

## Woman's Section

### Have You a "Pet Peeve?" Gabby Discovers That Most People Have

By GABBY DETAVLS.

Most of us have pet hobbies, but have you a pet peeve? Gabby has been inquiring around and finds that most everyone has. Some recognize theirs instantly, while others have to reflect for a moment. One pretty 18-year-old blonde smilingly mused that she hadn't any at all. But she is 18, as we have said, and has been having a wonderful time this summer. There have been motor trips, dances and moonlight nights—beans, of course. No, she has no right to a peeve.

Another girl, pretty, too—for such is beauty you know, and the one we speak of is young—says her pet peeve is that she is not appreciated at home. The girl works in a downtown office and carries over many home responsibilities she had before entering the business world. But she laughed at herself as she explained.

There is the interesting thing about defining our peevess. When we hold them out in front of us in plain view, admitting they are ours, they look funny, like queer old scarecrows, or some useless scavenger that were better buried.

"Mine?" said a prominent business man pleasantly. "Let me see." And then he remembered. With law set, and voice tense he pounded his fist down on the counter in front of him. "The telephone service!" Right there Gabby got out. On that subject, people grow violent and there is some risking one's life, even for the sake of a good story.

On her way out, Gabby encountered a newspaper woman, who was rushing into the building with characteristic speed. Her reply was a gasp. "Oh, gosh, I have so many that I just explode when I think of them."

"Ask my wife," answered one man, "she knows more about my peevess than I do."

A young society belle declares her pet—or petty—peeve, is to attend the theater with some one who, as she puts it, "sits me back in the 12th row."

This game of asking people about their peevess is so fascinating, and so revealing that Gabby promises you a gay and happy day if you try it. You will have a good laugh and pick up some valuable lessons in philosophy.

One lovely matron denied any peevess at all. "Big people, and at least we are all trying to be that, do not allow themselves to indulge in petty fretfulness," she explained, in a voice as fresh as the early morning hour when we talked to her. And we "kinda" think this woman lives up to her own idea, for she is always good-humored when we see her, charitable-minded and dynamic as only people can be who see life relatively, discarding the trivial and "hiding up" on the big values.

We think it was Robert Burns who said: "But pleasures are like poppies spread, You seize the flower, the bloom is shed." Gabby thinks this may apply to peevess. Once you admit them, grasp them firmly, they are gone. Come, now, what is yours?

SAY, I want to out something into the paper," announced a curly-headed little girl of about 10 summers. Gabby a few days ago. This brown-eyed little miss bubbled with laughter as she, no doubt thought of the scheme which she was attempting to perpetrate. She lives in Dundee and is known throughout that part of the city for her sunny mischievous ways.

"My big sister is engaged," she continued, "and I want you to put it in the paper. She just got engaged a few days ago."

Questioning on the part of Gabby brought forth the information that "No, sister isn't telling anyone yet, but I think it would be a good job to have it all written up because it would surprise mother and my sisters so much when they read it!"

This was the first intimation that Gabby had of the romance and as soon as possible she intends to get more definite information on the subject.

Who was it said: "Little pitchers have big ears?" Well, the styles haven't changed any recently.

WE have all heard of that good old subject, "psychology." Most of us have read through a volume or two by James and attended "psych. lab." so many hours per week for college credit. We know there is a branch of the subject termed child psychology, and another called criminal psychology.

But have you ever heard of golf psychology? Not, but right here and now, she declares that it exists.

Men who are normally honest degenerate into unconscious prevaricators out on the green. Respected citizens whose language even under stress of great excitement, remains above reproach, suddenly develop a new and shocking vocabulary when they "dih a shot" or lose a ball. The morning wind, a heavy dew, the exact position of the caddy, are among the excuses given for a poor put or drive, never one's own imperfections.

Yes, our golf psychology at work.

