

Woman's Section

Lucky Boy Jumps From Rags to the Twinkle of Stardom

Gabby Repeats What a "Seasoned" One Has to Say About Western Spenders and How the Broadway Loungers Play With Them as a Cat Does a Mouse.

VERSATILE ELSIE JANIS, who put more laughs into the trenches than a y o n e dreamed could grow in such stony soil, has a new role. In her next number, ladies and gentlemen, she will give you an imitation of a foster-mother. The other member of the "skit" is Enrico Cardi, 14, who has been heralded in the press under such captions as "Warrior at Ten," and "Italian Boy Stowaway Reaches Port With War Medals." This young lad with a war record behind him, is to be helped by Miss Janis and Mamma Janis to realize his hopes. Plenty of American schooling will be his first step and later will come the enlistment in the peaceful occupation of earning a livelihood.

Pretty Elsie admits that she doesn't know one blessed thing about bringing up a boy, but she is confident that she can imitate a man without being one and she is very eager to do a "mother" act based on reservation for Mamma Janis wasn't a bad pattern at that!

The initial meeting between the pretty actress and this son of Italy was in the detention room at Ellis Island and she tells in her own inimitable fashion just what her plans are for the future of the little stow-away.

"Enrico is at present by profession a warrior. He has had over four years of it. He doesn't know exactly how old he is. He said 16. Some one else said 12. So we struck an average and called it 15. Now any boy who has voluntarily spent four and a half years out of 14 in the midst of the most grueling service a madhouse world has ever made necessary for human beings to perform, must be by way of doing a man's work permanently.

"When I saw this kid's face I thought I read character there and all the outward and visible signs of his being a regular guy."

"Considering Enrico's temperament, mother and I think a military school will be a good start. After that we follow where he leads. Education, if it is to do any good at all, should be fitted to the child, not the child fitted to the education. I'm willing to be the tail to this kite!"

It is still undecided whether or not Miss Janis will definitely and legally adopt young Cardi. But whatever relationship to this beloved of all stage stars the future holds for Enrico, ask any overseas doughboy if he considers said wall a lucky dog and listen for his "I'LL SAY SO!"

velous ease. When he nears the end he couldn't borrow a five spot without putting up his watch and his scarfpin to get it. It is said the spender's manner changes when he sees the end in sight.

"That care-free, happy-go-lucky expression that marked his demeanor while the money was flowing freely into his pockets gives way to a strained look, and there are times when he becomes thoughtful to the point of absent-mindedness. The crowd around him knows those signs so well that they feel sure the end is in sight. Then they begin to fall away from him and he feels his position the more keenly.

"When he mentions casually to a few of those still near him that he is tired and is 'going home for a rest,' he feels the chill blast as if from an iceberg of the frozen north."

CHARM! That mysterious, indefinable something that draws us like a magnet toward those fortunate mortals who possess it and makes the world a brighter place to live in. Although Gabby really hesitates to say it there are many of our society women who seem to lay away their charming qualities in sachet until they don their party frocks, for when weary society editors ring their telephones—mercy, such a frigidness and a "none of your business air." But, really, honest and true we do love the army. Not for the stars and bars or even for the uniforms, but just because the army matrons are such delightful folk.

They are always glad to accommodate you at any time or any place, and if you call at their homes on business it really is a party before you leave, for they make it their very special duty to help you forget all the annoyances and troubles of the work-a-day world. They seem to expect no favors and they are delighted with everything you may say about them.

We have decided unilaterally that it is the effect of travel, for these delightfully refreshing matrons who live under the shelter of the flag have traversed the greater part of the globe, many of them. Thus you have the solution for their broad sympathies and their exceptional charm, to return to the original subject. It's the narrow confines of a small horizon that sharpens tongues and pinches viewpoints and these cultured members of the army set are ensconced on the high throne in our hearts, and the heart of the world.

Among the many American women who have found employment as traveling salesmen the past few years, Miss Helen Courtney is probably the only one handling her own particular line of goods. Miss Courtney sells fire engines and other fire-fighting apparatus for a manufacturing firm in Columbus, O., and is said to be one of the most successful salesmen in the business.

