

# Woman's Section

## Milady Goes To Shop A Bit

Twenty Dollars Is Easily Spent But It Is More Easily Spilled.

By GABBY DETAYLS.

IT WAS midnight in the street car—a fit hour for tragedies and deeds of darkness. The Yarnam car hurtled thunderingly through the soot, blackness as if unconscious of impending disaster.

Sliding to and fro on one of the seats was a man. His face lay in repose—at least in as much repose as is humanly possible in the electric. He looked satisfied with life. He too was unconscious of impending disaster. There was no one present who was conscious of impending disaster.

Then it came, like a bolt out of the blue. The car lurched. The gentleman whose face had lain in repose also lurched and slid a few feet to the left.

There was a crash—the sort of crash that ought to be written CRASH!!! The sound of breaking glass rent the air as the car thundered relentlessly on through the night.

Then as the men and women in the car gazed at the scene before them and realized the unutterable horror of the tragedy, strong men began to weep and buxom women waxed hysterical. They glanced pityingly at the man whose face had lain in repose. Said face was no longer so. On it were impressed the lines of some sudden, immeasurable grief. Then, as he started to speak, there was silence.

"It was my last \$20," he said, his voice trembling. "I haven't another cent in the world. But I got the chance to buy that package and took it. And now look at it!"

He pointed to the floor, on which a cork bobbed about in a tiny flood of some brownish, puerile liquid. Bits of broken brown glass were spread about. Tears came to the conductor's eyes and he drew his handkerchief to mop up what he could of the escaping fluid.

HAS milady on a shopping tour ever stopped a moment to realize the many unpleasantities which are the life of the average saleswoman? Gabby has been shopping, hoping to find a spring gown within the reaches of a sane and sensible income. Oh, yes, it can be done, but that is not what she wishes to tell. It was her fortune or misfortune to be corralled by a mob into a sale. Did you ever attend a sale and stand idly by listening to various little tragedies and comedies that the many buyers and sellers enact? Gabby saw so many opposite sights and heard so many interesting bits that she wishes to pass on to her readers a couple of the findings concerning woman's sale manners.

A stylishly dressed young woman in a blue duvety, with Russian squirrel fur and fopping goshes, came hurrying in.

"Show me a party gown, quick," she said. "I just received an invitation to an impromptu affair tonight and I have a thousand and one things to do. I simply cannot wear a thing I have because I've worn them all so recently and the dressmaker can't finish one she is working on before day after tomorrow!"

"What color?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, almost anything that is pretty," answered the girl. "Only hurry! I wear a 36."

The clerk dived into a stall and came out with a gorgeous water blue and gold confection with a cloud of gold tulle about it and asked the girl if she would try on. "I haven't time," she said. "I like it and if it's a 36 it will fit," and she gave the name of one of her best known residents. She said to charge the gown to her father and send it up special delivery as soon as possible. She wanted no mistake about its arriving on time.

The clerk looked dazed. "She never even asked me how much it is," the clerk finally gasped. "I never sold a dress in such a hurry in my life. I wonder if it's all right. Well, it isn't up to me," and she tugged to see what fate would present next.

It was a modest looking, small woman, not too well dressed if one counted the dernier cri in modes, but enough so, if one had an eye to good, substantial material, well made in self-respecting fashion. One could see by the glint in her eye that she never would make an "unsight, unseen" trade, the kind the boys used to talk about.

She began at the end of the displayed "sale dresses" and picked out here and another there until she had about a half dozen in the clerk's arms. Then she began loading up herself and when she had accumulated as many more she asked to try them on. They went into a compartment with only the door open, before the door and Gabby seated herself near, wondering how many of that lot the clerk would sell.

"This is too broad on the shoulders. It's nearer a 40 than a 38 as it's marked," came forth from inside, and the clerk's voice answered, saying she thought it was the right width but it cut made it look wider. Next the visitor said the hooks weren't sewed on straight on another gown, and the clerk suggested it would be a slight task to straighten them, rather than sewn wasn't all sewed. Still another had a spot on the lace collar, which the clerk explained, was why it was marked down, and each of the others had something not to the woman's taste.

