

Woman's Section

Propagandists are Growing
Unpopular---Lecturers
are CriticizedNo More Lizards for Lounge Lizards—Some Queer
Publicity Sent to the Press Brought a Good
Laugh to the Society Editors.

By GABBY DETAVIS.

ONE teacher wishes she hadn't. She is nursing a black eye and greatly enlarged jaw, plus a ton of experience. It all happened when the school children in some of the advanced grades decided to have a mask party. Plans were discussed at every convenient moment, but none of these discussions included one teacher who decided to remain unknown at the party. When the guests assembled most everyone knew everyone else, but one queer person dressed in two gunny sacks for trouser legs, another sack for a jumper and some queer contraption for a hat, who entered into the fun of the evening, but would not speak. The party decided to make the rounds of the home of a few friends. Once on the street the boy's curiosity got the better of them. The person in gunny-sacking was asked to reveal the name but refused. A fist battle followed. The boys discovered whom they were beating, but they now enter the school room shamefacedly as they must gaze upon the wreck of their own violence who suffers through her days as a noble teacher should.

SOME publicity sent in probably by Lord Dunsany's press agent, for use prior to his coming to Omaha, November 15, included the following paragraph:

"Since the days of William Morris, there has been no such charm as that set forth in the works of Lord Dunsany. It is at once the wonder and despair of his contemporaries. His clarity, his brevity are traceable to his early training, for in his youth he was never permitted to see a newspaper and his reading was confined to the Bible and the tales of Anderson and Grimm. He was not allowed to become contaminated by the filth circulated in the daily press."

Gabby is wondering if the press agent was trying to stoop to the newspaper level, or if he assumes that the newspaper staff does not read publicity before running it, or if the American press has not given his master sufficient complimentary mention, or if he refers only to the press abroad, which was available to Lord Dunsany in his childhood, or—but just to prove that the press agent was right after all, we publish his own paragraph, forsooth.

At a gathering of men and women, recently, the subject of lectures and lecturers was discussed at some length. Said one woman whose intelligence is recognized by Omaha's leaders: "I have grown positively skeptical since hearing so much propaganda. Everywhere you go some propagandist or politician is shouting his views. Of course, his views may or may not be all right, but we are surfeited with war subjects and the country is flooded with post-war speakers. It keeps me in a combative mood trying to form my own opinions without prejudice."

Said another: "I have quit going to lectures. No more this year. I'll tell you why. When I go to a lecture under the auspices of the Drama League I expect to hear drama, want to hear drama and am disappointed if I do not hear drama. When I go to a lecture under the auspices of the Fine Arts society I expect and want to hear about art, not what somebody thought of the French or the Germans or the Belgians. When I go to a lecture sponsored by some political party or the American Legion, then I am willing to hear about war and its causes and preventives."

Many others expressed their views on this subject, one woman laughingly vouched for the Tuesday Musical club, saying that they invariably brought musicians of the highest type to our city. Gabby understands that the Omaha Woman's Press club has under consideration some project. But if this body of women bring a lecturer, he or she will undoubtedly take "The Press" for a subject, since several women of the press overheard the discussion.

THERE is to be a ban put on lizards for lounge lizards. The south has decided to take strategic action to prevent the capture of the chameleon. It is a dastardly and insidious plot of northern plutocrats says one indignant southerner. Never shall the kindly lizard be hunted and captured relentlessly by the northerners to be worn as a pet or an ornament by some belle in a cooler climate.

In the south the lizard is permitted to spend his life happily and naturally in the pursuit of elusive bugs. The bug eats the flowers and the chameleon eats the bug. No lizards, plenty bugs, no flowers, plenty lizards, no bugs, plenty flowers. Ergo, the exportation of the chameleon must cease.

The north is to be notified that it must not lay violent hands on the chameleons or the south will sick the game laws on it.

"CUPID ever pursues the fair young maiden," says one old Greek when speaking of that wily trickster. That the fact is quite true may be seen in one Omaha family where two sisters are fleeing from two ardent lovers. Both girls are blondes and live in the Field club district. They and their parents have but recently returned from California where they had a most enjoyable time. Their Christian names are those of gems, for

The Little Rills

By Richard Le Gallienne

The little rills
That from the hills
Came trickling down to feed the
river,
That sing unheard
Save by poet and bird—
Each little giver
To the great river.
The Seine and the Thames
Have lordly fames,
And the Rhine and the Po
Neath laurels flow;
But the little streams,
With their whispered dream
May sing forever,
And no one know.
Would I could make
A song for their sake!
But I myself go singing unheard,
Save once in a while by poet and
bird.
—Harper's Magazine.

