SOCIETY
EDITORIAL

# THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

AMUSEMENTS
FEATURES

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## Travelers Home Again

Mrs. Frank Judson and Mrs. W. J. Hynes are two well known matrons who usually break the monotony of the late winter with an eastern trip. Both have returned within the last few days from a several weeks' sojourn in New York and Atlantic City. In the latter place they were joined by Miss Dorothy Judson who went east early in February to attend the Dartmouth winter carnival. Miss Judson arrived home about a week ago, but Mrs. Judson stopped for a short visit in Minneapolis and Mrs. Hynes spent a few days in Chicago en route.

## Pleasant Reminder of a Stay Abroad

### Correct Styles Showing Printed Instead of Engraved Invitations

Mr. and Mrs. William Stull have had a pleasant reminder this week of their residence in Paris some years ago, in an invitation to the wedding of Miss Ynes Reyntiens, stepdaughter of Lady Alice Reyntiens of Brussels and Mr. Hugh Gibson, our minister to Poland.

When they first knew him, Mr. Gibson was a student at The Sorbonne School of Diplomacy. He and his mother, Californians, occupied an apartment adjoining the Stulls' suite and the four were very good friends for more than a year, while Mr. and Mrs. Stull were in Paris. Mr. Gibson has remained abroad in various diplomatic capacities until now he carries the title "envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States of America to Poland. His name was linked frequently early in the war, with that of Richard Harding Davis. His marriage took place Monday of this past week.

The most interesting observation on the invitation itself is that though involving those of unimpeachable social standing, it is printed, not engraved. This is indicative of the simplicity which is the correct thing in Europe, says Madam August Borglum. Whether or not we are following the European custom, it is true, according to Madam Borglum, that many fastidious easterners have adopted printed invitations for fashionable and formal affairs. The idea is carried even further, and penned notes are used for events which formerly would have called for engraved cards.

Why not the printing instead of engraving? The loss is only that little sense of delight one feels in running his thumb or forefinger over the shiny black raised letters.

## Great Artist to Be Heard

The coming of Matzenauer at the auditorium March 24,, is one of the musical events not only of the season, but of Omaha musical life. Matzenauer is considered the world's greatest contralto. According to Mrs. R. Beecher Howell, there is not an artist on the American concert stage today of whose work the critics are so unanimous in enthusiastic praise.

Critics have called her a Juno for beauty, a cathedral for dramatic force, and her voice a "most precious distillation of art and heart."

"It has been my dream of dreams to hear her," said Miss Mary Munchhoff of the Metropolitan star. "She is the most magnificent artist in the United States, not only a singer, but a great musician. It will be tremendously interesting to hear her."

The Tuesday Musical club will present Matzenauer.

**Musical Club to Give Program.**

The Fortnightly Musical club will meet Tuesday, March 7 at 2:15, at the home of Mrs. Eloise Wood Milliken, who will be assisted by Mrs. Ted Richards. The leader will be Mrs. Ernest A. Reese, and the honor guest of the afternoon will be William Hetherington, who will play several viola numbers. Upon the program will appear the Mesdames Fred C. Hill, George F. Johnston, George M. Tunison, Joseph Berger, W. F. Robertson, A. R. Burnite, Roy Page.

## Miss Holden Quietly Wed

Mrs. Jacob B. Naylor was a bride of last Wednesday. She was formerly Miss Margaret Holden, the daughter of Mrs. H. T. Holden. The marriage ceremony, which was performed before members of the immediate families, took place at the First Congregational church, the Rev. Frank G. Smith officiating. The bride wore a navy blue suit of duvetyne trimmed with mole and blue taffeta hat to match. She had no attendants. After May 1 Mr. and Mrs. Naylor will be at home in Chadron, Neb.

## Husbands Are Stakes at Smart Bridge---Bank President Chosen

### Omaha Woman of Quiet Taste Engages in Bull Fight in Gay Seville and Dines With King Alphonse—Lover Ranchman Is Millionaire

By GABBY DETAYLS.

FICTION is much, much stranger than truth, Gabby decided with a sigh, as she ruminated boredly on the mild gossip and tittle-tattle of the week. A certain blond young lady was seen at the theater with a dark-haired cavalier. What of it? queried Gabby. In the language of Penrod, "Ain't they got a right?" And she set herself to dream of the ideal Gabby story, the kind that would fill her heart with unutterable bliss if it only really happened. Today you have the result, and, dear public, you mustn't believe a word of them, for they are nothing in the world but Big Black Lies, written with no malicious or deep-dyed intent, but solely to amuse.