One Omaha man, whom no more enthusiastic golfer exists, went to Lincoln for July 4 and 3 to visit relatives. He loves those relatives. He enjoys them. But when an old friend told him on the street and announced a golf game, he was "on Sunday" nothing found him "on the town." Returning home at about 10 o'clock he had lost the match

by one stroke and felt obliged to play again in the afternoon to vindicate his game. He did both.

Rather sheepishly he slipped out Monday morning before breakfast, returning not till 2 p. m., with an announcement which seemed born of real strength of character, to the effect that he would spend the remainder of the day with his family. (There was hardly time for another game, since his train left at 6 p. m.) He took at face value the assurances of his relatives that they were glad he had been able to have such a good time and were complimented that he felt free to go and come as he pleased.

An interesting thing about this golf psychology is that it continues to operate for some time after one stops playing. Just how long it works, Gabby cannot tell you, but in the case of this man he was still in his throes four hours later. Just before boarding the train he was heard to say with considerable gusto:

"Ray kept saying he wasn't playing his usual game, but I'll bet his score was about up to standard."

"Did you play your usual game?" Gabby ventured.

"Well, no," he answered innocently. "Of course, my game wasn't up to standard, but I was playing on a strange course, you must remember."

EXPLANATIONS were few and far between in order here a few days past between a hostess and her guest. The visitor sent word that she would arrive in Omaha on Sunday morning and would not need to be met at the station.

All well and good, thought the hostess and worried no more.

Like many Omahans these people take a Sunday morning nap before departing for church and usually do not arise until about 9:30 on the Sabbath day.

About 8 o'clock the door bell aroused them from their slumbers. Some youngsters full of pranks without a doubt! And they continued to drowse. At 9 the bell pealed again and again, but mine host and hostess only muttered a few imprecations against "those horrid neighbor children" and slumbered once more.

Finally at half past nine they arose leisurely, attired themselves more leisurely and then the man of the house meandered downstairs and out to the front porch to get his morning paper. And there he found not only the paper but the expected guest who had been sitting on their doorstep for more than two hours.

It seems that there are two morning trains between these cities; the hostess knew of the later one, the guest of the earlier, and that is why there was no Welcome sign on the door for this visitor.

QUITE amazing is the amount of gossip concerning love affairs these early July days. Among the latest bits to reach Gabby's ears concerns a girl who recently returned from an eastern school to be an attendant at the marriage of her sister to an out-of-town man. "I said that a certain young man is most ardent in his attentions to her. Certain it is that he will acquire just dozens of relatives should he win his suit as she is one of large family and possesses numerous uncles, aunts and cousins.

Then there is another lassie in this city just home from school in the east (Gabby dare not tell either school or city), who, we hear, has won the heart of a southerner, a Virginian, to be exact. Rumor has it that he will visit her shortly. This pretty blonde is the youngest of three daughters, one of whom is the wife of a prominent physician.

A Dundee miss is another concerning whom tongues are daily wagging. She is an only daughter and has but one brother. The young M. D. who has been paying her attention is an only child. But although this brunette maiden has been having a very lovely time being "rushed" by him she is taking herself away to a summer camp late this month.

But of them all, only time will tell the outcome.

"A DOLLAR is worth about 33 1/3 cents nowadays," said an enterprising young business man at a social gathering not long ago. "I'm glad you are beginning to realize it," said his wife. "If I went did the shopping for about a week there would be an end to these high prices," she declared.

"There is too much talk about this thing and no action." A woman can do anything about it. I have quoted things about what this or that government official says, or statistics about prices. And what do the butchers and grocers say? Why, they say, "Lady, if you know where you can buy things for those prices let me know. I'd like to buy some myself." And what can a woman answer back?

"We get no help or sympathy from our husbands," continued this irate madame. "When we complain, they put on their hats and go to the movies or else tell us that they are not the meat trust or something like that. The nearest we get to sympathy is when they tell us that they are sorry, that they are making our allowance as large as they can and that we must make it go as far as possible."

