

Woman's Section

Male Chaperons Becoming Popular In Europe

One Thanksgiving Feast Came to an Abrupt End—If You Broke a Vial of Oil Valued at \$9, Would You Pay?

By GABBY DETAYLS.

EVERYTHING was going nicely Thanksgiving day, at a feast where Gabby was one of the guests, when through the front door came two husky fellows with husky voices shouting "where is he." Turkey and pie were forgotten for the moment when all the guests left the table in their excitement to learn who these plain-clothes men were after. One guest thought they were detectives after someone who had disappeared in one of the Thirty-eighth avenue homes. Another thought they were after "spirits"—and there was nothing stronger than coffee in the place. These and many other thoughts were revealed after the young men were chased through the front door and out into the street. Finally their crimson faces and mustache de militaire were turned to the man standing in the door.

"We must be mistaken. We thought M. A. Halls lived here and we are looking for Charlie who just returned from Russia this morning. Pardon us. C-could you tell us where they do live?"

And there before the man in the door (C. S. Connor) stood Harold McConnell and Clarence Peters, not bandits or culprits or detectives or anything like that—just good friends of Charlie Hall. The boys were directed to the Hall home on Thirtieth street.

MANY a shoddy character hides behind a sable coat. We have always known this, but fresh evidences are thrust before us occasionally. One day last week Gabby was purchasing some gifts in The Allah Shop. A richly gowned matron swooped through the bric-a-brac, flapping the little animal tails, filling the whole place with her presence. Carelessly she reached for something which suited her fancy and knocked over a small vial of oil of roses—not perfume, but the extract, concentrated and pure.

"My, oh my!" she blurted out, "my furs are so extensive. I'll pay for that. How much?"

"Nine dollars," meekly came the voice of the saleswoman.

"Indeed!" sneered the befurred matron.

She turned and strutted out of the shop without paying one cent. The Allah Shop paid for her clumsiness. There is always a silver lining to every dark cloud, however, so let us bring forth the lining. Several customers who watched the proceedings drew forth handkerchiefs, mopped the shelf on which the oil was spilled and have cut the handkerchiefs into bits that they may be placed in the drawers with blouses and lingerie.

Heart Beats

By A. K.

"The power of the press is a mighty weapon" So cries the world At large.

To this you may smile Or acquiesce— Or shake your head In unfriendliness— Then play to its favor Or fight its power.

Scoundrels and knaves Both great and small See their vile deeds Headed in black— Fraudulent deals Recorded in print That the world may read And judge.

From London— From Paris— From Italy— And Cuba— From Germany— From Switzerland— And gay Hindustan— Comes world news by cable Tightly and good A few hours after it happens.

The Press! A great educator— Promoter of thought— A vast motive power Behind progress— It boosts and it slays— And presents to the public— The good The bad And indifferent.

In one hand it wields A scimitar that pierces Unscrupulous tricksters And dishonest knaves. The other hand carries Alms—love and good wishes— So Some blame— Some fear— Some hate its strength. But I know the babies It clothes and feeds— Old people it comforts— The debutantes launched— I know its generous heart And its courage.

I know the charities It keeps in the foreground— I know the labor Given by writers— Labors of love And sympathy.

I know a thousand Good turns it does daily— That its heart Is as big as creation. It saves the country From hopeless blindness. So let those who will Cry "Power of the Press!" For I shall sing Of its kindness.

SELAH.

GENTLEMAN, demobilized, of good social standing, is open to act as guide to ladies visiting London. Dancing partner. River parties and entertainments organized.

That advertisement appeared in a London daily not long ago, and in case you may think it is something exceptional, let me say right away that it is only one example from a little pile of similar notices, all of which go to show that if post-war women are being venturesome in taking up "men's work," some post-war men are putting things round the reverse way.

Just now there are numerous men, well-bred and of good social position in varying degrees, who are ready to play the part of chaperon in various ways—for a consideration. Such chaperoning covers a multitude of things. It may merely mean acting as guide to a couple of lonely ladies who wish to do a week's sight-seeing in the city and who have no man friend to take them about, or it may mean introducing a whole family into "high society" and running all their social affairs for a lengthy period.