After more than an hour the two



## Artistic Gardener

Mrs. F. J. Farrington anticipates spring, that season of renewed life and beauty when nature gives us her best. But Mrs. Farrington does not expect fruit from barren soil or blossoms where there has been no seed. She and her husband, who recently moved into their new home in Dundee, are their own gardeners, planning and working for a beautiful lawn. More than 200 peonies have been planted as well as other flowers of later bloom. An attractive city is possible only when its people make their homes and lawns a real expression of art. Mrs. Farrington is an example in this regard. She is doing her share to make Omaha a city beautiful.

emerged, but no sale had been consummated and the woman started another round of the stock, claiming the saleswoman's attention and remarking there must be something there that she could wear. But she left the store without having made a purchase. "Two extremes in one afternoon," sighed the saleswoman. "At least I'm rid of her." But she had spoken too soon. The woman came hurrying back.

"Did you see my purse?" she inquired with a look that seemed to say instead, "You stole my purse, you know you did and if I could have you searched, I'd find it concealed upon you if you haven't already turned it over to a confederate."

The saleswoman replied that she had not seen it. A hurried search, however, located the missing article and then the fussy customer departed without so much as having thanked the saleswoman for the time she had spent with her, or apologized for her attitude about the loss of the purse.

"It's all in the day's work," sighed the weary clerk.

HOW ingenious are the minds of young America! Gabby hears many interesting tales of sorority and fraternity life at the University of Nebraska, each proving that the brains of its students are never idle.

A group of sorority girls were planning a midnight feast (which is, of course, against all rules). Not content with the canned and condensed preparations of mills, which are now upon the market—these young disciples of learning craved thick cream to put into the cups of steaming Java which were to consummate the delightful repast.

A great problem, however, presented itself. How could the cream be kept sweet and fresh at the house? Put it in the refrigerator and a spying cook would discover it. Place it anywhere else and the dairy product would surely sour. Great are the trials and tribulations of a homeless scholar!

Ah! Someone had, someone actually possessed, a great idea. "Confine the bottle," said this bright-eyed miss, "in a stocking. Then hang the said bit of hosiery over the window sill and tightly shut the ventilating contrivance. The weather is cold and therefore the cream will keep absolutely fresh."

"It was no sooner said than the deed was done. 'What a smart child,' thought all her friends. Then enters the villain, the house chaperon, upon the scene of bliss. The room being dark and herself near-sighted, she noticed nothing unusual in the appearance of the room. But, alas, she was a fresh young friend. The room had been

## St. Patrick's Festival Merry

Be Sure to Kiss Blarney Stone—Be Introduced To Pat—Try to Jig.

"In the far-off Isle of Erin,  
Mid the living fields of green,  
Grows the clover of St. Patrick,  
Telling where his steps have been.  
As each year the shamrock blossoms,  
It recalls the tale of yore,  
Tells the story of a mission  
To a hostile, heathen shore:  
Winter flees with breath so hoary,  
Spring returns with vernal sheen,  
Nature doffs her robe of ermine,  
For the wearing of the green."

St. Patrick's day lends itself to such charming methods of entertainment that even those who do not honor the patron saint, and in whose veins runs not a drop of Celtic blood, are now looking upon this day as one of festivity. It is especially welcome because of the social quiet which goes with the Lenten season.

Here are a few helpful suggestions for those who are planning to celebrate St. Patrick's day. A contest which will keep the guests in a gale of laughter is a potato race where each girl matches a man in carrying a certain number of potatoes, one at a time, on a tablespoon from a chair at one end of the room to another at the opposite end and back in the same way.

Another potato game: Pass paper and pencils to the guests and see who can get the most words out of "Potato," in five minutes. A prize may be given to the winner.

The blarney stone: Give each guest a card on which he must write the prettiest compliment he ever heard or read, or if the guests are well acquainted each man is required to write an original compliment for one of the women present, the woman writing for the men. Prizes may be given for the best compliments.

Guessing game: "Introducing Pat." Pat is disguised in the following manner:

- Pat fighting for his country, Patriot.
- Pat grown haughty and of noble birth, Patrician.
- Pat inheriting from his father, Patrimony.
- Pat in a child's game with the hands, Pat-a-cake.
- Pat in a far distant land, Patagonia.
- Pat in an eastern perfume, Patchouli.
- Pat in an ornamental quilt, Patchwork.
- Pat in a bone of the human leg, Patella.
- Pat protecting his own ingenuity, Patent.
- Pat as a married man and head of his family, Pater familias.
- Pat in his relations to his children, Paternal.
- Pat abroad speaking an inferior dialect, Patois.
- Pat grown very old with hoary locks, Patriarch.
- Pat in the crime of slaying his own father, Patricide.
- Pat in a uniform on the "force," Patrol.
- Pat grown rich, protecting art and industries, Patron.
- Pat bearing one of the family names, Patronymic.
- Pat among Dutch settlers of New York, Patroon.
- Pat with good model to fashion by, Pattern.
- Pat disguised as a woman, Patricia.
- Pat imitating sound of raindrops, Patrimony.
- Pat in small pie or luncheon dainty, Patty.
- Pat spreading like a tree, Patulous.
- To make a shamrock pie cover a round box or dish with green paper, fill with favors such as small clay pipes, green or black high hats, gold parps, canes, flags of Erin, and so forth. Green and white ribbon strings should be attached to the favors so that the guests can draw them from the pie, or fill the pie with paper shamrock on which is written a command to tell an Irish story, dance a jig, sing an Irish song or tell a joke, and so on.