A CERTAIN handsome residence built in the early Rococco style and situated in the West Farnam district, was the scene of a unique bridge party the other afternoon. Ostensibly four women sat quietly playing—young, well-dressed women, whose jeweled fingers caught the light as their hands hovered over the card table. But beneath the surface there lurked a grim tenseness. No cent-a-point or quarter-a-corner for them. The four, all of them are well-known matrons in the "cercle elite," were playing for Husbands. Yes, their own husbands!

It all started the night before, so Gabby is informed, when one of them, a dashing, titian-haired beauty, offered to sell her spouse for two bits. She was at once taken up by two friends who heard the remark, and, to make the proposition a sporting one, they decided to play for him. A fourth matron, whom society has deemed a most devoted wife, declared she would join them, so this afternoon saw the unwitting husbands pooled.

The four chattered lightly of other things between the hands, but the playing was feverish. Individual scores were kept, the winner to have first choice of the prizes. It was no time to trifle. One of the husbands had recently been elected a bank president.

An occasional "double" was snapped out, but the bidding was conservative for the most part. Two hours was the time limit, and there was no pretense of nonchalance, while each woman added her score on the dainty little patent adding machine which the hostess, one of Omaha's crack bridge players, purchased for her home some months ago to insure accuracy in her guests results. "One would better be careful than cashless," was her cryptic remark upon its installation.

The winner, without a moment's hesitation, chose the bank president, and the other prizes were awarded in order. The four parted in apparent amity. However, according to inside information, the winner has hurled confusion into the midst of things. Upon the discovery that the bank president wore a toupe she has firmly declared all bets to be off.

AN OMAHA society leader who has long been noted for her daring pursuit of sports and fads, is driving away that most insidious enemy of her set, ennui, with a new diversion. She is at present in gay Seville, and, according to letters received by friends here, she received a tremendous ovation at the last bull fight, where, with her accustomed recklessness and "je ne sais quoi," she donned a matador's garb (or is it a toreador?) and outwitted, tricked and completely baffled one of the most treacherous and ferocious bulls in Spain.

The vast arena was hushed as the combat raged, and it was not until she had won an unexpected victory by that old ruse of seizing the bull by the horns that pandemonium broke loose. "Buena la Americana," "San Luis Obispo" and Buenas noches, es muy mal!" were some of the shouts that burst from a thousand throats as she flourished her red "embarcadero" and smiled gayly at the admiring throng before modestly retiring to her dressing room.

This young woman has always been one who disliked notoriety, so it is no surprise to her friends that she slipped unobtrusively away from her triumph, to dine quietly with King Alphonse and Queen Victoria Eugenie.

Wherever she goes this unusual girl has a faculty of getting at the real throbbing heart of things. Surface impressions have never satisfied this ardent traveler. It will be remembered that in the Hawaiian islands she mastered the technicalities of the hula hula with ease, in Pekin she won the international chop sticks sweepstakes, and in India, following the example of the Yogi, she once stood on her left foot under a banyan tree for 48 hours. It gave her an insight into Indian politics that she could never have acquired otherwise, she asserted, beside contributing to that poise which is so remarkably her own.

THE young set is about to lose one of its most attractive members in the person of a petite miss of 19 summers, whose perfect pulchritude can only be compared to that of Norma Talmadge, Katherine McDonald and Elsie Ferguson rolled into one. Great will be the wail that will go up when she leaves Omaha, as she is elected to do. Her dancing is only equaled by her flirting, they say, and that in turn can only be rivaled by her superb horsemanship. She may be met any morning cantering along the paved streets of Dundee in the wee sma' hours when most of her friends are still in bed, say about 10:30 at the latest.

It is this equestrian talent that is at the bottom of the affair of the heart that is to leave a dozen shattered hearts behind her when she quits Omaha for the Rockies. It was last summer on a "dude" ranch that she met the stunning young cowboy with whom she is now planning an elopement. It was her riding which first fascinated him. He is of the type which proves so irresistible to women, fearless, silent, masterful, in fact a "woman's man."

For him she is willing to give up all the luxuries with which her father, a successful corporation lawyer, has surrounded her. For him she will lay aside her sumptuous imported gowns for simple Mina Taylors. But hist! For Gabby has a tremendous surprise in store for you, and for the charming miss herself. For not even she knows that this romantic lover, this bronzed, hard-muscled, young rider who captured her heart was Princeton '16. Little does she surmise that he saw four years of service in the war and won three citations and a war cross with six palms and four cocoanuts. Least of all does she dream that her wedding trip is to be a trip around the world in his private yacht. And don't breathe a word of it to her for Gabby wouldn't give away the secret for worlds!

