

Woman's Section

Gabby Gleans From Many Fields

Wedding Bells Toll As Well Known Undertaker Enters Church—Noted Singer Is Poverty Stricken.

By GABBY DETAVLS.
ONE amusing story has been told about town during the last few days and finally came to Gabby's ears. So it is said, upon the wedding night of Jayne Clark and Jack Summers, a most unusual thing happened. In some inexplicable way, just before the bride entered the church, the bell in the tower began to ring, but to toll as it is customary to do at funerals. To make the incident more laughable, Mr. Cole of the well-known undertaking establishment in Omaha walked slowly up the aisle at the same time. Thus was the story told to Gabby.

AN expert domestic engineer from New York, Mrs. Frank A. Pattison, recently visited Nebraska and elucidated on methods for simplifying housework. On one occasion she addressed an audience at Fairbury made up of women from all over the state. It was noticeable that while some were warmly enthusiastic, others were a that's-nothing-in-my-youth-life expression. Investigation proved that the ones who refused to "get religion" live in towns where there is no electric current and practically all the labor-saving devices mentioned depended upon electricity as a substitute for elbow-grease. "The nearest we come to having electricity in our village is a 'shock' of corn occasionally, or some 'curants' from the grocery store."

MAHA was on tiptoe Monday afternoon. The leading literary lights were rushing hither and thither, to a luncheon for Powys, to round up their intellectual friends, and to reach the Fontanelle by 4 o'clock in time to hear the Englishman talk on Gabriel d'Annunzio. For Gabriel is so delightfully immoral, you know. At the appointed hour the creme de la creme assembled—it was the thing to do. They came, velveted, hatted and lognetted, in limousines, taxis and flivvers. The lecturer came forth, finally, gowned in a cassock-like robe and began to peal forth strains of Latin and high-brow English. Poppets from the astral plane crept in and soon there was a listlessness apparent to the most casual observer. Gabby was there on an inspection tour as well as to hear the lecture. Just as she was observing this lack of interest, Mr. Powys said: "d'Annunzio is immoral. His books, in some places, are so broad as to"—every head popped up; every ear was keen for what might come. But disappointing as it may have been, the speaker handled his subject in a masterly, and too delicate a manner.

Casual glances by any one of that large audience would satisfy the most fastidious person that the intellectuals of Omaha were there. Gabby admitted it—was proud of the gray matter assembled. And she was passing this thought on to her companion when Powys spoke of Byron. One of the high-brows near, squinting in an inquiring manner, asked the woman seated next to her: "Byron! Who's Byron? Who's Byron?"

Scatter! went all our illusions. There is much in every name if you know how to get it out.

HAS there ever been a joy without its accompanying sorrow? It seems that tears must always go with smiles to make us more fully appreciate happiness. Gabby's column is often filled with chattering, laughable gossip, but there are times when she gives her readers a tale of sadness.

Today one of the world's greatest and most beautiful prima donnas is penniless and blind. She is Minnie Hauk. It is said that the once famous singer is so poor that she has sold her jewels to buy bread. She is widowed, her titled husband, Baron Ernest von Hesse-Wartegg, having died a year ago. She is practically blind, and can hardly grope her way from room to room of the villa on the shores of Lake Lucerne, once occupied by Richard Wagner, but her home for years. Her husband was heavily mortgaged; she is burdened with debts contracted by her late husband; her securities, doubtless owing to the war—are of no value, she writes American officials in Switzerland.

Heart Beats

By A. K.

"Why—
Father dear—
Do your lines turn down
When laughing lines /
Turn up?
Why
Do your eyes
Look so sorrowful—
And why
Is your hair so gray?"
The father's forced smile
Could not cover
A heart
That knew pain
And bitter tears—
Ner hide the lines
Of a careworn soul
Creased and seamed
With sorrow.

"Why
Don't you dance
And laugh and sing—
You who conquer
All obstinate things—
You who have fought
And won the games—
You who have tasted
Sweet victory
While thousands
Fell back in your path.
Just look at me!
Not a thing to my credit
And yet I am merry
And tunefully gay.
Naught have I won
In this wonderful life
That I should dare
Feel so merry."

Ah!
The father knew more
Of the ways of Life
Than his child
Who lived
In the pinks of May.
His years were slipping past
So fast.
That he sighed
At his useless spoils.
He sighed:
"To fight for victory
Is the law of the race—
There is no slack—
No resting place
For victors.
Men who have fought
And won the battle
Bear strange marks—
Not laughing lines.
These of sadness—
Of care and woe—
Were chiseled there
By a master hand—
They come from knowledge
And despair—
The hand of Time
Has put them there.
They come not to men
Of the mobile lot,
But to the fighters
Who know—
(By experience taught)
The bitterness of Victory."

