

Woman's Work in the World

Gabby Covers Many Fields In Her Chatter

Gossiping Gabby Passes On the Information She Gleans by Listening and Snooping and Prying Around Where She Isn't Wanted.

JUST for fun we are going to quote from the "Gaby" Helen Rowland who, behind smiles, wit and sarcasm, has ferreted out the meanings of male coiffures.

When a woman arranges her locks it is for vanity's sake or for style's sake or for art's sake or for love's sake.

But a man's hair is his favorite advertisement!

And by the way in which he weareth it shall ye know him.

The savage suffereth his locks to flow about his shoulders and adorneth them with glittering ornaments and bright feathers, which is to say:

"Beware, beware! I am fierce!"

But the first sign of a civilized man is a haircut, which is the symbol of "intelligence."

Yet when "culture" cometh, he returneth unto his first love and permiteth his cherished locks to grow again in divers and wonderful ways.

The poet cultivateth a curling forelock, and the musician rejoiceth in a waving mane.

Which is to say:

"Lo, I am a genius!"

The college professor sheareth the hair from his head and causeth it to grow upon his chin.

For a vandeyke is the emblem of the highbrow and the sacred symbol of intellectuality.

The soldier croppeth his back hair and removeth his beard, but coaxeth the foliage to grow upon his upper lip as a token of bravery.

The monk shaveth the top of his head to show forth his piety.

But the base ball player shaveth the back of his neck, which is to say:

"I'm the guy!"

And the "Johnny" sicketh back his pompadour so that it appeareth to be painted on his scalp!

Behold, in all the world there are but two men who take no joy in doing stunts with their hair and revel not in "nature's crown of beauty."

Even the convict and the baldheaded man.

Yet, of these two the convict is the more human, for he suffereth great sorrow and humiliation when his locks are shorn.

But the baldheaded man goeth forth boldly "unclad on top."

And neither vanity nor mercy nor modesty shall cause him to cover up his blushing scalp.

Go to! A woman will encumber herself with two pounds of false hair for love of a man who would not so much as camouflage his bald spot with a toupee for love of a goddess!

Variety, verily, let the explorer and the scientist waste their time upon the language of birds and monkeys and hottenots; let the lover learn the language of the flowers and the flirt practice the language of the eyes.

But unto a feminine psychologist the language of a man's hair is stranger and infinitely more interesting than fiction.

THE cat has come into its own! It took many an age before he graduated from the slurs and the reproaches of centuries.

The witches cat—enough to make the shivers come!

"She's a cat!"—and oh, how the sparks flash from the eyes at that "catty" remark.

But now he's graduated entirely. Students, teachers, wise men and all who delve into the "ologies" have evidently in their zeal discovered the possibilities of "catology."

Now the favored cat has been cited as master of—not slenchery, neither of trickery and mysterious uncanniness—but master of the most subtle art of reserve. Neither shyness nor bashfulness is his; humility dwells not in them, and modesty touches him with but ineffective fingers. For modesty connotes two factors—a slender confidence in self and an inner restraint from thrusting oneself forward. Neither belongs to the cat.

In our own race only the Scotchmen have glorified reserve and made a national trait of reticence. The Scotchman has claimed "and won honor for his limitation in expression. Not so the cat. Calumny has fallen upon him, and he is made to wear the adjectives "stealthy," and "selfish" and "treacherous."

We are apt, in our large-minded way, to call reserve treachery when we do not understand it, says a writer in Scribner's. And we never, in our large-minded way, will understand the cat. Though caution and wariness tingle on his whiskers, his half-closed eyes are focused on some distant, unseen world, and enmesh his reserve with a sense of mystery. Inscrutability—veils the expression most subtle in the atmosphere and unseen forces which are at once close and remote baffle our perplexed and ambrosious understanding.

The reserve which is most irritating is that which we cannot understand. It is our subjective atti-

tude which makes us interpret such reserve as obstinacy, stupidity or perverseness, and which calls forth in us a spirit of allied exasperation and determination to shatter. For the human ego is a curious and demanding creature, which is, strangely enough, at the mercy of that which most quickly retreats before it.

These sagas say that the incomprehensible touches the pride—and the cat is uncomprehensible. Cats either pique the curiosity of the imaginative or baffle, and therefore madden, the swift, logical thinker.

There is a subtle connection to be found in the comparative number of men and women who like cats.

Even in the kindest of men the insolent and independent deportment of a cat's tail arouses some spirit of vexation. If the Cat That Walked By His Lone had not waved his wild tail the Lizard of Catdom might have been a different story.

The only confusing part of it is that we girls will never know whether we are being slurred or complimented when we are referred to as "cats."

OH, girls, the styles! The styles of dresses, yes, but Mercy me, the styles of parasols! They're going to count ever and ever so much more this year than in former years.