FOR many months discussions, pro and con, have been carried on concerning the ritual of the marriage ceremony in many churches. Some oppose, some uphold, the clause, "love, honor and obey." It remained for one man to definitely settle the matter for himself. He is Dr. William Windsor, well known phrenologist, of Pittsburgh. He left out of his marriage ceremony the clause which has caused so much debating.

The only thing in common with other marriages was that an ordained minister "tied the knot." The ritual of the wedding omitted all the promises and leaned toward compliments. It was a double ring ceremony, the bride first presenting the groom with a ring, at the same time praising his "courage, truthfulness and grace." In return the groom credited his bride with four virtues—"naturalness, purity, justice and beauty."

AT LAST the society editor has met a girl after her own heart. The average girl of today who has any connection whatsoever with the social life of the city seems to have lost for the time being, part of her brains and intelligence, for her statements are vague and her answers to questions most indefinite. She spends an hour in telling what could easily be told in five minutes. She does not know what or what not she wishes to tell.

It was only within the last week that the editor had occasion to meet one of the city's most attractive and lovely young girls. An appointment had been made and Miss Omaha was on time, to the exact minute. There is no need to state that it was a delightful surprise. She entered the office quietly, stated her story in a direct manner and then answered concisely all questions asked of her. In less than 10 minutes she was gone.

What a rosebud she is among the sun flowers. A charm of manner, a poise and grace which can not be equaled by any of her associates is her greatest gift. Her intelligence is not a detriment to her social status, but is her greatest asset! Would that there were more girls in the world like her!

"I WONDER what it is the vintners buy that is one-half so precious as the stuff they sell," quoted one Omaha man but a few days ago. It is evident that he reads Omar Khayyam and that he is anti-prohibition. And then he quoted several other stanzas from

"I wonder what it is the vintners buy that is one-half so precious as the stuff they sell," quoted one Omaha man but a few days ago. It is evident that he reads Omar Khayyam and that he is anti-prohibition. And then he quoted several other stanzas from

"I wonder what it is the vintners buy that is one-half so precious as the stuff they sell," quoted one Omaha man but a few days ago. It is evident that he reads Omar Khayyam and that he is anti-prohibition. And then he quoted several other stanzas from

the well known "Rubaiyat," each of which reflected the same general thought. One young woman, who is prominent in many activities here, was listening to him. Perhaps she had once it advisable to drink black coffee that morning, for she replied, "I'll be glad when the country goes dry, then I won't have to take any more drinks."

MRS. SHAJI OSATO is greatly concerned over the disappearance of a beautiful blue embroidered crepe de chine coat, a gift from Sessue Hayakawa to baby Sono. Mrs. Osato has thought long and talked rapidly about the removal of this coat from the baby's room and is suspicious of a former landlady but cannot fasten the blame definitely, she says, since Gabby and others have had the run of the house.

SEVERAL Omaha girls, who attended the Helen Stanley and Thibaud concert for the State Teachers' association November 7, were much amused at the remark of one young lad of about 14 years who was there. Perhaps some friends, knowing his love for music, had smuggled him into the Auditorium. At any rate, there he was, freckled, red-headed and smiling. Upon his coat he boldly displayed the little red, white and blue ribbon, which proclaimed him a teacher.

Fashion Dispatch

By Fairchild Fashion Service.

Paris—(Special to The Bee.)—The fall collection of Rene shows no extreme styles. There are paniers and loose bands and slightly dropped waist lines with smoothly fitted bodices. Afternoon frocks are still short and many are draped, while tailored models have much longer and straighter skirts.

Evening gowns by this creator are almost entirely backless. Occasionally a single layer of tulle is added but the effect is about the same as without it. Many evening dresses have the harem skirt or a skirt gathered into a band at the ankles.

