

Woman's Work in the World

Gabby Tells War Over, Mother of Beautiful Kiddies Finds Happiness and Love in Home

Every Maid and Matron Likes Her Cup of Tea and While "Tea" May Never Again Reign Supreme Dainty Cups Are Being Resurrected from China Cupboards and Serviettes Are Being Laundered.

The Tale of a Paisley Shawl and a Bottle of Rouge Is Out at Last.

By GABBY DETAYLS
EDUCATION is a matter of opinion. Some seek education in one avenue and some in another, but one is, perhaps, no more educated than another. Therefore, education becomes a matter of opinion, more or less, which eliminated any possibility of offense in this story.

One of Omaha's brightest and most successful business women was a member of a group who motored through the coast towns of California recently. They were all charmed and filled with awe at the wonderful views of ocean boulevards, semi-tropical scenery and nature's wonders presented in rapid panorama. A huge sign reading "De Tour 10 miles" was one of the objects which attracted their attention. Said the successful and charming business woman from Omaha: "Now I wonder just what sort of a town that is? Suppose we'd better have lunch there?"

The new Dolmans are very fascinating and most becoming, we admit. One has such a Queen Anne-ish feeling when wearing them. But we hear on good authority that they are not so popular with the sterner sex. Yes, really, the horrid things object to them because they have such difficulty in locating the arm of their fair companion when they try to gallantly assist her in crossing a street. It's a distressing situation!

The poor man hunts amid a maze of satin and gaberdine for an arm that he may anchor himself, and the search is often fruitless. We know of one little up-to-the-minute maid who purchased one of the new wraps last fall. Complaints were immediately registered by her very special man friend and he has watched the calendar anxiously for signs of spring. He felt sure that with the first daffodil Miss Chic would purchase a new spring coat with regular sleeves.

Dark disappointment! Deep chagrin! For this is what she said the other day.

"You know, I've been window-shopping, and all the coats are just like mine! Isn't that lucky? I can just save my coppers, for I won't need a new one."

"It's all wrong, it's all wrong!" groaned the mere man.

GRAY maids are the latest wrinkle! No their hair is not silvery nor their complexions, but their gowns, my dear! In the very smartest homes in the east the housemaids are gowned in Quaker gray and we understand that they harmonize beautifully with the interior decorations. Can't you imagine a bronze-haired siren, attired in this soft shade, wielding a duster or talking your card at the door! Such harmony, such a delight to the eye!

And the fad has reached our fair city! Oh, yes, Omaha is never far behind no matter if it be shaving the eyebrows or wearing feminalls to a tea dance. Mrs. Louis Clarke, one of our most charming hostesses, introduced the gray maids, and at a very exclusive little dinner at the Country club, the guests almost forgot their soup in admiring the feminine sectors in their uniforms of the new shade. We are sure it will take the town by storm, for the provincial black dress and white cap is really quite de trop. Bring on the gray maids, we love anything new and different.

Home and fireside are calling the women of the land. "Go west, young man," said Horace Greeley; "Go home, young woman," commands the Angel of Peace. War duties are done, motor corps are demobilized, surgical dressings are no longer needed and the frilly house gown supplants the uniform.

We like it. Every maid and matron loves her cups of tea and her bridge prizes, there is no doubt of it. You remember the old legend of the woman who searched the world over in her quest of happiness, losing youth, beauty and friends in the wearing journey, and finally, broken and old, she returned to her home and found the object of her quest at her own fireside.

War work has proved a boon to many women, but it may be that even a deeper contentment may come through the medium of domestic duties and cares. With our thoughts turned homeward and family life taking a deeper significance the beautiful groups of Omaha mothers and children claim our attention. Mrs. Chester C. Nieman and her two lovely children, Robert

Sanford and Dorothy Ann comprise one of the most charming of these groups. Although Mrs. Nieman is a Lincoln woman, Omaha society has always claimed her for pretty, dark-eyed Frances Sanford was a most popular member of the younger set and visited here at numerous times. She was the guest of Mrs. Warren Howard, nee Miss Ruth Gould, and these attractive young women were the center of a gay little group of friends.

Mrs. Nieman is a graduate of St. Mary's school at Notre Dame, and it was not long after the completion of her school course until the orange blossoms and tulle transformed the school girl into a lovely bride. Mrs. Nieman is just a "regular" person, for she says so. She hasn't a single hobby, but her two beautiful children and she in their comrade and playmate. We all rather expect a woman to say she is very athletic and "loves" outdoor sports and so it's a delicious treat when we discover Mrs. Nieman just enjoys a game of cards and a little cozy dinner party now and then.

Home hearts are the happiest and charming Mrs. Nieman, who entertains so beautifully in her pretty home is numbered among the most attractive young matrons in the Gate city.



Mrs. Chester Nieman with Dorothy Ann and Robert Sanford

Don't Boast Or Folks May Think Marriage Affects Your Brain

Young Matrons Too Often Find Themselves Intoxicated With the Importance of the Married State and Become Nuisances.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
There's a little lesson in manners, or perhaps it's a little lesson in wisdom, that I wish all young married women could be persuaded to learn. Such young married women, I mean, as find themselves intoxicated by what they believe to be the importance of the married state.

