

Woman's Section

Biennial Has
Flashes of
Fun

By GABBY DETAYLS.

It would be impossible for 6,000 women to be closely associated for a full week without funny things happening. They did happen over in Des Moines at the General Federation biennial, not because the women were freaks, as is sometimes intimated, nor for any other than the most natural of reasons. The women assembled there were keen-minded, considerate of others and possessing a sense of humor. They had a good time and, after all, the greatest pleasure coming from such gatherings is found in the contact with others. From all sections of the country they had come to this meeting. The effect was stimulating and inspiring.

It was at the Nebraska dinner, the happiest social affair enjoyed by the entire delegation. The theme of the occasion was the progress of the state from pioneer days to now. "Let us turn back the hands of time 60 or 65 years," said one speaker eloquently. "Some of us will have to get out," interpolated one of the delegates in a stage whisper.

In a burst of enthusiasm one day over the landing of the Pilgrims a resolution was presented to the conventionists. It referred to the landing of 1620 as the first English settlement in America. Up jumped a white-haired woman from Virginia to remind in emphatic terms that Jamestown, Va., in the year of our Lord 1607, was the site of the first permanent English settlement in America.

Another lesson in history was offered when a telegram was read. "It comes," said the presiding officer, "from the oldest town in the United States." "Where's that?" "Where's that?" was queried on every hand. Finally one woman more anxious for information than chastened by ignorance, arose and formally inquired the name of the place. Do you know it yourself? St. Augustine, Fla., in case you don't.

Up toward the front of the Coliseum was a woman who day after day seconded every motion that came along. She was like the woman who said she always preferred the affirmative side in a debate. It didn't matter what the question, it was certain it would never fail for lack of a second. A cheery, brown-eyed woman was heard to remark one day that some folks break into the General Federation by moving the previous question and others by seconding motions. Evidently the latter had been chosen by the subject of this story.

But all the fluctuations of emotion were not humorous ones. On presidents' night, when each state president was given two minutes for a speech, right in the midst of hers the little woman from Arizona forgot. She had been telling about her wonderful state with its good soil and delightful climate. It is a state of a thousand charms. "And there she stopped. Almost before that large audience realized that something was wrong, Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, president of the General Federation, was on her feet, and with her arm placed kindly on the speaker's shoulder, she said: "I know something of those thousand charms, Mrs. I have traveled into your state and observed them." By that time the forgotten speech was recalled. The strain of a tense moment had been broken by the kind alertness of the federation president.

Massachusetts, you know, ran Miss George Bacon for president of the general federation. Miss Bacon was defeated on Tuesday and the announcement made early Wednesday morning. Shortly after the result was known, the subject of the General Federation magazine came up for discussion. Money had to be raised and raised quickly to keep the magazine going. One pledge after another was made for \$100. "You will notice Massachusetts is keeping mighty still," one delegate remarked aside. Hardly had she uttered the words when the president from Massachusetts arose, and in clear, ringing voice, called out across the sea of heads between herself and the platform: "Massachusetts—one thousand dollars." It was one of the great moments of the convention. Cheers and applause greeted the announcement. This was only one of the many incidents which prove that in victory or defeat, the club women are one unit in working toward the big things for which they stand.

MRS. P. T. MCGERR of Falls City, knows how to travel "light." She left her home about the 10th of June to come to Omaha for the League of Women Voters' convention, going on from here to Des Moines for the club biennial. Before the closer of that convention she was on her way to San Francisco for the democratic gathering, to which she is alternate delegate. That sounds like a trunk, suitcase, traveling bag and at least two hat boxes. But not for Mrs. McGerr. She carries one small hand bag in contrast to many women from Omaha and elsewhere who took a trunk along for the week at Des Moines.

Does this mean Mrs. McGerr is not well dressed? You wouldn't say so if you could see her. She wears a beautiful broadcloth suit, with georgette blouse, one of which matches her suit exactly and is richly trimmed with lace in the same shade. Asked about extra wraps for the chilly San Francisco weather at this season, she held up a luxurious mink piece, almost big enough to be called a cape.