## The Significant Drama Events of Year

### New York Drama League Jury Selects Events and Persons.

Today in New York city at the Hotel Waldorf Astoria will be given the annual dinner of the New York Drama league. Particular interest centers in this dinner because of the guests of honor who are the personages representative of the ten most significant events of the theatrical season. Selected for the honor this year as stated in the Drama Calendar for February 20, 1922, are:

Lee Simonson, for his beautiful stage-settings in connection with the Theater Guild productions, especially in "He Who Gets Slapped."

Eugene O'Neill (chosen last year also), whose play "Anna Christie," is perhaps the most notable of the season and who has to his credit also this season "The Straw" with its moments of haunting beauty and in preparation by the Provincetown players,, "The Hairy Ape" and "The Last Man."

Pauline Lord, whose deeply poignant presentation of Anna Christie in the before-mentioned play, has a quiet eloquence of expressional appeal that is unforgettable.

Eva Le Gallienne for her constantly deepening study of the little servant girl whose disastrous marriage to the egotistical Liliom awakens and strengthens womanhood.

Thomas Wilfred, who with his color-organ has brought into our lives a new expressional force.

Allan Pollock, that arresting yet pathetic figure in "A Bill of Divorcement," the broke, love-hungry husband and father returning to his home unexpected and unwanted.

Gilbert Emery, author of "The Hero," a "first-play" of unusual merit originally produced last season.

Augustin Duncan, creator of convincing pictures of quiet domestic life disclosing depths of passion, yearning and aspiration both moving and sincere.

The Misses Lewisohn, who have maintained consistently for seven years in their Neighborhood Playhouse its original purpose of being "a community playhouse where the traditions of the neighborhood can find artistic expression," where anyone with special gifts can contribute his talent and where interesting production of serious plays and comedies as well as the lighter forms of entertainment may be found.

Robert Edmund Jones, artist in stage-settings.

Other guests of honor will be the jury who made these selections, among whom are found the names of Kenneth MacGowan, Dhan Gopal Mukerji and Thomas Wood Stevens, who have been heard in Omaha.

Omaha women who are members of the New York Drama league are Mrs. E. M. Syfert, Mrs. Henry S. McDonald and Miss Mary Irene Wallace.

## Attractive Mother and Two-year Old Son

Mrs. George P. Pratt is the attractive young mother of Thomas Peyton Pratt who will be 2 years old May 1. Although devoted to her home interests, Mrs. Pratt finds time to give her quota of hours to Junior League work each week. She is also an active member of the Faculty club of the University of Nebraska College of Medicine, her husband, Dr. Pratt, being a member of the staff. Mrs. Pratt's girlhood home was at Macedonia, Ia. She attended school at St. Mary's Knoxville, Ill. The Pratts spent last season at Okoboji and are planning a motor trip east for the coming summer.

## Beads Are Not Always What They Seem

### Omaha Traveler Is Intrigued by Isle of Porto Rico.

The next time you wear your beaded hat or gown, look closely and see if perhaps the beads are not really seeds after all. Miss Ethel Barrington, who spent several weeks at Christmas time with her sister, Miss Aldene Barrington, in Porto Rico, discovered that wonderful, ready made beads grow on many of the trees and shrubs in that semi-tropical land, and brought back a quantity of them to use for trimming. They come in every size from pinhead to the end of your thumb, and are all colors, red, black and gray predominating. Some are bean shape, and all grow in pods. One fetching variety you might eat by mistake, thinking them to be "red hots," for they are just the size and color of cinnamon drops and have a high luster.

Miss Barrington purchased some of them in the big semi-open market in San Juan, where they are on exhibition along with baskets, strange tropical fruits and flowers and the rough pottery that the natives make. A good many she collected herself, however, tramping about in the mountains which rise close behind the town. Wherever she went on these expeditions, Miss Barrington found the natives friendly and helpful.