Again, the proprietors of a social agency in the east has lately been compelled to start a special list of men who are ready to act as "dancing partners," since the present craze has led to a big demand for men who dance well and who will chaperon ladies to dance clubs and tea-dansants. Many members whose daughters are "dance mad" are only too glad to pay well for the services of an irreproachable dance partner and chaperon for them.

Much has been said lately regarding "the passing of the chaperon," but while it is true that girls are much more free than formerly to go about without the shepherd care of their mother or a married woman, it is becoming more and more "not the thing" for women to go about without a man escort. Fathers and brothers are increasingly in demand to play the chaperon at evening and daytime festivities, and there is not the remotest doubt that the man social chaperon, professional and otherwise, has come to stay in our midst—for a long time, anyway.

Since the male chaperon has found favor in the east it is not only possible but probable that he will soon make his debut in our own city. What a lucrative and enjoyable employment it would be for some of Omaha's young men!

At least one child in New York (we don't know how many grown-ups) was disappointed in the prince who wore "just good clothes." This is the story as it comes from New York: "If the prince of Wales could have heard the childish cry of disappointment that went forth yesterday at the Madison Square Garden horse show he would have patted the 4-year-olds' head, no doubt.

"From every corner of the huge garden eyes were leveled on the prince as he entered the place. Not the least of these belonged to a tot of 4. For half an hour he had been kept quiet with 'the prince will soon be here—now he good."

"Walking between the double row of Salvation Army girls and officers the heir to the English throne, accompanied by Commander Eva Booth, and his bodyguard, took his place in the festooned box. A moment later the 4-year-old cried: 'That isn't a prince—you said I'd see a prince!'

"There was just one regal feature connected with that hour of the prince's visit to the horse show, and that was what everyone forgot as the boyish visitor held the concentrated gaze. The thoroughbreds with their arched necks and high steps might just as well have been old street car nags, so far as the people who attended the show were concerned.

"Standing side by side, holding a red satin ribbon to form an aisle, demure faced Army lassies received the thrill of staring into the eyes of the prince. What the public thought of him was expressed throughout the assembly, but what was the Prince thinking about?"

"Suddenly a quiet, sweet-faced little woman in the Army bonnet seemed to answer that very question.

"My, how tired he looks! I bet he wishes he could see America incog. If he were mine, I'd take him away from all this, see that he had a good hot bath and put him to bed!" There was a familiar look in the eyes of the speaker, and suddenly the story of two Army girls who worked for the boys in the midst of flying shell suggested the identity of the speaker.

"You are the mother of the McIntyre girls, aren't you?" she was asked. "Yes, I am," she answered, and the look of motherly pride on her face told volumes.

"This is a wonderful day for us," she said, and that was how every one felt who saw the prince. "It's a shame," said one fatherly-looking man as he left the Garden in the wake of the prince, "that that young chap can't see America and what we've got without paying for everything he sees. He's worn out his right hand, the left won't last long at the rate he's being compelled to use it, and all the while he's just a boy."



Meliora Davis
RINEHART-HARSDEN PHOTO

Omaha to Lose Miss Davis for a Season

A leader in all social activities of Omaha is Miss Meliora Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Davis. To have this charming bit of femininity at the head of any movement is to insure its success. Balls, dances, clubs and dinners are certain to be bright spots on the social calendar provided Meliora Davis is to be present.

She is an expert player of bridge and with her sister, Miss Elizabeth, organized the Tuesday Afternoon Bridge club, which was one of the most exclusive groups in the city. Several other organizations of the same nature have been sponsored by her and each has been a decided success.

A charming hostess is she and when playing the hole no one could do so with more grace and perfection. Her guests always eagerly anticipate affairs to be given by this Omaha maid who has proved such a delightful entertainer.

Miss Davis has also been honored by the board of governors of Ak-Sar-Ben, who made her a princess of the court during one year.

