

# Woman's Work in the World

## Washington Society Busy

### Everybody Coming In From Resorts To Join the Gay Festivities at Capital.

(See Bureau, June 21.)

WASHINGTON society is beginning to actually enjoy the summer season here. Almost every circle of society was represented Wednesday afternoon at the unique al fresco tea house opened by special permission of the superintendent of public buildings and grounds, on the extreme eastern end of Potomac park, in the loop around which the park drive circles and which overlooks the Washington barracks, the Bolling flying field and hangars, Arlington, Fort Myer, and in the distance busy Alexandria. The view down the river is most beautiful and the view up the river equally so, while across the water toward the barracks everything is most interesting. The tea garden is being run through the summer for the benefit of the Girl Scouts, who need money badly. A continue their splendid work. A party of enthusiastic ladies, headed by Mrs. Frederic Atherton, sister-in-law of Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, obtained the grant from the government, and will manage the soft drinks, sandwiches, cakes, etc., which will be served under the trees in this picturesque spot.

Dinner parties for the vice president and Mrs. Marshall the retiring Japanese Ambassador and Viscountess Ishii, and the new Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Tudela, have kept the dinner hosts and guests busy throughout the week, and tonight a large element of society went to Baltimore for the great ball given in one of the suburban homes for the benefit of free milk for France, under the same management which gave the beautiful Mardi Gras ball here in the middle of Lent, and the series of subscription balls through the spring at the smart little Club de Vingt.

The Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Daniels have returned from Annapolis, where they went for the commencement festivities at the Naval academy, according to their habit.

### Mrs. Baker Busy.

Secretary of War and Mrs. Baker have returned from a week-end trip to Chambersburg, where Mrs. Baker sang for the commencement exercises at her alma mater, the college there. Mr. Baker left that afternoon for West Point, for the commencement festivities and took his young daughter, Miss Betty Baker, with him. Mrs. Baker remained behind because of the initiation ceremony, reception and concert that evening at the Willard, of the Rho Beta Chapter of the Mu Phi Epsilon Sorority, into which she was taken as an honorary member. Mrs. Watson, who was formerly Miss Dorothy Snyder, whose marriage took place about a year ago in Omaha during her visit there, is president of the Rho Beta chapter and headed the receiving line at the reception, and made the presentations to Mrs. Baker, who stood beside her. Mrs. William E. Andrews, wife of the representative from Hastings, Neb., stood next to Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Izetta Jewel Brown, widow of Representative W. G. Brown of West Virginia, a brilliant young actress known as Izetta Jewel, before her marriage, stood next to Mrs. Andrews. Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Brown are the patroness of the chapter. After the reception, Mrs. Baker sang some of her characteristic patriotic songs, and the aria from "Madame Butterfly," and as a final encore, she sang a famous ballad, sitting down at the piano and dashing off her own accompaniment with much skill. S. M. Fabian, a famous pianist of the east, and Mr. Walls, tenor, assisted.

### Nebraska Organizations.

The Nebraska State association combined with the Nebraska Girls' club and gave a delightful reception, dance and supper on Thursday evening in the Wilson Normal school, in honor of the new delegation in congress, from Nebraska. In the absence of the president of the state association, Major Neilson, who is in France, Mr. Harvey A. Harding managed the affair. Miss Viola Wetherill of Lincoln, president of the Girls' club, was an able assistant.

Mrs. Norris, wife of the senator from McCook, Neb., has made all her plans to remain in Washington throughout the summer. Their house is well situated for the hot weather, in Cleveland park, one of the prettiest and most picturesque of the suburbs. Miss Gertrude Norris graduated a week or so ago at Central High school. She will stay here with her parents through the summer and in September will go to Lincoln to begin her course at the University of Nebraska.

Representative A. W. Jeffers of Omaha has taken an apartment at the Wyoming in one of the uptown fashionable districts, and has with him in it for the summer, Judge Robert E. Evans, another one of the new representatives from Nebraska, and Representative J. L. Dickinson, a new representative from Iowa. Mrs. Jeffers and their family will not join her husband here until September.

