

Fads mean nothing to Omaha

Atlantic City need not fear for laurels as far as Gate City is concerned. It's a gay life if you don't weaken, they say, and no one seems to weaken here.



MABEL STULTZ HAD IT BOBBED "JUST BECAUSE" WHICH SHE DECLARES IS REASON ENOUGH



THE SHOE CLERK WORE 'EM FOR EXHIBITION PURPOSES BUT THREATENED THE CAMERA MAN IF HIS IDENTITY WAS REVEALED.



CHARLIE BLACK TRIES TO LOOK NATURAL LUGGING A STICK BUT CONFESSES A SNEAKING SUSPICION AS TO HIS SUCCESS



FRED BRODEGAARD WEARS A MONOCLE JUST LIKE HE WAS ACCUSTOMED TO IT, BUT HE ADMITS HE'S CAMOUFLAGING



WHY—OH WHY DO THEY DO IT?

By H. R. HARRIS.

"As such there's none which," is the way one of the burnt cork bottling boys would describe the fads and foibles of Omaha, meaning that when you'd told 'em all about 'em, you would have said nothing.

For Omaha is fadless. And we'll prove it. Listen.

Not Being Done. In Noo Yawk, or Frisco, or Kalamazoo, or Denver, or St. Joe, or Perry, Ia., or Butte, or Des Moines, or—you name it—you'll see somebody swaggering along sometime in the day with a walking stick, carrying a cane, or know.

Who wears a stick in Omaha. Nobody.

Unless it's a cop, and he doesn't use it as a swagger stick. Rather a stunner stick, you might say. Then consider the monocle, old time.

All One is Found. Old bean, there's just one monocle in Omaha. And it was made just for exhibition purposes. And when it was exhibited the other day on Sixteenth street a North Twenty-fourth street car jumped its trolley.

A beastly shame, eh what? But in Noo Yawk, or Frisco, or Kalamazoo, or etc., there are monocles and monocles.

Out on the California coast and way back east and in Kalamazoo, or Denver, etc. it is quite the rage for the young ladies and those not so young to carry around a pet monkey.

Unaware of Name. You don't see any young women, with Marmazettes on the streets of Omaha. A good many Omahans don't even know that a Marmazette is a tiny little French monk the girls are carrying in their coat pockets in other cities. And they are not worrying a whole lot, either.

A fad may sweep across the country until it hits Omaha, then just naturally jumps up and goes 'er over.

It's a Sad Story. Take the case of the French poodle. French poodles don't take the air in Omaha limousines. We found one after a long search.

But it wasn't in the home of the elite. "Snowball" lives with the Gallaghers, out near the dog pound.

Spats are considered very smart in other cities. They are considered too darn

smart here. Spats for men are almost as scarce as Marmazettes and monocles in Omaha.

It's quite the thing among the flappers of California to wear the hair bobbed. Behold the movie actress.

But they're not bobbing 'em here. How come?

No Question About It. "How come?" snorted Charlie Black of the Pease-Black Smart Men's Toggery Shop, 1417 Farjam street. "Why the men, were wearing these western Stetsons here up to a few years ago. We've got the best dressed women and the staidest dressed men in Omaha of any western city without a doubt at all—no question about it."

The proprietor of another men's toggery shop, rated among the most up-to-date in Omaha characterized wearers of spats and canes and the like as "fourflushers."

"The men of Omaha dress all right," he declared. "Those fellows who affect canes and spats in the east nine times out of 10 can't afford them."

No Monocles Here. Ray Kingsley manager of the Columbian Optical company, set forth that there is "nobody in Omaha who wears a monocle."

"The monocle belongs to the Englishman," he said. "We have no calls for them except occasionally when an actor drops in for one for professional purposes."

In order to provide a monocle in Omaha the Columbia Optical company made one and Fred Brodegaard of the Brodegaard Jewely company, one of the few in this city possessed of the necessary fearlessness and daring, stuck it on and stood out on Sixteenth street while Staff Photographer Herman Schonfeld set up his tripod and took the evidence and the North Twenty-fourth street car, as we have said, jumped the trolley. And it didn't look like an accident, for it happened right in front of the monocle.