Though Mrs. McGerr has grown daughters, she herself looks as



Mrs. Holland, Newcomer

One of our chic and smartly dressed younger matrons is Mrs. Yale Holland, whose marriage took place this spring. She was formerly Miss Gertrude Casper of St. Paul, where she was prominent in social affairs. She had a number of acquaintances in Omaha before coming here to reside, as she had visited friends in this city previous to her marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Holland are now at home at the Blackstone hotel, but expect to take an apartment at Benbow Court within a few weeks. Their plans for the summer months are yet indefinite.

Mary Morsman to Leave

Miss Mary Morsman, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Morsman, Jr., is a popular member of the school set. Miss Morsman will spend the summer with her parents, returning to Bryn Mawr college in the fall, where she will be a member of the Sophomore class. She is a former Brownell hall pupil and a graduate of St. Timothy's school.

The Morsman family will leave July 1 to spend the summer months in Essex Park. Before returning to school Miss Morsman will visit classmates in Maine and other eastern points.

Roadside Flowers

By MARY LEARNED.

A natural wild flower garden has been made along the railroad track leading towards Briggs Station by the barbed wire fence protecting the right-of-way. On each side of the track is a strip of land some 20 feet wide, and just now it is blue with spider lilies. They come very near in color to the blue of the justly famous gentians of New England. This lily is one of a very few of our native plants having pure blue flowers. The little, delicate, yellow sorrel dots the grass and a miniature creeping convolvulus scrambles along over the ground. The pink phlox has not been plentiful this season for some reason or other. One misses its bright note. A lovely wild white sweet rocket grows in clumps on the higher stretches; its perfume is rare and characteristic.

The air is heavy with the odor of the locust trees. They stand on the hills along the river, showering sweetness from their pendulous racemes of blossoms. For poetic purposes one should call these trees acacias. Do not all true lovers of Paris long to be wafted there for May, and acacia time?

A most enchanting book for this dreaming month of the year is "Impressions and Comments," by Hav-

lock Ellis. He seems to have been guided in an amazingly untrammeled way to beauty in all its forms, and yet has managed to remain respectable, though I believe he and his wife each live in a house of his own, and earn separate livings. What all of us would like to do in the way of adventure he has cheerfully done. Who shall say that his view of life is wrong? Everybody nowadays is preaching efficiency, and if we don't take care, we'll all be so efficient that we will be dull as ditch-water!

Another tree, which is now in bloom is the linden, also beloved of the poets. Its heart-shaped, vivid, green leaves make a canopy that a king might envy. With the sunlight filtering through, and the hanging clusters of heavily scented flowers, nothing could be more exquisite. Schumann wrote one of his most famous songs about the linden tree and Homer, Horace, Virgil and Pliny mentioned the lime tree and celebrate its virtues. The great botanist, Linnaeus, derived his name from this tree. His father was a Swedish peasant with no surname. Rising to be pastor of his village he took the name of Nils Linne; later his noted son, when knighted by the king of Spain, was made count of the Linden tree, and called Linnaeus. Havlock Ellis tells a fine story of Linnaeus, to the effect that when he saw a gorse-covered English common for the first time he fell on his knees to thank God for the sight.

There are a lot of things to thank God for around Omaha. If we ever get the river and bluff drive from Bellevue to the Ponca school house, there will be no city which can surpass our outlook. Some say our river is muddy! So is the beautiful blue Danube muddy, so is the Yser of romantic fame muddy, so is the Granges muddy, and may-be Cleopatra even spied a little mud in the Nile! More and more people in Omaha are becoming conscious that they live on a wonderful river, and the time isn't far distant when we will show it to visitors as our greatest treasure of natural beauty.

June 15, 1920.



Carita O'Brien, A Recent Bride



A bride of last Wednesday was Mrs. John Markel, nee Carita O'Brien, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. O'Brien. The wedding, which took place at the O'Brien home, was one of the most fashionable of the month. Mr. and Mrs. Markel have gone to the Pacific coast and on their return will reside in Lincoln, Neb.

Exodus From
Capital to
WestBureau of The Bee,
Washington, D. C., June 26.

