Four-Minute Girls" is to keep their association alive to all the latest work of the national and international organization. If the Y. W. C. A. sends a commission to Europe for industrial research, as it recently has done, then the four-minute girls tell the news related to the mission that they can gather. In this way university association is being kept in touch with all the affairs of the organization, at large. Comments from those who have heard their reports are to the effect that they are not only informing, but entertaining.

### "Liszt" By DONALD LINDSEY.

She was playing Liszt in the twilight—  
The caressing phrases of his love song  
Blinded by reason, torment and  
Soothed my senses like a heavy wine  
Deep-drunk beneath some huge hot  
Southern moon.  
With soft unsteady step,  
In the darkness  
I felt my way to the piano.  
And to her.  
She saw me.  
Raising her enticing head,  
She said:  
"I wish he wouldn't use so many  
Double-sharps and flats  
In all his stuff!"