

# SOCIETY

## Gabby Detayls Froze on to a Few Good Ones

Our Zero Weather Affects Neither the Speech Nor Hearing—Hence This Column.

By GABBY DETAYLS.

WHILE John McCormack was being interviewed at the Fontenelle Friday, his manager, Charles L. Wagner, told a reporter that John did not know how to talk about himself, but that his 11-year-old son would tell everything he knew.

"Why don't you bring the child along as your press agent?" asked one of the reporters.

"Yeah, fine! And when he become 21 and asked me where he was when he should have been getting his education I would have to tell him he was in Omaha acting as father's press agent. I should feel proud of myself when he turned on me and said: 'Spent my young life bringin' up father.'"

HEARD en passant at the McCormack concert:

"Those seats on the stage must be pretty expensive, for there's Mr. and Mrs. DeForrest Richards up there!"

"Sorry, to have kept you waiting, dear, but I was helping Dorothy Black applaud that last encore."

IT STARTED at the Red Cross surgical dressings class last week, when one young society girl in disgust said: "The way some of these amateurs work with gauze just kills me on the vine."

A dainty little blonde friend of hers repeated the remark with a slight addition: "The way some of the amateurs work with gauze just kills me on the vine and drops me off."

A third of the season's buds passed it along still further to a captain friend of hers: "The way some of these amateurs work with gauze just kills me on the vine and drops me off and plants me for spring crops."

Now the Red Cross workers are hoping for a new one for next week, as this remark seems to have reached maturity.

NOW these two young matrons frostily nod their goodmornings. She believes the other brainless. And why not? She admits being in the light-as-ether class. However, the brainless one doubts her friend's patriotism, loyalty and good judgment.

It all happened one night when two young couples were reading the war and suffrage news in one of those cozy apartments where the 20-below-zero weather remains outside.

"I think all the women in Washington ought to be shot," declared the guest. "They are crazy and unpatriotic. During this war time they ought to forget prohibition and suffrage."

"What has prohibition and woman's suffrage got to do with the war?" indignantly queried the hostess. "Haven't you and I a right to say how the boys shall be taken care of? Haven't we a right to help make the laws under which we live?"

"Women haven't the brains that men have," chirped the guest.

"Do you mean to tell me that you haven't as much sense as your husband?" from the hostess.

"No, I have not. I never saw a woman who was as smart as a man."

"And now the hostess believes that her guest is at least a truthful woman and knows her limitations. Hence the frosty good mornings in the West side apartment from two charming young matrons who have been devoting their leisure hours to war work."

DIOTENES! Diogenes! Where art thou? We have found an honest man and are prepared to prove it. Colonel T. W. McCullough openly, honestly admits that he was "trimmed" in a game.

MRS. EDWARD PORTER PECK is panicky. She says that the white elephant sale is the only thing on earth that could keep her going under the strain. Everyone she meets has a piece of china or an art treasure to give her. After their "good morning, Mrs. Peck," the conversation shifts to some "white elephant" reposing in their library or a clock Aunt Jane gave. Mrs. Peck thinks that after the sale she will be able to talk "big jobs" to the leading citizens of Omaha.

THE Red Cross Nebraska chapter almost lost its assistant state director, Leonard L. Trester, last week.

He was nearly frozen to death out in Franklin county. Leonard went out on a 200-mile speaking tour, but he thought he was going to make it by train. When he arrived at the county seat he was



Mrs. Edwin T. Swobe

### Charming Young Matron

One of Omaha's loveliest matrons is Mrs. T. Swobe. Mrs. Swobe is of the pronounced blonde type of beauty and never fails to excite admiration wherever she is seen. Many a soldier boy's heart was made glad at Christmas through the efforts of this young matron as she labored arduously filling Christmas packets for our fighting men.

met by the reception committee—and an open Ford.

The temperature was only 22 below.

One of the committee took pity on the shivering cityite, took him into a "general store" and rigged him out in a big bearskin coat—for the period of the trip.

Other than sundry nipped ears, toes and fingers, the assistant state director is intact.

LITTLE Edward Rosewater has met his first potential tragedy since his father left for Washington. Day after day he worried while his mother wrote her morning letter to his father. He was not permitted to interrupt. Each evening the mail carrier brought a letter from his father and Edward was banished to silence while the letter was read and digested. One week of this endurance the youngster could endure.

"Mother," he frowned, in desperation, "when I marry will I have to write to my wife EVERY day?"

HORRORS! How the habits of New York do descend upon us. "All right, I'll send them over," said a pretty girl who answered the telephone in one of the up-to-date

## SOCIAL CALENDAR

- TUESDAY—Winter Dancing club party at Harte hall. E. Z. Kensington club at Prettiest Mile club, Mrs. C. H. Ballard, hostess. Bridge luncheon at Prettiest Mile club, Mrs. Bert Reavis, hostess.
- WEDNESDAY—La Zalle club dancing party at Keep's academy. Trinity Parish Aid, Mrs. Charles Keller, hostess. Dinner-dance at Prettiest Mile club.
- THURSDAY—Parties for Yvette Guilbert concert at Boyd's theater under auspices of

- Tuesday Morning Musical club. Card party given by Fidelis club.
- FRIDAY—Junior Prom at Keep's academy. Friday Night Dancing club at Metropolitan hall.
- SATURDAY—Qui Vive club dancing party at Turpin's academy. Dinner-dance at the Blackstone. War Relief Benefit performance at Brandeis theater; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Davidson, box party for Saturday Night club and line party given by Omaha Woman's Press club.

candy shops in the vicinity of Twenty-fourth and Farnam streets.

