

## Woman's Section

Who Is Vain? Before the  
Camera Men Prove  
the Answer

One Famous Doctor Declares That People Should  
Eat According to the Curve of the Back—  
Stenographers! Bookkeepers!  
Wives! Take Notice.

By GABBY DETAYLS.

WIVES, stenographers, bookkeepers and employees! Look well to the backs of office help and others.

It makes no difference how fat you are, or how tall or short, but what is your back like? If you are "flat-backed," and are a stenographer or office worker, you're all wrong! You should be a policeman or an artist's model, or fill any other position that necessitates standing all day, for flat-backed people never tire.

If you are narrow backed, you are classed with the lion, and should be fed meat. If broad backed, the type that catalogues as "flat-backed," you are on a par with the elephant, must feed upon vegetables, and are capable of enduring forever and almost the day after tomorrow.

These are but two of the things Dr. Clinton E. Achorn of New York is preparing to tell the world through a series of one-reel pictures.

"It is just as ridiculous to prescribe a diet for a person without looking at their back as it is to prescribe without knowing the symptoms," said Dr. Achorn after a private showing of his picturized theory.

"Then too, to prescribe a diet according to the idea of the disease is all wrong. When the narrow-backed individual, the carnivorous eater is sick, feed him meat. His anatomy makes meat imperative in making strength. The broad-backed individual or herboriferous eater would be poisoned by the same supply of meat the narrow backed person would eat normally.

"There is but one thing a man or woman can be made of: a baby. What kind of a man or woman is to be made, depends upon how the baby is cultured. Milk and eggs and strength-giving foods every one realizes the necessity of; but whether he or she will be of the flat-backed endurance type, or the narrow-backed type without great powers of endurance, all depend upon the posture given the child. This comes from the twist the sacrum does or does not take.

At birth the sacrum is pliable and straight. Up to the age of 16 it is forming its line and hardening. From then on it is curved, making the weight of the body hang from a curved line or straight, allowing an inexhaustible supply of endurance according to the training of the child.

"The woman who must sit down every time she gets near a chair, or hates to walk or stand at any time, is not lazy. Her sacrum is curved and she is not flat-backed. The flat-backed person may weigh 250 pounds, but if their back is flat and straight from the waist down, they'll want to stand and will be able to endure ten times as much as the slight person carrying no excess weight, but with a curved sacrum and a narrow back.

The narrow-backed person can eat meat, lobsters, fish, anything in the meat or fowl line to an amount that it would seem impossible for a single person to consume if you are viewing the amount from the broad-back viewpoint.

"The one best diet to follow is, eat what your appetite craves, and get all the flavor possible from it. Do people eat naturally? Yes, ordinarily. A few years ago nine students in one of the well-known colleges followed the test what you please diet. In three months they gained 50 per cent on endurance tests. They ate non-proteid foods, and in the next three months had made a 97 per cent increase and had cut their meat diet down 60 per cent.

"If your craving is for meat, and your family feeds you vegetables, it only means your build is not constructed like that of the one who does the planning of the meals. Attention should be given the matter, for it is just as serious to feed a family of different persons the same food as it is to feed all the animals in the zoo the same feed. Look at your hips, the spread of your back or curve of the spine, and order your meat and choose your position or select your help."

IS IT true that economy must be practiced by those in high positions? Can it be possible that royalty must count the pennies, as it were? When Queen Elizabeth appeared in Omaha, Wednesday morning, she was wearing a tan coat trimmed with fur. One of those unusually curious women was present and inquired eagerly as to the kind of fur which was used on the regal wrap. Elizabeth, ever gracious, replied that it was "war fur." To which answer she was made to give an explanation by the questioner. The result is that the Gabby now knows that squirrel is the so-called war fur. Of course, it has always been understood that although the Belgium royal family is royalty, it has never been at all pretentious. The very fact, however, that the queen used the term "war fur" shows that she is not accustomed to wearing anything so plebeian and betrays the fact that her majesty is affected by the H. C. L. just as the rest of us.

## Heart Beats

By A. K.

