THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE PART TWO PART TWO SOCIETY SECTION SOCIETY SECTION OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1919. SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS. VOL XLVIII-NO. 43. Woman's Work in the World Don't Boast Or Folks May Gabby Tells War Over, Mother of Beautiful Kiddies Think Marriage Affects On All Her Finds Happiness and Love in Home Your Brain Friends Every Maid and Matron Likes Her Cup of Tea and While "Tea" May

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

By GABBY DETAYLS

DUCATION is a matter of opinion. Some seek education in one avenue and some in 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 charmed and filled with awe at the the woman who searched the world it was not long after the completion wonderful views of ocean boule-vards, 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 fasci-nating 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 be-cause 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 about 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 spring. He felt sure that with the first daffodil Miss Chic would purchase a new spring coat with gular sleeves.

Dark disappointment! Deep cha-grin! For this is what she said the other day.

Never Again Reign Supreme Dainty Cups Are Being Resurrected from China Cupboards and Serviettes Are Being Laundered.

Home and fireside are calling the Sanford and Dorothy Ann comwomen of the land. "Go west, prise one of the most charming of these groups. young man," said Horace Greeley;

"Go home, young woman," com- coln woman, Omaha society has alanother, but one is, perhaps, no more mands the Angel of Peace. War ways claimed her for pretty, darkeducated than another. Therefore, duties are done, motor corps are de- eyed Frances Sanford was a most duties are done, motor corps are de-mobilized, surgical dressings are no longer needed and the frilly house gown supplants the uniform. We like it. Every maid and ma-these attractive young women were the center of a gay little group of

ron loves her cups of tea and her friends. bridge prizes, there is no doubt of over in her quest of happiness, los-blossoms and tulle transformed the ing youth, beauty and friends in the wearing journey, and finally, broken and found the object of her quest at hobby, but her two beautiful chilher own fireside.

even a deeper contentment may come through the medium of domestic duties and cares. With our ner party now and then,

thoughts turned homeward and fam- Home hearts are the happiest and ily life taking a deeper significance the beautiful groups of Omaha mothers and children claim our attention. Mrs. Chester C. Nieman attractive young matrons in the

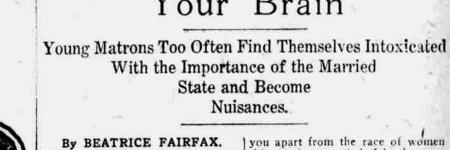
Although Mrs. Nieman is a Lin-

Mrs. Nieman is a graduate of St California recently. They were all it. You remember the old legend of Marys school at Notre Dame, and

> school girl into a lovely bride. Mrs. wearing journey, and finally, broken Nieman is just a "regular" person, and old, she returned to her home for she says so. She hasn't a single dren and she is their comrade and playmate. We all rather expect a

> War work has proved a boon to woman to say she is very athletic many women, but it may be that 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 din-





mean, as find themselves intoxicated vate concern. only. by what they believe to be the importance of the married state.

To be able to call oneself a mato betray their consciousness of having achieved to a universe of onlookers.

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 before that ceremony for which she so complacently robed herself in 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 now,"

there is a great gulf between mar-ried 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 con-viction that she is life-partner to a god, and that her existence is uninterrupted rapture. An idyllic mar-riage is a charming thing to behold. Complacent Matronhood.

But the thing that I am lamentng is quite different. It is that false sense of superiority, of importance in youthful matrons that 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 is not worth courting. reason why your whole attitude and

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. | you apart from the race of women There's a little lesson in manners, this getting married. It's the comor perhaps it's a little lesson in wis- mon lot-a universal practice. Moreover, you are not merely following dom, that I wish all young married the example of countless grandmothwomen could be persuaded to learn. ers, but you are doing a thing that is Such young married women, I of no public moment. It's your pri-

As you have doubtless noticed, the type of young matron that I have in mind not only proclaims repeatedly to whomever will listen, that she has

tron is, they innocently think, a husband, but the details of her achievement. And they are willing housekeeping are advertised in her conversation, as though they had an importance that mere unmarried housekeeping never acquired.

And her struggles with shopkeepers, landlords, dressmakers and servants, if she has any, are thrust upon the world's attention with an air that she could never have summoned

white satin. There is no mistaking the significance of her manner. It means not only that she herself is aware of hav-

ing triumphed, but that she is grievously sorry for those who haven't Pity for the "Old Maid."

No fate seems to be so deserving of pity, and yet, at the same time, so contemptible, as that of the spinster. It is as the "old maid" that she thinks of her-and she doesn't hesitate to use the term. The unmarried woman is for her the unpreferred. the unloved, the unoccupied, the use-less and negligible. Nor does she hesitate to let an unmarried girl know that she has this view.

It doesn't make her popular, of course-among the unmarried. But even if she knew this, I think she wouldn't care. The unmarried have so little prestige in her mind that their good opinion is scarcely worth having, just as their companionship

She perfers that her social life manner should change because you shall be spent among women of her have formed a partnership with a own rank—the high rank of the ma-pleasant, but probably, after all, not trons. She desires that these, who very important young man, or be-cause you have undertaken the re-her. But for the rest, it doesn't nsibilities of housekeeping, in greatly matter.

You know I've been windo 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.

RAY maids are the latest wrin-U kle! 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 imag-ine 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 servitors 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 readly quite de trop. Bring on the gray maids, we love any thing new and different.

