

Woman's Section

One Omaha Debbie Takes Issue With Grandma On Immodest Gowns

A Ray of Light in the Gloom—One May Now Be Both Fat and Fashionable—If You Are 25 and Unmarried Cheer Up—the Best is Yet to Come.

By GABBY DETAILS

IS THE unmarried woman, who is 25 years old, out of the race, matrimonially speaking? No, no, in fact she is just getting up speed, to put it slangily. For many years it has been customary to consider a woman who had reached this age as a cranky, crochety old maid—while she was not at all. But as a great many customs, this one has gone out of style and several new ones have come to fill its place.

Therefore, Gabby has taken it upon herself to cheer a number of Omaha maidens, whom she knows are past the fatal birthday and who are yet unmarried. Yes, indeed, there are a number of them. Gabby, however, believes in the old saying that "while there is life there is hope" and to prove she will tell of the following:

One of the most beautiful romances of real life was the marriage of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, the great English poets, which took place when the bride was 43. Neither the supposed handicap of years nor the real handicaps of illness and a tyrannical father prevented this union, which began as an elopement and remained as an example of almost ideal happiness.

Another English woman of letters, George Eliot, was married at 61 to J. W. Cross, who is known to have admired her profoundly, although he was considerably younger.

One of the original founders of the American Woman Suffrage association, Alice Stone, married Henry B. Blackwell when she was 37. A graduate of Oberlin and for years the editor of the Woman's Journal—edited for this generation by her daughter, Alice Stone Blackwell—was entirely successful despite the advanced age of the bride.

Another educator and worker for the interests of women, Alice Freeman, president of Wellesley college, became Alice Freeman Palmer at the age of 32.

It was only a few months ago that the love match of Princess Patricia of Connaught and her cousin, King George of England, was announced. Called "the most courted princess in Europe," Princess Patricia was not afraid to send away a suitor after suitor and to wait—birthdays or no birthdays—until at 32 she might wed the man of her choice.

Mrs. Frances Brewster Sayre, formerly Miss Jessie Wilson, second daughter of the president, was 26 when she became a White House bride.

One of our most deservedly popular novelists, Mary E. Wilkins, was 40 when she became Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman. And Geraldine Farrar when she wed that matinee idol of the feminine heart, Lou Tellegen—he has been called "the most rapturous kisser on the American stage"—confessed on the application for the marriage license that she was 33—a year older than the bridegroom.

Doesn't it almost seem as if she marries best who marries last?

THERE are some brand new coiffures invading our midst. They have centered on only a few of our ultra or advanced maidens but watch for them at the dinner dances, the theater parties and some are being tried out at bridge parties where only the female of the species may criticize.

Beside the chic bobbed head the contours for the winter are showing adaptation of the Grecian knot to the modern coiffure.

With the bobbed hair, but the latest tendency is to let at least the lower tip of the ear lobe show below a soft roll of waved tresses. This return of the ear to view has already made earrings, and especially ear pendants, popular once more in eastern cities, and the jewels for the coiffure are now attached with a pair of long-hanging, gem-set ear pendants.

JUST a few evenings ago, one of Omaha's prettiest "debbies" donned her newest dancing frock and tripped into Grandma's room to receive due admiration. "What in the world are we coming to?" gasped the astonished grandmother as she noted the sleeveless, decollete gown.

"Indeed," said the granddaughter. "Just remember your own gowns which you wore to balls." And thereupon, Miss 1919, to prove her point, brought forth from its secure hiding place Grandma's scrap book. Yes, yes, how well the kindly old lady remembered that violet brocade frock she wore the first time she met grandfather. It was such a beautiful thing, a charming hooped affair, with yards and yards of skirt but with no shoulder covering at all. Not even so much as a headed strap was used and the neck was cut ever so much lower than the "bud" of today would dream of wearing.

When the comparison was finished, Grandma was forced to admit that she was not "coming to" but "coming from," and being a fair and a broadminded woman, she gave the girl of today all just praise.

Those who have been fretting over our fashions should take out the family album and soon they will be convinced that the gown of the present is quite modest when put beside those of 1860. The modern evening gowns are just right and the fact that they may be made in any style pleasing and becoming to a lady is another thing that is "just right."

IT is easy to be fat and still be fashionable, at least Health Commissioner Royal S. Copeland of New York thinks so. Wear silk hose, short, flimsy skirts, V-cut waists, high heels, corsets, veils, and yes—even paint—with his consent, if you like. If graveyards yawn for the wearers of the modern not-much-of-anything, or if the insane euphoriums are overrun with devotees of the high heel and tight corset, Dr. Copeland knows nothing about it. In fact, the whole solution of the female apparel problem is adjustment. If we wish, we may attire ourselves as Eskimo or Fiji Islanders with equal certainty of escaping ill-health, by accustoming our bodies to whatever we wear.