Little hero worshippers  
I would not spoil  
Your dream—  
A shame I would be  
To let you see  
Behind the curtain—  
To lift the mask  
From human pose  
Or to disclose  
Bare honest facts.  
I'll let you dream  
And dream and dream  
Of mighty men  
And women—  
I'll smile  
The while  
You worship at their shrine.  
The great wise judge—  
The general—  
A president or two  
Have stood for all  
Worth while things  
To you.  
And dangerous it is  
To rob Youth  
Of its idols  
Before Experience  
Brings Wisdom  
To replace them.  
The mysteries  
Of their master minds  
Stand you in awe  
And give you thrills—  
Far goals to reach.  
This proves they're good  
For something  
If but to inspire  
The younger born.  
But stay far away  
From their feet of clay  
Little hero worshiper—  
Lest their greatness  
Is dimmed by proximity—  
Or the pose be transparent  
And cheap.  
With my own hand  
To show you the smallness—  
The selfishness—  
The cheat that's in them—  
Well—  
I haven't the heart—  
Go on dreaming. SELAHI

GABBY passes along to her readers a "refreshment" from Esther Newman who is now in New York attending Columbia university. Nissa Newman is digging into the heart of Broadway and the theatrical world. From it she draws many conclusions: "As for my impressions of Broad-

way, you know this isn't the first time I've been here. But the thing that impresses me most is the number of women, slipping along to mid-

dle age, and yet clinging tenaciously to every shred of what remains of youth in order to earn their livings. They are so grotesque with their wrinkled, painted faces and their dresses made for girls. It is pitiful to see the hopelessness in their expressions—their faces show their suffering so clearly. But one wonders what is to become of them all after they are just a little older."

Eva Lang, former idol of the Omaha stock stage for more than 10 years, made her debut on Broadway Wednesday night in the Shubert production of "The Dancer" at the Harris theater. Miss Lang plays the leading feminine role opposite her husband, John Holliday, who is the star of the production.

The woman who plays the title role of "The Dancer" is the same Eva Lang who captivated Omaha stock audiences and held them prisoners to her charms so completely

that no other leading woman who has played in Omaha has ever attained her popularity. Miss Lang's work now shows a finer polish than it did in the old stock days, which is revealed in her grace of gesture and the modulations and inflections of a wonderfully trained voice. She appears to be younger and lovelier than she was during her lowly moments in Omaha. Personally, she is her own gracious self.

Miss Lang was married two years ago in Denver to John Holliday, shortly after closing a stock season at the Boyd theater. They spent their honeymoon in China. Until the past summer, when she played with her husband in stock in Cleveland, Miss Lang did not return to the stage. Even now he is loath to play on Broadway, the mecca of the theatrical world, for it means closing her delightful home on Long Island and living in New York City.

The centenary of Jenny Lind, "The Swedish Nightingale," will be celebrated next year.

Mrs. Louis C. Nash Was the General Behind  
and Intelligence Squad Before Gala Ball

Ak-Sar-Ben balls have been annual events for many years and those women who were responsible for its success know full well how much real labor, anxiety and sacrifice of pleasure it means. But the ball of 1919 was a vastly different affair with its pageant and decorations. It was entirely new from every angle.

Mr. Louis C. Nash was selected by the board of governors as chairman of the ball committee. But Mrs. Louis C. Nash was selected by

her husband to do the work—and she did it in a most creditable manner.

Mrs. Nash was the "General" behind the movement and also the leader of the "intelligence squad" who went ahead on location. One whole month of her time was given to the work without a thought of herself.

It was Mrs. Nash who caught the pageant idea from Mr. Buckingham's fairy story suggestion. She immediately communicated with

Miss Lillian Fitch at Chicago, who came on to instruct the girls in their artistic work; she hastened to consult with Mr. William G. Colling on the subjects of decorations; she hurried hither and thither to the best in each line of endeavor and secured their services.

"But I deserve no credit," blushed Mrs. Nash, "for I only did the hustling. The girls did the beautiful dancing and it is they who really made the pageant a success. They were so fine to work with."

