

Woman's Section

Gabby Prates Of Many Things

By GABBY DETAYLS.

OMAHA has ever been considered quite up to the minute, but Gabby would make one suggestion. Why not announce the breaking of an engagement when such is the case as well as announcing the making of it? This is quite the customary thing in eastern cities and no doubt saves many an embarrassing situation.

Gabby heard, a short time ago, of a couple who had broken their engagement and shortly after were invited to attend a dinner party. Their hostess, unaware of the latest developments in their romance, put them together at the table and the affair was so arranged that the young man was forced to escort his ex-fiancee home. Immediately thereafter the couple took care to explain that the betrothal was absolutely a thing of the past and that they wished every one to know it.

"WHAT is that woman staring at me for?" wondered one of our prettiest subdebs as she hurried toward the nearest street car line.

"Dear me, I am sure to be late, and M— eastern acquaintance, wired he would be in Omaha for only about an hour."

And on she hurried until after repeated stares from those whom she met, the excited girl stopped long enough to "take stock" of herself, as it were. She began with her feet and we know that chargin replaced "weed" when she discovered that on her right foot was a tan walking boot, while on the left was a French heeled shoe of black suede. Needless to say she was late at the depot.

"I FIND it so hard to get acquainted," complained a young easterner, who came to Omaha several months ago. Now Gabby knew that this young man had met several nice girls who enjoyed his society. He admitted that he found them congenial, but Gabby could see that all was not as it should be. Enlightenment came a few days ago, however, when our eastern friend accosted Gabby and with face wreathed in smiles he announced that he was on his way to the home of a girl WITH A CAR and he added "her father has all kinds of money."

"THE LEOPARD shall not change its spots," but Gabby fears of one elderly widow who is about to change her religion. She has been an ardent member of one church in this city for many years and was a relative of its late pastor. Since his death, however, she has been heard to remark that she thought she might join such and such a church as a very dear friend is prominent in it. Perhaps in her girlhood she played "Follow the Leader."

The ill-time truth we might have kept—Who knows how sharp it is, and who knows how grandly it had rung?"

WHAT a philosophy is to be found in that short stanza from Edward C. Sill's "The Fool's Prayer!" Gabby only wishes that everyone might read it, for she knows of more than one instance where it might well have been applied.

A recent divorcee confessed in her presence that friends had been too eager to be of service and she sighed when she said, "You know, what I did not know about my husband never hurt me and I would probably have remained happy if they had not tattle-tailed endlessly to me. And how I wish they hadn't!" It is evident this matron believes "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

And then, too, Gabby heard of a miss who played "sour grapes" recently. At one time she had been engaged to a prominent young man, but the betrothal had been broken by mutual consent. Not long ago she discovered that a girl friend was about to marry this same young man and she promptly set about to prevent the "match."

She argued that this alliance would spoil the friendship of the two girls, that the groom-to-be was no doubt fickle and changeable, and though she said not a word against him, she effectually turned his fiancee from the bridal path. But Gabby will wager that she ne'er will be thanked for her kindly endeavors.

The word we had not sense to say.

Let us forget Mrs. Grunly and let it not be.

"E'NY, meany, miny, mo." Which of two sisters is one young man to marry? He Ekes one ever so much better than the other and he intends to marry her in September. But which one? No one seems to know; least of all does this medical student who will receive his degree next June. The girls are twins, really ones, and look and act exactly alike. It's a very puzzling situation and it is seldom certain whether or not he is speaking to his fiancee or to her sister. Will the student go to the altar with the right one?

"LOOK before you leap" might apply to a well known Omaha musician who invited his wife to the movies not long ago. Gabby dare not describe this man, because he has such a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and is beloved by all. However, he tells this joke on himself, so we feel free to repeat it. All went well until they started to leave the street car. The dignified professor stepped off, assisted his wife to alight and escorted her safely to the sidewalk. "Where shall we go?" he inquired, and turning toward her he discovered not his wife, but a strange woman. Amazement and confusion registered upon his countenance as he looked about hurriedly for his better half, only to find her and the stranger's escort greatly enjoying his predicament.

MISS MARGUERITE WALKER



MISS MILDRED WALKER RINEHART MARSDEN PHOTOS



Washington Dull This Summer

Bureau of The Bee, Washington, July 24.

