

Woman's Section

Our Fairest Matrons Labor
---Wedding All But
Revealed

By GABBY DETAYLS

THE ladies, God bless 'em. They stop at nothing—even to turning butcher and baker and candlestick maker! We are really aghast at the versatility of our Omaha women. For many months we watched them drive trucks, conduct lunch rooms, roll bandages, sell flowers on the street corners, try doughnuts on the court house lawn—yes, and even dance with the soldiers of all nations. All the members of the Pessimist club, who do love to take the joy out of life, prophesied that the war workers would return to bridge and a cup of tea when hostilities ceased.

Oh, skeptical ones, we bid you go to the Auditorium any of these summer mornings. There you will have ample proof of the cleverness of these matrons who still find plenty to do in spite of peace times. For bless me, they are up-to-date merchants. Counters of boards have been erected and outside the barrier surges a perfect mob of customers, who bring wagons, boxes and suit cases to carry home their purchases.

Mrs. H. C. Sumney, looking most attractive in a blue apron, deals in raisins. This prominent suffragist is every bit as efficient in selling foodstuffs as in delivering a speech for woman's rights. Her wares just melted away and goodness only knows how many delectable puddings will be stuffed with those "mummy" raisins.

You should see Mrs. Draper Smith sell beans and bacon! Step right this way, please. One at a time! Really, a traffic cop is needed for the strong-armed masculine buyers are apt to usurp the front line, leaving the timid housewives out in the cold. Bacon has jumped right into the luxury class within the last few months and for those who do long for a crisp slice or two of mornings, Mrs. Smith and her wares are quite irresistible.

The making of change was a bit confusing at first. The money came so fast and the customers were so multitudinous that it was hard to remember just how many quarters in a dollar. But the feminine merchants were undaunted and their grocery store continues to thrive, sans advertising, sans fire sales!

Mrs. James Richardson and Miss Ida Smith are also numbered among these enterprising merchants. They cheerfully give their mornings to weighing and measuring and incidentally to discouraging the wicked profiteers. Each bean sold means another spike in the coffin of that grim demon, H. C. of L., and each day the grocery store hangs out the S. R. O. sign means another star in the crown of our energetically patriotic women.

TO BOR or not to bob, is the question confronting weighty minds. When one watches Nazimova vamp her way through 3,000 feet of film or so, the eyes have it for the bobbed locks. She really is fetching and no one could ever forget how chic Irene Castle was with her tresses curled under her ears and a wavy lock dripping over her forehead.

Mrs. Enrico Caruso has just been bobbed.

There is a hint of perpetual youth, a devil-may-care look about this coiffure that we do adore, but do think of the poor hairdressers.

You all know that no woman lives with soul so dead who doesn't arrive at that crucial time when she "just must have a shampoo." Long hair is a trial to launder and the drying is so tedious. It's so easy to slip into a cretonne chair, have a dainty artist slip an apron over your head, while you sink back with nothing on your mind—but soapuds! But think! If the hair is bobbed, how easy it would be to wash. Many, many shekels would be saved, for marceling, tonic rubs and fancy shampooing will not be necessary. We will find milady washing

her own and drying it with Nature's electric fan, the saucy breeze.

And the hats! Picture yourself wearing a chapeau made for a high coiffure on bobbed locks. It can't be done. The milliners will have to revolutionize the styles and let's all pray they will reform the price. Hats, deadly weapons, will also be taboo and we will wear comfortable little toques which stay on unaided. The influenza really was to blame

for this new fad. So many pretty girls lost their hair that they just must look attractive, and with feminine ingenuity they originated a brand new style. Omaha girls have many of them adopted it, and they look as smart as can be.

And the strangest thing of all seems to be that they do not want long hair again.

"It's so cool and comfortable!"—so they say, but the true reason we know is just because the men have set their seal of approval on this new wrinkle.

HAVEN'T you heard of the surprise wedding which is being planned under our very noses? Everybody has. In fact, friends of the young couple even know where they are going on their southern honeymoon trip. Yes, and Gabby knows that they will live in Park avenue on their return, October 1.

The last Friday of the month is to be the great day! So hurry and buy a present, as there are to be so many weddings this fall.

The girl of the romance is a tall, slender blonde, who has large blue eyes. She came to Omaha just eight years ago from California. If you wish to know where she lives, draw a circle with a radius of two blocks, with Twenty-fourth and Farnam streets as the center. Then take up the hunt, as the pretty bride-to-be lives within that locality.

What does this maiden to while away her hours? She is an accomplished musician and instructs the erring pianist in all the rudiments of his art.

The man? Oh, yes, an important but necessary part of the plans. He is a native of Boston, coming to Omaha but a year ago. He is a member of the Athletic club and is well known in business circles, especially in the packing house industry.

