

Woman's Work in the World

Local Drama League to Be Active

Pageants and Plays and Lectures to Be Featured During the Year.

OMAHA, never again, shall be a barnstorm center, but is to have dramatic art features in its best forms if the present plans of the Drama league materialize. After two years of inactivity during the war, the league gathered its members and their friends in a large and enthusiastic audience to greet Baroness Huard. This was the initial performance after the lull.

The coming year is the tercentenary of the birthday of several of our American poets. New York has just celebrated that of our thoroughly American poet, Lowell. England was represented at the celebration by the novelist and playwright, John Galsworthy.

It has been suggested that the league honor these men during the coming year by a great patriotic pageant, grouping around the pictured events of their lives scenes from their poems and historical scenes of the stirring days when we struck the shackles from the slave and welded our states into a nation.

Such a pageant, they believe, could be made an artistic success and would help to rouse the feeling of love of country, and of pride in her achievements. It was only four years ago that a few women, interested in the drama, met in the Fontenelle hotel to talk over organizing a league in Omaha. Among these women were Mrs. Porter Peck, Mrs. Lowry Childs, Mrs. Clement Chase, Mrs. E. M. Fairfield, Mrs. H. L. Cummings, Mrs. A. Jefferis and Miss Kate McHugh. In two years it had become one of the established institutions of the city.

Modern Drama.

An interest in the study of modern drama was roused by readings and lectures. Finding the public library not well supplied with these plays, the league purchased a collection, which later became the property of the library.

Some of the most noted lecturers brought by the league are Stoughton Holborn of Oxford, Lady Gregory of the Irish theater, Granville Barker was brought by the combined work of the league and the Society of Fine Arts.

The league, through its bulletins, kept its members informed as to the merits of plays being presented in our city—or in New York or Chicago.

They also brought to our city the Portmanteau theater.

On Friday, March 21, it presented Mrs. A. Starr Best, the founder of the league, who gave an address on "Community Recreation Against Bolshevism." Mrs. Best at the luncheon given in her honor talked of the coming meeting of the national league, which will be held in Chicago April 23 to 27. "All over the country," she said, "the league is rousing to a new interest since the close of the war."

Drama League Board Members.

President, Miss Kate A. McHugh; first vice president, Mrs. Warren Blackwell; second vice president, Mrs. Luther Drake; third vice president, Mrs. Myron Learned; fourth vice president, Mrs. J. E. Summers; fifth vice president, Mrs. Victor Rosewater; recording secretary, Mrs. E. C. Twamley; corresponding secretary, Mrs. George B. Prinz; treasurer, Mrs. A. W. Jefferis; chairman of education, Mrs. Samuel Burns; publicity, Mrs. E. M. Syfert; membership, Mrs. Clement Chase; courtesies, Mrs. Howard Baldrige; plays, Mrs. E. M. Fairfield; auditing, Miss Arabelle Kimball.

Just a word more about the Drama League of America, organized April 25, 1910, which has as its officers and directors the following prominent women:

President, Mrs. A. Starr Best, Evanston, Ill.; secretary, Mrs. John T. Edwards, Chicago; treasurer, William F. Abbott, Central Trust Company of Illinois. Vice presidents, Brander Matthews, New York City; Mrs. William S. Hefferan, Chicago; Mr. Richard Burton, Minneapolis; Mrs. Otis Skinner, Philadelphia; Frank C. Brown, Boston; Mrs. Fred W. Vaughan, San Francisco. Directors: Raymond M. Alden, Urbana, Ill.; Louis K. Ansbacher, New York; George P. Baker, Boston; Mrs. Wilbur F. Blackford, Chicago; S. H. Clark, Chicago; Percival Chubb, St. Louis; Gibson Gardner, Washington; Theodore B. Himsley, University of Chicago; Miss Alice M. Huston, Evanston, Ill.; James MacVeagh, Chicago; Mrs. J. Creighton Matthews, New Orleans; Mrs. William Vaughn Moody, Chicago; Benedict Papot, Chicago; Felix E. Schelling, Philadelphia; J. E. Williams, Street-or, Ill.

At the coming national convention, to be held in Chicago April 23 to 27, there is expected an unusually large gathering of men and women interested in things dramatic. Delegates to the meeting will probably bring back to Omaha inspiration to new forms of activity and the league confidently hopes for great success in the coming year.

By Consent of Public and Press Mrs. Edward Monroe Syfert Is Reporter for Drama League and Clubs of Every Kind



MRS. EDWARD MONROE SYFERT

Photo by Rinehart-Steffens

By ADELAIDE KENNERLY.

ONE morning we called the Blackstone and asked for Mrs. Syfert—Mrs. Edward Monroe Syfert—and were informed that Mrs. Syfert was out making the rounds of the newspapers; that she was one of the early risers and that we had little chance of finding her in after 9 a. m.

And then, into our office, tripped the lady of picture-hat-and-white-spats with her publicity. We never know exactly what kind of publicity she has prepared—all typed in purple ribbon n'everything—for one day it is the Drama League, the next day the Fraternal League for Woman's Service—just substituting for somebody else—and perhaps the next day it will be Liberty Loan or some other 'drive.

Recently Mrs. Syfert has been acquainting us with the merits, the educational advantages, the splendid-entertainment-looking-toward-high-

er-standards-in-art-and-literature, of the Drama league and assuring us that said organization needs oodles and oodles of publicity. We all sighed—then Mrs. Syfert smiled—and the world was all rosy again for she is one of those naturally-nice reporters who drops her pose (if she has any) like an old muff or something and discusses headlines and how much of the copy she has written will find its way into the paper. In fact the writing clan, unless they are rushed for copy, are very likely to discuss everything from ships to shoes and sealing wax.

