

Woman's Section

Hats May Be A Little "Off"

By GABBY DETAYLS.

ONE of our smart Omaha dressers, who one day wearing not a piece of furniture, took home a fetching hat of henna shade the other day. She is ultra-modern, yet, paradoxical as it may seem, she likes to get her husband's opinion of her new clothes.

"How do you like it, dear," she asked, turning this way and that.

"I think it is rather crazy-looking," he muttered.

"I might have expected that," she replied, undaunted. "The clerk told me it was 25 per cent off when I bought it."

A DEMURE Omaha maid she is. All her friends love her; the other folks haven't met her yet. She has devoted herself to study for these early years of her young womanhood. Only a few months ago she returned from the west where she had been leading young minds in the way they should go. Her college, well the name of it is as common as Jones or Brown.

Now comes the god Romance! The young man lives in the capital town of the state. He is interested in airplanes. In fact, he owns several. He can fly down any day for a chat with this gentle, dark-haired miss. The air highways are not crowded and he seems to be taking advantage of the fact.

Engagement? No. We have heard no rumor of anything quite so serious, but "to know her is to love her," so Gabby, who worships at the shrine of Cupid, is all anticipation.

"WE HAVE tickets for the concert at the Auditorium this evening," said a father recently to his daughter. (Other members of the family are wintering in California.)

"Oh, is it tonight?" asked daughter lackadaisically.

Evening came and down they went in ample time for the musical festival.

"What a crowd! So many men," thought daughter, looking over the huge mass pushing eagerly toward the doors.

Now daughter has attended Smith college and has developed a philosophic mind. She looked the men over and observed the wide variety of type represented. There were some of the most representative citizens—without their wives—she noted, but there were also many men who appeared to be laborers.

"It just goes to show," she murmured, "that we are quite European. The common people are becoming thoroughly appreciative of the best in music."

By that time father and daughter had reached the door. They handed their concert tickets to the keeper, who looked at them a moment and then called out gruffly:

"This ain't no concert, lady, this is a wrestling match!"

"The concert must be a week from tonight," said father apologetically on the way home to daughter, who was thinking persistently of that dinner-dance she had turned down for the sake of art.

THE house was quite in order for the afternoon tea guests, so the hostess thought. She had taken a last critical look around. The flowers were artistically arranged. The lights were sufficiently softened for a late afternoon affair. The ventilation seemed adequate. Yes, all was well.

Two or three guests arrived, were directed to the hostess' own room from whence they soon emerged chatting brightly.

"I'll run upstairs," said the hostess to herself at this point, and saw that everything had been attended to up there. Up she went.

Horror! On the snowy white coverlet of her bed lay a crumpled something. The maid must have left the dish cloth there! Lovely lady hostess' heart sank. All those girls downstairs had witnessed this!

Hush! Other guests were coming. Something had to be done. Hastily seizing the cause of her humiliation she rushed to the clothes chute and dropped it down to lower regions.

Calming herself she descended to the living room, where she attempted to explain to the early comers that that (censored out) maid had left an old dish cloth on the bed, that she was mortified beyond words, etc. etc.

"We didn't see it," the trio assured.

"You're just being polite," argued the hostess nervously.

"I wonder now," said a brown-eyed debutante. "I left a handsome linen towel I am embroidering on the bed with my wraps. Do you suppose it could have been that?"

A maid was sent scurrying down into the basement to rescue the offending "rag," which proved to be in reality the "handsome towel" of the guest.

Now if George Ade were writing this story instead of Gabby, he would tack on a moral, saying:

Don't judge materials, or people, too quickly. What looks like a cotton rag may prove to be the finest of embroidered linen.

PERSONALITY! What a world of meaning in the word. No one has yet defined the word satisfactorily and perhaps no one ever will.