The exodus to San Francisco has made even a more pronounced hole in Washington society than did the Chicago convention. Every one's nerves are keyed up to the highest tension over the prospective opposition candidates to Harding and Coolidge, largely because all of the candidates so far mentioned are known in Washington, many of them quite intimately, and their families have had some prominent part in society. Mrs. McAdoo is known to be positively and emphatically opposed to Mr. McAdoo running as a candidate. She is eminently fitted and well trained for the duties of mistress of the White House and would grace the position as a second Dolly Madison, but she frankly admits she has had enough of that sort of limelight. Mrs. A. Mitchell Palmer is not only willing, but is doing all she can to aid the nomination of her husband, the attorney general. Governor Cox is better known here than Mrs. Cox. Mrs. Marshall, wife of the vice president, and Mrs. Pomerene, wife of the senator from Ohio, are the best known of all the women whose husbands' names are being mentioned. Mrs. Marshall has been a great social success from the first appearance she made in Washington, and Mrs. Pomerene has taken an active part in everything official, and in the social life since her first winter here. She was president for several years of the great Congressional club, which made great strides towards improvement and enlargement under her regime. Mrs. Colby, wife of the secretary of state, who appears as a dark horse, has made herself a distinct social success in the short time she has been in official life here. Their three daughters, the third one still a school girl, add not a little to the social impetus of the family. Mrs. John W. Davis, wife of the United States ambassador to Great Britain, who is equally strong as a dark horse, is one of the most brilliant and delightful women socially who have shone in Washington society. Her prestige in London proves this and she has left the most agreeable memory behind her here.

So much has been said and written of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson that should the president be the one to succeed himself, there is little left to be said of the forthcoming mistress of the executive mansion. Mrs. Wilson has developed in the most remarkable way and the best which can be said of any woman, may well be said of her, that in her trying position as first lady of the land, and in all the extraordinary honors which were heaped upon her by courts of Europe, she has not yet been guilty of any blunders or mistakes. In fact, since she was official mistress, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, nee Bolling, has not made a "faux pas" and she has been tried in the hardest tests.

Mrs. Harding, wife of the republican nominee for president, went to their home in Marion, O., this week to oversee the opening of their home, which has been closed for several years. They will go there early in July for the remainder of the summer. Mrs. Harding will return here in a few days and remain until the senator is ready to go home. Senator and Mrs. Harding have not been taking any part in social affairs since their return from the convention. Mrs. Harding has been almost a prisoner in her own home on account of the camera men who line the approach to the house, both back and front. In desperation a few days ago Mrs. Harding stepped to the front step after breakfast and stood there smiling for some minutes, and let the cameras click to the extreme limit, then bowed sweetly to the assembled photographers and re-entered the house. She does not enjoy the publicity.

Representative and Mrs. Jeffers and their little family expected to reach their home in Omaha today, having been en route by motor since a week ago yesterday. Mr. Jeffers' secretary, Mr. John Shanahan, expects to leave Washington next Tuesday for his home by a round about route. He will go first to New York and stay a few days, thence to Chicago for a few days, and after one or two other stops, will go to his home in Omaha, reaching there on Sunday, July 4.

Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Emory Stanley are leaving on July 3 for Berkeley Springs where Mrs. Stanley and the children will spend several months and where Lieutenant Commander Stanley will spend as much time as he can be away from his office here. He was a former Omaha boy and Mrs. Stanley is a native of Humboldt, Neb.

Mr. Leonard Hurtz of Lincoln spent the early part of the week in Washington and was among the dinner guests of Commander and Mrs. Stanley on Monday evening. He went to New York in time to see Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Woods of Lincoln sail for Europe, which they did the middle of the week. He returned at once to Omaha on his way back to Lincoln.

Mrs. Harry A. Williams, jr., of Norfolk returned last Monday to her home after a week in Washington. She came up for the wedding of John G. Carter and Miss Calvo, and with Mr. Williams was the guest of Mrs. Carter, sr., until after the wedding, when she went to visit Miss Polly Lowe, with whom she stayed until Sunday night.