

# Woman's Section

## Gabby Believes in Novel Idea for Introducing Lonesome Souls

It Is Being Done Successfully in New York and Mrs. Magill of the Athletic Club Is Favorable to Plan.

By GABBY DETAYLES.

REALLY, the roof garden at the Athletic club is a howling success! When you consider that 200 people were turned away opening night you must concede that Omahans do love their soft drinks served a la breeze. The flowers are very gay and pretty, the tables are softly lit and cozy and it really is a charming spot.

And, yet in our humble opinion there is one little innovation that would make it even more complete. And Mrs. Robert A. Magill, who designed this cozy nook agrees with us heartily. You see, it was this way: Over the stairs in our midst freeze we spied Mr. Lonesome from Chicago sitting all by himself, the other evening. And a few tables away there was Miss Wistful with a maiden aunt or something. Now, you don't need even a brilliant mind to figure just what those two nice young things needed. A hostess, of course. Whoever heard of a party without a hostess? We contend that a charming young feminine person in a frilly frock should be on hand every evening to dispense introductions and smiles. And Mrs. Magill seconds the motion!

She tells us that it was a very successful venture at the Athletic club in St. Louis. The pretty hostesses made everything so smooth and quite like a private party. And the roof garden atop the Waldorf in dear old New York is really the most popular place in the great city, for pretty Miss Emily Hingsworth, who is always on hand to dispense hospitality, is one big reason.

We speak of the open-handed hospitality of the west, while many an attractive young person in our midst is yearning for an opportunity to slay the dragon, Lonesomeness. Gabby is a friendly person as well as a chatty one and she does want everyone to dance and be merry. But Old Dame Convention is our

official chaperon just as she should be—and so we urge the appointment of a lovely roof garden hostess, who make all the members of the Lonesome club send in their resignations, pronto!

CANTEENING has its thrills, but it has its monotony, too. When the soldiers are few and the day is hot, serving one's country after the big scrap is over is rather tame, we'll admit. Feminine minds are ingenious, how often have we noted it! When the hours drag at the station canteen the matrons in attendance have loads of fun all by themselves.

The wild orgies in which they indulge consist of a cocktail mixer—wait, be not disturbed! A little milk, a little chocolate and lo—and an innocent chocolate malted milk, all around. Just the other day, the malted milk manufacture was in progress when the mixer skidded and the delectable ingredients flew all over the canteen and the canteeners.

This was annoying, to say the least, but the worst is yet to come, as the poets say. Undaunted by this little accident, the matron (whom you all know) calmly made another one, paying no attention to the streams of chocolate all over the surrounding landscape. But wait until we tell you that milady calmly powdered her nose and walked out after the second foamy drink had disappeared. We will draw a curtain over the faces and remarks of the workers left behind. Scrubbing brushes were called into action, assisted by large quantities of sky juice and soap, and after several minutes of arduous labor the canteen was restored to its usual spotlessness. The countersign at the doughnut foundry, which you will find near the puffing engines, is a "malted milk." But wear your gas mask when you say it!

## Miss Judd Says Soldiers Disapprove of Young Brothers Fighting

CLUB women who are striving to maintain their selected workers in post-war work will be greatly interested in the following letter written by Myrtle Judd to Mrs. M. F. Paul, state chairman of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Miss Judd is being financed by the War Victory committee.

Camp Montoir, France, June 3, 1919.

My Dear Mrs. Paul:

I have been here two months now and feel as though I had always belonged to the A. E. F., so will try and tell you a little about my work.

A. Y. M. C. A. secretary from Kentucky and myself are in charge of an enlisted men's club which is considered one of the nicest clubs in France. It surely takes some work to keep it that way, too. We have a writing room and reading room, quite a library, billiard table, quantum of maps, curtains, real chairs and numerous other things which are quite a luxury to the boys. The most of the Y. M. C. A. huts have to be constructed so quickly that they are not very attractive. Most of these floors are made in sections so are not good for dancing, but we have a good floor. On Saturday nights the club is used by different organizations for dancing, on Wednesday nights by the Masons, on other nights and all day is open to everyone. One other thing I must mention is a search, the only one I think in France as all French people in passing spend most of their time in looking at it.

