

Woman's Work in the World

Three Omaha Artists Whose Professional Ambitions Have Not Been Stilled by Children

Talented Musicians Give a Series of Entertainments at Y. W. C. A. Auditorium Which Brings Credit to the City and Large Crowds to the Concerts



Mrs. Louise Jansen Wylie
and
Baby



Mrs. Alanson I. Root
Frank
and
Chester

OMAHA women never take second place in the world of art, music or the professions. But because of our intimacy with them and their charming personalities, we are often blind to their talents. It is with much pride that a few of the facts are herewith recorded.

Mrs. Louise Jansen Wylie has continued her professional activities since her marriage. Motherhood has not interfered and Baby Louise Roberts, as seen in her mother's arms, is proof that she has not been neglected.

This talented singer came to America at the age of 9. After six years of vocal study she returned to Europe and studied in Milan, Italy, Dresden and Berlin under Lamperti (Sembric's teacher), Lili Lehman and others. She sang with great success in Europe and received the Golden Laurel wreath from the American consul with compliments for her singing. Mrs. Wylie has done recital work in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and was soloist at a musical given by Mrs. William Jennings Bryan at Lincoln.

Her American debut was made at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, before a large audience. She was determined to not be ignored by the critics of the great New York dailies and laughingly tells the story of how a great feat was accomplished.

"New singers in New York are not as a rule, honored by the presence of the critics," she says. "I was determined, however, to be recognized, even if they chronicled my defeat. I went from one to another until I finally reached the managing editors themselves and explained how no singer could get anywhere by being ignored, and begged them to send their critics to 'roast' me. The result was that my recital found space in six big dailies, and I wish to tell the world that those New York newspaper editors are regular fellows."

Mrs. Wylie is soloist at the First Baptist church and her musical teas are events of each month.

WE may boast of good violinists, but Louise Shaddock-Zabriskie is one of whom Omaha may be justly proud. Mrs. Zabriskie began the study of violin at an early age under Omaha teachers. When she had reached a point in her music where more expert training was required she went abroad and studied violin under Hartman and organ under Grosskopf.

Last summer Mrs. Zabriskie spent the season in New York specializing in organ work and appeared in several concerts with great success. The program, with Edith L. Wagoner, of sonatas for violin and piano, is one of the musical events of each year and the series of organ concerts at the First Presbyterian church brought additional funds to the Red Cross during the 1918 season.

Mrs. Zabriskie's two lovely kiddies, Helen and Betty, are the pride of their musical mother's heart and their presence had not hindered, but rather enhanced, her artistic talent.

MRS. WYLIE, Mrs. Root and Mrs. Zabriskie are among the local artists who are giving a series of concerts under the auspices of the women's department, Woman's club. The concert given Friday in the auditorium of the Y. W. C. A. was one of the season's best. Mrs. Wylie and Mrs. Zabriskie were, perhaps, never better than in their soprano and violin numbers. The critic says of the concert:

"The program opened with a concerted number of 'The Nile' by Xavier Leroux. This French composer has recently passed away, just as his operas were being introduced to American audiences and enlarging his fame. 'The Nile' is a song with much beauty and melody in both the voice part and the obbligato for violin. There is a calm and repose about it which well suggests the placid flow of a broad river."

"Mrs. Wylie always charms her hearers both by the lucious quality of her voice and by the art of her singing. There is a vibrant note in her voice which finds a ready response in her audience, and she always interprets with a grace of line, and genuine taste that well complements her fully warm tones, making the fine points of her song pre-eminent. Her enunciation was unusually good. In her two groups of last evening, the songs were essentially lyric. There was no big aria nor other special pieces de resistance, yet all of the songs were well chosen and added a bit of atmosphere or a touch of sentiment to the program. Especially attractive among them were 'The Song of Sunshine', 'The Quiet of the Woods', 'The Little Winding Road', and the more brilliant closing number, 'Where Blossoms Grow'."

