

Woman's Section

Gabby Predicts Some Great Changes In Ultra Social Set

Staged—Just a Play in One Act—A Death Pact Now Goes With Engagement Rings—One Maid-Is After Money—High Cost of Lectures.

By GABBY DETAYLS.

PEOPLE will talk about the H. C. L. We are almost disappointed to read that Christmas dinners of charity went begging in New York City. What a deprivation to the rich when we no longer have the poor. One has a feeling of such elegant satisfaction when dispensing alms. Where will the well-to-do turn for anecdotes and stories which serve as hubs upon which to turn tales of their own superiority and virtues. Instead of being entertained by our excursions among the poor and relation of our slumming experiences, we can live for awhile or shocks received from extravagances among those with newly acquired wealth. For instance:

One contractor tells of his ditch diggers who wear silk socks at their work. Gabby doesn't know whether white gloves adorn their hands or not. Another tale of the newly-rich:

A local store had for sale some rich, beautiful, narrow material, priced at \$60 per yard. It was sold for trimming, and usually asked for in terms of inches. Came a woman and bought enough for a dress. Mr. B.—was interested. He investigated. The woman was a plumber's wife.

It looks as though society were being made over. The plumbers' ball and the carpenters' annual fete of the future will quite outshine the once brilliant affairs of the "four hundred."

FIVE HUNDRED, one thousand, fifteen hundred! Going up! And the higher they are, the worse they get. Perhaps the next speaker who comes to Omaha will receive \$2,000. Who will be the next? Please don't crowd. There was Dunsany, who received \$500 for showing us how good Kate McHugh really is. Forbes-Robertson, who was quite fine and artistic—so what's a cool thousand an hour? And now Ibanez—who, Gabby is told—drew down \$1,500 for an example of what a good valedictory address should be.

Perhaps that is hardly fair. He did Gabby a real service. It was just like this: All her life she has heard of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. To know that Washington was a great general and Lincoln a wise statesman are bits of information one does not pick up every day. Gabby now has these two gentlemen "placed," as it were.

Then there is Wilson. He gave what may prove to be a valuable tip. Wilson with white wings! Can you imagine it? He has them all right in Ibanez's vision. No nice little sprouts that wouldn't show when he wears his frock coat—but long, healthy white appendages. In other words, Wilson is an angel. We have always suspected that an angel was men, but for the first time we have gotten a line on their politics. The angels are democrats! It's as plain as anything. In 1918, just before elections, Wilson asked that only democrats be elected to congress. If Wilson is a ravine angel just watch out when Gabriel blows his horn and see if the call then is not for democrats exclusively.

There was one clever stunt, something new. Ibanez closed with an eulogy on the American flag. We have seen it done a thousand times after a poor vaudeville sketch. Have the curtain ring down with the flag flying.

But we shouldn't complain. Ibanez was bona fide—almost. Certain comments notwithstanding, he omitted some subjects entirely from his Spanish version—Edgar Allen Poe, for instance.

PERHAPS there are some in Omaha who did not receive remembrances from very dear friends at the Yuletide. Gabby believes that she has solved the problem of a number of these tardy gifts. One of our attractive young matrons, who sends out many many gifts, asked her husband to mail the packages for her. With alacrity he agreed to do so and the wife's worries were at an end. Several days later, a business acquaintance of the husband was narrating concerning his experience in mailing packages. He had to wait in line so very long to find out the cost of sending them. Spoke up the young husband, "I did not have to wait at all. I just threw the packages into a mail chute." "Were the packages stamped?" he was asked. They were not and he is wondering whether or not the gifts were delivered and the recipients forced to pay the postage.

ANYONE can talk to the living. The more unusual thing nowadays is to talk with the dead. Miss Dorothy McVane, daughter of the late Professor MacVane of Harvard University, possesses marked occult powers and is a firm believer in the survival of personality after death. She had exchanged with her fiancé, a Roman prince who was killed during the war, a solemn promise that whenever of the two died first should return through all obstacles and visit the other. Gabby prophesies that a similar promise will go along with all engagement rings hereafter, now that the fashion is established.

SCENE: Inside Burgess-Nash store.

Hour: Few minutes before opening hour, December, 1919.

Characters: Woman in sealskin jacket; young man, agile, alert, wearing cap and coat with large pockets; floorwalker; clerks scurrying to their respective stalls.

Man and woman enter. He quickly draws from his pocket some sacks such as are used for carrying money. Without a word they are handed to the woman. Unhesitatingly she stuffs them into the front of her fur coat. At this point the floorwalker brushes between the two, separating them. "This store is not yet open for business," he said.

The young man started away. Floorwalker seemed nervous but let him depart. He gave the woman a critical look and she too departed.

The real facts in the case:

The young man had been unable to bank the night before, money received during the day's sale of Red Cross seals. He arranged with one of the Red Cross women to transfer the money to her at Sixteenth and Harney, where he would make a street car connection. They met. They knew just what business they had to transact. Conversation was unnecessary; the morning was bitter cold. They stepped inside the store and the transfer of cash was made. The woman in the case declares she was going back and make full explanation to the floorwalker, for fear if she does not, she will be "spotted" and "trailed" every time she has shopping to do in that particular establishment.

To let things drop at this stage would compromise me with the floorwalker. Not being a professional thief, it would compromise me with the police department. So the only way out is to make an honest confession to the floorwalker.