Among the interesting embroideries are those that are done in cashmere designs. Spangles and lace are used extensively at this, as well as other houses. Metal brocades are used

Gazing with much interest on the posters concerning the Vatican choir he said to a woman nearby, "Do we have to take our rosaries when we go to that, just like we wore the ribbons tonight?"

Miss Baum Enthusiastic Worker

MISS MARGARET GREER

BAUM is one of Omaha's attractive girls who will spend the winter at home instead of other climes. Although chill winds and icy blasts have already touched Nebraska Miss Baum but welcomes them and invites Jack Frost to visit us bringing with him a winter filled to the brim with all the sports of snow-time.

The charms of golden Italy and sunny France no longer lure, for this maiden spent an entire year in each when she was attending school

abroad. Brownell hall and St. Mary's school in Garden City, Ill., are those where she studied in the United States. Italian and French have no terrors for her in conversation as in Florence and in Paris she completely mastered both.

Miss Baum also traveled extensively in England, spending two summers there, and in Wales and Scotland. At the time of the coronation of King George V she was in London and witnessed the many festivities of that occasion.

She was also in Europe just previous to the outbreak of the war, re-

turning four months before the beginning of hostilities.

As is nearly every Omaha girl of prominence, Miss Baum was a maid of honor in the reign of Elizabeth Pinksen, now Mrs. Kenneth Paterson.

At the present time she is treasurer of the Junior league, an organization of the younger girls of the city which is pledged to aid all charities. Her interests are not all confined, however, to the officer-ship. Each Saturday finds her at the City Mission where she teaches sewing to a large class of children.

In Greenland it is an accepted fact that in social philosophy that a woman's "no" means "yes." The priest calls upon the young woman and pleads the cause of her lover, assuring her that he is a good man, that he catches many seals, etc. It is the custom of the women to reject all proposals at first, but to yield at last an unwilling assent. If she remains obdurate, however, the priest mentions that it is a matter of no consequence, as there are nu-

merous other young women who would be glad of the chance, which remark seldom fails to bring an acceptance of the marriage proposal.

Among the non-Burmese tribes that live in Burma women are not thought much of. The Banyak, or Banyuags, for instance, will not marry unless they are ordered to do so, and the prospective bridegroom often has to be dragged to the bride's house.

Itamar.

She was "famous" not for what she did, but for what she had. She was the owner in the 14th century of the priceless pigeon-blood ruby that is set in the front of the English Crown today. The story is of compelling interest. Itamar was the favorite odalisque of the Red King of Granada in Spain. You may judge of her beauty, the Oriental star, when her lord gave her such a jewel as that ruby! At that epoch Pedro "the Cruel," the Christian (?) king reigned in Castile and Andalusia. His palace was the superb Alcazar which tourists visit with breathless wonder today, in Seville. Pedro invited the Red King of the English to crown today. The banquet held in the Red King's honor, it was noticed that Pedro kept his eye fastened upon the ruby which the Red King wore in his turban—Itamar's jewel.

That night, a band of cut-throats, hired by Pedro, assassinated the Red King in his sleeping apartments in the Alcazar. They obtained the ruby for Pedro. Some months afterwards, when Pedro went north to beseech the assistance of Edward the Black Prince who was tarrying in Spain, he carried, as a present to the prince, the priceless ruby.

Edward, gallant English gentleman, knew nothing of the fearful history of the gem. He promised to aid Don Pedro against his enemies, deceived by his showy promises. The ruby was carried to England. It rests today in the Crown of Sovereignty.

Cecily, Duchess of York. It would seem that, to be a duchess is the sure way to invite disaster. Peace of heart is better than the Strawberry Leaf. Cecily, duchess of York, who died in 1495, had more appalling calamities in her family than are to be found in the history of any other individual in the world. The list is so dreadful that you burst out laughing—from sheer nervousness. She was of the great family of the Warwicks, and co-sister of Richard Plantagenet, duke of York. She was the mother of Richard III, king of England, the sinister hunchback and clever murderer, slain at Bosworth Field. Her son Clarence was drowned in the Tower by order of Richard III. Her husband was slain at the battle of Wakefield. Her brother was put to death after the battle. Her nephews fell on the same field. Her precious son of 20 years was caught fleeing from the scene and murdered in cold blood. Her eldest son, Edward IV, king of England (Edward IV) died of his passions in the prime of manhood. And Cecily lived to a good old age. She was buried at Fotheringay.

