

# Woman's Section

## Gabby Tells On Lord Dunsany

### Drama League Starts Something—Girls, Do You Walk Like Vampires, Or Do You Shuffle Along?

By GABBY DETAYLS.

ORD DUNSANY, when in Omaha last week, proved to be about as popular as an I. W. W. in Washington. Some say he is an eccentric and others believe him a country boy dressed up, and still others consider him a plain "nut."

Anyway, the courteous Drama League invited him to luncheon. This organization paid him \$500, so the invitation was really a courtesy and not an obligation. The Irishman-turned-English decided he would not accept. This was 11 minutes before lunch time. Two minutes later he decided that he would. He did. But he ate almost nothing, so busy was he playing with the ice in his water glass and rubbing the frozen bits upon his feverish forehead.

Following the luncheon he talked (uninterestingly, according to most of those who heard him) and discussed with Mr. Williams the advisability of accepting or rejecting a dinner invitation at the Conrad Youngs. First he would, and then he would not—then he would. And it seems that the would-nots had it until his very gracious hostess finally planned to have a simple repast for the family. Having learned, I suppose, that she had not prepared, he accepted. Anyway, his hostess rose to the occasion and he dined at the Youngs.

And all the while the Irish-turned-English lord was making himself so extremely unpopular with everyone, his manager, Mr. Williams, was winning the smiles and good favor.

GABBY had often heard that "Justice is blind," but as many others she did not believe until one day she appeared as a spectator in a court room. The judge, who, according to tradition, is supposed to be the representative of justice, occupied the throne chair and seemed to be the center of attraction. Gabby continued to be incredulous in regard to the maxim until she was suddenly startled to hear the judge say, "I do not see."

The truth was out, "Justice" had admitted that it was indeed blind.

"The law, the court, the judge is fair and open minded." This was Gabby's belief and creed until, lo and behold, the representative of justice made the very concise statement that he had "very set notions regarding the case and no desire to hear evidence about to be produced by the defense."

Gabby had heard many times that truth was the biggest factor in the trying of a case. But again she was sadly mistaken for did not the judge state that the truth or falsity of the statements has nothing to do whatever with regard to the issue.

Honor, or honorable, has stood for all things high and irreproachable, according to Webster and Gabby, but it was most astonishing to hear the attorneys repeatedly address the little judge as "Your Honor"—and this despite the fact that the judge's prejudices were so obvious that even the girl spectators could not help seeing it. He declared that he had prejudged the case in question before hearing the evidences, but, at the same time, said that no person or organ should prejudice a case. He said that jurors should go to the box with open minds and convict upon evidence only. But the judge himself was not open minded and decided the case, so far as girl spectators could see, in a most unfair and prejudiced manner.

"It was a sadder, wiser, and a disillusioned Gabby who wended her way homeward. Where, oh where, had her dreams gone? They had been shattered and battered and weeping and waiting they had taken paths leading far away from a cynical, disbelieving girl. If this "court" be honorable then Gabby wants to be a devil—but square with her fellow beings.

LISTEN, girls! We learn from a reliable reader of character that your walk denotes your character—that your male friends' walks denote their character. If you are a vamp we shall spot you in the future and if you are big and clear-minded or have genuine we shall also spot you. This is what the character reader says:

Nothing denotes character more than the walk. You may be deceived by faces—the people, for example, by whose looks you are attracted at first, often let you down wadly in the end—but by the walk, never.

Enscence yourself at the window, somewhere where you can't be seen, and watch your friends as they pass by in the street. They will walk naturally if they are not conscious of being observed, and their carriage will have genuine we shall also spot you. This is what the character reader says:

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## Heart Beats

By A. K.

