

Young Omahans and their Pets



Mary Clarke



Mary Walrath

Wop is the animated and affectionate possession of Hugh Smith. Wop's talents are many. Beside begging in the ingratiating pose displayed above, he can play hide-and-seek, be a dead dog, or hold a biscuit in his nose while Hugh counts 10. His tricks were patiently taught him in his puppyhood by Mrs. Isaac Carpenter, jr., who later gave him to his present master. In spite of his demure expression Wop is death on cats, and a demon for speed when he can beg a motor ride.

Miss Mary Walrath is one of the few people in the world who commands the entire respect and love of Lady, a beautiful Belgian police dog of blue blood and rather austere ways to strangers. Lady, like the rest of us, is human, and one of her pet spots is for the garden hose. She never can understand why it is impossible to bite the shining stream from the nozzle into two permanent pieces with her sharp white teeth.

Miss Mary Clarke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Clarke, jr., had to reassure Chinky Chog with every blandishment, before he would consent to face the camera. Perhaps his reticence is a natural heritage from his proud Chinese ancestors who were unused to having their pictures in the paper. Chinky is a 6-month-old Pekie, and this morning he welcomed Mary home from a trip to Atlantic City where she and her mother have been for six weeks.

Office Boys Become Great Because They Develop a Sense of Humor

By GABBY DETAYLS.

ALL great men started out as office boys or former lads, you know. Gabby understands the former better than the latter, for an office boy who doesn't develop a sense of humor is hopeless, and anyone who has a good sense of humor will weather, successfully, most of the storms of life. Royal Cortisoz who preached a little common sense to the Omaha Society of Fine Arts last Tuesday at the Fontenelle, started out right it seems, and very early acquired the delicious sense of humor which was so apparent in his talk here. He was, once upon a time, an office boy, and Gabby suspects they called him, not Royal, but "Roy" for short, if indeed he was honored with his correct cognomen at all. When Cortisoz was office boy for the firm of McKimmead & White, New York City, H. Van Buren Magonigle was draughtsman there, Magonigle, nephew of Edwin Booth by the way, is a prominent New York architect, a member and a former director of the American Institute of Architects, was architect for the McKinley Memorial at Canton, O., and is architect for the new liberty memorial at Kansas City. He is regarded as one of the best educated and best trained men in his profession. His wife is an artist and is president of the American League of Women Artists.

What does Magonigle think of Cortisoz whom he knows so well? In a letter addressed to Thomas R. Kimball of this city, April 1, the famous architect wrote Cortisoz: "I hear that Royal Cortisoz is to lecture in Omaha and I hope you will hear him. If you don't you will miss a great opportunity for he is not merely a forceful and picturesque speaker but when you hear his voice you hear the voice of authority—that of the acknowledged head of the critical confraternity. Oh! Had it not been for his experience as an office boy and the consequent sense of humor, he might have liked the modernists."

"YOU'RE as young as you look and as old as you feel," the old song used to go. In that case, you are never old unless you feel old. We have all seen women in their sixties about whom we could not say, "She is old." We have seen others who seemed to break from girlhood into age, without that glorious period of maturity and strong womanhood, which, though it is not youth, cannot be counted age.

What is it that marks age? Not gray hair, nor wrinkles, nor any of the external signs (until one becomes really decrepit) but rather those little habits which show that the mind has accepted the verdict "Old Age."

A SMALL group was standing at Twenty-fourth and Farnam waiting for a car, Gabby among them. A handsome coupe rolled by and eyes turned to follow it down the street. "Isn't it sweet," one woman remarked to her companion, "I have always said to my husband that if we had a car I would want one of those kewpies!"