Famous Women

Itamar.

She was "famous" not for what she did, but for what she had. She was the owner in the 14th century of the priceless pigeon-blood ruby that is set in the front of the English Crown today. The story is of compelling interest. Itamar was the favorite odalisque of the Red King of Granada in Spain. You may judge of her beauty, the Oriental star, when her lord gave her such a jewel as that ruby! At that epoch Pedro "the Cruel," the Christian (?) king reigned in Castile and Andalusia. His palace was the superb Alcazar which tourists visit with breathless wonder today, in Seville. Pedro invited the Red King of the English to crown today. The banquet held in the Red King's honor, it was noticed that Pedro kept his eye fastened upon the ruby which the Red King wore in his turban—Itamar's jewel.

That night, a band of cut-throats, hired by Pedro, assassinated the Red King in his sleeping apartments in the Alcazar. They obtained the ruby for Pedro. Some months afterwards, when Pedro went north to beseech the assistance of Edward the Black Prince who was tarrying in Spain, he carried, as a present to the prince, the priceless ruby.

Edward, gallant English gentleman, knew nothing of the fearful history of the gem. He promised to aid Don Pedro against his enemies, deceived by his showy promises. The ruby was carried to England. It rests today in the Crown of Sovereignty.

Cecily, Duchess of York. It would seem that, to be a duchess is the sure way to invite disaster. Peace of heart is better than the Strawberry Leaf. Cecily, duchess of York, who died in 1495, had more appalling calamities in her family than are to be found in the history of any other individual in the world. The list is so dreadful that you burst out laughing—from sheer nervousness. She was of the great family of the Warwicks, and co-sister of Richard Plantagenet, duke of York. She was the mother of Richard III, king of England, the sinister hunchback and clever murderer, slain at Bosworth Field. Her son Clarence was drowned in the Tower by order of Richard III. Her husband was slain at the battle of Wakefield. Her brother was put to death after the battle. Her nephews fell on the same field. Her precious son of 20 years was caught fleeing from the scene and murdered in cold blood. Her eldest son, Edward IV, king of England (Edward IV) died of his passions in the prime of manhood. And Cecily lived to a good old age. She was buried at Fotheringay.

Heart Beats

By A. K.

O Wanton Wind!
That blew me
Into this!
This flower garden
Of the earth
Where I must pick
And choose my lot
From all these beauties.
Charts and guides
Assist me not—
Though they are present
At each turning point,
Cold Experience
Sits back and smiles
Viewing my whims
And moods
And escapades.
O Wanton Wind!
You blew me near
The Lily White—
Symbol of Truth
And Purity.
But you were too moody
And I too weak
To refuse
Or try to resist you.
So you fanned me away—
Hither and thither—
I rode on your sails
To the queen
Of God's garden—
The red red Rose
For Love—
She bowed to me sweetly
And smiled—
But I was fickle—
You—O wind—
Were too fleet
To abide with
Affectionate Rose.
Off to the Thistle
Whose aim in War—
We blew and blustered
And stormed.
Our course was jagged
We were headed wrong—
Excitement and battle
Were on.
Right there stood Narcissus
Symbolizing Self-love—
She poured out her egoism—
I took my fill.
And close were the Daisies
Exhaling an ether
Storming my heart
With Jealousy—
Though the Laurel
Was near me
With "Glory and Honor"—
These were her wares
Which I could not reach.
But sweet little Pansy
Beseeched to me—
Sent out her signals
(O, Pansy for thought)—
My head was so addled
I could not think.
The melancholy moods
From Hyacinth
Caused me to weep—
My eyes to droop.
The flowers I had chosen
On Wanton Wind's wings
Steered me from Roses—
Tulips and Love—
So I paused
Neath the Poppy
Whose breath gave me Sleep
I woke with a start
And realized
That my garden affinities
Were the wily envoys
Of Satan—
Arch enemy—
Prince of Sin and Sorrow.
In one last reckless dash
For Roses and Love
I clutch the Champa—
The Passion flower.
She lured me on
To Datura's blooms—
Datura blossoms mean death.
Such was my trip
With Wanton Wind—
The life
Too many must live—
For flowers in the garden
Are the symbols of Forces
And the Fickle Wind
Is Desire. SELAH.