**Sharks at Crap Shooting.**

In fact on Christmas day Miss Barrington confessed that she lost all her small change in a genuine American crap game. "We started out for a tramp and passed a group of natives boys shooting craps. I couldn't resist asking for a turn, and they grinned from ear to ear, but took all the cash I had. They are great gamblers. They are an easy going people but ardent patriots," she said. "They resent American influence and investments in their beautiful island, but to the individual they are always kind and interested. There is no middle class there. They are either well off and own many acres of tobacco and bananas and coffee, or they are poverty poor, and live in thatched huts, bare of most of the necessities of life as we see it. The most beautiful drawn work in the world is done by the Porto Rican women, and on the average they get 25 cents a day, for their work. The whole island is under cultivation and the fincas, or farms, are spread out all over the mountain slopes."

**Banana Soup Popular.**

Miss Barrington lived with a Porto Rican family during her stay and so had a better chance than the usual tourist to learn of their life.

"Oh, the garlic!" she moaned.

"At first I thought I couldn't stand it, but I came to like the fruits and vegetables which they use in great abundance instead of meat, and I grew very fond of the bananas. They are nothing like the bananas in our market. They use them there for a vegetable and almost never eat them raw. They bake them or fry them or even make them into soup, and there is one delicious kind called the "platano," which is much bigger than the others and is green in color when ripe. The natives themselves are crazy about the wild oranges, and you see them being sold everywhere on the streets where the stands take the place of popcorn wagons. The natives peel them round and round the way we would peel an apple and then suck them. It is the ideal way, and no Porto Rican is disturbed however loud you may suck."

The language of the island is Spanish since it came into American possession only at the end of the Spanish-American war. Miss Barrington pronounced some of the first names which are common among them, lovely musical names like Demetrio, Jesus, Antonio, or, for the girls, Trinita, Maria or Conchita. During the war when the natives were made American citizens and many of the men were in training for the United States army, the American officers had to issue an order that all the soldiers should wear their names written across the front of their caps, as they could not keep them straight any other way.

**The Perfect Playground.**

Miss Barrington and her sister had several delightful motor trips during her stay. They found the old Spanish military roads in wonderful condition still. The drive around the island is 350 miles long.

"It is an ideal vacation spot," said Miss Barrington. "It is no wonder the natives love it so. They say a Porto Rican can never be happy anywhere else."

## What Is An Accelerated School?

In the February number of Normal Instructor and Primary Plans there is an interesting article on the accelerated school written by an Omaha woman, Edna Cotner (Mrs. Samuel Cotner). The article is based upon observation of an accelerated school, which was operated in this city for two years at the Field school under direction of Miss Ruby Johnson.

The following is taken from Mrs. Cotner's article:

"Is the accelerated school a mere experiment, or has it come to stay? All may not agree with one parent who said. 'It is the one big movement in the common school education of today whose tendency is to favor the unusual mind by making it free. The progress and even the existence of our civilization depends upon the development of the better mind.'

"The accelerated school is only one of the special schools planned for a special group that are being organized in various cities. The term accelerated has been applied to these schools for the reason that the pupils are advanced more rapidly than in the ordinary or orthodox school. They are the special schools for mentally superior children that are being tried out in a few of our larger cities. In the average common school, children are grouped according to age and the size of their bodies, while in the accelerated school they are grouped according to mental capacity, taking into consideration, of course, the physical health necessary to enable the children to use properly their mental faculties. A few scientific articles about these schools have appeared, but people generally — yes, even many teachers—have either never heard of them or have only a dubious idea of what they are.

"It must be admitted that there has been an insistent demand for an improvement in the elementary educational system of this country. This demand has not been the result of a mere desire for a change, for something different. It has come from our most intelligent parents and some of our leading educators who have maintained that the orthodox school has a tendency to produce mediocrity and to stifle initiative and originality.

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"The school hours were from 9 to noon, from 1 to 2:30 p. m. Each child admitted to the school had scored high in intelligence tests and had been recommended by former teachers as a child physically strong and mentally above the average. This class was doing the work of two semesters in one; it was finishing the eighth grade and only a year ago it had been finishing the sixth grade. No, these pupils had not skipped a grade but they had worked! Overworked? School nurses, physician, and parents pronounced them in good physical condition; scales showed that they were growing normally in weight; and their bright, happy faces bore no signs of ill health or the strain of having been 'crowded beyond their years.' The class was following the city public school course of study. Recitations, which were not labeled as such, were often discussions led by some member of the class. Lesson assignments were not necessarily definite.

"Statistics showing results of many standard tests and 'old-fashioned' tests that had been given frequently during the year, proved that pupils of the accelerated school scored as high in tests as pupils in the same grade in other schools of the city.

"While the children in the accele-

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