O MATTER whether you are among the "fors" or the "againsts" in this powder and rouge question, we must all admit there is a time, place, and should be a girl's face, in the mixture. One Omaha matron, however, believes that rouge is rouge, and good for any purpose. She declares she is a firm believer in rouge, and plenty of it. So when we tell you that at a recent children's party the pink-frosted cakes were the subject of a great deal of congratulation, and everyone spoke of the delicious frosting, you will not wonder why the hostess gave very sketchy re-plies. But after all the guests had departed and the last flickering lights of a finished feast had gone out, Gabby imposed upon good na-ture and took advantage of friendship when she inquired into the pink secret of the delicious frosting.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the host-"When we were making those cakes I found that I hadn't a bit of pink coloring for the frosting, and so I just poured a lot of that new liquid rouge I bought in white frosting and put it on the cakes. They look all right and taste all right, but I'm just praying that the rouge was harmless and that the children will survive.

RESS-UP week brought many

D a smile to brightly dressed and still more work-and more im-folks and to automobiles, even portant work, too-as director of to little "Tin Lizzies." When Mrs.

Franklin Shotwell was strolling down Farnam street one of these dress-up days she noticed a real struck with the germ of a bright



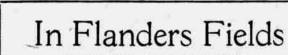
Film Directors Have a Word to Say

June, as usual, will see thousands f 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 con-nected 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 do-main of the screen. Women scenario writers are always in demand -provided, of course, they have scenario ideas worth while. Then there s work for the intelligent young voman in the film editing depart-

ment, more work as title writers

production. In famous Universal City, where stars hold sway, there are three of the most famous women directors son and Ida May Park have pro-



By LT. COL. JOHN D. M'CRAE. Written during the second battle of Ypres, April, 1915. The author, Dr. John D. Mc-Crae of Montreal, Canada, was killed on duty in Flanders, January 28, 1918.)

N FLANDERS fields the poppies L 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.

dress-up days she noticed a real the most famous women directors Paisley shawl draped over the hood in the world engaged in making pic-of "said Lizzie." Thereupon she was tures. Lois Weber, Elsie Jane Wil-tures. Lois Weber, Elsie Jane Wilendowed with brains; she must be they say, "deals with effects. It is "See pictures-see them often- grounds, that is practically the only idea (she's full of these idea germs.) A note she pinned to the shawl which read thus: "If you wish to sell this for \$5, take it to the Allah Shop and the worked with brains, she must be photoplay successes ever projected all enthusiastic in advocating di-have a keen appreciation for art. She have a keen appreciation for art. She 'register.'" A fertile imagination, the scene. Ask yourself always how are fully acclimated to Washington, Shop and the money will be waiting recting as a profession for able and must be equipped with tenacity of too, they say, is necessary. for you." The next day Mrs. Shot-well's telephone rang. It was the shawl was there and the \$5 gone. But, they say, if its rewards are numerous, its demands are numerous. able—at least the aptitude of deter-

America's Answer By R. W. LILLARD.

Mrs. Chester Nieman with Dorothy Ann and Robert Sanford

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

DEST ye in peace, ye Flanders dead. **N** 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.

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

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

ization.

Rinehant-

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 r.ady

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 live-,

ly interest in their welfare. This

interest is shared by the rest of the

throughout the country, adding over

\$30,000 to the war fund of the organ-

-Steffens

Photo

which it may be that many of your unmarried friends could excel It isn't anything, after all, that sets

Heart Beats

By A. K. Woman'c 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.

That when one tries

Love is beautiful But so elusive

To pin it down-

Presto!

It's gone.

For a year or so one listens to the continued narrative in which husband and housekeeping figure. Then a baby comes and unsurps the leading place in the mother's conversation. The bride I have been describing becomes the mother who always talks about her children. Does it seem to you that this is so bad a habit that you would never acquire it? I assure you that it is better to be on the safe side. Don't begin by making you husband and you cook the staples of your conversation, or you will end by being a garrulous mother as well. Is Marriage Achievement? Doubtless it's agreeable to feel oneself a person of importance, of

recognized achievement. But young girls must remember that this is gained by intelligence, energy, work. A woman who has followed a profession to some purpose, a woman who is a success in business, one who is an artist or a worker for her fellow men deserves consideration on the strength of what she has accomplished. She may be married or single. According to any reafly sensible standard, how can this possibly matter?

It is true, I admit, that a woman who has successfully brought up a healthy and promising family of children is entitled to be regarded seriously. But it takes years for a woman to establish her right to credit as a mother. There are mothers-and mothers.

With all these points in mind, many advanced women of the present day have advocated the abolishment of the titles "Mrs." and "Miss" on the grounds that they create an artificial distinction. Does this seem a radical, unnecessary departure? Think it over and see if the advantages of such a change don't become apparent to you.

A Youthful Bride.

A youthful bride whom nobody addressed as "Mrs. John Smith" would perhaps have less temptation to boast about her connection with the excellent but by no means unique Mr. Smith.

"People speak to me as though were no different from what I was before," she might reflect. "Can it be that I reatly am no different? Can it be that I really have no cause to be airy and superior because I am married?"

Wait until you have shown that you are different, in some particular, from hundreds of thousands of other women who have husbande and homes. Wait until you have thought out some way of making home life happier, more comfortable, more complete, more beautiful. Wait until you have some contribution from your own experience to the problems of marriage or motherhood. Wait until you have found out how to make housekeeping simpler or more effective or more economical

Then it will be time enough to boast that you are married and a housekeeper-time enough to expect consideration and precedence and praise. You will deserve them

But to expect these things because you've married the man you loved. while your neighbor hasn't, yet-is this reasonable, or is it just a little vulgar?

At all events, I'm sure you w SELAHI be guilty of it.