

Woman's Section

Fashionable Families Take To Their Attics Now for Summer Residence

By GABBY DETAYLS.

"MY KINGDOM for a horse," cried the knight-errant of old. Today our modern knights sadly exclaim, "My kingdom for a house." Many there are who would gladly give their all (almost) to find a dwelling place. Hotels and apartments are crowded and homes can neither be rented nor bought. Any roof is preferable to none and a number of fastidious people are residing in unusually odd localities for those of their station in life.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Reynolds are confronted with a humorous situation. They are building a home in Happy Hollow Circle which will not be completed until late in July. Their former home, which was sold some time ago, is still occupied by them, but must be vacated July 1. Friends have asked where the family will reside in the interim and great is their surprise to be answered, "We shall live in the attic of the new house until the lower floors are completed."

They may vision hot, dusty, poorly ventilated rooms on the upper floor and recall pictures of old-fashioned, musty garrets where the nicknacks of years are stored. But Gabby, having seen the Reynolds home, pities them not, as she herself would prefer their attic to many of our present-day crowded apartments or noisy hotels.

"Oh, where, oh where, has my little dog gone?" A valuable air-tide puppy is missing and his household, with one exception, is mourning his loss. The exception, a well-known Omaha matron, confided to Gabby her hopes that the dog would not be found. "My husband bought him for our little son not long ago and there has been no peace in our family since. He has chewed up everything he could find, from rubbers to rugs—and only last week destroyed the maid's new hat, which I had to replace with a check for \$18.50. And to think I had been saving that money for a new chapeau to wear to the Field club opening."

"WHAT'S in a name?" An Omaha woman hired a maid of Scandinavian origin who had been in this country a very short time. The servant soon acquired a beau and was very much pleased when after some weeks she announced to her mistress that she was soon to be married. She was filled with pride and boasted that she was to marry a man who did not have an ordinary name. No, she would never be Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Anderson, or any of those very plain surnames. After much coaxing she was persuaded to tell her secret. Great was the amusement, therefore, of the household when she proclaimed that she would be "Mrs. John Smith."

MRS. CHARLES DIETRICH of Hastings, who has recently returned from Connecticut, where she was a member of the flying squadron which stormed the citadels of that state in an effort to persuade the governor to call a special session of the legislature for the purpose of acting on the federal suffrage amendment, tells this story:

In that flying squadron were representatives from all states of the union. Among suggestions for making themselves effective was the proposal by some of the women that each delegate wear a yellow suffrage pennant about a foot long, bearing the name of the state she represented. Did they do it? No, for the reason that one of the prominent local Connecticut suffragists thought it would be rather too conspicuous to appear in public so "banned." The western women, full of spirit and enthusiasm, deferred to the lovely New England leader, but they are still smiling over a sense of propriety which balks at wearing a modest-sized banner carrying the name of one's home state.

WANITY, wounded and bleeding, what a horrible object she was. Omaha women recently divorced received a good bit of notoriety at the hands of the press. This fact appeared not to bother her in the least, as she spoke freely on all occasions before the scribes of newspaperdom. But oh a picture of this woman appeared in a local paper. Immediately editors were confronted by an irate woman, anger glinting in her eyes. Why did they use her picture? Why? Why did they ever use that awful picture? If they had them a very beautiful one. "I don't mind the notoriety so much," she cried, "but can't you please use a good picture of me and not let everyone think me so ugly?" She was finally placated with a promise that the beautiful picture would be used in the future, thus proving to the world that the goddess Venus had not neglected her.

WHO hasn't heard of match makers?—those people who are never satisfied until they see their entire kind and kin, friends and otherwise, safely launched upon the high seas of matrimony. Once the snip has put out to sea they promptly lose all interest in the frail bark and confine themselves to leading another couple into the web of Hymen. But permit Gabby to introduce to you one of our most handsome and eligible bachelors, the most capable "match-breaker" of this city. Why he is so very anti-matrimony, no one

