

Woman's Work in the World

Omaha Welcomes Charming Newcomer--Mrs. William Ritchie, Jr. of Vermont

AMONG the unusual lady flowers which spring has transplanted into Omaha's society garden is Mrs. William Ritchie, Jr., of the Blackstone--our lady of the picture.

The beautiful Lake Champlain district in Vermont was her home until she was 10 years old, but it was the years that she spent growing up in the west that make her unhesitatingly call this prairie, "the true land."

The lady--but why the kitten? Because though she loves all animals, this little studio kitten attracted her because it had, as she naively explained, "a business in life; it earns its own living--which is more than many women could say."

Its business, that on this occasion was interrupted, is to jump up on the big, black studio camera, arch its back, and attract the attention of self-conscious subjects. When this is over the kitten disappears.

The other reason for the cat, was that the aunt for whom this picture was taken, and with whom Mrs. Ritchie lived as a girl, is an extreme lover of animals. On the old-fashioned estate sloping down to the shore of Lake Champlain she lives with her many animals and as a little girl Mrs. Ritchie remembers weekly visits with her aunt, the nurse and a carriage full of dogs and cats, to the veterinary for a manicure and all the "beautifiers" that belong to such petted animals. There was even a family cemetery for the family animals.

Then Dan Cupid cunningly gave an unusual phase to the Ritchie romance. He commenced back in the lives of their parents, who were close friends.

When William Ritchie was a sturdy boy of 3, a little baby girl, Eunice Osborne (the present Mrs. Ritchie) came into the world and wore the first baby dress that little William Ritchie, Jr., had worn.

Then the little boy's mother died and the little girl's family moved away.

But there came a very important occasion as the years went by--William's father married a very dear friend of Eunice's mother and little Eunice was the flower girl at her future father-in-law's wedding.

Of course they grew up. The Osbornes moved to Grand Island, Neb. Eunice went to St. Katharine's in Davenport and Brownell Hall in Omaha to school while William became a law student at University of Nebraska.

But both spent their vacations at the Osborne home on Grand Island and the inevitable happened.

"It had to," Mr. Ritchie said. One memorable year followed in a little town, where she was the only woman who had her "washing done," and where they all belonged to the one and only woman's club.

During the war, while Mr. Ritchie gave up his practice for the service, Mrs. Ritchie made many friends, at both Camp Funston and Camp Dodge, where Captain Ritchie was stationed.

Her interests are many and her enthusiasm was catching. She studied the violin with real interest and the piano "enough to please

myself and a few friends," in her own words. And she adores a home.

The one thing she does not enjoy--but really dislikes it--is walking. And she owns right up to it. "But Mr. Ritchie doesn't either, so that does not matter," she laughed.

Thus all golf, and such are tabooed in the Ritchie family. Omaha has seen Mrs. Ritchie's enthusiasm at the Maytime lunch in which she was very interested. She loves Nebraska, the prairies, and any plan for the upbuilding of her own school, Brownell Hall.

So she isn't a stranger and Omaha may claim her as her own.

Gabby Keeps Gabfestive Alone

SHE'S back, girls, from overseas where she was, we suppose, very popular with the wounded soldiers. At least she was popular in Omaha for a while after her return. But she yawns and sighed that she doesn't know what to do in provincial little Omaha. There are no men, she says. And just to think of that, Mr. Omaha! 250,000 of you and not one interested in our pretty returned overseas worker. How will she ever endure living at home again! My word!

JUST to keep you, dear reader--friend, from becoming discouraged with the race and your sex, we'll say that we haven't met many of them who spoke as this woman did right out in the open.

Our lady, under the sharp click of Gabby's keys, has inherited a large sum of money through no fault or effort or intelligence of her own. It descended upon her like the cloak of Elijah and she couldn't help it. Nevertheless she lives in Council Bluffs and remarked recently in a very audible tone that she did not wish to ride in filthy street cars with the peasant crowd. We presume she meant stenographers, bookkeepers, saleswomen, teachers and newspaper writers. And then she dropped her handkerchief and nobody rushed to pick it up. With head high she passed on. "Let some poor unfortunate who wears a less expensive corset than I, pick it up."

We of the peasant-but-intelligent class are hoping that an epidemic of this sort is not taking root in the Bluffs.

AT the peace luncheon the women started on time. Score one. Every woman received an important looking badge. Score two.

But we haven't heard a single woman say that she received sustenance enough to keep her from being irritable. Neither have we heard

one say that her guests were seated with her or that there was order brought of chaos even at the proverbial eleventh hour.

Admitting that it is some job to corral 700 women or men or children, yet we venture to suggest or hint, or explain that it might facilitate matters in future if tables were reserved for parties--all labeled and tagged in everything. This would at least take care of many groups.