Two years ago  
God sent from Heaven  
A spirit clothed  
In human flesh,  
He made it white  
With dimpled hands—  
Peach pink cheeks  
From the clouds  
Of dawn,  
For eyes He took  
The choicest bits  
From the blue  
Of the sky  
As the child passed by.  
For hair He plucked  
Little strands of gold  
From the Sun's bright rays  
In the afternoon—  
And He curled it around  
An Angel's finger  
And showered it on  
The baby's head.  
Then the angel touched  
Her finger tips  
And kissed her cheeks  
To say farewell  
To the dear little soul  
Who had left the Above  
An earthly prize—  
Another link—  
Between the two  
Great worlds.  
Every kiss  
Left a dimple sweet—  
Celestial memory lingers  
In the little one's smile  
And—  
As the angel  
Sailed away  
To mysterious skies—  
Of her own abode—  
She left behind  
This beautiful symbol  
Of Heaven and earth—  
And the Hand of God—  
Whom we all know  
As Carolyn Byrne.  
Who cares a minute  
That turkeys are scarce  
When He sends  
Such babies to smile,  
For this—  
And her kind—  
We have great Thanksgiving  
The race's salvation  
The reminder of Heaven.

—SELAHI



Carolyn Byrne

**Carolyn**  
This beautiful baby, Carolyn, is the 2-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Byrne and the granddaughter of Thomas C. Byrne, a former king of Ak-Sar-Ben. Little Carolyn was the inspiration for the Thanksgiving "Heart Beat."

habits—people who are very methodical, and often miserly. It is not infrequently met with in great thinkers, philosophers or scientists, men with marked genius, and who are often abrupt and crochety in their manners. If very pronounced, indeed, it indicates a degree of eccentricity that verges on downright madness.

Another peculiar walk is that of the long stride with the decided swing of the shoulders. This walk is generally to be seen in authors, actors and artists, and is characteristic of the art world, the man who has ideas of his own, and is quite untrammelled by convention. It denotes independence, and, if accompanied by an emphatic planting down of the left foot, a stamp in fact, resolution and determination.

The rolling gait in walking shows gentleness and jollity; the stiff, upright carriage, firmness, love of convention and lack of sympathy. The former is common to sailors and people who live a very free, out-

door kind of life and "do themselves well"; the latter to ministers, people with the legal turn of mind, and particularly the blue-stocking type of woman.

JUST a short time ago it was gossiped about town that a young man, prominent in many lines, was engaged to an out-of-town girl, she is from Spokane to be exact. He is very handsome looking and served overseas as a major in the heavy artillery. As some one remarked, "quite a war romance. They met amidst shot and shell in the poppy fields of sunny France. Handsome major and pretty nurse, they were. Who could blame Cupid for getting busy?" It has developed that the girl is very wealthy to say the least. She fairly "jingles with lucre."

When one man made the remark that it was indeed finding a gold mine for Mr. Omaha to have a rich orphan girl fall in love with him, another made the answer that "it

was not by any accident that it happened, say that fellow carries a pocket edition of Bradstreet and Dun with him every minute of the day.

THE Drama League has acted. It says that impoliteness and discourtesy must go—that it was well under way to ruin all fine things like weeds in a lettuce patch. Not to hear lectures, but to brag about having been there seems to be the motive for some women's efforts to reach the place of public speaking. Well, nevertheless and notwithstanding, they may no longer disturb the speaker or those who wish to hear him. Beginning Monday, December 1, when Miss Kate McHugh gives three readings before the league, the doors will be locked at 3:45, the hour of beginning. They will be opened at 4 and closed again until 4:15. Miss McHugh has divided her readings into three sections for the convenience of the dogkeeper and no person

## Fashion Dispatch

By Fairchild Fashion Service.  
Paris.—(Special Cable to the Bee).—Worth makes use of Chantilly and silver or gold lame lace in making the evening gowns. Eighteenth century influences are obvious in this collection. There are Louis XVI gowns with velvet bodices and paniers or hoops at the hips.

Wraps and suits have the high Medici collar. Linings run in gamut or yellows and copper colorings. Maroon and navy are favorite suit shades, and there are many Scotch plaid effects as well.

Dinner gowns have fur collars standing high at back and following the line of the armhole. Others have interesting lingerie collars.

will be allowed to enter except at stated times. It is rumored that other organizations will follow the Drama League's lead.

## Washington Tame After Royalty

### Capital Smart Set Suffering Reaction and Must Amuse Itself at Small Affairs and Teas.

Bee Bureau, Washington, Nov. 22.