One of the chief delights in attending lectures and concerts is found in the personality of the lecturer. We are constantly wondering what it is that lifts a man above his fellows. What is the divine spark? What is the personality? Gabby does not pretend to have



MRS. R. M. JONES

MRS. HARRY G. KELLY

MRS. MARY F. MORGAN

MRS. WILLIAM ARCHIBALD SMITH GATCHELL HOME PORTRAITS



LEFT TO RIGHT—ETHEL and MINNIE ELDRIDGE and MRS. E. E. STANFIELD

found the answer. But she has made some observations.

Were you aware of Mme. Homer's efficiency when you heard her recently at the Auditorium? Gabby thought that was the outstanding characteristic of this artist. We are not speaking of her art, mind you, but of personal qualities. Mme. Homer walked to the center of the stage with confidence and purpose. She stood planted as firmly as an oak while she sang, in marked contrast to her beautiful daughter who reminded one of a graceful reed growing in the waters, bending with the gentle breezes while singing its song. There is no doubt Mme. Homer has been a strong factor in the life of her children. One readily believes she has managed her home well and yet found time to continue her career in a wholehearted way. No bickerings, no uncertainties, no false fears. Nor was there lack of graciousness and affability, but over and above all, strength and efficiency were unmistakably hers.

Next to a character analyst, Mabel Warner Ruge, at the Drinkwater program and learned a few ways and whereabouts about things.

"Ah, here's a chap who will tell you just what he really thinks," said the dainty C. A., when Mr. Drinkwater appeared.

"What makes you think so?" asked Gabby.

"Mental assurance is shown in every feature he possesses, the height and squareness of his head and the prominence of his nose and chin," came the reply. "Note his expression of self-assurance."

Gabby noted.

Nor was Drinkwater disappointing to the analyst who nudged Gabby significantly when the poet-dramatist spoke fearlessly on the "right of the artist to come forth into the commercial world," and exploit his own work, after it was done, and done to the best of his ability.

No sniping apology there.

Here was a man who would not say that democracy means that all men are equal. More discriminating than that were his words: "An ideal democracy gives every man the opportunity to be as good as he can be in the light of his own character."

Nor did he shy at the question of nationality. "Nationality, as he said, 'is not a question of one man being better than another. Nationality af-

D. A. R. Give Colonial Tea

Quaint costumes dating back more than 100 years graced the figures of members of Major Isaac Sadler chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution at the colonial tea Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Harry Kelly.

A program of music and readings was given by Mrs. Robert Ely, Miss Grace Metz, Miss Eva Bobbitt and Miss Ruth Johansen, under direction of Mrs. William Archibald Smith, regent of the chapter.

A novel exhibit of colonial relics belonging to members of the chapter

included a silver teapot, homespun linen table cover, inkwell for quill pen, candle mold, warming stove, sewing table, dishes, chintilly shawl, a gold chain and locket, set with turquoise mosaics; gold bracelet and little finger ring with chain attached to carry handkerchief. Many of the beautiful articles on exhibit belong to Mrs. C. E. Weller.

Members of the chapter in the group pictured above with the exception of Mrs. Kelly, appeared on the municipal concert program last Monday evening at the City Auditorium.

Brides-to-Be Now Choosing Dates For Weddings

Springtime, blossom time, wedding time is near and on the balmy breezes are borne faint tinkles as the wedding bells ring. Two April wedding dates have been definitely settled. The first is that of Miss Mary Cooper of Pittsburgh and Burdette Kirkendall of this city. Their marriage will take place April 2.

Miss Mildred Rhodes and Ware Hall are to be married on Wednesday evening, April 6. This will be one of the loveliest of the early spring weddings in the city.

Miss Olga Metz and Dr. Herbert Davis will have a June wedding but the exact date has not yet been settled upon.

Miss Faye Simon Bride of Mr. Gardner

Pink and white roses, lighted pink candles in silver candelabra, and dark green ferns formed an attractive setting for the pink and white wedding of Miss Faye Simon and Spray Gardner of Denver Saturday evening. The nuptials took place at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Simon, Rev. Howard of the North Side Christian church read the marriage service.