Takes Thorough Search. A thorough search of downtown shoe stores revealed that there were some men's spats in town and one of the clerks in W. S. Stryker's Douglas shoe store blushing put them on and stood for a lot from his fellow clerks

and the crowd and for a picture by Schonfeld.

"No," we were told by Miss Irene Gray at the Marinello Beauty Shop in the Brandeis Theater building, "they are not having their hair bobbed in Omaha, whatever they may be doing elsewhere. Omaha women favor simple and conservative hair-dressing styles."

"One girl came in this week and said she wanted her hair bobbed just like that of an actress she had seen. There are a few cases like this."

Has Good Reason. So we had to hunt all over a large section of Omaha before we finally located little Miss Mabel Stultz, cashier and one of the sweetest things, it is said, in the Valley of Sweetest next to the Henshaw hotel. She said she had her hair bobbed "because," which is as good a reason as any, we guess. Anyway, George Petros, who runs the place and the Henshaw hotel and cafe, says it is.

"Well, we are right about the fads, aren't we?"

"The only pet monkey discovered big game in the city in a half-day's search was that in the animal cages at Riverview park."

Only Small Demand. "We have only a very small demand for such pets as French poodles, pet monkeys and the like," declared Alvin Geisley of the Max Geisler Bird company. "What demand we do have is generally fronted in the state."

"Take the cockadood with its beautiful plumage. This bird is quite popular in the east and in the west coast. It is extensively used for embellishing the homes of the rich for entertainments. But we don't carry them because there is no demand for them here."

There you are; we'll bet there isn't even a squab cockadood in Omaha.

Pup Becomes Dog at Age of Four Months, Judge Rules

Tulsa, Okl., Aug. 21.—"When does a 'pup' become of age?" was the question before Judge P. P. Long, the city's chief sanitary inspector, when the question of payment of a dog tax was raised before the city commissioners.

"A pup is a pup until he reaches the age of four months, then he's a dog, and subject to dog tax," ruled Mr. Long.

"YOKKO" IS OF THE PET MONKEY TYPE BUT NOBODY EVER PETTED HIM

Password to Beautiful Lodge and Country Home of Famous Fabler, George Ade, Is Golf

Hoosier Humorist Holds Self Up as Living Example.

By EDWARD BLACK.

If you should happen to journey to Brook, Ind., and thence to Hazelton Farm, a few miles beyond, you might meet George Ade in his beautiful rural home, or you might meet him on the golf links.

Carry a golf club and glance furtively at the Hazelton links and you will promote your prospects of meeting and greeting the famous fabler.

Mr. Ade is intensely interested in golf these days. His home, a structure of quaint design, is surrounded by stately trees and is within a few hundred feet of a nine-hole golf course.

While vacationing a few weeks ago in Indiana he selected Brook as the turning point for an automobile trip, arriving at Hazelton about 11 a. m. after a ride of five hours.

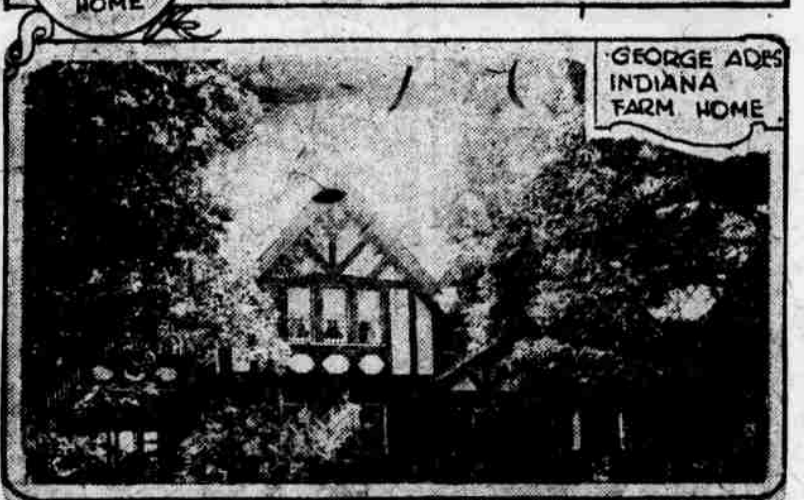
Familiar Typewriter Clicking. Parking the machine at the edge of the highway, which goes through the grounds, and close to the Ade home, the writer went to the front door and was met by a woman who appeared to be the housekeeper.