It is all well enough to say that if prime ribs are beyond our purse we will have to eat hash, but wives do no like hash any more than husbands do. It is not the meat so



Miss Katherine Newbranch

much. Meat is really the most economical thing to buy. It is the constantly increasing price of the little things like vegetables and canned goods, cakes and dainties that get on a woman's nerves. It is getting so now that the 'trimmings' cost more than the roast and we can't see any reason for it.

"I read the other day that there is \$24 more money per capita in circulation today than there was a year ago. If that is true, I would like to say it costs about \$24 more per stomach per ever so often to live than it did a year ago."

"I've noticed that when the prices of the things men use for themselves began to go up they either changed their brand or went without, but a woman can't change the brand of the things she puts on the table."

Everyone in the party was "floored" at this explosion from a peaceable-looking woman. And her husband did not answer back!

"To sleep is a blessing—  
is a blessing—  
Whether 'tis wiser to lie awake  
And suffer drivings—or sleep—  
And sleeping—  
And slay the god, Romance." A. K.

ONE Omaha maid has decided it is better to lie awake. For a number of months she corresponded with a young man who was located in the west. And if a close friend of this pretty brunette is telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, his letters were most ardent epistles, the sort which convey a world of meaning without sounding ordinary or "flat."

For once the course of true love appeared to be running smoothly. The former Omahian returned home for a short vacation and spent much of his time in the company of the lady of his choice. On one occasion, however, this miss was invited to dinner by his mother and sister at their apartment. During the evening a severe storm arose and since the home of the girl was such a long distance it was decided that she should remain there all night. In the morning she gaily made farewell to the two and asked them to call at her home. But call they never did, nor did she ever again hear by word or letter from Mr. Westerner.

The fact soon leaked out, as things have a way of doing. "You see, it was a small apartment, and—well, she snored."

"GREAT oaks grow from little acorns grow!" Indeed they do, and another proof of the statement has been given. An Omaha teacher tells a story concerning a child who attends the school in which she is an instructor. It is customary that each child at the beginning of the school year answers certain questions on an enrollment card. One of these asks the occupation of the parent. The first year this particular youngster wrote "rag picker." The second year it was changed to "junk dealer." The third year the answer assumed a more dignified air, it was found to be "dealer in iron." And quite a change was noted in the succeeding

### Wedding Month Is Chosen by Miss Newbranch

In the gray bleak days of November when whirls of soft, white snow fill the air, there will be brides just as in the warm spring days. One who has chosen this late fall month for her wedding is Miss Katherine Newbranch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Newbranch. During the spring her engagement to Howard Douglas, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Douglas, was announced. Miss Newbranch was graduated from the University of Nebraska, and is a member of Alpha Phi sorority, Theta Sigma Phi, the woman's journalistic sorority, Silver Serpent and Black Masque, the junior and senior woman's honorary organizations and the Valkyrie society. During her senior year Miss Newbranch was editor of the Daily Nebraskan.

year when the word, "merchant," filled the blank. But a subtle air of aristocracy surrounded that small place in the card when last year the huge scrawl proved to be the word "capitalist."

PRESENT-DAY romances are supposed to have an element of haste in them, according to the latest word on the subject, but one who has at the University of Nebraska has outstripped all world records in speed so far as Gabby has been able to learn. Last winter she became engaged to a student at that school and although both her parents and her parents seriously objected to their betrothal she persisted in her determination to wed the said young man.

Two weeks previous to the closing of school, however, she displayed a beautiful diamond engagement ring to envious sorority sisters. The ring was the gift of another admirer. Later in the week she broke the first engagement.

The latest rumor is that the girl has married her second fiance and they are blissfully honeymooning somewhere in the west.

Gabby hopes, nevertheless, that this will not be another case of marrying in haste and repenting at leisure.



Mrs. ROBERT TURNER of GINEHART MAGSDEN PHOTO

### Washington Is Interested In Candidates for the Presidency

Bureau of The Bee.  
Washington, D. C., July 10.

