

Woman's Section

They Failed to Brand Workers

Society Matrons Could Not Make Business Girls "Dress the Part"—No Wonder.

By ELEANOR GUNN.

Not so very long ago a project was under way to establish a shop for business women's clothes. Women who were in the social world only, thought it a perfectly splendid idea and were ready to put capital in it. Business women were up in arms against it. And no wonder.

Just because the fates have denied a woman the chance of happiness in what some men are still pleased to call her "proper sphere," there is no reason why she should be branded before the world! Not that it is a disgrace to be in business; not that women of intelligence fail to deem it a privilege to associate with men in the big interests of business life but they do object to being regarded as in a class distinct in human qualities from mothers and wives.

A shop dedicated to the dressing of business women would only have the short life it deserved. It is a woman's privilege as well as her duty to be as attractive in business as elsewhere. This does not mean that she should wear party clothes to her place of business, nor accentuate her charms in a manner as offensive in an office as it is anywhere else. One loses nothing in efficiency by being smartly dressed.

In a general way one is quite within her rights to choose anything that pleases her to wear. Extremes are obviously out of place in an office, but are they not in questionable taste anywhere? Over-elaboration is not more vulgar in the woman who earns her own living than in the woman who spends but does not earn money.

It is of course true that the business woman has dress problems peculiar to herself and being a busy person she welcomes help in solving them. But must this necessarily mean that she wants to go into uniform or something which is akin to it? Or that she should accept the three-or-four-costume-in-one idea? Or that Judy O'Grady is really any different from the colonel's lady in her love of pretty clothes?

Intelligence and Clothes.

The independent business woman frequently has more money to spend "on her back" than the housewife and generally she shows intelligence in the purchase of gowns good in material and cut, made in the mode—but not in its exaggerated form. She usually has sense enough to select dark colors and wit enough to vary any possible monotony of appearance by adding and subtracting collars and vestees.

Another resource lies in "novelties." Unfortunately there are women holding responsible positions in the business world who are so very careless of their appearance that they do not "dress their part," but these are in the minority.

The girl whose business activities are confined to four walls finds her dress problems simplified. She has one role to dress for, whereas the woman who must go out and circulate in the world has two. The business girl should never make the fatal error of wearing passe party clothes to the office. It is part of her stock in trade to look as attractive as possible and if she must choose she should be more concerned in being properly dressed for office hours than out of them.

Great Need of Designs.

A well-stocked shop carrying clothes for any discriminating woman will answer the purposes of the business woman. Perhaps she needs more carefully chosen clothes than women in the ordinary walk of life. For instance, she must have a complete rainy day outfit and enough changes of blouses and dresses to be neat under every trying circumstance. She must wear clothes that are a happy compromise between indoor office work and street clothes. This is peculiarly important if occasions demand her to be in both places in the pursuit of her daily bread.

A fastidious business woman should have dresses that will enable her to enjoy a dinner with friends and maybe the play, after a busy day—without the burden of going all the way home to change a dress in which she may accept a luncheon engagement anywhere and not be stamped as out of the picture.

The "shabby genteel" has absolutely no excuse for "being" today. It is the crisply fresh, appropriate and attractively-planned costuming that makes them what they are everywhere today in America—an intelligently dressed group upon whom uniforms would confer neither distinction nor taste.

Suyyalata, the last of the queens of Upper Burma, who with her husband King Theebaw, surrendered to Sir H. Prendergast, V. C., an Englishman, a third of a century ago has since been residing in India, has been allowed to return to Rangoon. She arrived there in April with her two daughters and a granddaughter. A suitable residence has been procured for her in the vicinity of the celebrated Buddhist shrine, Shive-nagon pagoda. Her husband the ex-King Theebaw, died a year ago.

Heart Beats

By A. K.

My brain and I
Had an argument—
I called it a
"Rotting sloth"—
Accused it of idleness—
Indolence—
Waste—
Reproached it for being
A sluggard—
A drone—
A loafer—
A parasite.
My wrath grew intensely—
I lectured immensely
On futility of idling—
A young life away—
My points were put
Clearly
That a brain acting
Queerly
Should not run at large
In the world.
If was taking up space—
Oh good—valuable space!
Where real active
Gray matter should thrive.
For speech-making
And lecturing
No one could beat me—
Not even Joe Bailey
Or our president en tour.
I spoke long on squareness
Said much about truth—
So pleased with myself—
I really felt flattered—
That rosy prospects
Loomed large—
I forgot quite my subject
In oratorical spasms.
But—
When I stopped
The brain started
With much less excitement—
Infinitely more calm—
And wiser:
"I am true to you—
Honest—
I am never a cheater—
I give what I get
And no more—
You are the lazy one.
Work with me
And I'll work with you—
Brains give
In proportion to getting."

