

## Woman's Section



MRS. W. E.  
RHOADES



MRS. T. L.  
DAVIS



MRS.  
LUTHER  
KOUNTZE



MRS. LOUIS S. CLARKE

### Mr. Cricket Spoils a Story

By GABBY DETAYLS.

IT WAS the neighborhood moonlight meeting of the League of Women Voters, at the H. H. Baldrige home. Congressman Jeffers had given a learned and illuminating discussion on the 41 constitutional amendments. H. H. Baldrige was concluding the sober, solemn and instructive occasion with the story of a dramatic incident in the Nebraska legislature some years ago. Suddenly the eyes of his audience were attracted downward. There on the soft velvet carpet, just in front of an elegantly carved davenport table, hopped a cricket. Mercury he was, forsooth, and quite unconscious of the many eyes directed upon him.

Now crickets, as you know, have appetites for oriental rugs, and fine tapestries—creatures of expensive tastes, Gabby would say. Mrs. Baldrige espied the debonair insect and plotted his ruin. "Kill it," she urged under her breath and Mrs. O. T. Eastman decided to make the attempt. When the cricket drew near, out stretched Mrs. Eastman's foot and down it tapped. But the cricket was not to die at the foot of Mrs. Eastman's dainty patent leathers with their shining buckles. It merely did a right about and hopped across the room toward Mrs. Arthur Remington, who dropped a pretty white fan on him in an effort to check his movements till more severe measures could be taken. But the gay little creature evaded the lacy weapon and hopped over into easy reach of Mrs. Clement Chase. Either her black satin pumps were too small, or, could it be that Mrs. Chase's white lace hose intrigued his interest and caused him to jump a little higher than she calculated? Anyway, his life was again spared, unwillingly, and he tripped right along in front of M. A. Hall, who really seemed to be drinking in the words of the speaker (which may be explained by the fact that he was to talk on the same subject himself a few evenings later.)

By that time the situation was both tense and humorous. Everyone was trying to pay respectful attention to what under normal conditions would have been a good story, and yet, at just that moment, the cricket's constitution seemed more engrossing than the constitution of the state.

Once more the cricket approached Mrs. Eastman. This time there was determination in her plan of action. In her hands she held a pamphlet on the constitutional amendments. Dropping to her knees in true athletic style and oblivious to all else, she slapped twice at the bouncing object of disturbance. But in vain. Even Mrs. Charles Offutt, whose demeanor up to that time had been above reproach, let slip the faint flicker of a smile.

But a cricket cannot live forever, particularly when women are plotting against him. A woman's mind and movement at last proved to be quicker than a cricket's hop; Mrs. Eastman finally covered him with her pamphlet, a few taps with her foot and there he lay—dead. The amendments were too much for him!

EATING drinking and kissing totally taboo. Thus speaketh Dame Fashion as she ushers fall frocks, coats and gowns in upon an iced lemonade drinking world.



MRS. W. J.  
HYNES



MRS.  
WALTER  
ROBERTS



MRS. FRANK J. NORTON

Prohibition of the trio of designated pastimes is furnished by the chin and mouth-swaddling director collars that even flick the nose and necessitate a tucking-in whenever starvation is too imminent.

The old-time shawl collar is quite dead, and this new species of the collar family comes to the family fashion reunion as a very near relative of the basque-bodice which has been such a popular member of the family this year.

Other new fall fashion features are the long waisted dress and the long skirt coat which fits snugly over the hips. Skirts also are very flaringly full, although the feared more abbreviated lengths do not appear with their fullness and they still show no more than seven or eight inches of shoe and hose. Fie fabrics such as duvety, plush and velour abound and leading colors are gray, brown, taupes and navy. Novelty color favorites seem to be the hectic tomato hues and turquoise blue.

Coats are ably represented by a displayed model which uses a combination of plain and striped goods. The coat itself and belt are cut in one piece on the sides and the belt is laced through slashes in the front panel of the coat. These apertures are bound with black moire braid. The coat gives the modish straight silhouette through the waist and hips, but it flares at the hem. The ever-present choker collar removes all fear of chilblained nose or ears.

### Walking Club Season Opens

Hikers are born, not made. That was first said of poets; and there is an intimate relationship between the two classes, for almost all hikers are poets in soul, and almost all poets are occasional hikers in practice if they are not too lazy—and even then they write hiking poems.