This spring we served coffee to the boys five hours a day, but now we serve ice cream when we can get it the rest of the time. We are supposed to have 120 gallons every other day in the canteen, but the ice problem holds us up occasionally. You can imagine what 120 gallons of ice cream is among 30,000 men, even if we serve it in cones. The 30 gallons we get lasts about an hour after the boys find we have it on hand. I wish some could have seen these boys when we first started ice cream. Some of them had not had any for 20 months, most of them for a year or more, such shining faces! I acquired a perpetual grin in response. Part of my job is to pass each boy on every other day in the canteen, and the impression of these boys will be that of lines of patiently waiting boys—they stand in line for everything.

My club is just between two camps, Guthrie and Montoir, Guthrie consisting of an overflow camp, a canteen, a mess, and Montoir of most engineers, a German prison camp and a mess who do guard duty over the 20 miles of warehouses just outside the camp. These warehouses contain everything necessary to an army, from ammunition to clothing and food, and are the most important in France at present, for they are bringing all the supplies from the interior of France here. Camp Montoir will probably be open the longest of any in France.

The only unpleasant thing about this place is that just as soon as you

make a friend he goes home, especially those in Camp Guthrie. However, I am always glad to see them go. Yesterday practically everyone I knew in Guthrie sailed for home. Some of those boys had been stuck there, as they say, for 10 weeks, others in the 109th transportation corps, which consisted of Nebraska boys almost entirely. I found several I knew. I got up real early in the morning to watch them march by, for they had to march to the docks about seven miles away, although their packs were taken in trucks. They are not allowed to say anything, but the American grin was in evidence. They would gladly have marched to Hoboken to get home, for that is the one desire of the A. E. F. They thought that they ought to take us girls along, though, and can't understand why we stay here a minute.

There are nine Y. M. C. A. girls and one Jewish Welfare girl who live together, have our own barracks and mess, negro cook and orderly and everything else that the colonel of the camp can give us. With 30,000 men trying to repay you for being there, one is in danger of being spoiled. I have five men detailed here in the club all the time to do the work, who will only let me do the things I actually am compelled to. I work out a plan and they carry it out. However, it gets to be some task to feed thousands of men with just ice cream and lemonade, then dance for two or three hours after you get there, all the time keeping up some sort of a conversation.

Sunday 750 boys came into the camp from the states, most of them under 18, to be used as replacements up in Germany. I can't see how the government can allow such boys to come over here for three years. I am sure the recruiting officers have never been in France. So many of the boys are so homesick now they can scarcely stand it. The unanimous opinion of the boys of the A. E. F. is that if they see their young brothers coming into France, they will kick them into Hoboken. I never saw men so worked up over anything.

Just now we are having delightful weather. The days are hot, but I sleep under four blankets every night. Since I have been here it has rained very little comparatively. The surrounding country is beautiful. Each week a new flower comes in blossom and the fields are thick with them. All we have to do is pick flowers in order to have more than we need—one week it is the hawthorne, next daisies, then poppies, and so on.

May 30, four of us girls with 10 boys went out in an army truck to gather flowers as we were responsible for 30 wreaths on Decoration Day.

Of course, we had to take quite a trip to make the day interesting. We went first to Portcharcau, where there is a large park containing a review of Christ's life from his appearance before Pilate, until he was placed in the tomb, all done in statues. The Crucifixion itself



Miss Jane Beats  
Rinehart-Matzen Photo

## Miss Jane Beats Wins As Artist Contralto in Contest With 1,500 Aspirants At the Great School of Harmony

SINCE time immemorial music has played its star role in the cannot trace its origin to a definite period. An ancient legend recounts that the wind making sweet tones among the reeds of the Nile first taught mankind the art of music and the use of musical instruments. We read of the mysterious ages when "the morning stars sang together" and of the courts of ancient kings when serfs and vassals soothed royal hearts with dulcet tones from tabret and harp. Shepherds played the pipe under the shady trees by wells of cool water. The organ composed of a few reeds, was played to picturesque groups about the tents and the cymbal was used on occasions of triumph.

Turning the parchment leaves and deciphering the dim hieroglyphics we may even read of a soloist, Naamah was the name of this prehistoric star and so remarkable was her talent that all the world "wondered" at her, proving that the caveman or his colleagues were not so greatly different than the public of today.