SELAH.



Rinehart-Marsden
Photograph

Miss Cavers One of Omaha's Most Charming "Buds"

TO the modern girl, travel plays an important part in an education, and is as necessary as the three R's of school days. Miss Marjorie Cavers is one of the most attractive of Omaha's "buds" who will spend the winter in journeying over the broad land. Both the east and the west are to be visited by her, as her plans include trips in each of these directions.

Miss Cavers is very small, the petite type of beauty, and has that shade of Titian hair so envied and admired. Her large eyes bespeak kindness and sincerity, which are the most noticeable of her characteristics. She is always attractively dressed and is known for her style and smartness.

As one of the 12 maids to Miss Helen Murphy, the 25th queen of

Quivera, she was the recipient of an honor which is conferred by the board of governors of Ak-Sar-Ben only on the most favored few. This distinction is one much desired by each year's debutantes.

This Omaha maiden attended Beechwood school in Pennsylvania, where she specialized in domestic science, languages and literature. She finished her course at this school last June.

Though her plans for an eastern trip are rather indefinite, Miss Cavers will leave shortly, and will stop in the larger cities to visit her many friends.

Upon her return she intends to accompany her father, Mr. J. A. Cavers, to Los Angeles, where they will remain for the winter. Mr. Cavers has but recently sold his beautiful home, and is yet undecided as to where he and Miss Marjorie will make their future home.



Miss
Marjorie
Cavers

Oh-o! Gabby Suppresses A Smile As She Writes Of Folks and Things

Wouldn't Omaha Be Dull Without the Variety of Moods and Motives? And Still There Is So Much Good In the Worst of Us That Who Is Better Than Anyone Else?

By GABBY DETAYLS.

YOU wouldn't go into a business of selling pies with a partner chosen simply because of love. Marriage is more serious than selling pies and yet the only excuse some girls have for plunging headlong in is "I love him."

"Oh, Gabby," you exclaim, "what a wicked idea! No really nice girl would marry a man she doesn't love. It would be a life sentence of misery."

That is your opinion, and it was the opinion of your mother, and it is the opinion of most women, though as time jogs along with its disillusionments many women add that it is of equal importance in married happiness if a man is a "good provider," and some, at whose doors a gaunt wolf has always crouched, come out quite shamelessly and say that love isn't all it is cracked up to be. The wolf, little dears, doesn't think so either.

The moment a girl falls in love with a man she loses her power of judgment. He may be a rake; she doesn't see it, and doesn't believe it when given proof. Economically he is a failure, and she deludes herself into thinking that once they are married she will so inspire him he will become a financial success. Perhaps, though he can't hold a job as a clerk in a peanut stand, she sees him, through the rose-colored glass of love, sitting in a high place in Wall Street, put there solely by her love for him and faith in him.

He lacks all the little courtesies that make the gentleman. Never mind, she will teach him. True, he doesn't get to give his mother a chair now, but after she marries him he will get up to open the door for her. A boor is made into a Chesterfield; a dull-witted man becomes a polished scholar; Adonis and Rockefeller and all those others who specialized along certain lines are down and out when compared with what her hero will become after the preacher has mumbled a few words over his head.

She thinks all this because she loves him. She defies cooler-headed parents and friends, she labels justice "prejudice" and discovers for the first time in her life that the little circle around her lacks discrimination and appreciation.

Love is beautiful, but respect means a great deal more. Common sense also should be considered. I would have a girl admire a man coolly and judiciously, respect him with reason for the sentiment, look dispassionately over his financial prospects, look well into his business ability and inquire closely into his manner of treating his sisters and his mother.

The sentimentalists won't admit it, but Gabby is right and you know it.

"MISS FRANCES MAY is sleeping," purrs the maid over the phone to a distracted society editor at 9 a. m. An hour later the call is repeated and the same answer given. At 11 the sweet young thing is dressing and may not be disturbed. At 12 the bird has flown—to a luncheon party. A matinee follows and vainly does the editor strive to talk three seconds with the butterfly of society. Perhaps she may reach the gay young thing at a tea party. She calls—Miss Frances May is busy. At 6 p. m. the dear child has returned home. A last chance to reach her! But hope speedily vanishes at the hoarse voice of the maid, which announces that the mistress is dressing for dinner. The day is done and the editor is in the depths of despair.