Mrs. James McCord

Sunset on the Sahara and Ruins of a Roman City Impress Travelers

Miss Eva Dow, who has been visiting her brother, Edward A. Dow, at the American consulate in Algiers, Africa, describes a trip to the Sahara desert in a letter to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Dow. Miss Dow is now in Rome, where she will remain until after Easter. Her letter reads in part: "Our trip to the desert was very wonderful and interesting. We left Algiers in an auto bus and rode all day across the Atlas mountains. The roads were excellent and the scenery just beautiful. Arabs in their long flowing white robes, leading sheep around the mountainsides and others riding donkeys, brought to mind the pictures we see in the Old Testament. We stopped for luncheon at a little Arab town and arrived at 8 o'clock in the evening at Bou Saada, a quaint and ancient-looking place with no sidewalks and Arabs everywhere. The only French place in the town was the small hotel where we spent the night. When I awoke I looked upon a sea of sand and the white walls of the hotel. The Arabian women never go out except on Fridays and then they veil their faces. The streets in Bou Saada were very narrow and the dingy small stone houses were anything but inviting. We paid our respects to the sheik's wife, a girl of 14. His mother, who by the way is blind, and sister were also present and all were seated around on the floor when we entered. There are no chairs in these Arabian homes. The wife was cooking over a grate and the sheik was wearing a robe for her husband. Of course we couldn't speak their language, but the sheik acted as an interpreter for us. He and his family are of the better class of Arabs. Many of those we saw were so trip into the desert. It being our first experience with camels we wondered how we would "get aboard," if we would be able to stay on and if we would get "seasick," as some people do. There were eight of us in the party, including a guide, who rode horseback. Mounting proved quite easy, as the camels were crouched down waiting for us to climb on. I held my breath while my beast got up, and found it not so bad after all. In fact, I was most comfortable. The first thing that attracted my attention was the beautiful oriental rugs on which we sat. It was indeed a queer sensation to feel the camel sinking into the sand, which reminded me of deep snow. My mount was leading the caravan. The camels travel very slowly and I soon discovered that I was in no danger of tumbling off. It was such fun and all so strange that I had to pinch myself to make sure it wasn't just a dream.

inhabitant of the town comes to the top of the mosque and gives a long weird cry, calling the people to prayer. It was very impressive. We could look for miles around and it was a wonderful sight to see the white-robed Arabs hurrying to and fro, some leading their burden-laden donkeys able camels-homeward. To venture into the mosque as far as the sacred carpet one must remove his shoes so we only went part way in but we could view their prayer service to good advantage. In the evening we visited a dance hall and watched the Arabian women dancers. Visit Ruins of City. Lady Coates (of Coates thread fame) called for us this morning and we motored to the most interesting ruins of a Roman city, 50 or 60 miles from Algiers. The high pillars and walls of the old city are still standing and we also saw some beautiful marble statuary that once graced this ancient city. We motored along the sea coast, stopping at two little French villages and lunching at the quaint little hotel at a picturesque town called Tipaza. Yesterday we attended a large tea at Mrs. Arthur's. Lady Coates' step-



Mrs. Louis Clarke

Leader in League Frolic

This is the third season that Mrs. Louis Clarke has, as chairman, skillfully piloted the Junior league through the troubled waters of the annual frolic. The first was put on at the Country club. Last year the show was given at the Gayety, and on May 12 and 13 the third frolic will be presented at the Brandeis theater. And Mrs. Clarke is the most successful member of the league. She is a versatile pianist and does all the accompanying for the rehearsals, in itself a heavy undertaking, and plays the piano accompaniment at both performances. Before she became active in this Junior league work she had successfully managed the accompaniments for two dramatic productions given by the First Central Congregational church.

Mrs. Clarke is both right and left hand man to Harry Munsey of New York, who will arrive in Omaha after Easter to direct the frolic. He is at present in Lincoln, directing the Junior league production which will be given there April 17 and 18. Mrs. Clarke's committee includes Mrs. Barton Millard, who is in charge of the supper dances which will be given after the shows, one at the Brandeis restaurant and one at the Athletic club; Mrs. Glen Wharton, who is in charge of the ticket selling; Mrs. George Redick, cast; Mrs. F. H. Bucholtz, properties; Miss Marion Towle, program, and Miss May Mahoney, publicity.