Mrs. Wardner Scott of Lincoln, the matron of honor, was simply gowned in rose pink organza trimmed with silver ribbons. With this she wore a becoming hat of pink tulle and silver ribbon and carried a shower bouquet of sweetheart roses. Mrs. Scott and the bride were both members of Pi Beta Phi sorority when attending the University of Nebraska. Mrs. Scott was formerly Elizabeth Crawford of this city.

Citizenship School

Mrs. H. H. Wheeler of Lincoln will give the second of her citizenship lectures Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, council chamber, city hall. Her subject will be "Citizens."

Prof. J. E. Aylsworth of the University of Nebraska, who is considered an expert in the field of municipalities, will also speak.

A resume of her first lecture on "Constitutions" will be given in a five-minute talk.

The committee in charge of these meetings announces that they will begin promptly at 3 o'clock.

One hundred and fifty women attended the Friday meeting and it is thought a crowd even larger will be present at the succeeding lectures.

Today's Concert

Indications are that a capacity house will greet Miss Frances Nash, pianist, and Louis Graveure, violinist, when they appear in concert at the Brandeis theater this afternoon under auspices of the Tuesday Musical club.

Interest in the concert will be deeper than ever the deep interest which Omaha's people have in musical art. It will sound to the depths of regard which her many Omaha friends feel for Miss Nash.

Kreisler Owns Extraordinary Violins

Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist, who will appear at the Auditorium in Omaha, March 11, under auspices of the Tuesday Musical club is the possessor of three extraordinary violins. One is a rather small Stradivarius, not large in tone but of exquisite quality, which he uses often for recitals in small halls. The second is a Gagliano, the work of one of the earliest and most famous of the Italian violin-makers who flourished in Florence in the first half of the seventeenth century. The instrument, however, that he uses the most is one made by Josef Guarneri del Gesu which was formerly the property of the great Wilhelm.

This Guarneri is one of the best instruments in existence and it would be difficult to compute its value in dollars and cents. The chances are, however, that if it were put up for auction at Christie's in London it would bring from \$15,000 to \$20,000. It is a large instrument with the big mellow tone characteristic of its kind, and Kreisler uses it almost entirely when he plays concertos with orchestra. He has other instruments, of course, but these are the most famous.

Southern Isle Is Scene of Quiet Wedding

A wedding among blooming orange blossoms is the fortune of Miss Frances Louise Howell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis S. Howell of this city. The engagement of this Omaha girl to Miles Porcher McSweeney of Buford, S. C., was announced here February 6 and on Saturday, February 26, in Florida where the orange blossoms are now in their fullest beauty the marriage took place.

The bride went to Florida, January 1, to be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harry Pollard, formerly Eunice Howell, at Terra Ceia Island, during the winter months. She met her fiance while in Florida a year ago.

The wedding was a very simple affair taking place at the Pollard home at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Orange blossoms were used through the house in decorating the rooms.

Rev. Williams of Bradenton, Fla., read the Episcopalian service in the presence of immediate relatives of the couple and a few of their intimate friends. Mrs. McSweeney wore a smart traveling suit of brown with hat to match.

The couple motored to Tampa shortly after the ceremony and from there to their honeymoon moon-trip. They plan to reside in Buffalo for the next several months but will not make their home permanently there as Mr. McSweeney's interests make it necessary for him to divide his time between Cuba and points in the states.

Mr. and Mrs. Howell, parents of the bride, did not go south for the marriage owing to the fact that Mr. Howell is at present convalescent from a recent illness. Mrs. Howell leaves early in May to spend some time at Buford with her daughter.

The bride was graduated from Central High school here and was a popular member of the young school set. Since her graduation she has spent part of each year with her sister, Mrs. Pollard.

Mr. McSweeney is the son of the late ex-Governor McSweeney of South Carolina.

Drama League

Charles Rann Kennedy, dramatist, and Edith Wynne Mathison, actress, will appear in a program of dramatic interpretations at the Fontaineaux on Thursday, March 10, at 4 o'clock under auspices of the Drama League. Tickets are on sale at Matthews' Book store.