There may have been oodles of food. Just because we did not see it is no sign it wasn't there, but we do know that a lady-finger-sized sandwich and two bites of salad is

rather light diet for an average normal, regular healthy appetite.

We're voting for system at the next peace luncheon.

Coin dots are prominent this season. Navy blue silks with dots the size of half a dollar are not at all bizarre. The discs are in soft tones of green, yellow and cerise edged with a white hair line circle. There are also exquisite voiles with the large coin dots which sell at \$1.65 a yard. Those in black and white effects are particularly attractive. There is an increasing demand for voiles as the season advances.

"Good Bye For Her"

The girl who pretended to be literary and when asked which one of Sir Walter Scott's poems she enjoyed most took a wild guess and said "Scott's Emulsion" has a counterpart in a young lady with historic ambitions who applied to Director Allen Holubar for a part in "The Right to Happiness." The

role in question was that of a young Russian girl. Holubar was anxious to draw the girl out when she admitted Russian ancestry.

"I suppose you've read Tolstoi and Turgeneff?" he queried.

"Oh yes, sir, I love them both," the girl replied.

"Which book of the former do you prefer most?" he continued, believing that if she was a true actress she would say "Resurrection."

"Tolstoi's 'Good-bye!' she answered without a quiver.

And the musicians on the set howled themselves hoarse thinking of how Tosti the composer would have liked to have been mixed up with the socialistic philosopher Tolstoi.

The women's division of the United States employment service, Department of Labor, recruited over a half million women to aid industrial work in the prosecution of the war in the first year of its existence.

Mrs. Maibelle Lovegrove, of Pittsburgh, Pa., founded and maintains "Appreciation Cottage," at Cape May, N. J., where she entertains wounded men of the service,

Washington, June 14.--(Bureau of The Bee.)--Washington's proverbial sweltering weather of this week rather discouraged social entertainments, but hostesses, official and otherwise, are nevertheless, in these days, always busy, and so they have been throughout the excessive heat which began last Saturday. The Secretary Daniels were in the south for the week-end; the Bakers spent a day or so in Baltimore; the Redfields were down the river on the Isis, the secretary on an inspection trip, and every one who could speed away to the cool haunts in the country, at least for the week-end, if not for a month's outing.

The Bakers and the Daniels returned for the Chateau Thierry anniversary celebration at the marine

barracks on Monday evening, and Mrs. Barnett also returned from a flying trip to Boston to christen the battleship Sinclair, named for her grandfather, the late Admiral Sinclair, in time to speak at that service.

Mrs. Baker, wife of the secretary of war, sang some patriotic songs, which style of singing she is now confining her efforts to; Mrs. Feland, wife of Gen. Logan Feland, who was in command at Belleau Wood, sang charmingly and artistically; the Marine band played, and a quartet of marines, under the leadership of Sergeant Wilson, sang. Belleau Wood has recently been renamed by the French "The Wood of the Marines," in honor of the brilliant fighting and the marvelous results of our marines, so many of whom lost their lives on that field. Secretaries Baker and Daniels and Mrs. Barnett all spoke of what they saw in that country, each of whom has visited the spots since the armistice was signed.

Patriotic Scene.

Monday afternoon a patriotic scene was enacted in the ball room at the Willard, the last act of a long series of activities of the women of the District of Columbia in the interest of the Liberty loans. Mrs. William Gibbs McAdoo, wife of former secretary of the treasury and youngest daughter of the president came down from New York for the occasion. She is chairman of the National Women's Liberty loan committee. Mrs. Wesley Martin Stoner, chairman of the district committee, presided at the ceremony awarding medals to the women promoters of the loan, who had worked so hard and so successfully in its interest. Mrs. Glass, wife of the secretary of the treasury, and Mrs. McAdoo pinned the medals upon the women as they were called to the platform. The medals were made from the metal of German cannons captured by the allies. They are the color of silver now, and a little larger than a silver half dollar. Upon one side is an engraving of the Treasury department under which is an eagle with outspread wings, and under that, the words, Victory Liberty Loans. Upon the other is engraved "Awarded by the U. S. Treasury Department for patriotic service in behalf of the Liberty loans. Made from captured German cannon." They were hung upon ribbons of red, white and blue. Both Mrs. Glass and Mrs. McAdoo made pretty little presentation speeches and it was a very pretty and happy occasion. Mrs. Susie Root Rhodes, of Crete, Neb., head of the Washington playgrounds, received one. Mrs. Franklin Townsend, niece of the former U. S. minister to Belgium and Portugal, and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, sang several beautiful songs. She is a beautiful woman and a gifted singer. Mrs. McAdoo had not been seen in Washington for six months or more and she was enthusiastically received. She looked very young and girlish in a very simple frock of dark blue serge and dark blue satin, in a one-piece effect. It was made short and had long satin sleeves and she wore one of her favorite small turbans peculiarly becoming to her beauty. She spent the week with her cousin, Mrs. A. D. W. Erskine in her New Hampshire avenue home and was entertained quite informally by a few old friends. Mrs. Erskine is a cousin on her mother's side of the family.