To be able to call oneself a matron is, they innocently think, achievement. And they are willing to betray their consciousness of having achieved to a universe of on-lookers.

I'm sure you know the signs. They are familiar to all of us. A tendency to refer to "my husband" in every sentence that they utter is one of them.

A habit of saying to girls older than themselves, "Oh, but you must let me chaperon you on such and such an occasion. You know I can, now," is another sign.

A belief, betrayed continually, that there is a great gulf between married and unmarried women, and that they now stand forever with the elect, is still another.

No sane person would blame a young wife for being in love, or even betraying to outsiders her conviction that she is life-partner to a god, and that her existence is uninterrupted rapture. An idyllic marriage is a charming thing to behold.

Complacent Matronhood. But the thing that I am lamenting is quite different. It is that false sense of superiority, of importance in youthful matrons that I should like to warn all girls to be on their guard against.

Don't let this matter of being married "go to your head." There is no reason why your whole attitude and manner should change because you have formed a partnership with a pleasant, but probably, after all, not very important young man, or because you have undertaken the responsibilities of housekeeping, in which it may be that many of your unmarried friends could excel you.

It isn't anything, after all, that sets

Heart Beats

By A. K.
Woman's love
Without diversion
Without other interests
Is overwhelming—
It is all-consuming
And becomes a menace
Rather than a virtue.
From the press
We learn
Every few days
That women have
Become agonized with grief
And resorted to
Poison
Or gas
Or acid
Or a revolver
To end their
Miserable existence.
Why?
Because they feel
The loss of a
Husband's love
A love which flamed
A brilliant red
Then burnt like white-hot
Coals when the flickering
Flames of romance
Finally one by one
Went out.
And there was nothing
To replace it
There were no substitutes
There was no backing
Nothing to lean on
For support through
The crisis.
A life deprived of
Love is never
Quite the same
But interesting work
Interest in people
Interest in philanthropic
Endeavors
Are balm to heal
The wound in the heart
Torn open and left
Bleeding by one of those
Jagged little darts
Which cupid so recklessly
Shoots here and there
Without apparent
Rhyme or reason.
The world is so full
Of so many things
That every woman's
Life should embrace
Those nearest her heart.
Love is beautiful
But so elusive
That when one tries
To pin it down—
Presto!
It's gone.

Three Famous Women Film Directors Have a Word to Say

June, as usual, will see thousands of young women all over the country graduated from high schools and universities. In the ranks of the sweet girl graduate there are, of course—also, as usual—not a few who are convinced that they are possessed of the talent that will some day carry them to stellar honors, either on the stage or on the screen. Not a few, however, hardly less interested in stage or screen, entertain no ambition to become players. Still they seek work connected either with the footlights or with the cinema's silver sheet.

For some of these, naturally gifted, there is work to be had. Especially is this true in the domain of the screen. Women scenario writers are always in demand—provided, of course, they have scenario ideas worth while. There is work for the intelligent young woman in the film editing department, more work as title writers and still more work—and more important work, too—as director of production.

In Flanders Fields

By LT. COL. JOHN D. McCRAE.
(Written during the second battle of Ypres, April, 1915. The author, Dr. John D. McCrae of Montreal, Canada, was killed on duty in Flanders, January 28, 1918.)

IN FLANDERS fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row and row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

At the major's luncheon held Wednesday at the Athletic club, Miss Lorena, Leeka gave readings of "Flanders Fields" and "America's Answer."

America's Answer

By R. W. LILLARD.
(Written after the death of Lt. Col. McCrae, author of "In Flanders Fields," and printed in the New York Evening Post.)

REST ye in peace, ye Flanders dead.
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies blowing overhead,
Where once his own life blood ran
red.
So let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught.
The torch ye threw to us we caught.
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die!
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders fields.

The young woman who would succeed at it says Miss Park, must be endowed with brains; she must be possessed of good judgment, of patience, of ingenuity, of resourcefulness, of originality. And she must have a keen appreciation for art. She must be equipped with tenacity of purpose.

Miss Weber and Miss Wilson add that an aptitude for acting is desirable—at least the aptitude of determining, and quickly, whether a bit of acting is effective. "The director," they say, "deals with effects. It is the director's business to see that the effects are obtained—that they register." A fertile imagination, too, they say, is necessary.

Sheep on White House Grounds Yield Wool and Amusement

It may now be definitely stated that as a sheep-raiser Woodrow Wilson also is a success. The White House flock, after less than a year of residence on the grounds of the executive mansion, is not only in the best of health and nearly ready to surrender another good-sized wool clip, but also is growing. Seven tumbly black-legged, black-muzzled lambs have already taken their place in the flock and more are expected.

Of course, President Wilson does not personally shepherd the White House sheep, but he has taken a lively interest in their welfare. This interest is shared by the rest of the country, because the last wool clip given up by the original flock of 18, brought probably the highest price of any ever sheared. It was donated it will be remembered, by President Wilson to the American Red Cross and auctioned off in small lots throughout the country, adding over \$30,000 to the war fund of the organization.

The rich grass of the White House grounds, that is practically the only fodder the sheep get, has made them all "fat as butter" and now that they are fully acclimated to Washington, it is seen that sheep-raising in the heart of a great city is easily possible. The flock now numbers 26, and is increasing.