

IN THE REALM WHERE WOMAN REIGNS

Articles Made by Hand Grow More Popular

Purdue University Has Plan to Equip Women for Home Work.

By JULIA C. HENDERSON.

The woman who does not know how to sew these days is to be pitied, for it is her portion to be dressed from top to toe in ready made garments, fresh from the shelves.

If these be of the high priced variety, all well and good, but for the most part people just content themselves with the medium priced article which takes on a skinny and pinched look, which, added to present day styles, makes one look from the shelves.

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The daintiness and grace of the hand-made article is being heralded everywhere, women are eagerly grasping the ways and means of learning definite

knowledge of home making.

Sewing in all its meanings is being taught in an intensive way in many of the schools and colleges of the country.

Indiana, as in all things, is in the fore in this work and to this end an eight weeks' course of training along these lines is to be held at Purdue University from Jan. 10 to March 11, at which time women and individuals over 15 years of age, and having a good common school education may enter.

This will be an opportunity for many a young Indiana woman to equip herself not only for service in her own home but for establishing a foundation for a means of livelihood.

The lines of work will be interesting and valuable to farm and city women alike.

The following lines of work will be given with no tuition fee to Indiana women, with but a \$10 fee charged to cover the actual cost of materials in the various laboratories:

1. Household planning and serving.

2. House planning and furnishing.

3. Designing and garment making.

4. Millinery.

5. Home nursing.

6. Care and management of children.

That there is a constant demand for just such services as these courses will furnish will no doubt stimulate numbers of young Indiana women to take advantage of them.

MUSICAL FEAT PRESENTED BY B' NA' B'RITH

Sophie Braslaw Delights Hearers With Song at Caleb Mills Hall.

One of the rare musical treats of the season was brought to Indianapolis under the auspices of the Indianapolis No. 58 of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith last evening, when Sophie Braslaw, contralto, gave a concert in Caleb Mills Hall. The young artist, who has the appearance of a slim, "tousled-haired" little girl, wore a rock of velvet in a rich shade of American beauty, fashioned on straight lines with short skirt and round girlish neckline. It seemed almost impossible that such a tiny, gossamer voice could come from such a slim child. The depth of her voice, the brilliancy and firmness of her higher tones are fairly startling. She has a voice that never for one moment causes her audience the slightest uneasiness as to pitch, breath control or steadiness.

She not only has the voice but with it can hold her dramatic ability, her delightful unaffectedness and personal charm.

Her program this season was not as varied as her concert here last spring, the first two groups being very similar in character, heavy, brilliant in spots but without opportunity for the singer to exhibit her delicacy of shading and the color of her voice. The remaining ones off. Of her Russian numbers, the fervent invitation to the River Dnieper, Moussorgsky's "On the Dnieper," was perhaps her most artistic number if a different one could be made. Although it was sung in the native tongue, the audience felt the appeal and the force of the poet Schevchenko's dreams for independence for Russia. Her first group included two numbers, "The Dnieper Beloved (Bassani), " "Furioso" (Handel).

"Vassilie, Sing Without Words, the Cry of Russia" (Bach Manhoff), the Dnieper number, "Berceuse," "The Classics," both by Moussorgsky and the favorite Hebrew prayer, "Eli, Eli" (Schallit).

Her third and fourth group were of more varied character, including songs of lighter texture, in the first group "The Little Girl," with its lyrics "Julie Girometti," which was part of Miss Braslaw's other concert, was received with the greatest of enthusiasm. In the same division were "Senu Giorno Tornasse" (Respighi), "In Organo Suono Per La Vie" (Sabella) and "Weinacht" (Weinacht). The last was the most delightful old favorites, such as the joyous "Kobin Woman's Song" from Cadman's "Shanevis," and McNair Hagenfritz's "As We Part." A gay dancing semi-popular number was "Lily Strickland's "Mi' Lil' Battae." Cecil Forsythe's "Rest" made up the group. As extra she sang a solo of "The Sweetest Song," "The Sweetest Song," "Ever Told," "The "Habanera" from "Carmona," Miss Braslaw playing her own accompaniment for the latter.

Mrs. Ethel Cave Cole played the accompaniments in most effective fashion.

