

Few Rivals for Interest

A year-old baby has few rivals among the interesting things of this earth. Arthur Lyell Rushton, Jr., will be just that age March 19.

Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Henske probably believe that 3 and 5-year-olds are quite as captivating as children of lesser age. Their Betty is 5 and Joseph 2 1/2 years.



MRS. A. L. RUSHTON and ARTHUR LYELL JR.



MRS. J. A. HENSKÉ, BETTY and JOSEPH

Club Women Will Stand by Girls

Does the dress of the dapper or the flapper herself concern you? Who is responsible for her? How can older women be of the greatest help to the young girls of today?

These questions are answered by Mrs. E. B. Penney of Fullerton, president of the Nebraska State Federation of Women's Clubs, who has a definite plan of action.

"The report of the arms conference expresses exactly the attitude I feel toward the young girl of today," she said in a private interview.

"I am offering no criticism on the girl of today. She is in the transition period of life, in a day and generation fraught with turbulence and strife. Her outward appearance does not interest me so much as that inward divine spark that may mark a new spiritual era."

"In the matter of dress she is in a measure a victim of circumstances. She does not set the styles or make her dresses. Men dictate the styles for girls and women; men make their garments and sell them by the wholesale plan and criticize accordingly."

"The time has come," Mrs. Penney said, "when the woman's club is ready to stand sponsor for the girls and young women of the community as the Chambers of Commerce, the Rotary and Kiwanis clubs sponsor and promote the interests of the boys and young men."

"The woman's club must be a suspension bridge with the womanhood of America at one end and the girlhood of America at the other and the bridge must be a path of understanding over which we may come and go for mutual benefit. We hope to approach each other not by coercion, but by attraction."

By consent of the executive board in the department of American citizenship, the Nebraska federation has established a division of girls' organizations which will endeavor to affiliate girls' organizations with women's clubs. The plan thus far is:

The request that local women's clubs shall ask the girls' organizations to affiliate with them with or without dues, to be decided locally; that the girls shall be entitled to representation in the county convention and to a place on the program to present their work; that the common interest of coming together as an affiliated group for citizenship programs, community activities and social recreation may promote cordial relations and bring to the girl woman a leadership that is so much needed. This interest, in the opinion of Mrs. Penney, must include the spiritual, material and financial.

"We shall find mutual worth in closer association together," the president said. "Our womanhood hath glad, bright visions, too. And for the old-time sweetness, gone. God gives to us the new."

Chairman Day Nursery



MRS. HOWARD H. BALDRIGE

Mrs. Howard H. Baldrige is chairman of the day nursery which is to be the beneficiary of the bridge party of Tuesday afternoon, Burgess-Nash tea room. Mrs. Baldrige did nothing less than "come to the rescue" of the nursery last fall in response to a plea from the National league board, the nursery having been without a head since the departure of its chairman, Mrs. William Archibald Smith, of California. The nursery, under Mrs. Baldrige is considered a model of efficiency and cleanliness.

The committee under Mrs. Baldrige includes Mesdames Walter

Page, W. R. Connell, W. B. T. Belt, W. S. Wiley, E. F. Folda, E. A. Pagan, H. H. Fish, C. L. Farnsworth and Frank Fields. Two women from this committee are assigned duties for one week each month and visit the nursery each day during the week.

Mrs. E. S. Westbrook is chairman of the National league board that conducts and finances the day nursery. Infants and children under school age may be left at the nursery each day except Sunday from 7:30 a. m. until 6 p. m. for a small fee. They are under the care of a trained nurse and two assistant nurses.

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A writer in the "Bookman" says of Mr. Magowan: "He is not a contented bystander, but is of the theater itself. Slender, enthusiastic, vivid in his manner and in his presentation of ideas, he has many plans, both for the theater and for himself as related to the theater. You have only to talk with him for five minutes to discover that, together with a poetic feeling that is rare among dramatic critics, his first interest is in the practical theater, in working with plays." Some day, it is prophesied, he will become a great producer and put his theories into practice.

It will undoubtedly be remembered by the members of Mrs. Merrill's class, that she referred to Mr. Magowan more than once as the foremost authority on drama in America today.

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Washington Society Notes

The layers of the country have anticipated the festivities of the week which have played a close second to official affairs. The season is blurring a trail to its close next Wednesday when the observers of last will put on sackcloth and ashes. The last state dinner this season has been given in the White House and the last state reception was held on Thursday evening in the old mansion. It has been an unprecedented season of gaiety, thanks to the real democracy and genial hospitality of the President and Mrs. Harding.

The army and navy were the honor guests at Thursday night's reception and it was as it always is, the most brilliant function of the year, the diplomatic reception being always the most brilliant.