The Omaha Walking club will hold its first hike of the autumn season Sunday afternoon, September 26. The walk will be through the south end of the Fontenelle forest. Members will meet at Twenty-fourth and N streets, South Omaha, at 3 o'clock.

The program for the coming season has not been completed, but the leaders for the first quarter will be as follows: September 26, Leo Borell; October 3, Miss Marie Mackin; October 10, Dr. Harold Giffard; October 17, Miss Lois Robbins; October 24, Roy Tow; October 31, E. M. Kennedy; November 7, Miss Hattie Mueller; November 14, H. M. Penstock; November 21, Miss Isabelle McMillan; November 28, Lewis W. Whitehead and Allie Houston; December 5, Mrs. Marie Caldwell; December 12, Leslie Williams; December 19, Miss Mable Allison.

The officers include: Edwin S. Jewell, president; George T. Morton, vice president; Allie Houston, treasurer; and Hattie Mueller, secretary. The club, which was organized March 3, 1919, at Coffin Springs, Pontiac Forest Reserve, with a membership of 18, now has a membership of 75.

### Visiting Nurse Corps

They call Mrs. Walter Roberts chairman of Tag day for the Visiting Nurse association, September 8. But there is no "thai" about a tag day, as everybody knows, unless it is after one reaves home at night. "General" they should call Mrs. Roberts, for surely the qualities which that rank implies are necessary in one who carries to success a big one-day drive for funds, with all the preceding detail.

Mrs. Luther Kountze, vice chairman, should be ranked as a colonel at least, if not an adjutant. Mrs. W. J. Hynes and Mrs. W. E. Rhoades, who are in charge of stations, are hereby pronounced majors. Captains of special committees are Mrs. T. L. Davis, publicity; Mrs. Louis Clarke, automobiles and collections; Mrs. F. J. Norton, supplies.

Aides in charge of outlying districts are Mrs. Roy Dennis and Mrs. F. E. Ames, South Omaha; Mrs. W. A. Wilcox and Mrs. C. H. Ferris, Benson; Mrs. E. A. Walker, Florence; Mrs. Herbert Rogers and Mrs. Frank Carmichael, Dundee.

Stations all over the city have been chosen and workers detailed to assist the lieutenants at the head, who are: Mesdames J. B. Rahm, W. H. Pollock, Barton Millard, Henry Wyman, C. J. Hubbard, Edward Underland, Thor Jorgenson, L. Kinzel, Frank Norton, C. K. Smith, Alfred Schalek, T. E. Sanders, A. M. Longwell, Brower McCague, T. B. Ward, Dave Wells, C. L. Bradley, Lee Hamlin, L. J. Healey, J. Harvey, Willis Todd, Simeon Jones, A. C. Stokes, A. E. Woodman, Floyd Clark, John P. Webster, Ralph Peters, A. B. Simon, Franklin Shotwell, Philip Sher, E. B. Aldous, A. F. Smith, R. S. Arthur, W. R. Wood, H. H. Baldrige, E. T. Swobe, Lee Huff, Nathan Mantel, Ben Boasberg, George Johnston, Victor Caldwell, Misses Alice Fry, Rose and Bessie White, Gertrude Ernst, Irene McKnight, A Hambricht, Dorothy Stovits.

Members wear broad heeled shoes and clothing that will not be harmed by a shower or by a barbed wire fence. Also that walkers must not go ahead of the leader or lag behind the rear guard. They are asked to refrain from breaking fences, damaging trees or walking on cultivated fields, and must not pick wild flowers or fruit, leave fires or litter the ground with rubbish.

### Late Summer Days Are Here

By MARY LEARNED.

The thistle, seen now so plentifully, seems an appropriate symbol for late summer. Every bird song is silent, and the singers are putting on plain and sombre clothes; only the blue jay, the clown of the feathered world, makes himself shrilly known. Some very belated wren families are hopping about under the lilac bushes and being scolded into flight. The martins left a week ago, and the usual mystery surrounds their destination; some authorities say South America, and our species is really known to alight in Patagonia. Also the purples are found in summer as far north as the lands within the Arctic circle. Thousands of miles these slim, graceful, spirits of the air are able to travel, and one marvels at the strange sights they must see and feels rather awed that for four months of the year some of them choose to tarry upon one's humble hilltop.