MEETINGS

The St. Cecilia Club of Sacred Heart Church, will give its third play next Sunday at the St. Cecilia Hall, Union and Palmer streets. It is the comedy "The Little Teacher," by Harry James Smith. The following will have parts: Anna Schaeffer, Herman Felton, Jr., Lawrence Schindeler, Estelle Hause, Francis G. Gandy, Florence Zink, Margaret Ross, Celia Lanck, A. J. Krebs, Loretta Rehbein, C. Francis Rathz, J. Edward Shleyer, F. J. Gantner, Edward Steffen, Bertha Hoereth, Flora Hermann, Edward L. Dietz, Albert Hoereth, Walter Metzler, Frances Moss and Leona Wortham. F. J. Gantner is the director.

Richard Watson has returned to Purdue University after spending the holidays with his mother, Mrs. A. O. Abel.

The Altrusa Club will have its weekly luncheon Saturday noon at the Ayres teacoom. S. H. Esarey will speak on "The Riverside Canoe Club will give 'Ye Old Time Dance' tomorrow evening at the club, Thirtieth street and White River."

MISSCOUNTES ASKS DIVORCE.

LONDON, Jan. 6.—The Viscountess Rhonda today entered suit for divorce against Sir Humphrey Mackworth. Before her marriage in 1908 the Viscountess was Margaret Haig Thomas.

Mabel Wheeler Hobnobs With New Mayoress

Talks of Sights at City Hall and Relates Interview With Sarah Shank.

By MABEL WHEELER.

It came to me all of a sudden this morning that I must emerge from that restless, uncertain, reactionary state that follows a period of holiday hysteria, that I had not paid my respects to the new city hall residents. No sooner thought than done, and forthwith I saluted my cityhallward, passing the frarty of public officials.

As I was literally blown in the door, whether it might be, a big smooth-shaven man with an indefinitely high forehead breezed airily out of the entry followed by a woman, looked like a laborer, dressed with black, man and women, with and without collars.

"Howdy," says he to me. "Glad to see you."

"Howdy," said I to him. "What's the excitement?" But he had disappeared in the twinkling of an eye with the mob straining at the leather and ruffles of the face, but not for long, for a fellow, I turned to me with an enthusiastic "Some mayor, ah, isn't he?" and I proceeded on my way, having decided to drop in for a chat with Mrs. Shank.

It sounded very simple but when I reached the vicinity of the mayor's office I found that evidently the greater part of the city had neglected to do the same. I was to the man in the mayoress' office as I had, until today, and were massed like an army around the door. Retracing my steps downward, I was halted by a friend and comrade spirit who with the ingenuity of the initiated, personally conducted me through a maze of offices, down a secret stairway, exchanged a password or two at various gates, ran three times on a formidable looking door, then—lo!—we were in the inner sanctum.

REGULAR FLOWER GARDEN.

I was unprepared for such an attractive appointed sanctum, however, for it was a flower bower indeed, baskets, bowls and bouquets of blossoms everywhere. It looked very much as if she had been a flower girl, but she was a flower girl, a handily suited and Chapman a group of women sat round chattering and in the center of the room was the hostess, Mrs. Samuel Lewis Shank, garbed in a handsomely banded midnight blue over-blouse with skirt of the same shade with a smart black ostrich banded hat, graciously greeting this one and that one, with an easy, quiet manner just as she had been born. I was so pleased, I greeted her pleasantly, and continued her conversation with a friend. After a few moments talk with our new acquaintances I found that it was merely the usual course pursued after one has been inaugurated as mayor, the guests were jobseekers, who would be appointed and Mrs. Shank was relishing the mayor's office.

And then, sorta between jumps, there was a lull and the leading lady pushed me a comfortable chair over beside her desk, dropped into her upholstered

chairs and "me and Sarah" (all joking aside) had a jolly talk. With her clear-eyed, straight-from-the-shoulder judgment and her keen knowledge of people, she astonished me, whose acquaintance with her had been casual.

"You see, I know just about as much about folks as now. You have gone along with him through a lot of adventures. I traveled on the road for three years, and it was then that I gained a great deal of valuable knowledge about all kinds of people in all parts of the country, not merely as a businesswoman but as a woman of the world of public officials."

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