Military Touch. The elimination of the supper at receptions have made them much more formal and stately and President and Mrs. Harding have chosen the Roosevelt administration as a pattern to follow in many things. They do not make a detour of the parlors after the last guests have been received, as did their two predecessors, the Tafts and the Wilsons. There were suppers during those two administrations and the hostess took of the food and drink along with the guests, in the state dining room, chatting with them like hosts in civil life. President Taft never left the first floor until he had had the last departing guests, a good-night. Now the end of the reception is marked with the same formality as the beginning, with the President and Mrs. Harding and the receiving line led by eight military and naval aides, making a formal procession through the blue room door, where they pass under the crossed silken flags held by the marines who stand at either side of the doorway, and proceed through the grand gates at the foot being swung to and locked as they ascend the stairs.

State Decorations. Mrs. Harding is one of the few "first ladies" to give the personal touch to the decorations and arrangements for all the formal functions. On the night of a state dinner Mrs. Harding may almost always be found in the state dining room about 7:30 overlooking the table to see if her directions and suggestions about the flowers and the china have been carried out. She has her own way of doing things, and it is a good way and excellent taste. The luncheon has never looked so beautiful, nor the table so lovely as under her regime, so far. She has introduced into the floral decorations, new colors in each drawing room and large quantities of oak leaves and other foliage in the banking of the mantels and the trimming of the long mirrors. A favorite arrangement of hers is to spray the mirrors up the side with oak leaves and holly leaves, and to have a predominance in the particular room.

At the dinner last week in honor of the Speaker and Mrs. Gillitt, she chose for the state dining room, large full blooms of white azaleas, which strongly resembled the coat of arms of the United States in gold, in the center of the plate. But the silver! It is of every kind and design. Some of the knives have steel blades with pearl handles; some have steel blades with ivory tinted bone handles, and some have steel blades with the yellowest sort of handles denoting their advanced age, probably dating back to the Tyler administration as many of the spoons and forks do. They are marked, "President's House," while some of the others have just the coat of arms of the country engraved thereon. A few are marked, "White House." The linen and napery is invariably very heavy, of beautiful linen marked with "U. S." in the corners. There are practically several very long table cloths used for the long table at state dinners, but just why the White House should not be equipped with proper and stately linen, silver and other table appointments, made for the White House alone, no one appears to know.

In the matter of lists of guests at the functions Mrs. Harding is quite as independent as she is in matters of her clothes and other things. For the first time almost in the history of state functions, a number of white people were guests at a White House state dinner last week.

Nebraskans at Capital. Mrs. De Putron and Miss Melinda Stuart of Lincoln, who have been guests of Commander and Mrs. Emory D. Stanley for several weeks, have gone home. They came here from New York and stopped on the way home at Asheville, N. C., and in Tennessee. They also visited Quantico, Va.

George Mason of Lincoln is spending some days here at the Hotel Raleigh.

Miss Anna Evans, daughter of Representative Robert E. Evans, of Dakota City, had a pretty Valentine luncheon last week with attractive decorations of red flowers; accessories of little red hearts, place markers and bonbons, also heart-shaped. Representative Evans went down to Alexandria this week for the sessions of the National George Washington Masonic Memorial association which has perfected plans for a \$2,500,000 temple to be built at George Washington park, Alexandria. Mr. Evans acted as proxy for the grand master of Nebraska, who was a delegate and could not get here, George Mason was a delegate from Lincoln.

Politics. You say a thousand things. Persuasively. And with strange passion hotly I agree. And praise your zest, And then. A black bird sings On April lilac, or field-faring men. Ghostlike, with loaded twain. Come down the twilight lane. To rest. And what is all your argument, to me? —John Drinkwater.

If You Would Have Guests Who "Fit" Choose Them by the Pound

By GABBY DETAYLS.

A HOSTESS usually tries to get guests together who "fit," meaning by that, people who are congenial. Coles Phillips, the artist, evidently has another idea of guests that "fit." He likes a well-balanced crowd it appears, and therefore chooses his guests by the pound. If we are to believe a story told by young Mr. and Mrs. Omaha, recently returned from a visit in New York.

We were quite charmed to be entertained one evening at the studio of the famous illustrator, Mr. N. related. The party assembled, something seemed wrong. "Two girls and seven men," Mr. Phillips ruminated, casting his eye about. "Hah, we need more girls."

Whereupon, according to the narrator, Mr. Phillips hastily picked up his reference book, and ratching the pages quickly, muttered, "Blonds, blonds, 125 pounds, 130. 'Thirty-five'" he exclaimed with a tone of finality, rushing to the telephone with his numbers ready.

So blonds there were at 135 pounds each, to "fill" out the party. They came and saw and we suppose they conquered. Anyway, a "good time was had by all," vouch the Omahans who were among those present.

SOME months ago the C. A. R. society (Children of the American Revolution), was organizing in Omaha, many sons and daughters of revolutionary ancestry have enrolled and now possess the impressive gold-sealed certificates of membership. The success of the idea is well established in our city. But every organization has its pioneer stage. The first meeting along in the timber-clearing period of the C. A. R.'s when discouragement weighed heavily on the brow of one young eligible at least.