Washington settled back into mid-summer lethargy again after the flying visit of Governor Cox. It was much of a disappointment to many that Mrs. Cox did not accompany him. Judge and Mrs. Timothy T. Ansherry, with whom the governor spent the week-end, will remain in their charming suburban home here until the end of next week when they will go to their summer home at Bethlehem, N. H. Governor and Mrs. Cox and small daughter will join Judge and Mrs. Ansherry for a short stay there.

The President and Mrs. Wilson will probably spend the week-end on the Potomac aboard the Mayflower which stands in readiness from week to week for the chief executive and his party to board at an hour's notice, as soon as the president is thought to be able for a sail. It is expected, too, that still later on he and Mrs. Wilson will go up to Blue Ridge summit for a month's stay, where the Admiral Graysons have leased a cottage. This, however, cannot be verified, as no one will take the responsibility to state what definite plans have been made.

House parties round about Washington, in the hills and mountains, and down the river in Virginia, and in the hills of Maryland, where there are no more picturesque spots in the country, are keeping the younger people busy.

The Crosbys, family of former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Oscar T. Crosby, in the Warrenton district of Virginia; the Dulans, near Upperville; former Representative W. A. Jones down in Virginia, near the Gosan river and about 50 miles from a railroad; the Robert Craigs of Baltimore, with whom Postmaster General and Mrs. Burleson and their family spent the last week-end in their gorgeous place on the Maryland side of the Potomac river, are among these hosts. They are in the district settled something like 300 years ago by the first white people who came up the Potomac.

Senator and Mrs. Hitchcock have been at the Ambassador, Atlantic City, for a week where Mrs. Hitchcock has greatly improved. They were joined there this week by Miss

By the River

By MARY LEARNED.

Carefully concealed in a sheltered nook on the bank of the Missouri (Smoky Water) is a little houseboat, put up on stilts; two people, originating from New England, live in it, and they landed in their present location after a winding 1,200-mile trip from Dakota, which took them four months to accomplish. The adventures they have to tell would interest Lewis and Clarke if they were here. To sit on a huge log fished out of the water, with the river flowing by like a mill race, and listen to their story next a body feel as if the days of romance were not quite over. Nowhere can one get the sense of distance from home and familiar things that comes after a picnic on the shore of the river. There are lots of little beaches, with good places to build fires, and the trees that floated down in the flood are lying about, making comfortable seats.

The "Doris" is one of those dreams that doesn't quite get over the top; a 30-foot boat, with cabin accommodations for four or six people to sleep, it was destined for a trip down the Mississippi; the owner adjoined and with his house, the boat, which was built in his yard, was sold also; the only trip it has ever made is from a Florence hill-top to the river. It is anchored, a potential source of adventure, making all the small boys green with envy, and even stirring the vision of many grownups. Who will start it on its seaward way?

The bird song are waning. The wrens still sing with unabated zeal. The cardinals are whistling in the woods and the purple martins are as cheery and blithe as ever, flying like little soaring kites in the hours between daylight and dark, but there is a certain stillness in the air.

Purple martins are interesting birds, they are gregarious creatures. Our first house put up on a strong pole 50 feet from trees or shrubbery, contained 26 rooms. Three pairs came at first, from this beginning two houses full to the porches have resulted. We now need another for the place is overcrowded—we will either have to build a third apartment or raise the rent. The birds are invaluable about an orchard, they catch all their food in the air, on the wing. They sing a most enchanting, bubbling, spontaneous song as they fly, and at evening the air and sky seems swarming full of them. One misses them very much when they leave. This year the martins came on April 10, in the morning. They rested in their houses till sundown and then began their summer life. Last season they left about August 30.

The mulberry trees are full of ripe fruit, and if you wish to entice the birds plant one near a good bird bath and you will have plenty to watch. Keep the bath scrubbed out and full of clean, fresh, cold water.

The lazy little gold finches are just getting to their summer house-keeping, but as they are seed eaters maybe they wait till seeds are plentiful.

The woods are cool and green, with the many rains, and mid-summer wanderers find much of interest.

Omahans Prepare For Hunting Season

The clear, cool days of September, when the leaves are turning to the flamboyant shades of autumn, when a tang of smoke fills the air, and when a fine haze deepens the blue of the sky, then will Omahans, who are followers of Robin Hood, list to the baying of the hounds, and with gun and knapsack roam far from the city.