Mr. John B. Shanahan of Omaha, private secretary to Representative Jeffers, is established with Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Tracy of Omaha in their home at No. 5 Quincy place. Mr. Tracy is connected with government



Mrs. Oliver Bonny  
Photo by Rinehart Marsden

## Settlement Kiddies Find New Friend

### A Party With Ice Cream, Cake and Paper Hen Caps Make Many Little Ones Happy.

WHAT a magical, mystical, fascinating land we conjure in our mind's eye when someone speaks of "the south." Pillared porticos, goateed colonels, crinolined belles and mint juleps, they are all synonymous with the land of cotton and it is only when we meet the modern southern woman that we realize that the south of our imagination has been gleaned from civil war novels and "plantationed" movies.

Quite surprising and quite delightful it was to find a true daughter of the south, Mrs. Oliver Bonny, transplanted to vigorous Nebraska, for little of the languor which we associate with the women of the southland is to be noticed about this attractive matron.

Mrs. Bonny is deeply interested in the South Side settlement house and here you may find her several days in the week, a group of earnest children around her, intently listening to a story or perhaps bending over their sewing lesson. Mrs. Bonny, with delightful frankness, says this is really a selfish pleasure which she takes, not a charitable act as some might suppose.

Children are to her like flowers. "They must be allowed to expand and unfold," she says, "without the blighting frosts of adult criticism nipping the delicate buds."

A peep into the large room at the Settlement House Tuesday afternoon would have disclosed a unique and joyous party. Mrs. Bonny was hostess for the "Blue Birds," a class of little girls who have named themselves for the harbingers of happiness. The affair had all the usual attractions dear to childish hearts. There were loads and loads of ice cream, heaps of cake and a score of happy little folks. Their favors were compressed caps and as each child pulled the string to open the cap, it turned into a paper hen.

"There is much work to be done out there," said Mrs. Bonny, "and too few earnest workers to do it. There should be ever so many more who devote their time to the settlement and I, for one, shall place myself at Mrs. Marie E. Caldwell's (head resident) disposal during any . . . every drive, as well as for the regular work."

The heated days of July will find Mrs. Bonny on her way to her home in Tennessee for the summer. But the crisp days of fall will find Mrs. Bonny in Omaha, for she has learned to love Nebraska with its vigor and vim. Her work with the Settlement children will be continued even on a larger scale during the fall and winter months, and she has many plans for this most important hobby of hers. A bit of the old south lingers in Mrs. Bonny's smile but her eagerness for a niche in the busy world is truly the spirit of the great west.

mathematical problem now-a-days and those of us who didn't pass in "figures" and hated percentage are finding the various phases of the "war tax" a greater bugbear than ever the "missing X" in algebra dazed be.

It's exactly like geometry too, in some ways. Given a menu, an appetite and an order blank in two different places and the inevitable question will be, "What is the war tax here?"

Recently four of that noon-time "eat here and eat there" type visited a new promising little shop near them.

Enthusiasm was keen. Eyes were open for everything and after due studying of the menu card, and proper changing of the order they realized that they were in an "a-la-hotel" type of parlour. There was one convenient dainty little slip on which to write all the orders of the four!

Here was ordering simplified; no misunderstanding of orders; quick service—everything that could be wished and nothing seemingly wrong.

Well, they ordered and ate and then it was time to "pay the bill." Being "Dutch," each took his turn at the once popular bill; each figured and added and twisted and turned; collected the coffees and sandwiches and ice teas and salads together until each had his "lunch money."

Well—at the close of the slip was 2 cents war tax! But nobody knew exactly why. They hadn't had ice creams or drinks! Then they learned!

Because they had all ordered together and the whole slip added to more than \$1, there was a tax of 2 cents.

At last they thought they saw the meaning of the one-piece bill. And then they again figured! Every one was going to pay that 2 cents. You simply couldn't divide 2 cents between four people!