Luncheon menu: Fruit cocktail topped with green cherry, boiled salmon with caper sauce, potato au gratin, chicken salad in lettuce nests, olives, wafers, pistachio cream, fancy cakes iced in pale green, coffee and green and white bonbons. Care should be taken not to carry color scheme—too far into menu, as green is not an appetizing color in all kinds of food.

One can make such queer little men with small potatoes. Place a tiny clay pipe in the mouth of each and stand them to guard the place cards. A large potato pig makes an excellent centerpiece.

A St. Patrick's day party is not complete without a blarney stone. Any large stone or block wrapped in moss, green paper or silk will do very nicely. Each guest should be requested to "Kiss the Blarney Stone."

during the entire evening. The number of times he did not tell, except to say that if it was more than he had "fingers and toes."

The young miss (she cheated awfully we hear) who so favored the highest "stake" possessed \$3,000 worth of the chips.

A NUMBER of Nebraskans have been wintering in southern seas and according to all reports it is indeed the paradise that a letter recently received by the Omaha aunt of a certain man engaged in circling the globe gives a number of interesting sidelights on those islands.

"On board ship, fast leaving be-



Mrs. Warren Breckenridge  
KINERHART-MARSDEN PHOTO

## A Much Feted Matron

An unusually attractive addition to Omaha's social circles is Mrs. Warren Breckenridge. Before her marriage she was the charming Adele Bardwell of Minneapolis. She visited here a number of times and made many friends before coming to this city as one of the younger matrons. Numerous affairs have been given in her honor. Her unassuming manner, graciousness and beauty have made her a leader in the affairs of the younger set.

hind the port of Honolulu and heading straight to Yokohama, Japan.

"The man who named this ocean the Pacific (meaning peaceful) must never have sailed nearer to it than the Elkhorn and Loup rivers. Just now it is raising a terrible roar and although the weather is quite warm this little pool of water, in all other respects, seems much like the north Atlantic in the middle of winter."

"While visiting the scenes of Richard Walton Tully's famous romance, 'The Bird of Paradise,' I also took a journey over to the beach of American song popularity, Waikiki. The missionaries have certainly ruined this country. I took a swim and watched everyone else who was so doing. The girls go into the water with one-piece bathing suits and delighted little shrieks. Before the salesmen of religion came over they went in with de-lighted little shrieks. Why don't the missionaries do their Christianizing in the U. S. A.? I always thought there was plenty of work for them there."

## Folk Theatre Will Present Plays March 20

What is a "Triplet?" This question will be answered by the Folk theatre players when they make their next production, March 20, at the Brandeis theater.

The Omaha cast, Director Craik says, have become the slaves of the charming fantasy. It has been in rehearsal for the last two weeks and will be rehearsed for two weeks longer, as will the other two plays, each in one act.

The cast for "The Triplet," a symbolic play by Stuart Walker, includes Mrs. E. R. Rosberg as "The Lady Bolora," Miss Edna B. Le-tucky, "The Lady Caravina," Miss Ethel Mulholland, "You," Lee R. Aitchison, "Baron Milton Maurice," C. H. Schroeder, "The Marquis of

Svenatho," and Oscar W. Craik, "The Person Passing By."

"The Deceivers," a dramatic farce by William C. de Mille, has three parts: Miss Mary Eastland, "Concetta Bluffs as 'Flora'; C. M. Stagle, "Phil the Mink" and Oscar W. Craik, "Amos."

"Suppressed Desires," the third on the program, is a comedy of satirical nature on the wave of psycho-spiritualistic research that is sweeping the country. Mr. and Mrs. George Craik, Cooke are the authors. Mrs. Frank Prawl of Omaha will play "Henrietta," Mrs. Anson H. Bigelow, "Mabel," and M. M. LeVings, "Stephen."