If you don't know of whom we are talking, just watch the papers after the 29th. The secretive pair have promised to tell all to us after that date. Gabby doesn't think it necessary, for why repeat stale news?

DELIVING into the philosophies of the ancients we find this bit of wisdom: "No matter how often a man marries, he always reverts to the same physical type." Is this time-worn bit of matrimonial lore true? It would seem to be confirmed most interestingly in the recent marriage of Howard Chandler Christy, the designer of beautiful girls, to his model, Mrs. Nancy May Palmer.

Some 20 years ago Mr. Christy fell a victim to Cupid's darts and a

springtime love affair flowered when he wedded beautiful Mabelle Thompson. The blighting frosts of misunderstanding killed this romance and the courts affixed "sehal" to their freedom. Pause for a moment to compare the photographs of the two matrons who have borne the Christy name. You cannot fail to observe the striking similarity between the two women. Statuesque in appearance with dark hair and eyes, there is nothing of a puny clinging vine type in these perfect "Christy girls."

The artist has indeed remained true to his ideal type of beauty whom he has sketched on a thousand posters, magazine covers and frontispieces, simply dripping and oozing romance. He has written a most romantic description of the American girl—"That tall, broad-shouldered, muscular creature with her perpetual putting to shame the undersized man, that creature of tireless buoyancy and incomparable litherness, the brown-eyed, blue-eyed beauty with the most admirable outlines, the most bewildering

variety of expression and the most radiant smile of any woman in the world." How's that for a fragrant, little bouquet?

Mrs. Christy, number one is now Mrs. Leslie Canfield Ferguson, wife of a New York lawyer and is happy and contented with all past troubles forgotten. The artist has wed "the prettiest woman in America" he says, so let's all wish him and his real life "Christy girl" a love story as happy as that of any best seller he ever illustrated.

One thrifty housewife hangs the inside wrappers of the kitchen soap along side the sink and they are used as "soap leaves" she asserts that one wrapper contains sufficient soap to wash the hands twice. For convenience she cuts each wrapper in half.

Hundreds of women who earn livelihood as "extras" in motion picture productions are considering a proposal to organize a union with a view to securing an increase in pay and improve working conditions.

Miss Mary Gant Goes to
Estes Park For the
Last of Season

BEHOLD, the "Summer Girl," she who harkens to the call of nature luring her to far-off wooded hills and pine-scented atmosphere of the mountains. Miss Mary Gant, who left during the past week for Estes park, may well be acclaimed as Omaha's own "Summer Girl." Her Titian hair, eyes of blue, and the delicate coloring of her piquant features is the typical beauty of the summer

maiden and like that maid she excels in all athletics and is a devotee of out-door life.

Everywhere we find the "Summer Girl." The beach, the plain, and the mountain is filled with her presence and nature bows low to her. The sheltered violet, the bolder crocus, and the crimson gladiola proclaim her queen of the season. How we welcome her coming in the spring time when she peeps from the chilly cloak of winter and sends a tiny ray of summer warmth into our hearts. And again, how we regret her passing in the fall when the King Winter comes to occupy her throne.

Horseback riding is one of the favorite recreations of the "Summer Girl" and one in which Miss Gant is an adept. While at Stead's ranch in Estes park she will enjoy this diversion which she has missed very greatly in Omaha. Before her coming here Miss Gant lived in a community where thoroughbred horses were the rule rather than the exception. It is no wonder, then, that she is most eager to renew her favorite pastime.

Tennis and golf are also among her pleasant pastimes. She, however, favors the racquet rather than the golf stick. Almost every day during the summer she might be seen at the Field club indulging in one of these fascinating games.

Fancy dips and dives are nothing unusual to this young athlete, who is also considered a good swimmer. During her outing she will try herself at mountain climbing, which will be a decidedly novel recreation for a girl of the plains.

For a time during the war, Miss Gant entered the business world in order to perform her share of the nation's great burden and was most successful in her work. She will spend several weeks of the late summer in the west and will return to Omaha in September.

The record for long distance "lone hand" automobile touring is claimed for Mrs. Maud M. White, who motored alone from Rochester, N. Y., to Miami, Okla., thence to Brantford, Ont., to visit her mother, and from Brantford returning to her home in Rochester.

The new law in Ontario making it possible, not only for women to vote in provincial elections, but also to hold seats in the legislature, is not to remain long inoperative. Several women have already announced their intentions to be candidates in the next elections.

Every wedding engagement in Turkestan begins with the payment of a substantial consideration to the girl's parents. If the girl jilts her lover the engagement gift has to be returned, unless the parents have another daughter who may be offered as a satisfactory substitute.