Washington society is having a little reaction this week after the thrilling excitement of the royalty, and while a part of it is amusing itself with small dinners and club affairs, another part is recuperating from a strenuous short visit at the White House, Springs, followed by equally strenuous a few days in New York.

There were various occasions in the latter place this week, first of all the prince of Wales, who was up there from the White House where he spent the week end, then there was the Horse show in Madison Square Garden, the opening of the Metropolitan Opera season and several important debut parties.

Society is fairly buzzing with the prince of Wales' visit, which most turned the heads of some of the heretofore well balanced young women, and no wonder. His preference for petite blondes was demonstrated by his attentions to a few of just that type. There were other interesting and very attractive girls in the private parties given in his honor, whom he gave no more notice to than just to be polite. He did not even dance with some of them. The heartaches resulting are more easily imagined than described.

His royal highness gave a beautiful dinner party in his apartment at the hotel, where he had a whole corner of the wonderful Greenbrier. Mrs. Rogers gave a handsome dance in his honor at her cottage on Monday evening, and it is recorded that he remained to dance until he had to jump into an auto and catch his train, without returning to his hotel, or changing his full dress. Mrs. Rogers had a jazz band from New York and her dance will go down in the history of the Old White as quite the most wonderful affair up to its time.

Mrs. C. Frank Reavis, wife of the representative in congress from Falls City, Neb., entertained the wives of the members of the Nebraska delegation at luncheon at the Congressional club on Friday of last week. This was the first of a series of luncheons to be given at the club, a new feature of the club this season. Mrs. Reavis is treasurer of the club. Her guests were Mrs. George W. Norris, wife of the senator; Mrs. Albert W. Jeffers of Omaha; Mrs. Robert E. Evans of Dakota City; Mrs. M. O. McLaughlin of York, and Mrs. William E. Andrews of Hastings, all of whom are new this congress, except Mrs. Andrews, who has but returned to her former position as a congressional hostess. The table was very handsome, a round one with a large low mound of white chrysanthemums.

James C. Hartnett of Omaha, and his bride made a short visit in Washington this week enroute home after having a honeymoon trip in the east, at Clifton, N. Y. and at Niagara. They were entertained at a box party at Keith's theater on Tuesday evening by John B. Shanahan of Omaha, private secretary to Mr. Jeffers, who had also as his guest, Miss Nan Sheehy of this city. The party dined at the Ebbitt before the theater and Mr. Shanahan and Miss Sheehy saw Mr. and Mrs. Hartnett off on the midnight train for Chicago. From there they went back to Omaha, where they were married on Saturday November 8. It was rather a hurried up wedding and somewhat surprised their friends here. Mrs. Hartnett was Miss MacDonald, daughter of the late Angus MacDonald of Omaha. The bride and her mother have been living for some time at the El-Budor in Omaha. Mr. Hartnett is a member of the Grain Exchange of Omaha and was expected at home today.

Representative and Mrs. Reavis left on Wednesday evening for their home in Falls City. They closed their pretty home in Cleveland park and will remain in Nebraska until the middle of December. Their two sons will be here to spend Christmas with them, and they will get here in time to receive them.

Mrs. Harry Williams, jr., of Norfolk returned to Washington Monday from New York where she went to meet Mr. Williams for the Yale-Princeton foot ball game at New Haven on Saturday. They were members of a house party on Governor's Island. Mr. Williams has returned to Norfolk, but Mrs. Williams returned here and will spend a fortnight more with her mother Mrs. Russell B. Harrison. She will join Mr. Williams again in New York for the Army and Navy game on Saturday, November 29. Her three little daughters, the prettiest trio of girls imaginable, will remain with their grandmother and great-grandmother, Mrs. Alvin Saunders of Omaha, until after that game. Mrs. Williams is being much entertained by her friends in Washington, as she always is on her visits here, where she was a debutante and a belle for several seasons before her marriage.

Outside the full suffrage states, Florida and Vermont lead in the number of towns and cities where women may vote in the municipal elections.