Many Nebraskans At Colorado Springs

Colorado Springs, July 19.—Manitou is to make a bid as a western Carlsbad or Vichy next season with its new \$250,000 bath house, contracts for which have been signed between Manitou residents and Maj John R. Fordyce of Hot Springs, Ark. who, in addition to being a bath house expert, also constructed Camp Pike and other cantonments for the War department. W. G. Maurice, considered one of the leading bath house authorities of the United States and builder of a number of institutions at Hot Springs, Ark., is interested in the project and architects now are working on the plans.

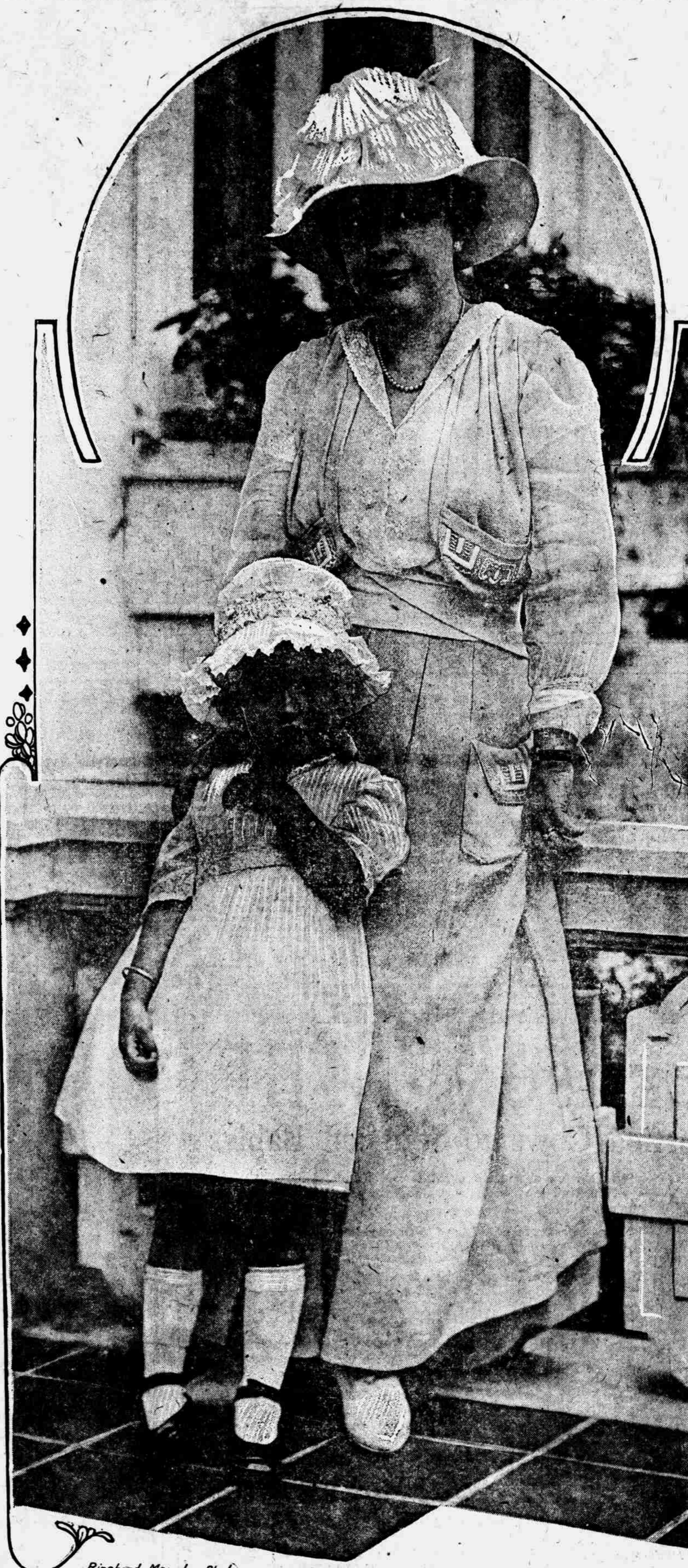
Among the Nebraskans who arrived here this week in their motor cars are the following: Holdrege—J. E. Wasterlund; Omaha—G. A. Nutting; Bloomfield—F. A. Semon; Gothenberg—Don Hinkley; Omaha—F. S. Pusey; Red Cloud—G. F. Walker, who is camping here this season; Arnold—J. P. Larson.