Last night a large reception, as brilliant as one can be made in this hot weather, was given at the Pan-American building for the delegates to the Pan-American Congress, which held its session in the Pan-American Union building. The evening sessions, most of which took the form of moving picture shows of the South and Central American

countries, interfered with many dinner parties. The acting secretary of state and Mrs. Frank L. Folk acted as hosts last evening. The party was at fresco and one of the most picturesque.

In connection with the congress, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Penfield entertained several times at dinner. On Monday evening they had the new Peruvian ambassador and Mme. de Tudala as the guests of honor, with a small but charming company to meet them. On Tuesday the new minister from Salvador and Mme. Sol were their honor guests.

Miss Hart Married.

Washington was deeply interested in the wedding of last Friday of Miss Elsie Hart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hart, the former a well-known banker of Edgar, Neb., and Lieut. Robert H. Davidson, formerly of the U. S. A., recently of the ordnance corps U. S. A., son of Judge S. P. Davidson of Omaha. The bride came on from her Nebraska home for the ceremony, owing to the difficulty of the bridegroom's obtaining sufficient leave of absence. She arrived here at 11 o'clock on Friday morning and the ceremony was performed at 12 in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Newton L. Collamer, old friends of the families of both the bride and bridegroom. Rev. J. J. Quessly officiated in the presence of just a few members of the families. The house, a charming one of the distinctly modern type, picturesque and unique, was a bower of spring flowers, nearly all from the superb garden of the Collamers. Roses were everywhere in abundance. The bride's brother, Charles Hart, U. S. N., acted as best man, and Mr. Collamer gave the bride in marriage. A breakfast was served immediately following, after which the bride and bridegroom left for Old Point Comfort to spend a few days at the Hotel Chamberlain. The breakfast table was a veritable picture with trailing vines and perky flowers all about the edge of the fountain which plays in this room: the year around and pink flowers on the table, scattered over it in Japanese fashion. The garden, which greets the eye through the windows of this room, is one of the beautiful here.

Omahaans.

Mrs. Russell Harrison and her mother, Mrs. Alvin Saunders, left on Sunday to return to the Saunders' home in Omaha. They will spend the summer there. Mr. William Henry Harrison 3rd is there for a short time from his studies in Lincoln and is leaving shortly for the Yellowstone Park, where he will spend the remainder of the summer. Mrs. Harrison's cousin, Mrs. Withers, who spent several months with her here last winter and spring, returned to Chicago last week. She spent the previous week-end in Norfolk with Mrs. Harrison as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Williams, Jr., in their handsome new home in the suburbs of Norfolk. Miss Frances Saunders, another cousin of Mrs. Harrison, who previously spent many winters in Washington, has returned here within the past month to make her home for the present. Miss Carrie Summers left early in the week to make some visits in Omaha after spending the winter in Washington.

Miss Pearl Reid of Lincoln, who has been in Washington during the period of the war doing her share of war work for the government, has completed her task and returned to her home. Miss Reid was vice-president of the Ak-sar-ben club and very active in all its affairs, as well as in the work of the Girls' Knitting club, which met regularly in the homes of Senator Norris and of Representative Reavis.

HER STAR OF GOLD

By HELEN ROWLAND

Kisses and smiles and his lips, for you
And happiness--all that your heart can hold
For the star in your window, thank God, is blue--
But the star that I wear on my heart is gold!

Your boy will march by in the gallant row
Of heroes, charged by the waiting line--
On a grave in Flanders, where the poppies blow,
They are laying a wreath, today, for mine!

And yet--I shall stand in the crowded place,
And cheer, with the rest, for your boy--you'll see!
For the glory that shines in your glowing face
Is naught to the glory that throbs in me!

Then gaze not at me with that pitying glance,
For do you not know that I share your pride,
And that there, where the long brown files advance,
Your hero and mine march side by side.

Oh, can you not see him come striding there,
With the old free swing of his strong young thighs,
And the little cap set on his shining hair,
And the gay little smile in his dear young eyes?

For my boy lives still in the heart of me;
He lives where the poppies blow red--and yet,
He lives in the soul of a world made free,
And the heart of a world that shall not forget!

And I do not weep, and I do not sigh,
And you never shall think, nor dream, nor know,
As I pass you, smiling, with head held high,
Of the little white cross where the poppies blow.

Nay, mother, here's joy and his lips for you,
And happiness--all that your life can hold!
For the star in your window, thank God, is blue--
Though the star that I wear on my heart is gold!