The clock moved towards 1 o'clock, and the four at last went out wondering, we suppose. Whoever would have believed that mathematics and noon-time lunches were akin!

To afford a stronger grip on wires red pliers have handles that are shaped like a pistol stock.

An Englishman has invented apparatus to electrolyse sea water on shipboard to form a disinfectant.

railroad work. Mr. Shanahan came on with Mr. Jeffers a few weeks ago.

### Omaha Boy Congratulated.

Mrs. Burk, widow of General Burk of Custer's army, who has spent the past several winters in Washington with her daughter, Mrs. Maish, wife of Col. A. W. Maish, U. S. A., is staying rather late in town this year owing to Colonel Maish's return a week ago from France. Colonel and Mrs. Maish and Mrs. Burk will close their apartment in the Dresden within a fortnight and go to some one of the eastern seashore resorts for the remainder of the summer. Colonel Maish will remain with them there as long as it is possible for him.

Dr. Robert L. Straetien, U. S. N., spent a few days early in the week with his family in the home of Mrs. Straetien's mother, Mrs. Susie Root Rhodes, head of the Washington

Playgrounds association. Mrs. Straetien and their children will join Dr. Straetien at Newport next month, as he will be stationed there throughout the summer.

An interesting young visitor this week from Omaha was Josephus A. Briggs, son of Benjamin Briggs of Omaha. He has recently passed successfully his "exams" for entrance to the naval academy at Annapolis, and is being deservedly congratulated on every side. He has literally earned it for himself. He graduated recently from a military school in Missouri and was named an alternate for Annapolis. The principal failed to pass and he passed well.

Miss Helen Murphy, a Philadelphia girl, worked for the Red Cross four years in the war zone, crossed the ocean three during the submarine campaign of the Germans and witnessed 32 air raids over London.

## Around Town With Gabby Details

By GABBY DETAILS.

VANITY Fair could find lots of data for its "social problem" here in Omaha.

What hazards and culverts are traveled over by the social climbers. One would think life was hard enough for them, but each day adds problems to their stormy existence and such awful faux pas are made. Those who are there, never apologize for anything. For the photographer, for raking the front yard, for their personal garb, for who they are with; and looking on, in their rightfully superior attitude,

they separate the climber from the thoroughbred as clearly as they would the white from the yolk of the egg. However, we have some interesting folk who have never gone in for "climbers."

To those who are there, the ways of those who are still struggling are amusing. Decided social lines are drawn between the two families, but the home of the hostess, being one of the most expensive in the city, civility led them to accept the invitation. So they journeyed forth and had such a good time, not mingling with the guests, but viewing the house, its nooks and corners, guided by one of the servants. "Was it not like visiting stage scenes with a guide," ventured one of their witty friends.

So goes the doings of the social climber and so often among their guests are those who apologize for being present and others again who say "we accepted most reluctantly."

you were Miss ———. The popular little matron has a delicious sense of humor and enjoyed the situation greatly as did all of her friends and the incident is often joked about.

At the same party, two of Omaha's vivacious matrons were present. Decided social lines are drawn between the two families, but the home of the hostess, being one of the most expensive in the city, civility led them to accept the invitation. So they journeyed forth and had such a good time, not mingling with the guests, but viewing the house, its nooks and corners, guided by one of the servants. "Was it not like visiting stage scenes with a guide," ventured one of their witty friends.

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Social climbers will exist, however, as long as the world goes round.

Recently a well known Omaha Miss entertained an out-of-town visitor. She took her guest during her short stay in the city, to call on several popular members of the set she longed to burst into. Those receiving the calls could not quite understand the season, as they were not acquainted with the out-of-town visitor and barely so with the hostess. Much merriment has been had at the expense of the hostess, and out-of-town visitor.

NOON time can no longer be a time of pure recreation. Brains and figures can't be entirely discarded as the clock strikes 12 and picked up again at the 1 o'clock hour. No, indeed! Eating is a mathe-