With Miss Daphne Peters she recently formed a class of the younger matrons and "buds" for the purpose of providing teachers for sluttins. Each Monday and Thursday the pupils and their two enthusiastic leaders meet at the R. C. Peters home to learn basket weaving, toy making and modeling. The class is under the auspices of the Omaha Junior League, one of the most powerful organizations of the girls of the city.

Washington Folks See Big Game

The Penfields Have a Baby Daughter—Nebraskans Spent an Enjoyable Thanksgiving.

Bee Bureau, Washington, Nov. 29.

Almost all of Washington society of various classes is in New York today for the army and navy game. The great crowds included the buds of this year and next; the buds of last year and other years, almost every army officer, navy and marine officer, and some member or members of their families, and every member of resident society who could procure a ticket, so that one wonders if there was any seat left for any one from Philadelphia, New York or Boston. The girls began to go over early in the week, some of the buds to attend the coming out ball of Harry H. Rogers' daughter, Miss Millicent Rogers on Monday evening, which was one of the important affairs of the early season and was closely linked with Washington as the Rogers family have spent two winters here during the war and expect to return here for the coming season. Miss Rogers' was one of the belles of the little circle which surrounded the prince of Wales on his visit to Washington, to the White Sulphur Springs and thence in New York. Mrs. Rogers gave a party for the prince at the White Sulphur and one in New York in his honor. Miss Margaret Simonds, Miss Mildred Bromwell and Miss Margaret Harding were other girls who partook of the prince's parties in all three places.

The first bud of the year was Miss Myra Morgan, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Gerry Morgan of this city, prominent in the old residential society, and Mrs. Morgan, whose father, Col. John C. Boyd, was closely associated for many years with Col. P. Huntington. Miss Morgan is one of the beauties of the season. She had a large reception and dance on Monday evening which was one of the most elaborate coming-out parties Washington has had since the beginning of the great war. The second bud was presented on Tuesday at the marine barracks, when the major general commandant of the marine corps and Mrs. George Barnett presented the latter's daughter, Miss Anne Hamilton Gordon, at a beautiful and spectacular tea-dance, in the band room of the barracks. It was transformed into a garden scene, with slender fir trees skirting the walls, and forming a partition in the middle of the room, separating the reception room from the ball room. Fifty electric lights of various colors were strung across the room, and the trees were all studded with the same, making a soft glow which was most becoming to the girls and matrons. All the buds of the season and all the attending beaux, married and otherwise, were there, and danced until the very last minute, before scurrying off for dinner engagements.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Penfield nee Bacon of Omaha, are rejoicing this week in the arrival of their first child, a daughter, who is Virginia Bacon Penfield. She was born on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Denise Barkalow, formerly of Omaha but now of Colorado, are established in Washington for the winter and are renewing old acquaintances. Mr. Barkalow came here as secretary to Senator Lewis Phipps of Colorado, and is now clerk of the committee on expenditure of the State department.

Among the guests at the Barnett tea dance Tuesday afternoon were Mrs. Russell B. Harrison and her daughter, Mrs. Harry A. Williams, jr., of Norfolk, two of the most beautiful women in the ball room, and Mrs. Clarence Day, all of whom are taking prominent parts in the social affairs of this season here.

Mrs. Williams was joined here by Mr. Williams for Thanksgiving day and then went on to New York for the foot ball game today and were guests of friends at Governor's Island. They will return here today and return to their pretty home in Norfolk, Monday.

Famous Women

Madame Hanska.

A great love story is the greatest story in the world. But was there ever such a story as that of Mme. Hanska and Balzac? Balzac and the Hanska corresponded 17 years before their lips met, before they married. The genius fell in love with her through her letters to him. She was the wife of a Polish nobleman and enormously rich. From her first note to him Balzac was in a frenzy of love. His letters to her are a literature. Balzac loved; Madame was prudent. She had rank; he had debts and the diving fire. They met once in Switzerland, in 1833. Husband Hanska died. Balzac charged upon St. Petersburg, where Hanska was living. But for seven years madame fell back and back before the blaze of Balzac's love. At last she consented to marriage. Two months after marriage Balzac died. Madame outlived him 32 years. Do you understand her?