A few years ago we heard of the danger of wearing high heeled shoes—the spinal column was to be thrown out of proper alignment, serious nervous disorders were to follow, and even mental derangement was to result from this so-called serious attack against the nervous system. In spite of high-heeled shoes, however, the sanitariums for nervous people and the insane asylums have received no unusual number of patients.

Later, the face veil, especially the veil with large spots on it, was condemned as a factor in impaired eyesight and even blindness on the part of the fair wearers. We continued to wear veils, and no oculist will contend for a moment that eye troubles are now or were ever more prominent in women than in men.

Always, there have been those who fought against the use of cosmetics and face powders, but no serious harm has resulted from them.

When it comes to a question of the use of hair dyes the doctor balks. He admits that many such dyes contain harmful ingredients and their use may result in injury to the entire system. However, such deleterious effects perhaps are suffered by men as well as by women, as the use of hair dyes is not confined to one sex.

Bless my soul! If the dear ladies want to wear silk stockings and high heeled shoes or aught else that appeals to their feminine hearts, let them indulge the desire and forbid them not. There is, after all, something wonderful about the powers of the human body. Nature has adapted the human animal to live in every condition of civilization or barbarism. Our powers of adaptability are unlimited. We can conform to any environment, to pomp and circumstance, and to any style of dress or undress.

WOULD you like a bit of information about the prince of Wales, how he acted—whom he rushed, etc? Dolly Madison, who writes the gossip for the New York Evening Mail, says: "What a gorgeous sight it was—a sight which will never be forgotten by those fortunate enough to have been present."

Dolly is raving about the wonderful ball given last evening by the dowager Mrs. Reid at her palatial brownstone mansion on Madison avenue, in honor of his royal highness the prince of Wales. "Not in the last half-a-century has any metropolitan society attended such an elaborate function."

Heart Beats

By A. K.

Every great man
Must have a mother—
Every great plan
Owes success to none other
Than Mother Idea.
Yet
Each time Idea
Gives birth to a Plan—
Full of promise
Abounding with purpose—
Good citizens laugh
In their sneering way—
Jest and joke
At the foolish Mother
Who'd bear a child
Unlike their own—
More advanced perhaps—
Less understood.
But Mother Idea
Is a brave old soul—
Determined and stubborn.
And wise—
While the public laughs
She nurtures her infants—
Works on queer lines
Of development.
One of her odd
And curious sons
Is the Airplane—
A marvel machine—
That dips with the birds—
Communes with the clouds—
Holds all his critics
In awed amazement.
One child she mothered—
The wireless-Marconigram—
Was irregular—
Eccentric—
Uncontrollable at times—
And we Rubes all turned
Our small noses skyward.
Because we did not understand
Now that wizard
Wireless machine—
Saves human lives
When ships are doomed
Its wild S. O. S.
Brings help in distress
And defeats
The treacherous ocean.
It has winged love messages
From trenches to homes—
Sent comfort
To those in despair.
Each new invention—
Every accomplishment—
Is a maturing child
Of Mother Idea.
They who laugh last
Laugh loudest we know—
And while we are cackling
And lagging away—
Those grotesque offsprings
Are growing each day
And may leave us behind
In the race.

SELAH.



Mrs. A. L. Reed
Rinehart-Marsden Photo

Cripples Are To Be Cured In Omaha

Mrs. A. L. Reed is Working With "Cures for the Curables" and the Unfortunates.

"I OWN everything I am privileged to use, whether the title stands in my name or not," says Edmund Vance Cooke, speaker and writer. Under that interpretation, the public library is his with its wealth of literature, the giant engines which puff their way across the continent, the smooth highways bordered with stately trees, art museums, street cars, omnibuses and elevators, all are his, so far as he cares to use them.

How wonderful it is to consider these institutions and industries as operating for us individually and personally. In the light of imagination, we see the wheels of factories turning for the express purpose of weaving the silk we shall wear to our next bridge tea. We hear the buzzing of machinery as it whirls and spins in its haste to provide a gay answer for the spring bonnet. Our hearts leap when we think of the miles and miles of shining rails laid just to carry us from Nebraska's wintry chill to Florida's warmth and sea. We are appalled at the dream of mighty Niagara, rushing, boiling, seething, in its mad desire to create the power which shall provide for us a delectable breakfast diet.

Marvelous things! Mighty age! But greater than these, more potent than black engines, more fascinating than shelves and shelves of books, more beautiful than pictures in their gilded frames, or lofty architecture and chaste sculpture, is man himself, created in the image of God. A little, straight form, the firm muscle, the bright eye and glowing cheek! It is an inspiring sight. But, alas, the form is not always straight, the eyes not always bright nor the cheek ruddy. There are those who may be seen "leaning all awry," the weak, pale, disheartened, the crippled in body. And there are in this number of unfortunates many who could be restored to physical perfection, if proper surgical skill and medical attention were given at the right time. Shall we create highways and adorn our cities? Yes. But shall we, while doing this, shrug our shoulders and pass indifferently by when we see a misshapen body?