His mother, approving of the patriotic ideals advanced by this organization, was anxious to see her young son to a meeting. Alas no other son's mother had done likewise and there he found himself marooned in a sea of girls, blondes, brunettes and some even like himself of the titian persuasion. Not being the situation but having the qualities of a hero, the boy remained through the meeting. He announced to his mother, however, upon his return home: "I don't want to belong to the C. A. R. I'd rather be a Elk."

TO GO to a tropical island, far away from winter, or the office, or the housework is a dream which seems to exist in the back of everyone's head. You continue the dulcet imaginings with "no dish washing," or "no cabarets," or "no lessons to study," according to your particular age and pet antipathies, but you all agree that you will lie upon the greenward under a gently waving palm tree, and you will live on bread fruit and pineapples.

Probably if most of us really found ourselves in such a position we would believe like an actor on a holiday in Bert Leston Taylor's verse: "He sheds his trappings with a shout. He shaves the bushes with a daisy. The blithe first he strolls about. Then rushes to a matinee."

Or we should worry lest our neighbor's grass skirt was of a later weave than our own. Put Gabby knows of one person who has introduced an heretofore unpublished idea into his tropical paradise. All day long he brushes and washes and smoothes and dresses women's hair. In his own private dream there is the island, and there are palms and coconuts, but there is no one with hair. No one can land on the island until his or her head has been shaved, unless, of

Marriage of Miss Albright Is Announced

Mr. and Mrs. John Albright of David City, Neb., announce the marriage of their daughter, Josephine, to Mr. Julius L. Otto, which took place in St. Patrick's cathedral, New York City, on Saturday, February 18. After April 1 Mr. Otto and his bride will be at home in New York.

Miss Albright is a former resident of Omaha and a graduate of Clarkson Hospital School of Nursing. She was for a time connected with the Visiting Nurse staff. The wedding is a culmination of a war romance. Mrs. Otto having met her husband in Vladivostok, Russia, where she was stationed with the American Red Cross.

The bride is a sister of Mrs. Ted Keogh of this city.

Medical Fraternity Gives Winter Dance

Alpha Psi chapter of Phi Beta Psi medical fraternity of University of Nebraska entertained 75 couples at a winter dancing party at the Blackstone hotel Friday evening. Red, white and blue streamers decorated the ballroom. They were hosts to representatives from the other fraternities of the medical school and are entertaining the following out-of-town men at a week-end party: Leonard Mangold, Joseph Whalen, Chester Dixon, William Novak, Harold Holger, Ralph Kelly, Eric Kelly, all of Lincoln. The chaperones for the dancing party were Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Kenyon, Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Eggers and Dr. J. Latta.

Dinner Party. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Myers entertained informally at dinner last evening.

Introducing Two Generations of the Bankers



Stott Barbara Banker



Two generations of the Banker family are here presented to the world. Both sets owe their being to the clever needle and ingenious mind of Mrs. Charles Russell, and the modern Bankers belong to Mrs. Russell's 3-year-old granddaughter, Barbara Stott. They were her most adored Christmas present.

There is an appeal in dolls that may not be denied, be they Tony Sarg's marionettes, or beloved, dirty old Raggedy Anne, whose smiling features were reduced to an inexpressive smudge by your early efforts to wash her face. The one drawback to the array of dolls owned by most children is that they are all little girl dolls or little boy dolls or baby dolls. A child has to play both parents and all grown up relations' parts herself.

Not so with the Banker family. There is Father Banker in his handsomely tailored suit and correct bow tie; there is Mother Banker, a real glass of fashion, with jade ear rings, skirts not too far below the knee, and with a marcelle wave in her flaming cotton hair that is positively dizzying. Willie Banker has woolen socks and high boots, Mable is arrayed in a delicate pink creation, and Baby Banker has a knitted jacket and booties, a high chair and a perambulator. No well equipped baby could ask for more.

Under the direction of Barbara the family goes through all the joys and vicissitudes of everyday American life. Father Banker goes to the office, Mable and Willie take naps, go to school and have the doctor when they are sick. Mother Banker cooks and entertains and attends frequent bridge parties.

More interesting than these modern paragon's artfully garbed

though they may be, are the originals made by Mrs. Russell years ago, when she was a child living near Algonia, Ia., 40 miles from a railroad. "We had to contrive our own dolls," she explained Mrs. Russell. "I never had a real doll until I was quite a big girl, and I can remember the church Christmas tree on which it hung as vividly as if it were yesterday. My family had sent for a wax doll from the east, our beautiful doll, and when it was taken off the tree and handed to me, all I could say was, 'It can't be for me.' "They were pioneer dolls," she went on, "but I wonder if children do have as good times as we did. We were perfectly happy with our homemade playthings. I made the original Banker family when I was about 8, and saved cornsilk hair on them. When this withered I snipped off some real hair and that has lasted

Drama Authority Speaks Here Friday

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