Parliamentarians of Women's Club Present Play

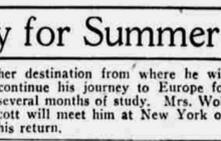
The parliamentary law department of the Omaha Women's club, Mrs. A. L. Fernald, leader, will present a play, "The Famous Brown vs. Brown Separate Maintenance Case," a woman's suffrage mock trial, by Lillian Clisby Bridgman at the opening meeting of the club Monday afternoon, 2:30 o'clock in Burgess-Nash auditorium, under direction of R. A. Mellon. Characters in the play are as follows: The judge, Mrs. A. L. Fernald; clerk, Mrs. H. J. Holmes; court crier, Mrs. G. W. Smith; defendant's counsel, Mrs. John Haarmann; plaintiff's mother, Mrs. H. B. Whitehouse; plaintiff's chum, Mrs. O. Y. Krings; delicatessen store bookkeeper, Mrs. Rodman Brown; defendant, C. A. Gearish; telegraph boy, George Osten, jr.; mischievous boy, John Thomas; brewmaster of jury, Mrs. George Osten; jury, Mesdames Thomas R. Jones, C. R. Nugent, J. T. Johnston, W. F. Burdick, C. M. Heimpel, W. S. Hogue, L. E. Swindler, Merritt C. Warren, E. J. Wright, Dr. Idelle L. Stoddard and Miss Marie Niemann; rejected juror, Mrs. James Bone. A music program will be given by a trio, Mrs. A. F. Anderson, flute; Mrs. William Mousseau White, violin, and Miss Edith May Miller, piano.

College Club Will Give Bridge to Aid Exchange

The Omaha Women's College club will sponsor a card party and tea at the Brandeis tea room on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 19, for the benefit of the Women's exchange, which is conducted under the auspices of the club. The exchange was opened with the plan that profits from it should go toward a scholarship fund to be used by the College club. So far the exchange has not paid its expenses and the funds raised by the bridge party will go toward its maintenance for the next few months. Mrs. A. K. Meader is chairman for the party and on her committee are the Mesdames H. B. Perquist, J. C. Dahman, Chris Horn, Harvey Newbranch, Bryce Crawford and Franklin Shotwell. The prizes all will come from the exchange and include a bedspread, a buffet set, dresses and children's clothes. They will be on display at the exchange.

Departs Today for Summer

Mrs. W. E. Wolcott leaves today for Peoria, Ill., where she will spend the summer at the home of an aunt. Dr. Wolcott will accompany her to her destination from where he will continue his journey to Europe for several months of study. Mrs. Wolcott will meet him at New York on his return.



Mrs. W. E. Wolcott

Jean Kennedy at Shrines of Japan

Miss Jean Kennedy, who sailed in February to represent the Y. W. C. A. at an international student conference in Peking, China, writes her mother, Mrs. Alfred C. Kennedy, from Tokyo, where the party stopped on their way. After describing their landing at Yokohama and their trip to Tokyo, she says: "The Meiji shrines were the most beautiful things we saw. They are Shinto, created very recently in honor of the late emperor. A huge tract of land has been set aside for them and beautified by the setting out of thousands of trees. Artificial grottos and rocky streams overgrown with blossom-bearing trees have been built and are already taking on an air of age and natural beauty. A very wide gravel road leads into the park, approached by the loveliest gate I ever saw. The shrines themselves were several minutes' walk from the gate. The outer one formed a court before the second, which in turn approached the holy of holies, beyond which only the Shinto priests may go. The style baffles description; the woodwork was unstained and beautiful, mounted with exquisite bronze work and finely carved. Even in a place like Tokyo we draw considerable attention, and afforded amusement to some country people going to the shrine. A family of eight stopped open-mouthed when they saw us, while gradually grins spread over their faces and almost developed into hysterics. They simply roared at us and we stood there laughing back while quite a crowd gathered to see more of us. The president of the T. K. K. steamship line, on which we were passengers, invited all the cabin passengers to tea at his home yesterday. We were met at the door by a gentleman who ordered servants to bring soft slippers for our feet. Thus padded we started on a tour of the Japanese part of the house. The family themselves live in a more foreign adaptation, which is further from the main entrance and high upon a hill overlooking the sea. A beautiful ravine garden separates the two. The floors were inlaid, the woodwork marvelously carved and mounted with cloisonne. The ceilings were covered with heavily embroidered silks, the floors occasionally by rugs. And yet extreme simplicity attended it all. Actual bric-a-brac was lacking. The ceremonies were adapted to foreigners who didn't know how to act. In one room we were served with the ceremonial tea, thick green stuff which made me think of some stagnant lakes I have seen. The most elaborate flat, little cakes accompanied it, to be tied up and carried off. From the tea gulping procession we passed to a larger reception room, where we were presented to the family and served with more substantial fare. A magician did the most impossible stunts for our benefit. Later on we had a meal in a native restaurant, where each one of us sat herself down on a mat before a