SELAH.

She sang at all the European courts, and when the empress of Russia was ill Minnie Hauk was invited to the palace and sang in a room adjoining the great lady's bedroom. The grand duchess of Mecklenburg, the grand duke of Baden and many German potentates entertained her.

She went on a tour of the world and sang before the imperial court of Japan, the royal court of Siam and the court of the sultan of Lahore, in India.

She married the Baron Ernest von Hesse-Wartegg in 1881, an Austrian author and explorer who had written many books on Asia and the Orient. He even investigated and described the cannibals of the Solomon Isles. Unlike many prima donnas, Minnie Hauk married but once, and until his death, her husband lived with her in the Villa Tribsehen at Lucerne when they were not traveling. He often accompanied her to this country, where she made her farewell appearance in 1891. Despite his personal celebrity, he frequently was called "Mr. Minnie Hauk" while traveling about the United States, to the amusement of himself and his wife.

Katherine Reynolds Is Pledged To National Sorority At the University of Nebraska

THE college girl of today will be the American woman of tomorrow. In all lines of endeavor it is she who leads the way, who blazes a trail which others may follow. Everywhere are women participating in affairs of nationwide interest and importance. In educational, political, social and scientific work, we find the university graduate making a niche for herself. She is a guiding spirit to others, who inspire and help those less fortunate than she.

Miss Katherine Reynolds, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Reynolds, is one of Omaha's prominent girls attending the University of Nebraska and is well known in University circles at Lincoln. She is in her sophomore year and specializing in English literature and Spanish.

As well as being an energetic student, Miss Reynolds is talented musically and has shown ability both as a singer and a pianist. She has, however, never considered music in the light of a vocation, but rather as an accomplishment.

During the first weeks of the school year, this Omaha girl was "rushed" and pledged by the Aleph Chapter of the Achth Sorority of the university. It was founded in Nebraska and is the charter chapter of the national organization, one of the few sororities which may boast that its birthplace is the middle west. The life of a sorority girl is one of the most interesting episodes in the career of the college maid and as do all active members, Miss Reynolds resides at the "House."

During the past summer, she was a member of the Red Cross Motor Transport corps and was always ready to serve. She won high commendation from her superior officers in the corps because of her alacrity, and faithful and dependable service.

A typical college girl, she is interested in school sports, athletics and the social life of the university. Motoring is one of her hobbies and one in which she especially likes to indulge. Her interests cover a wide range of subjects, a fact which gives her a broad viewpoint of life.

Although the great majority of people see and hear only of the frivolity and fun of college days there is in reality another and more serious side. By far the greater part of the student's time is occupied in recitations and in preparation for them. For the girl residing in a sorority house the rules are most stringent. On every night but Friday and Saturday, when she must return before 12, the girl student must be at home before 10 o'clock. Perhaps once a week, a group of men from a fraternity house are asked to call. For an hour, from 7 to 8, they dance or sing, and then the young men return to their own residence. A chaperon is always present, who watches over the students and cares for it.

It is true that here home life, which is so essential to the student, is lacking, but Miss Reynolds has solved that difficulty. Each week end finds her in Omaha to spend Saturday and Sunday with her parents, of whom she is most fond, and thus she has the benefits of both home and school life.

Those of Russia are especially curious. One ludicrous one is that the bride and groom race rapidly down the aisle as soon as the bridegroom enters the church. Whoever places a foot on the cloth in front of the altar first will be master of the household.

The one who answers the responses in loudest tones will have the least to say about the household.

If the best man stumbles on his way to the altar it means bad luck to the bridegroom; if the bridesmaid stumbles, bad luck to the bride.

A bald-headed man at the altar, be he minister, bridegroom or bride's father, foretells marriage squalls.

The first single person to come into the room prepared for a wedding and who does not go out before the ceremony will be married within a year.

Happiness is scheduled for the couple whose relatives refuse to attend the ceremony after they have been invited.

TALK about women starting "crazes" in clothes! Behold, his majesty, Alfonso of Spain, who is now introducing new fashions in dress suits for the males of our population. At a recent dinner party given in his honor this ruler appeared in a beautiful violet, ruffled, just every bit as much as do their wives, sisters and mothers.

what was the reason for this? None, none; it was just a fad of his majesty. And now that one man has dared to defy the stern edict of fashion, many a tailor is receiving orders for dress suits of the violet shade. It may be remembered that our great-grandfathers were in the habit of donning satin knee breeches, lace collars with ruffles and bows galore. Their attire was just as fancy as that of the women, if not more so. Perhaps this is a recurrence of the style. No doubt men like pretty clothes and frills and furbelows just every bit as much as do their wives, sisters and mothers.

one on going up the church aisle, for the one who does it will go elsewhere for love in a short time.

one on going up the church aisle, for the one who does it will go elsewhere for love in a short time.