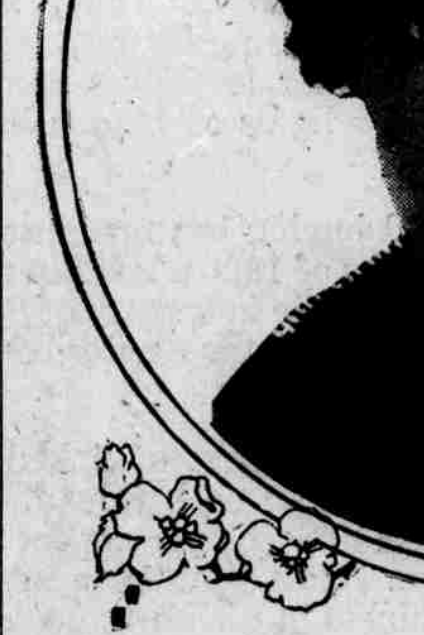
knows. But an anti he is and a most effective one. His general plan is to prevent engagements and if not to prevent them, then to cure them as rapidly as possible. He bothers not about the girl, but confines his attentions to the young Lochinvar, be he of the west or east. He discusses matrimony from every possible angle, inveigles the poor and unsuspecting swain into an argument and then by sheer wit wins the debate. Persistence oftentimes wins and the erstwhile Lothario joins the ranks of the celibates.

Why this brown-eyed, black-haired and black-mustached business man should be so ambitious to save his acquaintances from listening to the chimes of the wedding bells is indeed a mystery. Omaha girls are hoping, nevertheless, that some time, some place, some how, the loquacious young man will lodge in his heart and then what a joy it will be to the onlookers.

OH, this high cost of living will soon discourage Gabby. We have established investigating committees and fair price committees, we have put at the head of them many reputable business men, we have pledged them to establish fair prices, to no longer profiteer, and to root out this evil. At the head of one such committee is a man who deals in woman's apparel of various kinds. Gabby was in the millinery department of his store with a friend a few weeks ago. They looked at many hats and finally decided upon one. Then just a few days later Gabby and another young woman were in the same shop to purchase a chapeau for a pretty school miss.

There Mlle. Detayls spied a hat which on the occasion of her first visit had been marked \$10. It was on a table where a huge sign announced that all the hats displayed beneath its banner were half price. What a bargain. She rushed over, picked up the hat. Just imagine it! She would get a chic bit of head-gear for \$5. But alas, the saleslady produced the tag on the hat. "Was marked \$25. Only \$12.50, it is on sale, you see," explained the obliging clerk.

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MRS. GUY KIDDOO

Your Favorite Novel

Next to a man or a woman, the most interesting thing in the world is a book, says one. Some would take exception to this statement, asserting that there are books far more interesting than the average human being. "David Copperfield" is favorite. "David Copperfield," of course, reads one reply. "Dickens' David Copperfield" and "David Copperfield" by Charles Dickens, more precisely says another. And so on, one after another, the replies go, giving by a 10 per cent vote, first place among favorites to this splendid old novel. And every one who preferred this book knew how to spell it! Nor does this author's popularity end there. "Our Mutual Friend" appears over the signature of Lucien Stephens, and "Bleak House," says Mrs. S. F. Woodbridge's ballot. " Tale of Two Cities" is also mentioned. "My favorite novel is 'Vanity Fair,'" writes J. J. Boucher. "Silas Marner," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Ben Hur" and "Les Miserables" were named by others, just as you would expect them to be. Have you civic consciousness? Have you civic consciousness? If so, you would have replied to that question, had you seen it at the library. You would have felt it your duty, knowing that the library authorities had some reason for wishing to accumulate the information. Miss Harriet I. MacMurphy proved herself not only civic-conscious, but apparently conscientious and also civil when she wrote: "When I was a small child it was The Wide, Wide World." A little

later it was 'Little Women,' 'Swiss Family Robinson' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Now I do not read novels." Nine books were listed by one painstaking individual, who followed with the explanation, "It is very hard for me to choose my favorite from those herein listed." He must be one who takes himself seriously—good citizens, too, such are—but you don't choose them for companions on summer vacation trips. Robert Louis (spelled Louis) Stevenson and Henry Wadsworth (spelled Wadsworth) Longfellow, written in juvenile outlines, were the favorite "novels" of two responsive patrons of the library. "Popular Mechanics," declared two more readers, and "Fairy Tales" came from what must have been a demure, and, we please to think, a shy, big-blue-eyed miss. Lucie Stearns Responds. "Fitzgerald—This side of Paradise—Lucie Stearns," wrote Lucie with her customary directness, capitalizing, in true librarian style, only the initial word in the title. We wish Miss Stearns had told us why this is her favorite novel, for we know she has a reason. It would be a good one to hear, too, we venture, and though perhaps humorously put, would make us think—and read the book. Juvenile Volunteers. Peter Rabbit says Victoria Ferris, and "Little Red Riding hood (we follow copy on caps) from Josephine Ferris. By exact measurement the word Josephine sprawls over three and one-half inches, linear measure, leaving half an inch on the card into which she crammed the last name. About 7 years old, we think. And