Others are not so modest in speaking of the general's work. It is generally conceded that her work has been fair and impartial throughout—not only to newspapers but to photographers, to directors, to lieutenants and everyone, and she has emerged from the most difficult and trying position with a smile and with friends.

Mrs. Nash's striking resemblance to one very lovely picture of Queen Elizabeth of Belgium has been the topic of conversation in many circles during the past week.

Camouflage  
Tools Are  
Ribbon

With a Yard or Two of  
Ribbon a Gown May be  
Made or Marred.

By ELEANOR GUNN.

A yard or so of ribbon in the hands of an enthusiastic woman may make or mar a gown. Ribbon counters have a lure all their own. It is sometimes almost impossible to pass by without making a purchase, and often, alas, it is a purchase not hitched to a constructive idea.

Many a thing, particularly ribbon, may be lovely in itself, but very, very difficult to use deftly. Some of the cleverest hats of the season have been fashioned of ribbon, also some of the cleverest garnitures for dresses.

Three rather original uses for it are shown herewith, and a walk along any thoroughfare, flanked by shop windows, will provide one with ideas enough to use up bolts of ribbon.

The first girl is pleased at having achieved a double purpose—a triple one, in fact. For her use of ribbon is decorative, provides variety, as the ribbon may be subject to change without notice, and likewise protection in its placing, for as anyone may see, its picot finish makes the ragged edge of extreme décolletage.

The second figure bespeaks her French origin. It is a ribbon panel you see reaching down her back and her wide ribbon sash has become delightfully entangled with it. Jenny and other French dressmakers have taken a delight in using bows this season. One street dress chez Jenny has a bow nearly as big as this one tied at the front. Jenny's dress is unusual to a degree, but very smart. It is caramel velvet with a high collar of nutria, some two-tone embroidery and a self-colored taffeta bow.

A Ribbon Harness.

The sketch of the figure at the right explains itself. The ribbon used is velvet with side pleatings of taffeta ribbon. Such a decoration may be added to a gown and change it sufficiently to disguise it from all but the most astute observer.

A foundation of cream, black, flesh color or some neutral tint may serve as an unobtrusive background for several ribbon harnesses and sashes, and provide a change in party frocks for the girl who goes to so many small dances in her own set that she simply could not hope to have a new frock for every one.

The value of a black evening dress that is not extreme in design cannot be told in words. It may be worn until it is almost in shreds, as every woman who has known the joy of possessing such a frock will declare. And the trick of adding a corsage bouquet for color, or a new girle, or some vibrant new motif on which the eye will focus, is too well known among women who have to struggle to keep up appearance to need emphasis here.

Not Merely An Accessory.

This season ribbons play a really important part in gown making. For they are used not merely as accessories but as a vital part of the garment. One sweep of the wand and a fairy turns her ribbons into panniers, tunics, trains, vestes, neckpieces and hats. The wonderful metallic brocaded ribbons make stunning bodices for lacey skirts and for skirts of sharply-contrasting material.

Wide ribbon bands are set into skirts of various kinds and wide ribbon is made into camisoles and dainty underthings. Entire evening capes have been made of velvet ribbon and by the most famous designers. Indeed, there are endless possibilities for clever use of all kinds of ribbon today.

In casting about for lovely and effective materials to combine for an evening gown or to contrast with cloth give the ribbon counter a closer inspection, for there you will find lovely pieces of brocades that may be bought in small quantities and be of great decorative value.

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Brave Men and  
Others

"I'm fond of brave people," said Old Cap'n Bill.

"I like to hear tell of adventures that thrill."

I take off my hat to the men of the past.

Who felt the ship sinkin' an' stuck till the last.

But when I see folks that jump in And laugh as it's deep.

'round them creep.

There's one class of humans I say could be spared—

The people who haven't the sense to be scared.

"A man who has fought in the trenches will run."

When he sees a fool friend start to play with a gun.

The stanchest and steadiest seaman afloat

Is afraid of a summer boy rocking a boat.

The man who is the fittest to plan

Is the one who knows danger and braces his nerve.

The worst of the hardships in life are prepared

By people who haven't the sense to be scared.

—Washington Star.