A certain fashion forecaster says that it hasn't quite come to rings in the tip of our noses, but at least we will wear 'em in the tips of our ferrules this summer.

All of the smartest, newest parasols which we will raise against the sun's rays have these handy rings, so that they will slip over the wrist when the parasol isn't in action and dangle along with the omnipresent bag.

Of course last season the parasols also sported these rings, but then they were attached to the handles.

This season, just by way of variety, they have done a flip-flop to the other extreme and, fastened to the tip, they upset all precedent and all parasols by causing them to hang upside down when in repose.

To raise a parasol this summer will be the next best thing to raising a riot—that is, of course, a riot of color—for never have they seemed so gay and festive.

Gorgeous plaids and figured silks vie with plain colors of most hectic hues. The flat Chinese shapes are most in favor.

Some are just one tiny ruffle after another and some are bordered deeply with silken fringe. One bright green affair has embroidered designs of bright hued wool with a yarn fringe of all the assorted shades.

On the airy chiffon models, fringe of the popular ostrich feather fluffs palpitate pulchritudiously.

A revival of hand painted parasols promises great success and a new note has been added by introducing the popular metallic touch.

A stunning flat black parasol shows a sprawling vine design done in gold paint and a midnight blue is silver-leaved. Gay plumaged birds and iridescent butterflies fly their painted beauty across the ivory ribbed sectors of shimmering silk, and painted blossoms bloom there unwithered by the scorching sun.

Broad black and white stripes radiate smartly from many an ivory ringed ferrule tip and yet on others

every American peddler's pack raises the newest and most striking note in parasoldom up to date.

Those old-time allover Spanish and Chantilly lace parasols are coming back too. You know the kind that grandma carried when she was just a young and flighty creature. Mounted over shimmering satin, they are just the things to wear with our floating sicken scarves and book muslin frocks and tiny bonnets.

Of course the stout, stocky, substantial and always smart little hybrid dual element defers, the bright taffeta umbrella parasols that turn equally fast and impervious colors to the sun and rain, are still found in the best hands and umbrella stands.

It is the fluffly feminine and extravagantly impractical charms of the cobwebby lace ones, the "ruffled" silk ones and the hand painted chiffon ones, however, that the majority of fair females are hoisting this summer to keep off the Heavenly golden sun and lure on some golden earthly son.

DO you remember your first ride in a taxicab? If you have passed the 32d milestone, no doubt you do. Can't you remember your "scampy," dare-devil feeling as you careened around the corners in the rattly equipage while the little machine clicked up the dollar marks?

In two or three months, dear people, you will be once again enjoying that "first time" sensation of being in

the forefront of things and you can do it by taking a taxi too. For it will be an aerial taxi, and you must, for the sake of accuracy, put another digit in front of your 15 miles an hour for you can travel 115 miles in 60 minutes.

In the golden month of May if you should suddenly desire to flit from thither to yon you will not purchase mile-long railroad tickets as of yore, but you will need only to

telephone that you would like to leave in an hour via the air route. Then, at the appointed moment, arrayed in your best and tailored traveling clothes, you step into the newest things in the way of closed in, upholstered ariel taxicabs and will be delivered right side up with care at the board walk with the wild waves within a stone's throw.

But wait! All this will be yours if

you live in the gay metropolis, and how can that interest Omahans? It may seem far away, but so did the narrow skirts not so very long ago, to say nothing of shaved eyebrows, and yet they are as thick as dandelions in spring time. It will not be long until, father flies home in the wee sma' hours after a friendly evening at the Athletic club, and mother will be awakened from her

Heart Beats

By A. K.

Tired one! Weary one! Seeker of ease!

If you would win In the battles of Life And reach a place In the world of men Steer clear

Of that comfortable Easy chair.

And there is an Easy chair

In the corner of Every Life

I ween—

It beckons

And coaxes

And keeps rocking

Gently to and fro.

It whispers

Of comfort and rest

For the weary

Souls of men.

Its cushions are soft—

Made of treacherous down

From the great white geese

Of the witches' domain.

Ah! that Easy Chair

Is a subtle affair

So calm

So sweet

As it rocks and sways—

Staking its claim

On the best in life

Like the terrible—

That dreadful—

"Old man of the sea."

Succumb not to its Temptation—

It allures

Retards

Destroys

That which spurs us

On and on

To the goal

Of Greater Things.

Take care!

Beware!

Of the enticing rest

In that destructive

EASY CHAIR!

World Red Cross Leaders Paving Way to Health

Conference now in session at Cannes, France, headed by Henry P. Davison of the American Red Cross, and representative of France, England, Italy and Japan, is mapping out a universal health program that will be co-ordinated with the work of the league of nations.