A tray was prepared and passed innocently by, not knowing that Gabby was in the neighborhood. It contained chicken sandwiches and each sandwich was accompanied by at least one package of Milo cigars.

"Where is that tray going?" I asked the pretty girl.

"Over to the Hamilton," she replied with a shrug of the shoulders. "Every afternoon we send a huge tray filled with chicken sandwiches and Milos for the dear ladies who reside in that apartment building. These smokes sooth their nerves, so they say, and

quiet them, relieving the terrible strain of battle going on 'over there.'"

MRS. J. E. DAVIDSON, who has just returned from New York, is telling her friends how lucky Omahans are compared to the New Yorkers. Cafes, theaters, department stores, in fact all public buildings are so cold that they are very uncomfortable. There is really no place to go but home and probably many easterners who have only spent enough time at home to change their clothes and snatch a hasty meal here-

fore will become really acquainted with their own domicile if the coal shortage lasts.

NEWSPAPER persons are proverbially bored, but Gabby had never thought about the second generation of them being so.

The wife of one of the Bee family suffered from an abscess of the ear, so that she had difficulty in opening her mouth or in yawning.

## Back to Society Flocked Omaha's Best to Concert

By MELLIFICIA.

THERE is no use, Society, "as was" is simply not est, and there is no use in pretending any longer. There just naturally are no dances, the alluring, sleeveless, chiffon frocks in the shop windows to the contrary, notwithstanding. Dinners are given only when absolutely necessary and then the feminine guests just dash home from the Red Cross headquarters long enough to powder their noses and hurry to the dinner. Theater parties? They are passe also and the theatrical managers are shaking their fast graying heads over the box office receipts.

In other words, that vast institution formerly known as society has donned blue serge and low heels and settled down to business. What should a society editor think when she meets former society buds, Miss Emily Keller, Miss Virginia Offutt, Miss Margaret Greer Baum, Miss Blanche Deuell and numberless others, going to their day's work at the same time she does! And then we haven't mentioned the young matrons who used to brighten the social calendar with their large bridges and beautifully appointed luncheons. Bless your heart, they are winding miles of bandages, providing soldiers' families with three meals a day, planning and executing drives of all kinds and what time is there left for society? We all are here lit for the prospect of John McCormack. Surely the boxes would be filled with the who's who in their best frocks—and if they didn't dash our hopes by taking the

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## Washington Folk Laugh and Learn At Big Debate

Pink Teas Take the Back Row for the Senate's Entertainment.

By JOHN D. BARRY.

IT WAS a great day for Miss Rankin. In the house of representatives she was the center of interest for the crowds in the galleries. She looked very handsome and distinguished and she was most becomingly dressed and her intelligent, youthful face wore nearly all the time a most attractive smile, "the prettiest smile in Washington, after the president's," someone said. On her desk lay a bouquet of yellow roses. At her side her colleagues kept appearing for a consultation or a handshake. When she made her little speech it was with a carefully prepared and graceful address, read in a sweet voice that was hardly strong enough to carry through the great chamber.

"She has had a hard part to play," said a woman near me. "She hasn't been guided in her policy by her individual preferences merely. She has felt herself to be the representative of all the women in the country and she has tried to act accordingly. We were very lucky to have a woman like her to be the first woman to enter congress."

One Magnanimous Man.

Miss Rankin could not keep from smiling at some of the arguments that were made against suffrage. The women in the galleries couldn't either, though they were evidently on their good behavior. At moments they might have been excused if they had laughed out loud and jeered. But they were evidently so used to the old-fashioned platitudes that their use here was like the repeating of a joke. One noble gentleman who opposed political equality spoke highly of woman in spite of "the attribute for which woman is not responsible." He wanted his hearers to understand that he did not blame a woman for being a woman; but as she was a woman she could not in reason expect to be allowed to vote. Another speaker emphasized what he declared to be a fact, that women could not bear arms and he spoke with scorn of the men "sitting idly in the gallery," a remark aimed directly at several hundred, including a good many in uniform.

Still another declared that as a great many women didn't want the vote no women should be allowed to vote, a kind of reasoning that he apparently believed to be logic. He said nothing about the men that had the vote and didn't want to use it and never used it or used it only when they were driven to the polls or led there by some unworthy reason.

A southern gentleman spoke very indignantly of "those women who rush down here to Washington." A masculine voice was heard to whisper: "They oughtn't to rush," and another masculine voice replied: "They oughtn't to while the trains are so slow."

"Oh, What a Spectacle."

One representative was like a character in a play. As he went on I had a feeling of unreality. He declared that political equality would tend to "disrupt the family at the home," and would lead to the "production of ill-temper between husband and wife" and to quarrelling. "Oh, what a spectacle!" He brought his speech to a climax by declaring in a loud voice: "The four sweetest words in the language are home, mother, wife and children."

It seemed as if no one could go beyond this platitudinous companion. But his heroics paled in comparison with the study of woman made by a gentleman with a scholarly face and a professional manner who, with profound gravity, announced that if the amendment was carried the day would "mark the decay of the great American republic." Even among the most self-contained of the women in the galleries there was visible agitation. But it quickly subsided.