The following morning she again calls. The young brooding answers this time, "To tell the truth," says the friendly young chap, "I haven't seen Frances myself for the last four days."

If the girl's own family does not see her, what may a poor, insignificant society editor expect?

"I KNOW that there is a beautiful notion that young women get flushed cheeks if they walk briskly every day, and that going to bed early, refraining from stimulants, and eating just what you know is harmless, are all the cosmetics any girl ever needs. But who does it in this complicated age?" says Miss Kathryn Lee, a well known singer. Yes, we agree with her. Which of us does the things which will give "a skin you love to touch?" The longest way round is not the shortest way home when it comes to seeking the fountain of youth for a lovely complexion. The powder and rouge puffs and the ever handy lipstick are much the quicker means to the beauty we desire.

effect that is mildly bizarre in the shadows of the dressing table about tea time that they saunter blithely into restaurants a few minutes later, looking as if you could neatly peel off their expressions with a palette knife.

"And really," Miss Lee assures us solemnly, "I do not think that women can use rouge and powder for each other even more than for the effect they wish to produce upon men. Nothing ever irritates a girl quite so much as meeting one of her women friends at say 11 o'clock in the morning, on a day when she dressed hurriedly for an appointment. She is practically certain to be told: 'My dear, how tired you look. You ought to get away and have a good rest.'"

ARE you jealous of your husband? Are you suspicious of some pretty manicurist is "vamping" him? Then be calm, is the advice of Miss Louise, pretty New York manicurist. The wife is entirely mistaken in her opinion. She has found in her experience that the average man considers the care of his nails in the same manner he considers having his shoes shined. The girl who shines his nails is of no more interest to him than the boy who shines his boots. It is possible, but not at all probable, that men discuss their wives with strangers.

"The only man who ever talks of his wife, and that is not 99 times out of 100, is the man who is either being divorced or is getting a divorce. He is the man who is ready to flirt. The introduction to a flirtation is, 'My wife doesn't understand me. If she did—' Then the manicurist knows just what line of conversation to expect and how to answer it. You and then a man talks of his business, but rarely. Very often they tell you of past successes or failures, but seldom of the things they are interested in today.

"They don't have to talk for an experienced manicurist to know how their business is. 'The hundredth man who speaks of his wife tells you what a wonder he's got. The single man has a sweetheart some place and usually has his manicuring done while he's being shaved. He is the man who asks questions of the barber that lead into a perfect avalanche of conversation. He does that occasionally for fear he'll let his mind wander from the girl he's being dolled up to meet."

Therefore, wives, do not suspect your husbands. Take the word of a woman who should know. Moreover, as Miss Louise is pretty and attractive, she should know whether or not husbands talk to the manicure girls. She says most emphatically, "No, indeed, they do not. Cheer up, ladies!"

GABBY has had a terrible week, with riots and carnivals and gowns and dinners she almost succumbed.

If the Militaire, who came from afar had not had such a good time changing his mind things would have been so much easier. First he stamped his big heavy foot on everything and then he lifted it gently and many little things slipped under, such as the coronation ball and carnival and then down it came again heavier than before on the beautiful and inoffensive automobile flower parade we had all worked so hard over and looked forward to for many weeks. What harm pray could a flower parade do going through the streets in broad day light. Don't you think gazing on flowers on a sunny day, passing languidly before all eyes, would calm the soul of the wildest mob? I fear, our Militaire, forgot his psychology, don't you?

Gown! Gown! Gown! Where do they all come from? And diamonds too. My word how Omaha women did glitter Friday night. Don't you suppose they sold their government bonds and bought diamonds?—best little investment in the world you know.

And the gowns, why the floor was covered with them—much more on the floor than on the women. Gabby never heard of so many bodies "cut very low" and "sleeveless" in her life. Always when they were cut very low they were sleeveless and en train. I have no doubt, that some dear old fashioned man, who still wears a watch chain, would just love to have gathered his wife up in the train of her gown and torn madly home—but a man with a watch chain at the ball—horrors such inconsistency does not reign at balls. Dear old great grandmother would have pronounced quickly, stubbing her toe in the act and gone right home. She who used to call "help" to great grandfather when winding in and out the tedious long laces of her bodice and hoops, dear, they had them too, not where dear great grandmother wore them, but one little one at the waistline.

If you can be led to increase the effectiveness of your work by breaking away from the old methods and introducing new ideas and new systems, then the association has done you a practical good—perhaps many times the cost of your membership. Remember the old saying, "The only difference between a grave and a pit is the dimensions. One is about as difficult to get out of as the other."