The Society for the Relief of the Disabled has answered. It says that where braces, even though costly, will straighten a curved spine, when instruments, however delicate, will strengthen useless arms or lengthen a shortened limb, or when corrective gymnastics will restore to his normal vigor the broken soldier lad, that all these shall be forthcoming, at least so far as Omaha is concerned. The rubies and diamonds of a king could buy no more than a restoration to health and the opportunity to secure this boon will be at the disposal of the poorest man, woman or child in need of orthopedic attention.

All this, if the society, co-operating with the Visiting Nurse association, the University of Nebraska and Creighton Medical departments, as well as the leading surgical experts of Omaha, is able to bring its plans to consummation. A most earnest member of this organization which sprang into being last September, one who with a group of active women is endeavoring to inaugurate the work in this city, is the membership chairman, Mrs. A. L. Reed. She knows of the work to be done here and means to pursue it to a successful conclusion. Already one remarkable cure has been effected and it is anticipated that hundreds of cases will be cared for in the months to come.

Mrs. Reed is one of the gems that sparkle in Omaha's crown of charity—not the charity that makes beggars, but the service which enables people to retain their independence, help themselves, and become worthy members of society. She has unselfish interest in many causes, including especially the Child Saving institute. The duties of a membership chairman are arduous and responsible. There is a feeling of security among those interested in the Society for the Relief of the Disabled, that Mrs. Reed is at the helm.

The day of miracles has not passed. Medical and surgical wizardry perform new ones continually. Omaha is about to witness triumphs in this field—and all because there is a society here which has seen a vision. Blessed are we that they have, for "where there is no vision, the people perish."

Famous Women
Saint Cecilia.
The lovely creature who looks at us from the canvas of Raphael, the chef d'oeuvre of the Bologna galleries, gives us an infinite horizon. The young saint, the patron of music, is casting down her musical instruments of earth to listen to the heavenly choir. Cecilia was a Roman lady of noble birth and lived in the third century. Those were the days of red-blooded moments, of stout faith, of abandonment to love Divine, days of the martyrs! In the Sixth Persecution under Maximinus, Cecilia was left to expire gradually, being but half decapitated. Her love for music had brought down an angel from heaven to listen to her lute. Poets have taken her for their theme; Dryden, Pope, Addison,

asked not a few of the happy young maidens to dance. The future king of England is evidently very fond of dancing, and I rather imagine he honestly enjoyed himself more last evening at Mrs. Reid's ball than at any other function arranged in his honor thus far.

"He displayed none of the nervousness which was so apparent at the gala performance at the Metropolitan opera house, on Tuesday night, and he became quite chummy with Flora Whitney, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's daughter. Flora, who is 'pep' personified, seemed to fascinate the young prince, as she has fascinated so many of the New York-Newport 'legions.'"

"It was an early hour this morning before the last guest had departed from the Reid mansion and last night's ball for the young prince

will go down in social history as "the greatest event of this generation."

QUEEN WILHELMINA of Holland is in a pickle. Her subjects in the East Indies want her to make them a visit, are insistent upon it, in fact; but the queen is afraid to go. Not because the East Indies would do her any harm. Heavens, no! They are too loyal for that. But the queen has nothing fit to wear, nor has she the proper kind of boat to make the voyage in.

It should not be forgotten that the ideas of the people of the East Indies on the subject of royalty are very different from those of the people of the western world. On this side of the world a king or queen is just an ordinary mortal, but royal authority in the Indies is bound up with visions of vast wealth, splendor and pomp.

To go on a visit to her subjects there, Queen Wilhelmina would have to dress up in silks and satins and jewels, and bring a herd of white elephants with her. Moreover, she would have to clothe all her courtiers and ladies in royal finery, and instead of bringing only a few of these along with her, custom would require that she be attended by at least 200.

And, outside of the question of dress, how would the queen make the trip? In an ordinary passenger boat? Perish the thought. In a battleship? Maybe, but it must be remembered that the East Indians have seen American and English dreadnoughts and a Dutch battleship beside these would look like the fabled piece of cheese and would make the East Indians ashamed of their sovereign.

Considering these, and other things, the queen, it is reported, has about made up her mind to send her regrets to the East Indies. Maybe the old excuse, "press of business," will save the day.

So many girls' clubs have been depleted in membership almost out of existence by matrimony, that the Pennsylvania League for Women Workers has decided that marriage of its members shall not bar them from the organization.