Katherine Reynolds

Amhart-Marsden Photo

The Long Hill

By SARA TEASDALE

I must have passed the crest a while ago
And now I am going down.
Strange to have crossed the crest
and not to know—
But the brambles were always catching
the hem of my gown.
All the morning I thought how
proud it would be
To stand there straight as a queen;
Wrapped in the wind and the sun,
with the world under me.
But the air was dull, there was
little I could have seen.
It was nearly level along the beaten
track
And the brambles caught in my
gown—
But it's no use now to think of
turning back,
The rest of the way will be only
going down.—From Poetry.

Fashion Race Enemy and All Wrong

French Doctor Says Styles Of Today Are Ruining The Race—Attacks All Classes and Countries.

By DR. FOVEAU DE COURMELLES.

President of the French Society of Hygiene.
Paris, Nov. 1.—Unless something is done to curtail the utter extravagance of fashion's ever-changing spectacle, the continued existence of the Aryan race will shortly find itself seriously threatened. I say this in all sincerity and after the most careful study and reflection. Moreover, I can back up my assertion with documentary proofs. It is high time today, with our race depleted and weakened by the ravages of four years' warfare, the bitterest and most destructive recorded in history, that we turned our thoughts and energies to the augmentation and improvement of the generations to come.

Nothing is hastening our descent this question upon which depends the supremacy of the western nations during the next half of the present century, all the signs of the times indicate that we are rapidly slipping down the decline which leads straight to race suicide.

Physiologically, fashion is today forbidding woman the exercise of her fundamental function, the bearing of children. It decrees that the "chic" she must be thin. She obeys the decree. What is the result? Distortion of her form and weakening of her health by hampering corsets, ending, in many cases, with complete atrophy of her reproductive powers.

But fashion today goes still further. It forbids to women sufficient clothes for the preservation of health. Striking on unprotected chest and chest, piercing through flimsy corsets and featherweight undergarments, polar blasts and icy draughts chill her to the bone 20 times a day, attacking every vital organ and bringing in their wake bronchitis, grippe, pleurisy, pneumonia, tuberculosis, peritonitis, abdominal rheumatism, and a host of other ills which often terminate on the operating table, where finally, all further hope of nativity is lost forever.

Strictly speaking, the 20th century woman never dresses. She partially dresses. She has adopted at fashion's beck, the fabled habitment of Kipling's "Vampire" and goes about in this day and hour, and in little more than a rag. Add to the "rag" rage the mania for unnatural slimmness which has developed into such an obsession that many fashionable dressmakers are now prescribing, for their reputation's sake, obesity cures and fat-reducing diets, and you have all modish womanhood faithfully depicted by the proverbial charmer of the "rag and bone and hank of hair."

Physiologically, then, fashion is doing its best to render the coming mothers of the race unfit or utterly unable to bear children.

Economically, fashion threatens the continued propagation of mankind. Despite the fineness and inadequacy of the current styles, they are exceedingly expensive. Only the rarest silks, linens, furs and jewels are "au fait." And furthermore, of what avail to wear fashionable and extravagant clothes if one cannot show them in fashionable and extravagant places? Whence a double extravagance involving first the expenditure of disproportionate sums for the rich attire of woman's person, and second the disbursing of other disproportionate sums for the exhibition of madame's luxurious wardrobe. Which means, in the final analysis, the falling of the birth rate.

For the propagation of the race, after all, is as much a question of money as of physiology, the bearing and raising of children being a source of constant expense for the family. How many, alas, are the women who, hypnotized by the charms of fashion, renounce all thought of children in order to follow from season to season the varying panoramas of the styles! They must, in thousands of cases, face the fatal alternative, for few budgets today can meet, at the same time, the demands of fashion and the responsibilities of child-rearing.

It is not hard to sympathize, on the other hand, with the dilemma in which women find themselves today—and men, too, for that matter, as the world has come to lay too much stress on the superficialities of dress and domestic luxury. Men and women both find that in order to command respect and consideration they must present a rich and fashionable exterior. For many, indeed, the very means by which they live depend largely upon such artificialities as the cut and material of a coat or frock, or the ease and luxury displayed in drawing-room and dining hall. These demands they cannot reconcile with the care and expense of children. Inevitably.

(Continued on Page Two, This Section)