Among these are Mr. and Mrs. George Redick, who are now in the east. Each fall finds them preparing to go to Fremont, Wyo., an excellent hunting ground, which is 135 miles from a railroad. The last 10 miles of the journey must be made by boat. A comfortable log cabin is being constructed at the present time for the accommodation of the hunters and the disciples of Walton, who also seek this faraway spot. Mr. and Mrs. Redick are planning to go there immediately upon their return home.

Others who usually spend some time each September duck hunting are Mr. and Mrs. Luther Kountze and Miss Gertrude Kountze. The J. C. Carson ranch in Cherry county, Nebraska, is the scene of their exploits with the rifle.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Hamilton, jr., will also go to Cherry county this coming season to hunt. Last year they were members of a party which included Dr. and Mrs. Felix Despecher, Mrs. Karl A. Linger and George Hamilton of Washington, D. C.

A number of Omaha men favor localities in the western part of the state, and included in this group may be George Brandeis, Dr. Paul Ellis, C. Will Hamilton and H. A. Cameron.

Mrs. Fred Hamilton, Mrs. W. A. Pixley and daughter, Virginia Pixley, and Mrs. Fred Daugherty are among the feminine followers of the hounds.

The Metz ranch at Cody, Wyo., is also a favorite spot for hunters. William Marsh, Robert Downs and Ellison Vinsonhaler usually go there. Each year John Kuhn comes from his home in California to hunt with his Omaha friends.

Sam Miller of Chicago, a former Omahan, is another who joins this group.

Elmer Redick and Arthur Keeline go to a hunting lodge at Valley, Neb., and other places are found along the Missouri, Platte and Elkhorn rivers.

Walker Sisters Will Make Visits to Chicago

Among Omaha's attractive sisters are the Misses Marguerite and Mildred Walker, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Walker. Miss Marguerite Walker left Thursday evening for River Forest, Ill., where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Harry T. Ballamy. Miss Walker was graduated from the national Kindergarten school in Chicago. Miss Mildred Walker will visit in Columbus, Neb., about the middle of August, later going to River Forest to join her sisters. She will enter the University of Nebraska in September for her freshman year.



FRANCES EARENFIGHT RINEHART MARSDEN PHOTOS



VERA ELISIUS

The Paths of Many Cross in Realm of Books

Not the stuff that dreams are made of, but plots teeming with vitality exist in an odd nook in our city. Where? In the reading room of the public library. There? Impossible! is the average exclamation at this thought. But nevertheless on a drowsy summer day when the bees are humming in the meadows and when all the city is sweltering in the heat, or through the long winter months in that quiet west room might be found many a tale of interest.

Seated at one of the tables may very often be seen a white haired man with spectacles carefully adjusted as he pores over the pages of a Boston newspaper. True, he left Boston some 50 years ago but Bostonian he is yet to the very core. Several days each week he is there and the smiles that quiver on his lips betray his evident enjoyment of news from "The Hub."

At yet another place almost any afternoon might be noticed a stalwart, clean cut young chap, who diligently reads the editorials of the better known papers. A bit of conversation with this happy student discloses the fact that he is preparing to write a lengthy essay and he has just found some of the "snappiest peppiest" material and he grins with enthusiasm.

A pretty little miss, probably of foreign birth, is peering at the want ads with her sad brown eyes. Yes! she has just lost her place ma'am and she must find work right away ma'am so's to help her mother.

During the school year, teachers are regular visitors: in the reading room and usually they come on certain days eager to read the current magazines.

Very often callers in the room ask for rural papers and these, hungry for a bit of home town gossip, are sorely disappointed to find that the scope of the library will not permit the handling of the very small journals.

Yes, in that still room Fannie Hurst, Edna Ferber, O. Henry and Jack London could discover much worthy of their pen but the ordinary mortal passes by unheeding nor realizes that there the cross currents of life daily meet in swirling eddies.

Petunias

The little white petunias climb up the garden wall. Climb merrily, climb cheerily, And never fail to fall; Slim fragile stems go creeping high, Each blossom nods and swings, And every passing breeze brings A faint sweet perfume brings. —Christian Science Monitor.

Recital To Be Given By Beautiful Dancers

Miss Frances Earenfight will give a dance recital Wednesday evening, July 28, at the Council Bluffs Strand theater. She has been with the Pavley Oukrain-sky ballet and will be their premier dancer next season. In the recital she is to be assisted by Miss Vera Elisius of Chicago, her guest, who is also a member of the ballet. Miss Earenfight will spend two months in London next year.