Washington's real vacation season is at hand. Appearances indicate that there is so much money in the world that the people scarcely know how to rid themselves of it. Every boat and train out of Washington is filled full, days before the date of leaving, and as to the boats running to Norfolk and Old Point, and to Baltimore, the quaintest trip in this part of the country—one has to get reservations three weeks in advance. Almost every hotel in Atlantic City and the other leading points on the Jersey coast are filled already for the season. Therefore the great throng of less careful people who "reservations" are seeking the more northern points and flocking to the North Shore, the Maine resorts, White mountains and even to Saratoga, that fashion spot of 40 years ago which is coming into its own again. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Beale McLean, who have been in Cincinnati the past five weeks, will be established in Saratoga early next week in the Putnam place, which they have leased for the season. Their children, with a retinue of maids and other servants have been there for a month, occupying a smaller cottage on the estate than the main one which the grown-ups will occupy.

Miss Margaret Wilson is making a visit in New England with her cousin, Miss Helen Woodrow Bones, who was a member of the president's household throughout the life of his first wife and during his widowhood. There has been much interest round about the White House in the outcome of the San Francisco convention, for the views of young Mrs. McAdoo were well known and understood to be strongly against the nomination of her husband for the presidency. Mrs. McAdoo has expressed herself there freely, just as she has in the press, as not wishing for even a chance to become the first lady of the land. She has tasted of all its delights and knows all of its perplexities. And she chooses the private life.

Washington has a personal interest in all of the candidates save the republican nominee for vice president, Mr. Coolidge. He and his family are the only ones now before the country for election who are not known here and who have not at one time been identified with official life. Governor Cox is very well known through his many years' service in congress. The present Mrs. Cox is not known here, as she was married a year and a half after

his service in congress ended. The first Mrs. Cox was known somewhat in official society. The governor's wife is much younger than he and will be the youngest first lady of the land the country has had should the election bring them to the White House. Her fame as a beauty and a charming woman is well known. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt has been identified with Washington society for some years as the wife of the assistant secretary of the navy. She is a niece of the late Col. Theodore Roosevelt, and Mr. Roosevelt is a very distant cousin of the former president. She was Miss Eleanor A. Roosevelt, a daughter of one of Colonel Roosevelt's brothers. They have five children, three boys and two girls, Anna, Jane, Eliot (named for Mrs. Roosevelt's father), Franklin, Jr., and John. Mrs. Roosevelt is vice president of the American Women's legion and last week gave the use of her home here, 2131 R street, for a meeting of the executive committee. She has gone to their country home, "Springwood," at Hyde Park, N. Y., and only last Tuesday she left there with their children for their summer home, Camp Bella, N. B. Canada, where they will await the arrival of Mr. Roosevelt after he makes a short, necessary visit in Washington. Mrs. Roosevelt is distinctly a society woman, to the manor born and endowed with many graces. They are Episcopalians and members of the leading fashionable clubs of Washington and New York.

Miss Ruth Hitchcock spent the week-end and the Fourth of July at Sulphur Springs with Miss Carolyn Nash and Miss Robinson.

Charles Veneman of Omaha spent last week in Washington with his brother. His wife is a niece of Mrs. Gorgas, widow of the late Maj. Gen. William C. Gorgas, who died in London last week. Mr. and Mrs. Veneman have recently removed to Omaha. The latter is a daughter of Mrs. Gorgas's brother of Colorado Springs, Colo. Mrs. Veneman has two aunts, Mrs. Theodore Lyster and Miss Harriet Doughty, are in Washington, Miss Doughty spending the summer with Mrs. Lyster at the Farragut because of the absence of General and Mrs. Gorgas and because of the frail health of Mr. Lyster.

Miss Eunice Ensor of Omaha, who returned to Washington last winter after a year in Detroit, has gone on her vacation of several weeks and is now in Cleveland.

Miss Katharine Brooks left on Thursday for Norfolk to spend a few days with her cousin, Mrs. Harry A. Williams, jr., formerly Miss Marthaena Harrison.

Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Emory Stanley have gone to Berkeley Springs where Mrs. Stanley and their children will spend the remainder of the summer, and where Commander Stanley will join them as frequently as possible.

H. M. Adams of Omaha spent a part of last week in Washington at the Shoreham. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Wakeley of Omaha also were at the Shoreham for a part of last week.

### Wedding of Helen Pearce Very Beautiful

Summer blossoms in profusion mingled with green palms and ferns made the First Presbyterian church, Saturday evening, a beautiful setting for the marriage of Miss Helen Pearce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Pearce of this city, and Robert Turner, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Turner of Council Bluffs. Dr. E. H. Jenks performed the ceremony.

The bridesmaids, Mrs. Robert Edwards, Miss Corinne Elliott, Miss Mary Fuller and Miss Marion Turner, sister of the groom, were lovely in their frocks of blue taffeta and with which they carried old-fashioned bouquets.

Miss Virginia Pearce, sister of the bride, who acted as maid of honor, was charming in a gown of pink taffeta and carried a huge bouquet of pink rosebuds. All the attendants wore the gifts of the bride, small platinum pins.

The bridal gown was an elaborate affair of white chiffon combined with lace and made with short skirt and tight bodice cut with square neck. The long tulle veil fell from a coronet of lace. The bride carried a large shower bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley and she wore the gift of the groom—a platinum pin set with diamonds and sapphires.

Henry Bohling of Chicago was best man, and the ushers included Frank Campbell, Loring Elliott, Wallace Shepard, Thomas Bessey, Robert Edwards, Glen Wilcox and Henry Jennings.

The gift of the bride to the groom was a watch and the groom gave his attendants cigar sets.

Following the ceremony an informal reception was held at the Pearce home. Mrs. Pearce, mother of the bride, was gown in blue georgette.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner have gone on an eastern trip. The bride's traveling costume was a chic taffeta dress of dark blue, with which she wore a dark blue ribbon hat.

The couple will be at home at 332 Lawton Terrace, Council Bluffs, after August 15.

Among the out-of-town guests were Mrs. Charles T. Cole of Des Moines, Ia.; Mrs. J. W. Stevens of Chicago; Mrs. J. W. Biggs; Mr. William Biggar, Miss Agnes Biggar of Corning, Ia.; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Okey of Corning, Ia.; and Mr. Hamilton Vose of Milwaukee.

### Reading Ever a Popular Pastime

Reading is not losing its popularity despite the many diversions such as golf, tennis, swimming, motoring and flying.

The June report presented to the library board at the July meeting showed increases in the use of the library in all departments. The total circulation for month was 31,354; the total circulation for the half year was 259,555. The number of books circulated to the children in the public schools the record for the year closing July 1 was 86,493.

It is interesting to note that the total for the half year was greater than at any time in the history of the library.

The number of books in the library is 153,278. The number of books added during the first half year, January to June, was 7,231. The number of registered borrowers was 31,354.

A number of valuable books were presented to the library in June by Mrs. N. P. Fell, Mrs. Charles Morton, jr., Mrs. J. A. Munroe and Franklin Mann.

The Omaha library will add a small collection of books for the blind.

Twenty-one librarians from Nebraska attended the meeting of the Library association which was held recently in Colorado Springs.

### Big Sisters

At a meeting of the Big Sisters' association Thursday evening at their headquarters in the Peters Trust building a hospital committee was appointed to visit and care for girls without friends who are ill. All such cases should be reported to Miss Florence Hathaway, chairman of hospital work, Tyler 100, or Miss Desdemona Catlin, who is in charge of the Big Sisters' office, 523 Peters Trust building, Douglas 6592.

The Big Sisters will also furnish the girls with clothing when necessary.

A constitution committee was appointed which includes Miss Grace Rowland, chairman; Miss Elizabeth Parsons; and Miss Ethel Sachra, president of the association.