The familiar sounds of a typewriter clicking could be heard within. The woman disappeared, and quicker than one could say "Babe Ruth," the typewriter noise ceased and Mr. Ade appeared at the door, clad in a loose-fitting summery garment of outing material.

Fearful lest we might have disturbed the work of the illustrious Hoosier, we inquired whether he was writing a story or preparing a speech or accepting letters, and he replied that he was only answering letters, which had accumulated during his absence of a few days.

He walked out to the automobile and met the other members of the party. The first question he asked at the car was whether we had brought

Mr. Ade chatted for a few minutes at the car, inviting us to use the "cabin," which serves as a club house for the golf links, and cordi-



our golf clubs, and, shamefacedly, we admitted our unpreparedness to accept his invitation to enjoy the Hazelden links.

and would visit us more at length than, but unfortunately for us it was necessary to be on the way at 2 o'clock.

During the brief visit with Mr. Ade he referred to a recent meeting with Col. Will Hayward and Mrs. Hayward at Palm Beach and stated that he knew that the colonel was a native Nebraskan and referred to the wealthy woman to whom the colonel was married last year. He also made kindly reference to The Bee.

When Mr. Ade took his leave, we explored the grounds around the club house, finding an inviting spring in a ravine at the rear of the house.

Great Human Stabilizer. The walls of the club house are decorated with many relics and souvenirs, evidently collected by the humorist during his travels. There was a framed cartoon by Briggs.

Mr. Ade's interest in golf is so strong that he decided the Hazelton Golf links to the Hazelden Golf club, whose members are residents of Brook, Kentland and Goodland, nearby towns.

He has no quarrel with base ball fans but he does hold a brief for the royal game which is played with resilient spheroids where the grass is green.

Is Living Example. He holds himself up as a living example of what golf will do for a busy literary man and farmer. He is a bachelor, 55 years young, and a native of Kentland, which is near his farm home.

George Ade believes that this country will be safer for democracy when golf shall have taken its rightful place as a popular outdoor sport. He asserts that every town should have its golf links.

If you are worrying over the threatened shortage of gasoline; if you are troubled by fitful slumbers; if there is something wrong with your respiratory organs, or if you just don't function with yourself, try Ade's sure specific, which is golf.

What Ade Says. Tom Marshall has said that what this country needs is a good 5-cent cigar; George Ade says the country needs golf and more golf. He says it will bring the roses back to the cheeks.

Leaving Hazelton, we proceeded a

OLDER WOMEN ARE TAKING JOBS AS ELEVATOR PILOTS

Young Ones Fall Victim to Dan Cupid—Unrest Takes Boys.

The woman of 40 or thereabouts has found a place for herself downtown. (Women approaching middle age are growing noticeably more numerous as elevator operators in the office buildings.

"Thirty to 40 years is the best age for elevator operators," says Howard G. Loomis. "It is not so much that they pay more attention to business than do the younger girls, but they are more settled in life. There isn't so much changing from one job to another. The trouble with the girls is that first one of them and then another is getting married."

Unrest—Among Boys. Mr. Loomis is secretary of the National Association of Building Owners and Managers and has charge of two large business blocks. He does not believe that men or boy elevator operators, who gave up their work during the war, will ever come back. There is more unrest among them, he says, and they can find better paid positions. Women operators have the field more to themselves in Omaha than in most other cities, however. In Chicago most of this work is still done by men.

Women More Polite. J. W. McLaughlin, superintendent of the Woodmen of the World building, declares that women are more polite and courteous to passengers than the men operators were. Most of his workers are under 25 years of age and romance is always slipping up on them. The latest one to get married is the starter, Miss May Lawrence.

few miles to the famous Hereford stock farm of Warren T. McCray, whose wife is a sister of Mr. Ade. Mr. McCray is the present republican gubernatorial candidate in Indiana.

At this farm we were shown "Bramble Fairfax," a Hereford male specimen which is said to be worth \$30,000.

All of which goes to show that in visiting George Ade at Hazelton, remember this: the password is "GOLF."