The scenery for "Suppressed Desires" was designed by Mr. Craik. The scenery for "The Triplet" have been designed by Mrs. Shaji Osand.

Miss Margaret McKittrick gave up a social life in St. Louis to accept a job on a cattle ranch in Wyoming where she is perfectly contented, and at the same time making a great success in her new line of endeavor.

## Gala Days at The Capital In Lent

March Seventeenth Will Be Occasion for Many Brilliant Affairs.

Be Bureau, Washington, March 6.

Preparations are rife for the Mi-careme celebration by society here. Instead of the customary one day of festivity in mid-lent, there are now two days, and society will lay aside its sackcloth and ashes, or what of them it has assumed, and be merry on Wednesday and Thursday of next week. The smartest fancy dress party of the season was to have been given on the first named night in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Stokes, jr., as a wind up of the dances this season, of the "Club of One Hundred," organized in December in the exclusive circle of young married people. Because of the death of Mrs. Stokes' grandmother, Mrs. R. Snowden Andrews of Baltimore and Washington, that dance is postponed until April 15, and will be given elsewhere, probably at Rauscher's. Mrs. Stokes was Miss Margaret Fahnestock, daughter of the late Gibson Fahnestock, from whom she inherited the hereditary right to the greater number of her father's millions. A subscription dinner-dance is being arranged for 56 for Wednesday evening at the Cafe St. Mark's, the quaint old negro church, one of Washington's landmarks, which has been converted into a smart little dining place of the Italian garden and cabaret variety.

Next Monday an interesting diplomatic function will be the reception by Jan Masary, charge d'affaires of the Czechoslovakian legation, and son of the president of that new country. He is giving the reception, to be preceded by a dinner party, in honor of the birthday of his father and as a sort of thanksgiving for the safety and preservation of his family. His mother is an American woman and had a most unhappy experience in the war when she was taken prisoner by the Austrians, along with this son. The son was made great use of by the Austrians and made to do much by the threat, that on his refusal his mother would be brought out and tortured. Eventually she was freed and Jan, her son, escaped. She was Miss Marie Garrigue of New York.

The vice president and Mrs. Marshall hastened away to their bungalow in the west, immediately after the funeral and the death of their son, to whom they were greatly devoted. His funeral took place in their apartment on Saturday afternoon, and they caught a 6 o'clock train for Arizona to spend an indefinite time. Mrs. Marshall was heart-broken as she had rescued the little fellow from the first kitchen of the Children's Welfare, where his mother took him each day. Mrs. Marshall became interested and asked permission to take him home with her, to see if she could not, by constant care and attention, restore him to perfect health. Her affection grew so strong and the child improved so much that she was finally able to get the parents' consent to keep him. He was an unusually bright little fellow and very lovable. He has five brothers and sisters which Mrs. Marshall is only just able to keep up. Her husband, the young prince of Wales, made his formal call upon the vice president, has caused great merriment among those who heard it. It seems that little Morrison Marshall had the bad habit of biting his finger nails, and to break him of this Mrs. Marshall caused him to wear almost constantly a pair of thick gloves. When the prince arrived, the only thing that impressed Morrison was that his royal highness wore gloves. Stepping up to his side and slipping his little hand into the royal hand sympathizingly, Morrison whispered, "Mr. Prince, you bite 'em too, don't you?" The prince, with characteristic tact, permitted himself to be sympathized with by the youngster and it proved to be a splendid lesson to the little fellow.

Mrs. William E. Andrews, wife of the representative from Hastings, Neb., who has done one of the greatest of women's works throughout the war period is preparing to go to her home in Hastings about April 1, for an indefinite stay. Mrs. Andrews rallied right to the cause when the question of war workers was first discovered in Washington, and took into her home as many of the young girls as she could accommodate, and then she had such demands from other girls, who really could find no place to get decent and proper food, that she had little or no protection, that she kept on bringing her table until she had 40 young girls at table, and a number in the rooms of upper floors of her home. Mrs. Andrews will, of course, join her other work when congress adjourns. She will not return here until next winter.

Mrs. Susie Root Rhodes has her mother, Mrs. Root, with her for the winter. They are all formerly of Crete, Neb., but Mrs. Root now makes her home in Clinton, Okla., with one of her sons. Mrs. Straeten, wife of Dr. Robert L. Straeten, U. S. A., only daughter of Mrs. Rhodes, is also with Mrs. Rhodes, while Dr. Straeten is with the fleet in Fauna waters.

Mrs. A. V. Jetter, wife of the congressman from Omaha, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Albert Damm, of Steward, Ill.