MISS HELEN CLARKE



MISS IZETTA SMITH

A Bride of Tuesday

Omaha's first June bride is to be Miss Helen Clarke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Clarke. Her marriage to Lloyd Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Smith of this city, will take place Tuesday afternoon, June 1, at All Saints church. Bishop Ernest Shuyler will officiate. A somewhat unusual feature of the wedding will be that the bride will have no attendants, but the groom will be attended by his brother, Richard Smith. The ushers will be Frederick W. Clarke, jr., brother of the bride, and A. J. Creigh. Miss Clarke plans to be married in her traveling suit. A number of affairs have been given for this pretty bride-to-be, Mesdames George Thummel, John L. McCague, jr., Frederick Bucholz, Clarence Sibbersen, C. A. Roeder and Miss Helen Murphy having been among the hostesses. Mr. Smith and his bride will reside in Dundee.

Graduates In June

Miss Izetta Clithero Smith, attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Smith, will graduate from Ferry Hall, Illinois, Saturday, June 12. Miss Smith possesses a pleasing contralto voice and is a popular member of the school set. She has been active on school programs, has served on several committees and is a member of the senior council. Miss Smith will specialize in music and language next year but has not decided where she will continue her studies. She is a pupil of Brownell Hall. Miss Smith is greatly interested in Social Settlement work and hopes to enter that field when she finishes school. She is interested in outdoor sports especially motoring and riding. She drives her own car and is an expert equestrienne. Miss Adele Plummer, a former graduate of Ferry Hall and a student at the University of Nebraska, will serve as usher for Miss Smith at the commencement exercises. Mrs. Smith will leave June 8 to attend her daughter's graduation.

Officer in League

Mrs. Guy Kiddoo is a member of the Junior league, an organization known in Omaha for the service it renders the community. A characteristic example of the purposes of this group may be found in the Christmas party given at the City Mission. It was attended by 400 people, children and parents, who had the real time of their lives. Mayor Ed Smith was Santa Claus. Community singing of American songs was a feature of the occasion. Mrs. Kiddoo and Miss Elizabeth Davis were in charge of the affair.

Junior League Report

The word "report" has a formal sound. The entertainment committee gave seven performances, does not thrill, unless one pauses to reflect upon the joy which a group of young, enthusiastic girls, talented in arts of graces of a modern-day can carry to a body of shut-ins during an afternoon. To speak of a class in occupational therapy suggests something technical and scientific. But to say that a little girl lying helpless in a hospital was tutored regularly by a member of the committee, so that she was able to keep up with her school work; or that permanently disabled ones have been taught to do things, not only to occupy weary hours, but leading to a means of financial independence; or that friendly visits were made where kindness was physician—these glimpses more truly present the accomplishment of this committee. In the recitation of a technical name together with a record of the number of visits made or materials furnished. "A children's library of 2,000 books," does not tell of the mad scramble for books by children at

Washington Has Late Season

Washington is still hoping for at least one garden party with agreeable weather before the summer is over, but as yet each one planned has been a disappointment. The oldest inhabitant knows no such season, ever. The house of representatives and the Washington correspondents, and the wives of all these, went to Grasslands, the Country club, last Sunday with hopes for an all fresco party in that quaint and really lovely old place, on the invitation of the speaker of the house and Mrs. Frederick H. Gillett. It was rather an unusual party and the quaint little country house had not held a company of politicians like that for very many years. Away back in the Cleveland administration.

Salvation Army Rescue Home

A motor corps was organized to answer any calls. The entertainment committee has given seven performances. Two at City Mission, two at Social Settlement, House of Hope, Old Peoples home, University hospital. Two girls who had had training and experience in occupational therapy in New York have trained a class which has been visiting "shot-ins" and the charity hospital. The City Mission committee organized classes in sewing, knitting, domestic science, and kindergarten work; also a children's library of over 2,000 books. The league turned in \$12,000 in the Salvation Army drive, and \$2,462 in the Red Cross membership drive from canvass of wholesale grocery, hardware and implement houses, and \$500 for relief of devastated France. The league has been identified with the following organizations during the winter: Associated Charities, Red Cross home service department, Red Cross Christmas sales, relief of devastated France, City Mission, social settlement, Child Saving institute, House of Hope, Old Peoples home, Salvation Army Rescue home, Visiting Nurse association, Society for the Relief of the Disabled, day nursery, Community service, American Legion, Ak-Sar-Bu. Three lectures have been given at general meetings given by leaders in charity work.