Miss Mathison is in private life, the wife of Charles Rann Kennedy, author of the well-known dramas, "The Servant in the House," "The Terrible Meek," "The Army With Banners," and "The Necessary Evil."

Like Ellen Terry, Miss Mathison was born in Shakespeare's own country of Warwickshire, England. She is variously described by her host of admirers both in this country and abroad as "the most enchanting actress on the English-speaking stage" and "the peerless interpreter of Shakespeare's women."

As Sir Henry Irving's last leading lady, her Portia to his Shylock was considered "a notable achievement." The night the great actor died she played Rosamund to his Becket.

Fortnightly Club Presents Opera Program

Walter Wheatley of Lincoln, operatic tenor, who has recently completed a series of opera engagements in Australia, has consented to take part in a program to be given here by the Amateur Musical club, Friday evening, March 4, at the First Presbyterian church.

Selections from the opera Asda will comprise the program. Others participating will include Charlotte Voth Winkle Jacobs, Louise Jarson Wiley, Mrs. Verne Miller, Mrs. Howard Kennedy, Alma Podolski, Klapp and Fred G. Ellis.

Honolulu Is Soft, Misty Land

Honolulu and the islands of Hawaii are being brought very close to Omaha this season by the many travelers from our homeland to this adopted land. Mrs. E. S. Rood is among these travelers. She left Omaha about the first of the year and with a friend from California, Mrs. J. W. West has been enjoying a sojourn in Hawaii. A letter, written on her return voyage to relatives, gives much of general, as well as special interest, here. Excerpts from her letter follow:

"We were in a constant state of enthusiasm from the time we entered the harbor until the last wave we moved slowly out to sea with leis around our necks and ribbons streaming over the sides and the music playing gay airs to keep our spirits up.

"We had a most delightful passage over on the Ecuador. Everything was perfect from the personnel of the passenger list to the smallest detail of the ship's service. The table was wonderfully dainty. We had quail, snails, pheasant, guinea hen, turkey, artichokes, avacato, pears, salted almonds, conserved Chinese fruits and many delicacies I had not had since the war.

"Our friends have taken us on long motor trips to see cane plantations and sugar mills and miles upon miles of pineapples. There was scarcely a road that did not afford views of mountains and sea, the mountains soft with their growth of green, and the sea, reflecting the sky, deepening through all shades of blue into strong purple at the horizon. And rainbows so near that one felt like reaching out to get the bag of gold hanging on the ends of them. It is the softest, mistiest, loveliest place in the world. You would not believe me, but water has never put on canvas the brightness and softness of its colors.

"There are all foods and fruits one needs growing wild, guavas, mangoes, bread fruit, bananas and the pineapples, rice, coffee and coconuts, as well as the delectable papaya, which grows on trees, but resembles a muskmelon in appearance.

"The Moana hotel at Waikiki beach is a most attractive place and very gay in the evening with music and dancing on the broad lanais (verandas), the women in their shimmering evening gowns, and the men in their white tucks, tux coats or regulation evening clothes.

"This lanai encloses a court, and growing out of the center of it is a huge banyan tree under the spreading branches of which are placed small tables for cool drinks. This whole court is lighted with hundreds of small colored electric light bulbs which gives a most enchanting effect.

"Mrs. H. H. Baldrige was one of the most striking and popular ladies to grace the lanai while she was there. Both Mr. and Mrs. Baldrige felt the lure of Honolulu so strongly that there was some talk of them buying a beautiful home there to winter in.

The greatest surprise was to meet Mrs. J. E. Baum and Katherine, who had just arrived on the island. My plan is to stop in San Francisco for two weeks, two weeks in Los Angeles, still while in Santa Barbara and home by April 3."

Luncheon April 8

The League of Women Voters will give a luncheon Friday, April 8, at the Fontaineaux, honoring Mrs. H. H.