"Music hath charms" and the homage of the world is laid at the feet of the singer who can drive dull care away and lead us into Elysian fields with the beauty of her voice. No fairy waves her wand and bestows this priceless gift, but only by years of the most arduous labor does the singer find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. It is most interesting to note the progress of these Melbas in the making. One of Omaha's most talented daughters, Miss Jane Beats, is already ascending the first round of the ladder of musical success. Miss Beats has just returned from Cincinnati, after a brilliant season of study at the Conservatory of Music. Of the 1,500 aspirants at the great school of harmony Miss Beats was adjudged "artist contralto."

To attain this pinnacle would be quite enough to tax the capacity of most mortals but Miss Beats has not even devoted all the shining hours to her music for she has trained many young minds, teaching in the Cincinnati schools. We can't quite determine when she finds time for scales and exercises, but it must be after the stars are lit.

A beautiful pin studded with pearls and embellished with the pipes of Pan is worn by this young contralto. It signifies that she is a member of the Sigma Alpha Leta sorority, the oldest and most exclusive organization at the conservatory.

Prior to her eastern instruction Miss Beats was a pupil of Thomas J. Kelly in Omaha for six years and was also a member of the teaching staff here. She was also under Mr. Kelly's guidance in Cincinnati and will continue her study with him next year.

A musical critic (and who could be more severe) says of this young singer's work "Jane Beats has nothing to put over—hers is just real, pure, beautiful singing. New York and the masters will be the next step and her dream almost realized—the operatic stage and the plaudits of the multitude!"

is on a high mound so that it can be seen for miles. The French people around here are very devout, each little village having its Catholic church; all of them very wonderfully made.

We got busy on the wreaths which we made of evergreen branches and quantities of daisies. We arrived at the American cemetery at St. Nazaire just at dusk. This cemetery contains the graves of 1,200 American soldiers, each one marked by a plain white wooden cross which states the rank, organization and date of death of each soldier. These rows and rows of white crosses are straight each direction you look, the whole cemetery being beautifully kept. I was unable to go to the exercises Decoration Day, but understand they were very beautiful, the French people decorating the graves as well as the Americans.

I hope you can get something out of this piecey letter as we have so many interruptions always. It is time to serve now.

Very sincerely yours,  
MYRTLE JUDD.

## Venetian Carnival Will Be Gala Affair at Carter Lake.

No one who has ever followed the fortunes of Mr. Sparkler in his efforts to win the hand, if not the heart, of Fanny Dorritt will fail to be interested in the notice issued by the Carter Lake club that a real Venetian carnival will be held on the club grounds and club water on the afternoon and evening of July 26, 1919.

Harry J. Mallo has chartered the Manawa seaplane for the occasion, and landings will be made on the club grounds during the afternoon. We are advised that the regular fare is \$25, but whether this is

## The Green Trail

The green trail of the grasses,  
And the leaftrail of the tree—  
The young spring's in the meadows,  
And her breath is on the sea;  
Her laughing lips are calling,  
And they sing across the vale;  
Oh, take the path of morning  
When the green is on the trail.  
By mill and shop and temple  
She has passed to call men forth  
To the green domains of nature  
East and West and South and North;  
Her azure eyes are twinkling,  
And her fleecy cloudships sail;  
And we'll take the path of beauty  
When the green is on the trail.  
The hammers of the toilers  
Have been swinging hard and long;  
O'er the magic of the valleys  
Pours the young spring's airy song;  
Oh, put away the labor,  
For your cheeks are turning pale;  
And you want one breath of beauty  
When the green is on the trail.

—B. B. in the Baltimore Sun.

a life ticket or for a three minutes' ride we are not informed. Anyway, \$25 looks more like 30 cents every day, so what's the difference?

Two society matrons, Mrs. Charles Fanning and Mrs. William Ritchie, will don the regulation costume and follow the swiftest motor boats on aquaplanes imported for the occasion. Prizes will be given for the best decorated canoes. Novelty races will please any child under 83 years of age.

Mrs. Frank Boyd and party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Sutton of McCook, Neb., and Mrs. Boyd's father, Mr. P. M. Munson, of Ainsworth, Neb., left by automobile for Northern Pine Camp, Park Rapids, Minn., on July 5, expecting to remain at the lakes for several weeks.

Miss Agnes Britton will leave Monday for Long Pine, where she will be guest of honor at a large summer dance to be given for the younger set, by her cousin, Miss Marie Balingier, at her summer home in Highland park.