"Mrs. Louise Shaddock Zabriskie, who has made a name for herself with her organ recitals, again proved that she also holds a high rank in musical circles as a violinist. She knows the technic of instruments instead of one and both of them well. Brilliance and life were to be found in her dramatic presentation of the 'Carnegie Fantasia' by Hubay, which was her first number. Scintillating passages were woven about the melodies of this well known opera were clearly portrayed, and the big climax at the close was broad and thrilling. A second group gave her other opportunities. The andante from the Spanish symphony by Lalo brought a depth of feeling in her broad singing tone. This was followed by three Eddy Brown transcriptions, in which the 'Rondina', a mere musical breath, and a difficult and spirited Paganini caprice were especially effective."

Gabby's Gossip Isn't "Green-eyed" but Something for You to Smile Over While You Read as You Run

By GABBY DETAYLS.

WE MIGHT have known something like this was coming. Well, we actually heard some of our "canteeners" husbands making their plans to organize a man's canteen to welcome home the pretty Yomanettes.

The leaders, as we understand it are Messrs. Willard Hosford, Luther Komtre, C. L. Blissard and Sam Burns. At least we overheard a conversation between husbands of leading canteeners which revealed many of their plans. (The whole idea is, as you know, a subject for debate, but as these dashing Beau Brummels continue to bring forth ideas for the organization their enthusiasm grows keener.)

Uniforms seem to be the cause of more debate than any other one feature. They must have attractive uniforms. Indeed, how could pretty Yomanettes enjoy the company of unattractive males? No, no! It couldn't be done! They must be dashing and sweet and entertaining.

One suggests a sky-blue pink trousers with midnight blue coat—the trousers to fit snugly and the coat to strike the knees in the back. There must, of course, be brass buttons and plenty of gold braid or the Yomanettes might be more attracted by members of our police force. It seems to be a known fact that brass buttons and gold braid "do fascinate the women," and, of course, members of this man's canteen must use every available weapon to accomplish as much good as possible.

Another of the prospective members suggests a "When Knighthood Was in Flower" cape, fastened at the throat by large gold brooch, in which the prettiest of the Yomanettes may be wrapped in case of chill.

Mr. Sam Burns is looking for a dancing teacher to instruct him in the latest French dances. He has a "hunch," he says, that some of the French Yomanettes may come back with our girls and he wishes to qualify in the A1 class as entertainer and companion. While the idea seems to have originated in Mr. Burns' mind, the others interested are all with the eyes, however.

Suggestions for other forms of entertainment include theaters, hotel suppers, automobile rides, home to dinner, wine and dine at the clubs, and the Gayety. They hope to install shower baths, provide cigarettes, apples, cookies and candy. There will be rules and regulations, of course, but members expect to break them whenever the occasion requires—the importance of the break to be determined by each individual, whose authority will be based on the appearance and personality of the Yomanette.

The escort committee, or corps we believe they shall be called, will accompany the western Yomanettes as far as Denver and farther if said

Yomanettes need escort beyond that point. Wives of these prospective man canteeners have paved the way—so say the husbands—which will make the organizing and executing more or less simple. Said husbands wish to carry on the good work to the "enth" degree, as they heartily endorse all their wives have done for the "cause."

We expect a few "tigers" with us this spring. Oh, no! not more blind tigers! Tigers with beautiful eyes and slinky figures. They have already appeared in the east and after a fashion or fad takes root in Paris or New York, it comes by airplane to Omaha. Therefore, we predict the tiger on our streets ere long.

The "tiger" isn't really a wild animal but a style of hair, dress and which usually have wings shooting off at either side to emphasize the side-to-side elongated effect. We could almost tell you who will be the first "tigers" on Far-nam street but we shan't.

We are all going to British Guiana and we invite all the women who have been troubled by the servant problem, to join us on the "housewife's special," which will probably depart soon for the jungles. William Beebe, curator of birds in the Bronx zoo, and, incidentally, writer of the day on subjects nearest his heart—nature at her wildest, birds and animals, gives us a few intensely interesting facts well worth considering.