Hotels in Manitou and Colorado Springs have as their guests this week the following Nebraskans: Omahans at the Antlers' hotel are: Dr. and Mrs. W. Von W. Schulte; Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Reid, O. L. Buck; Aurora—Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Hartman; Lincoln—Ted Strain, E. H. Schellenberg; Fremont—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Colson; at the Broadmoor, those from Omaha are: Mrs. Charles E. Fuller, Miss Mary E. Fuller, Charles E. Fuller, jr., Myra and Lois Lerdem, at the Alta Vista, from Hastings—A. J. and Fred Gauderault; at the Navajo, from Lincoln—Mrs. G. G. Kingham.

Among those registered this week at the Cave of the Winds in Manitou are the following Nebraskans: Omaha—Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Kennedy; Ogallala—Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Booney.

Fred Mueller of Omaha and A. Robinson of Valley are recent visitors who registered at the Manitou Mineral Water pavilion.

The following Nebraskans made the trip to the summit of Pikes Peak this week over the famous auto highway: Lincoln—Carolyne Cassidy; Omaha—Mr. and Mrs. E. A.



Summer At Home Is So Wonderful For These Fortunate Ones

Mother and Daughter While Away the Summer Hours In the Beautiful Garden of Haughty Roses, Starry Daisies and Delicate Forget-me-nots.

By PEGGY NATTINGER.

"I ONLY mark the hours that shine," might well be inscribed on the sundial to be seen in the charming garden of the O. C. Redick home, for a summer of rare delight is being enjoyed by Mrs. Redick and her little daughter, Grace Chatham, who find great joy in studying the lexicon of nature in this beauty spot.

Little Grace is a lover of flowers. The haughty roses with their coronets of dew drops bend their queenly heads to this little golden-haired maid, the starry daisies wink their great black eyes at her and the tiny forget-me-nots are reflected in her own. Where great trees cast cooling shadows you may spy her, making wreaths and chains of fragrant blossoms for she whiles the summer hours away with her playmates of the garden.

Even foam-tipped waves and mountain zephyrs have no attraction for Mrs. Redick for she finds summering at home infinitely more attractive. Her chief joy is her wee daughter, and the two are inseparable companions. Shady boulevards and country lanes often tempt them from their home and you may see them in the Redick car these sunny days searching for the beauties of the woods and fields.

Mrs. Redick has ever been acknowledged one of Omaha's most beautiful and charming women. As a hostess she is delightful and her abilities have been proven in many ways. When America was plunged in war Mrs. Redick was among the first to realize the need of an extensive Red Cross division in Omaha and she is accredited as being one of the originators of this splendid organization. Every day for a year Mrs. Redick could be found at her desk from early until late for her position as director of the bureau of supplies required her personal attention. The numerous auxiliaries scattered over the city were practically under the jurisdiction of this capable woman for all of the surgical dressings and hospital garments made by the willing fingers of patriotic Omahans were listed in her office and a complete record kept of the work accomplished by each unit.

The sunny-haired child missed her lovely mother, greatly, but pleasures were set aside when her country called and it was only when the work was perfectly organized and could be conducted by others that Mrs. Redick would relinquish her post. War duties are done and home ties are even dearer since the warriors who received their baptism of fire have returned, and this attractive matron, like many more, has the commendation of thousands for her valuable work during these care-burdened days.

"Home hearts are the happiest," and Mrs. Redick and Grace, who dwell among the birds and flowers, prefer this to long journeys in search of new scenes and strange faces.

Morning

By RICHARD BURTON

The hour is nigh; the waning queen walks forth to rule the later night; Crowned with the sparkle of a star, and throned on orb of saffron light.