By tacit agreement, the women leaders in high society at Newport have greatly curtailed their formal entertainment programs this season because of the high cost of living.

Hair Dressing in China

By Miss Wong Tsien-yi

In the earliest period of its history China, like other nations, was uncivilized, so no truth can be told of that age. But when it reached the age of writing and literature, books were written. From that time onward we are able to relate historical facts when required.

I am going to discuss the subject of hair dressing chronologically, for there were certain changes after the downfall of certain dynasties. The subject may be divided into three periods: (1) that of the Han, Tang, Soong and Ming dynasties, (2) of the Tsing dynasty, (3) and of the republic.

The hair of Chinese women was noted for its gloss, length and blackness. The hair was seldom washed, but was cleaned by a fine tooth comb.

The women of the first period were rather more artistic than those of later times, for they dressed more becomingly. When a girl was born her hair was let alone until she got to the age of 7. During this time her hair was never to be cut or left disorderly, but was always kept shiny and smooth. At the age of 7 the front part of her hair was put up into a knot of any form which suited the child's face. When she came to her 16th birthday, all of her hair had to be put up and then she was said to be a grown-up lady.

The ornaments which the women of that time wore can be divided into three classes: the ornaments of the palace and of the royal families, such as dragon, phoenix, bird, flower, letter, etc., all made of pearls, jade and gold. The ornaments of common people were mostly of the same kind, but not so splendid. The common people were not allowed to use a certain crown which was to be used in marriages of the royal princesses. The ornaments of the poor people were made of silver and gilded materials. No matter how rich or poor they were, they used ornaments every day and added some more on happy days or for special occasions.

The day before the girl's marriage, the family of the bride asked one of the relatives, one with a pleasing life, to come and sit by the bride's side. Then a barber woman used a pair of pincers and picked off all the useless hair along the forehead and eyebrows, so as to make the forehead higher and the eyebrows more slender and curved like a new moon.

All the while the barber woman repeated blessings. After which the hair was combed and a red string was used to tie it up. Then a pearl hair (either real or imitation pearl) was put on and the bride was led out for home ceremonies. On the wedding day the bride had to put on a phoenix crown which was very heavy indeed, so the bride suffered much in wearing it.

If some one, either parents, parents-in-law, or husband should die, the woman scatter, her hair and mourn. Her hair was not to be combed smooth for two years and 60 days (the period of mourning). If her husband should die she never wore anything red on her head except at the marriages of the son and daughter, if she had any.

Now I must tell you something about the hair of the second period. Owing to the coming in of the Manchus, all people were ordered to shave their heads. Even children were included. They said that the children were born of blood, so their hair was bloody which displeased gods and goddesses. So a girl or boy was not permitted to go out in the sun, to the kitchen or other people's homes, if the ceremony of shaving had not taken place. The uncleanness of the child might bring anger to the sun god (a god above everything), on the kitchen god (a household deity) and made other homes unclean. When the child was a month or two old, a good day was selected and the child was beautifully dressed and adorned. If the parents were rich they would have feasts and plays and the home would ring with happiness and merriment. At an appointed hour the barber shaved all of the child's soft, fine hair away and left a bald head. Then, a beautiful hat sent from her maternal grandma was put on and the nurse took the child and pretended to "kow-tow" before all the relatives.

Afterwards as her hair grew, she was not allowed to cut it herself but from time to time the family would call for a barber and shave off the margin around the head. At the age of 13 the act of shaving ceased and her hair was put up either at both sides, one side or in front, while formally the hair was made into a braid. When the time arrived for her to wear a skirt, her hair was put up at the back.

At the time of marriage or at the death of members of her family she had to perform all of these ceremonies. (Continued on Page Two, This Section.)

Ripening

By FOLGER MCKINSEY

Apples on the winesap tree, melons on the vine,
Berries on the mottled briar, peaches on the bough;
Pears and plums and apricots, quince and nectarine—
If there is a glory hour, surely it is now!

Wheat and oats and timothy, Summer at its best;
Earth as lovely as can be, All in harvest dressed!

Man upon the mortal branch, does he ripen, too?
This his opportunity, world in so much need.

Of the sane and reasoning, of the high and true,
Of the living faith that melts in the living deed!
Leagues and covenants remade, Pacts of right to keep;
The thunder of life's accolade Resounding deep to deep!

Honey hived for winter's feast, honey in the comb,
Beauty on the morning breeze singing to the sky;
Victors of a mighty war bringing victory home,
Let it not have been in vain that some had to die!
Peace upon the twilight hill, Love on brooding wing;
Oh, for so much less of ill Let the whole world sing!

—From the Baltimore Sun.

Miss
Mary
Gant

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