In the jungles of British Guiana, it seems they do not live in the crude way at all and far from camping as we understand it in the states. There are bungalows equipped with all the modern conveniences. Native Indians bring game for the table, and river boats stop at the various landings three times a week with fresh vegetables, fruits, ice and other necessities.

Mr. Beebe assures us that it is quite a cosmopolitan place, the inhabitants being British, Hindu, West Indians, Japanese, Africans and quite a sprinkling of Mongol-

ians. The universal language is English—and well spoken. The British-taught negro use long synonyms as might Lord Byron himself. The ladies drive around in low-decked cabs and make a pretense of marketing by allowing the cook to follow them.

Best of all, it is the place where cooks and maids abound and really thrive and are content on \$7 a month or less, for they believe the highest aim in life is to do well what one best knows how to do.

No, honest! this isn't a dream or a fairy story, but an honest-to-goodness fact—improbable and impossible as it may seem.

Now that it has been settled as to the \$8,000,000 which little John Jacob Astor will inherit on his 21st birthday, we are keeping our ears and eyes alert for the first signs of fond mothers who are ambitious for their daughters' future. Some of these little daughters are already here but we imagine this news will be quite an inducement for certain ladies to increase the size of their families.

Despite the fact that Paris has been valiantly keeping up business and turning out new styles our distinguished president, just before leaving France, wore a gray sweater jacket under his coat and appeared before a large crowd of enthusiastic admirers, hatless. When someone suggested that he would catch cold he smilingly replied: "I will get my student's cap," and disappeared, returning with a cap of dark blue, turned up at the side with a purple cord of ribbon.

And this disregard of the hour, the proper head dress, the fact that he was in Paris, n'everything! Then Princess Pat comes along and takes first place in the most brilliant social week in years in London. She marries a mere man without title "anything." Despite the great gathering of royalty in the Westminster Abbey, including the king and queen, Princess Pat says: "No court dresses shall be worn" and no court dresses were worn. The women appeared in the brightest and smartest of spring toilets.

With the president and Princess Pat back of us, who says we may or may not wear, or wear not, anything we please—more or less, short or long, low or high!

Now then ladies! What shall you do when you park too near the fire plug or break some other traffic rule or regulation? The Nebraska senate has passed a bill making it a misdemeanor for any person charged with violation of any law to give an assumed name. This is aggravating, indeed, but if the state senate should pass a law (and enforce it) prohibiting court loafers, who label themselves "judge," etc., from attending to these little matters for the ladies (and then asking a few dollars in the name of charity)

Once and Not Again

Faith comes the once and not again,
And confidence; the heart is vain
To nurse to life the trust once slain.

Honor comes once and not again,
Sin-spotted now, all Time is vain
To cleanse and wipe away the stain.

Love comes the once and not again,
Word-wounded now, the heart is vain
To heal the scar or dull the pain.

Pure hearts come once and not again,
Tears, sighs, regrets, to cleanse are vain
The soul that in the slime has lain.

All flawless jewels, lightly tossed
Aside, yet, ah, the bitter cost
Of tears, once any jewel lost.

it would be worse. As we see it there is but one consolation—the law will affect a certain crowd of men more than the women. For, indeed, does it not say: "persons arrested in raids," etc.? Now draw your own conclusions, my dears.

find out where the crowd is going next season so that we can—go somewhere else.

American and Foreign Mothers' Clubs Learn to Sew at Settlement

The Foreign and American Mothers' clubs meeting on Thursday at the South Side Social Settlement house are taking a course in dress-making under the supervision of Miss Elizabeth Chamberlin, home demonstration agent.

Several nationalities are represented—Polish, Russian and Lithuanian. Many of the women do not speak English, but understand the directions and ask their questions and express themselves to the instructor through an interpreter.

Intense interest is exhibited by every woman, and children's dresses and suits, aprons, etc., were cut and basted at the last meeting. At the close of the sewing class each week Mrs. Hanna, a member of the Social Settlement board, serves tea and sandwiches, and an entertainment is provided for the mothers.



Mrs. Louise Shaddock Zabriskie
and children
Helen and Betty