The sunflowers are on every hand and though they are picturesque, and add a daunting splash of color to the landscape, they stir no special emotions. Somehow they always suggest a generous layer of western dust, and the liking of chickens for their seeds. As every one knows

there is nothing very inspiring about a hen and what she prefers.

If I were M. Fabre the bugs that give me some moments of interest. As it is they bring impressions of various instruments of raucous brass; some pitched in a low and vibrating key, and others tearing the air in a rich tenor; all scratching their legs in unison (it is accorded that that is the way they do it), and making of a perfectly good summer night, a bedlam of sound. Visitors from the city, where motor cars explode and street cars jangle, and the fire department races by, say, "how can you sleep in this noise?"

The August country roads, with the rains we have had, and the cool breezes, are ideal and to spin along 20 or 30 miles with a well filled picnic basket, is a joy. A favorite spot for stopping is the high ledge, overlooking the valley, about two miles south of Elkhorn. This year it is so green, and pretty, and nothing could be lovelier than the far, misty view, with the winding river. There is something about sitting under a tree 30 miles from home and the telephone that makes a body think of the South Sea Islands with positive affection. Not one of us probably but would gladly run away from our husbands, and our wives, and our children, and our work, and enjoy at least a brief season with al fresco features. Of course, the same ones would always have to come back. Picnicking is elemental and primitive in its substance, and supplies something in our modern life that is needed for balance. The more civilized we get, the more groups we shall see sitting under

### Washington Mansions Open

Bureau of the Bee, Washington, Sept. 4.

Already the preparations for a busy winter are in evidence. The mansions in the up-town districts which have been closed for months, are getting fresh paint and many of them new decorations inside.

Washington was much interested in the engagement announced a few days ago of William Henry Harrison, 3d, of Washington and Omaha, to Miss Mary Elizabeth Newton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Newton of Omaha. The wedding is expected to take place in October in Omaha, where Mr. Harrison has made business connections. The bride-elect has recently returned home after a six months' trip to the Orient. Mr. Harrison's mother and grandmother, Mrs. Russell B. Harrison and Mrs. Alvin Saunders of Omaha, have spent the last 12 winters in Washington and he was practically educated here. As the grandson of President Benjamin Harrison and great-grandson of President William Henry Harrison, he was an important member of the set of young people among whom he grew up. His sister, too, was a factor in her set, a few years ahead of him. She made her debut here and was married here two years later. Her eldest little girl has spent the summer with Mrs. Harrison in Omaha, where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Williams, jr., of Norfolk, will join the family early in October, in time for the wedding. Mrs. Williams will make the trip in her car, of which she is an expert driver. She will take with her her two younger children, Mary Virginia and Marthana. She and Mr. Williams have returned to their home in Norfolk from the White Sulphur Springs, making the trip by motor, and finding the Virginia roads as bad as they could well be and be driven over.

Of the many prospective debutantes here this winter, one is of special interest in Omaha, Miss Katherine Smyth, younger daughter of Judge and Mrs. Constantine J. Smyth, formerly of Omaha. She is well known in her parents' old home, where she frequently visits her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Sibley, and is now their guest. She is one of the most attractive girls who will come out. Judge and Mrs. Smyth are at Atlantic City for a few weeks.

Maj. Gen. Omar Bundy, of Camp Lee, Va., for the last two years, accompanied by Mrs. Bundy, left here recently for Nebraska, where General Bundy will assume command of the Seventh army corps area at Fort Crook, under the new plan recently announced by the War department. General Bundy was made a permanent major general on July 1. He made himself very popular at Camp Lee. Capt. D. R. Kerr, aide de camp to General Bundy, accompanied him and Mrs. Bundy to Fort Crook.

trees in likely places far from their efficiently managed menages. A dozen very rich families who have at least three homes apiece, perfectly appointed, have lately bought a tract of land in Michigan and each built a simple cabin with a little central open air eating pavilion, where they can forget that they are middle-aged and successful, and pick a chicken bone if they want to. It makes one think of the little boy who ate six apples and came to his mother saying: "Mother, I want an apple that tastes like the first one!"