Elephants Parade Over Business Girl's Desk

In some former incarnation Miss Louise Gwinn may very likely have lived in India, and ridden in state in a purple and a d crimson howdah on the back of her favorite elephant. At present she is an attractive and efficient business woman, and there is nothing to hint of such a mysterious past. But it is hard to explain in any other way the fascination that the great beasts have always had for her, a fascination which has led her to make a collection of pachyderms of all sizes and in all postures. A particularly belligerent one, with his wicked trunk slung into the air, serves her as a paper weight. Across the top of her filing case go a procession of five more bronze masters of the jungle, and over the top of the clock march five little ivory elephants on an ivory bridge. Two trumpeting beasts serve her as book ends and Miss Gwinn also has a tiny ivory one which she wears around her neck. Her collection has very largely been presented to her by friends who knew of her predilection and she has been collecting them for years. They come from all over the country. Miss Gwinn herself laughs over them. "I am not really superstitious," she said, "but I have always looked on them as luck charms, mascots in a way, and I like to have one where I can always see it. It is their tremendous strength and power that has always appealed to me. It seems so remarkable, combined with their cleverness and the gentleness and affection they sometimes display toward human beings." On Miss Gwinn's desk lay the cover illustration from a recent number of Judge. She picked it up. "A friend sent me this the other day. They all know my hobby." The picture showed an enormous elephant with a benign twinkle in his eye, wrapping his trunk around a diminutive girl of 6 or so. The young lady is saying with hauteur, "Don't be silly!" Miss Gwinn chuckled at the monster's expression. "I really began loving elephants when I was a child," she explained. "I had a beautiful home-made one, concocted by my family out of grey canton flannel. He had black shoe-button eyes and ivory crochet hooks for tusks. Later my mother, fearing I might hurt myself, surreptitiously removed the tusks, but I was so infatuated with my treasure that I hardly noticed. My dolls didn't have a chance after that. The elephant even took their place in the doll carriage." Circus days, with the great beasts she adored tugging at their chains and beseeching peanuts or docilely performing stunts in the ring, were pure delight to little Louise Gwinn, and her grownup self, dark-haired and charming, sat at her desk and admitted that she still liked to go down when a circus comes to town and watch it unload. "The elephants are always so glad to get out. Poor fellows, even a freight car crams them."

Mrs. Gunther a Newcomer; Late Lenten Charities



Mrs. Carl Gray



Mrs. Herman Gunther

Mrs. Carl R. Gray is in charge of a drive for funds for the City Mission. April 15, the last day of lent, has been set for tag day when 40,000 hearts will be sold on the streets. Majors assisting Mrs. Gray are Mrs. E. R. Leigh, Mrs. Harry Adams, Mrs. E. L. Bridges, Mrs. R. B. Wilson, Mrs. W. E. Rhoades, Mrs. Frank Field, Mrs. David Cole, Mrs. Robert Trimble, Mrs. W. W. Hoagland, Mrs. Charles Hubbard

and Mrs. C. C. Beavers. The committee on arrangements includes Robert Trimble, Mrs. I. C. Wood and Miss Mary E. Anthony. Mrs. Paul Rigdon is chairman of publicity, assisted by Mrs. I. C. Wood and Mrs. T. M. Pritchard. Mrs. Frank Norton has charge of supplies. A meeting will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2 at the Fontenelle, to complete arrangements for the tag day.

Mrs. Herman Gunther is a newcomer in Omaha, arriving here last January from Albion. She was not a complete stranger, being rather well known through her father, John Peters, who for four years was internal revenue collector here for the government. Her daughter, Louise, is a student at Monticello, Ill., where Mrs. Gunther herself attended and her 8-year-old son Herman, junior, is a student in the Omaha schools. Mrs. Gunther resides at the Blackstone.

Mrs. James McCord heads the Dundee committee for the "Sacrifice Sale," to be held by Auxiliary B of All Saints church, April 22. Mrs. Sam Burns has secured a desirable downtown location for the sale. Assisting Mrs. McCord in collecting articles are Mrs. Coit Campbell, Mrs. J. A. Duckworth, Mrs. H. E. Moss, Mrs. C. O. Rich, Mrs. W. R. Coates and Mrs. W. W. Hoagland.