The wolf-tail sweeps the paling east to leave a deeper gloom behind; And dawn appears her shining head, alighting with remembrance of a wind.

The highlands catch yon Orient gleam; While purpling still the lowlands lie; And yearly mist, the morning pride, near incense-like to greet the sky.

The horses neigh, the camels graze, the torches gleam, the crescent glares; The town of canvas falls, and man with din and din invadeth air;

The golden gates swing right and left; up springs the sun with fancy brow; The dew cloud melts in gush of light; The brown earth is bathed in morning glow.

Mrs. O.C. Redick and Grace

IN conversation with one of the "seasoned" New Yorkers who has been viewing Broadway from both the outside and the inside, Gabby learned much about the feeling of the Cosmopolitans toward the freak spenders from outside the circle. The "seasoned" one discovered long ago a few interesting facts, and confided:

"When the spender is a stranger he readily can find plenty of men to help him follow his path of dissipation, but he finds it much more difficult to get women of the self-respecting type to join his revels. So he calmly accepts the situation and lets it be known that the feminine convives at his parties will find themselves rewarded by such a trifle as a diamond necklace or a ring set with costly stones. It is almost a waste of words to say that the bait is sufficient and that he does not lack for company.

"One Pittsburgh youth—formerly most of the spenders came from Pittsburgh—is still remembered for the supper party he gave in the banquet hall of a noted restaurant. It was 10 or more years ago but the event has not been forgotten. There were 31 persons who sat down to table with him—16 women and 15 men. Before the plate of each woman there was a jewel case bearing the name of a famous firm and in it was a necklace or diamonds that had cost \$4,000. Each of the men in each of the card cases was an order for an automobile of a famous make. The price of the automobile was also \$4,000. Thus the "favors" alone cost the youth \$124,000.

"But that wasn't enough for the spender. He had engaged a world famous singer and an equally noted pianist and a violinist whose name is known everywhere to entertain those who were helping him to chase the weary hours. He said afterward that the supper party cost him more than \$140,000. It was the climax of his career as a "Coal Oil Johnny," for his health began to fail soon after that and he faded out of sight of his haunts north of Herald square.

The jewels he gave to the women were sold the next day. The women preferred cash. Also most of the automobile orders were turned in at a discount for money, so the party was a failure after all.

"The philosophy of those who help to scatter the fool's cash is still what it was from the beginning—'there is one born every minute.' And that seems to be true, for no sooner does one of them go hence than hither comes another.

"There is sadness, though, when the spender tries to hang on in the circles that knew him after his money is gone. They seem to know by instinct in Broadway when the man is getting near the end of his rope. At the height of his career he can borrow a thousand with mar-

istered at the Chamber of Commerce information bureau.

Mrs. G. G. Kingham of Lincoln is here for the summer.

Mrs. J. W. Fitzsimmons and Mrs. J. D. Eggegan of Lincoln are recent arrivals in Colorado Springs.

C. Glover of Omaha is spending the summer in the Pikes Peak region.

Emil Mahr, jr., of Omaha is reg-

voiced courts, if statistics kept during the last 10 days by Presiding Judge Gatens of the circuit court have any bearing on the general situation, according to the Portland Oregonian.

He granted 55 divorces in that time and in 30 of those cases the women worked before and after marriage. In only seven instances did the women who had been em-

"Wives' Jobs Leading to Divorce," Says Judge at Portland.

Women who are loathe to lose their "independence" and who continue working after marriage in the positions held before they wed are a fertile source of supply for the di-

employed before marriage give up her work because of her own desires and at the request of her husband.

"This is a rather startling discovery," commented Judge Gatens the other day. "Many people have held that more happy marriages result from the wife continuing to work after marriage because of the economic independence afforded. It

does not seem to work out that way. Apparently, the husband loses his sense of responsibility, the wife meets many men in a business way, unfounded jealousy results and the divorce court gets the wreck. Or possibly the wife loses interest in home affairs, does not care to establish a home and raise children and the ties gradually grow weak.