Since the beginning of the war Mrs. Syfert has been an earnest, serious worker for the various drives and campaigns. She was secretary of the second Liberty loan and vice-chairman and secretary of the third Liberty loan. So successful had she been with this war work that when announcement was made that the fourth loan was on its way a

more responsible work was given for publicity chairman (or reporter, as she prefers to be called) for the victory ball, which was so brilliantly launched.

Between newspaper women it is conceded that Mrs. Syfert is one of them and has become so because of her willingness to take suggestions, because she is never dictatorial and always pleased with whatever the press is able to do. She is well informed on all her subjects and when there is doubt in her mind she trips down to the library for memory refreshments. It matters not whether it is fine arts, drama or literature, or rummage sales, or white elephants, she keeps facts at her finger tips.

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To One I Hate

I have in me a tendency to hate. Yet see with joy that tendency abate. As each new year against my casement knocks And leaves his drift against my temple locks.

For sometimes I have hated hard and long, And found, too late, that I had hated wrong. I hold, at length, one dominant belief: Hate comes but when acquaintance is too brief.

So now, when half inclined to nurture spite Against some one I deem eschews the right, I let not judgment yield unto my huff, But say, "I do not know him well enough."

For always comes this thought to give me pause, To plead the erring human's doubtful cause: Although my eyes discover only ill, God knows him through and through—yet loves him still.

—Exchange.

Gabby Gabs While All Join In

Your Private Affairs Publicly Discussed Among Charitable Kind Friends.

By GABBY DETAYLS. . . .
NOW just why don't the women at the Athletic club pool want to bathe. We supposed it was because they were immaculately clean and resented being told to scrub with soap and water, but now we hear from several reliable sources that some of them really do need the brush applied before taking their plunge—for the protection of others.

The rule at the bathing pool is this—every person, man or woman must take an honest-to-goodness bath and be perfectly clean before entering the pool. Since that is the rule the men bathe and make no protest—therefore, there is no trouble. But the women! My, my! When the maids politely tell them where the soap, towels and other scrubbing accessories are to be found, they sniff, and sneer and pass right on into the pool. We suspected the women were so clean that a suggestion to clean up was an insult, but no! We have just heard it whispered that the really clean ones don't mind at all—they are so accustomed to water and the bath—it's the ones who need it most that object.

Many a highwater-mark hides beneath the Kolinsky coat.

IT took a dainty bit of a girl with a roll of bills in her slender little right hand, with the declaration that \$50 of it was on its way to purchase silk undies, to bring out real, sympathetic ahs, and ohs, from a bevy of feminine beauty on the subject of dress reform.

Are silk undies too thin?
Is georgette too transparent?
Are ribbons and laces immodest?
Does the heart of a siren beat beneath each filmy "Teddy?"

"Oh, what are these dull reformers talking about?" sighed one pretty little thing. "It isn't sinful to wear beautiful undies. I just love them!"

Another exclaimed: "Why \$50 isn't so much! I bought a half dozen pieces and my \$50 was gone. But, oh, how lovely they are! I suppose I should have bought a top suit or a coat or more shoes or flannel skirts, but a whole wardrobe of those substantial, durable clothes would not give me a single thrill. Those ribbons and laces just tone pretty faces, and I shall never rest until I have a wee bit of a pocket on my best knickers to carry my powder puff. Why, I love to pull those filmy creations out of my dresser and pet them and smooth them and—and, even hug them."

So we believe (since extracting from these girls their real sentiments) that dress reform and a possibility of taboos silk undies are out of the question. And we know another thing: It isn't the sirens or the vampires or the questionable characters alone who invest in these non-essentials, but the dear, sweet little girls with pure thoughts and clean souls n'everything that's loveliest in womanhood. Gabby knows now that "girls shall be judged not by their tint of skin, nor by the gods they serve, the vintage that they drink, nor by the way they fight, or love or sin, but by the quality" of the undies they wear.

THINKING it over I have me doubts whether a trio (one man and two damsels fair) heard Jascha Heifetz.

Oh, yes, indeed, in the ancestral "proudties" it'll be prominent that they "saw" him—and they did, too—but it was just because of those perfectly abominable things called clothes and all, these folks can never say they've heard him.

He was all dressed up in dress suit so fine—just ready to catch and reflect the notes of the violin on the stiff white shirt.

They both—the women fair—had spent fairly hours in arranging that artful coil of the hair, in adjusting four huge, sparkly rings on the proper angle of the fourth and third finger—proper balance, don't you know—and their dress!

Well, the jet of the dress out rivaled the rings.

They came just at the psychological moment, sat on the stage and tried many seats—for this was the first time they'd had to sit there and didn't know the best angle.

Then it took fully five minutes to adjust his—the man's—coat on the back of the seat; another ten or so to remove the luxurious black coat of mink on the right that clung horribly to the net sleeve and caused her to be so embarrassed that she pouted. By that time the companion on the left was in dire distress—her coat needed fixing too.

And all the time his own kept tumbling down as he leaned over. It tickled the ear of his next in front neighbor who had to be "beg pardon" again and again, till the first part of the concert was over before the triplet was settled.

And then the hair needed fixing—and in doing it off came poor gal-lan's black-rimmed glasses—it took several minutes to discover whether they were broken.

But when the time for applause came they all joined in and when Jascha Heifetz came to bow he never knew there were three, who could say that they had seen but, alas, had not heard, his concert.