Second only in importance to the gathering at Versailles, where the foremost statesmen of the world are striving for a plan that will enable the nations of the earth to dwell in peace, is the conference at Cannes, France, of the world's leaders in Red Cross work, assembled for the lofty purpose of formulating plans for improving the health and minimizing the distress of mankind everywhere.

Each conference is working along separate lines, but world contentment is the ultimate objective of both. Any plan for world peace adopted at Versailles must be immeasurably strengthened by the proposed Red Cross program for promoting the welfare of men and women within the new geographical boundaries.

France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan and the United States are the countries whose Red Cross organizations now have representatives at Cannes. These representatives compose a committee headed by Henry P. Davison of New York, formerly chairman of the war council of the American Red Cross and still a member of the executive committee of that organization. Mr. Davison, at the request of President Wilson, who is president of the American Red Cross, has agreed to represent that organization in the movement to unify the efforts of all Red Cross societies.



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Mystery! Who Is She?

Some Will Say "Menie Davis" and Others Know She Is Mary Taylor.

DARK mystery! Double identities, and all the atmosphere necessary for a six reel thriller, except we have two leading ladies and no leading man! Can you imagine anything more exciting and yet perplexing? We present one heroine. It's Menie Davis—no, it's Mary Taylor. There you are! You have the whole plot for everyone's mistake, one for the other.

To the soft jazzy tunes of a palm hidden orchestra the young gallant in the Tuxedo approaches one fair charmer. He knows it's Miss Davis, and he does want to dance this fox trot with her, but with a swish of satin and a flutter of tulle the girl in question turns and looks his way. The swain is puzzled but only for a minute, of course, he knows who she is. But she isn't! For Menie is Mary and he swirls through the dance a much puzzled young man.

The resemblance between the two girls causes a great deal of amusement for their friends are constantly addressing remarks to one intended for the other. Miss Taylor is surprised by being reminded that she has promised her support, to this benefit affair or that, and she smiles sweetly at the sabled matron who is asking so gently for her sandwiches and a few dollars, but all the time her brain is whirling round and round, who, when and where?

Suddenly the light breaks. The lady of the lorgnette and the grand dame air thinks she is Miss Davis and Miss Taylor assists her in adjusting personalities amid a minimum of embarrassment and a maximum of laughter.

A niche in the business world is occupied by Miss Taylor. When the tocsin of war called the young men and women of the land this attractive Omaha girl joined the ranks of those who pledged their brain and skill to serving their country. The smoke of battle has cleared away but efficient Mary finds that her busy world still fascinates and she has no idea of forsaking the realm of jangling telephones and clicking typewriters. She swims, she dances, she skates and when all this is done she continues to be the counterpart of the attractive Miss Davis.

Easter In Russia Is Quite Different From Gay Parade On Fifth Avenue.

A secretary of the Young Woman's Christian association writes of an interesting custom in Russia on Easter. All day long that sacred day the streets are deserted and quiet; there is no sound of song and laughter and the majority remain indoors. At dusk the people, dressed all in black and with sad faces, go into churches that are dark. The priests are also dressed in black and the music is sad and depressing. This continues till midnight, when the churches are brilliantly lighted, and the music becomes joyous, and the priests appear in gay robes. Then the people rise from their knees with happy faces, call gladly to each other "Christ is risen," and go out to find the streets brilliantly lighted and every one wild with joy.

The Star of Gold By R. BROAD, JR. A Star of Gold in the window, A soul in the vast unknown, A memory of days that are ended, A prayer to the Great White Throne, A tear drop in sad eyes glistening, Throbs of pain and of pride in some breast, For that brave one, whose mission is ended, Whose remains in far fields lie at rest. High hopes and ambitions are over, Youthful fervor is cooled 'neath the sod, The temple that held them is shattered, The soul has returned to its God. Shall the sacrifice made go unheeded? Is the life, bravely spent, thrown away? Ah! no. In the heart of our nation It shall live forever and aye. As thus freely it gave to the utmost, Recking naught, save the cause we hold dear, So we, through such inspiration, Shall see our duties more clear. Stars may tarnish, and bodies shall moulder— Our brave ones forgotten may rest, But the Purpose and Deed shall live in us, And lead to our highest and best.



stripes run madly round and round in dizzy circles. Quaint parasols of calico and English print are made especially, matching up adorable old-time dresses of the same materials. There are gay cretonne and figured linen parasols that belong to this non-silly set and a parasol made from one of those printed Indian bedspreads that you find in every well-regulated Bohemian studio and

the forefront of things and you can do it by taking a taxi too. For it will be an aerial taxi, and you must, for the sake of accuracy, put another digit in front of your 15 miles an hour for you can travel 115 miles in 60 minutes. In the golden month of May if you should suddenly desire to flit from thither to yon you will not purchase mile-long railroad tickets as of yore, but you will need only to

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