SO OFTEN it has been said that America has become a nation of the almighty dollar that many of us have come to believe it. Gabby recently decided that it was when she heard the gossip concerning one Omaha girl. Engaged to a very promising business man is this brunette and every one has expected the wedding to take place in the near future. She is a jolly type of girl and her quick repartee is a source of constant amusement to her acquaintances. She has, however, been confiding to an intimate friend concerning a middle-aged but wealthy bachelor. It seems that the bachelor has paid some attention to her, and although she cares nothing for him, the girl has encouraged him. And why? Because he has more money than the man to whom she is to marry. According to her own statement, she would break the engagement tomorrow if she thought she might marry the bachelor. Mercenary! Gabby thinks that she is.

THE posers! What would we do without a sense of humor and an extra chuckle on top. At an exhibition of paintings, sponsored by one of our local organizations, a gentleman of dollars and cultured mien, strolled around the impromptu art gallery, scrutinizing minutely every exhibit in the place. He "A-hed" and he "O-hed," and granted approval of each in turn. He shook his head wisely and gazed studiously at the portraits, the scenes and the studies in colors and daubs. But, my dears, one must not appear backward, or uncultivated, or unappreciative of art and so, if one is not really versed, one must stumble into the discussion anyway.

A friend of the gentleman would-be critic, sauntered along and laughingly commented: "Haven't seen anything of Cusack's, have you? Again the eye glass found its way to the squinting eye. After a careful search the critic said: "Well, no-o-o, I do not see anything of Cusack's among this splendid collection. It is a representative collection—I am surprised that the great metropolitan gallery should so overlook such a painter."

And he tapped his eye glass on his thumb nail, enjoying to the nth degree, his ignorance of art—and the friend is chuckling yet for he knows that Cusack is the sign painter.

A SPECIAL dispatch from London tells some of the "fashionable secrets" of the English ladies. And when we hear this, our own American "best dressers" seem not so vulgar as our British sisters have classed us.

In the shy and secluded mansions up Bond street way, where the mysteries of Paris are interpreted for the beautification of "Lady This-and-That" and the pauperization of her swain, a period of tense and silent training is ended, for the winter style shows are now open.

Mazie Smith and Sadie Jones and Emma O'Flynn swim before the entranced gaze of "Ladies This-and-So," poems, lyrics, dreams of grace.

Mazie and Sadie and Emma are now Pam and Maurisette and Corisande. With the old, home-made names they shed their old home-made walks, but the new and high-toned names were acquired with less pain than the rhythmic glide without which no Paris ball room is complete.

There is nothing more difficult

HEART BEATS
BY A. K.

Come to me
All ye gossips
And whisper
In our ears—
What our enemies
Are saying—
Thinking
We shall never hear.
Tell me—
O be sure and tell me!
That we're really
Not so bad—
Just so awkward—
And so clumsy—
That we make good deeds
Seem bad.
Whisper
That someone
Has advised you
Of our insincerity—
But you quickly
"Up and told them"
That they all misunderstood.
That we tried—
Yes—tried most bravely—
To be square—
And true—
And kind—
But our natural disposition
Was a stubborn thing
To fight.
Then I like to hear
Of critics
Who think
Our efforts poor—
But that you
Defend those efforts—
Say—
"Some few of them
Are good."
Lament you never
Saw so many
Enemies who judge
Unjustly—
As the multitudes
Who think us
Selfish—
Ignorant—
And mean.
All such honesty
Is intended
For our good—
To bring us cheer—
To catalog us fairly—
Disturb a languid
Atmosphere.
They present Life's
Honest mirror—
That we be not
Too submerged
In our confidence
And ego—
And literary crimes.

SELAH.



Mrs. A. J. Sistik

RINEHART-MARSDEN PHOTO

A Home-Maker

To speak the word "home" is to draw a rich, full and melodious chord from the harp of the mind. The lift of joy is in the harmony, the sustained tone of life's deeper emotions and the exquisite beauty of theme. Home in its true sense, represents the center of life's best joys.

A beautiful young matron of Omaha, Mrs. A. J. Sistik, is demonstrating her belief that this is true. When her mother, Mrs. C. L. Hempel, became president of the Omaha Woman's club last spring, there seemed danger that careful attention to the

arduous duties of the office would result in some sacrifices of home life. Mrs. Sistik, who was then living at the Blackstone, was neither willing that her mother should be overburdened with responsibility nor that her parents should forego any of the traditional comforts of home. The problem was solved in her own way. She and her husband gave up their apartment and returned to the parental roof where Mrs. Sistik has had entire charge of affairs. The artistic side has a strong appeal for her, giving that delightful combination of interest in the home-maker, the practical and the beautiful.

about. Mercia it was this time, specialist in grace.

"We train our girls by making them walk balancing a book on their heads," the dove grey lady continues.

"A beautiful gown must be worn by a beautiful girl, and the girl must carry herself in a beautiful way."

Of such is art built, at some \$250 the garment, in the beautifully lighted show rooms where society

is now viewing its winter plumage. Marie and Sadie and Emma have been training for weeks.

They are displaying the gowns, incidentally, but it's the neutral beauty of the girls and the newly-

Washington Smart Set In Mad Whirl of Activities

Wilsons Have Home Party Christmas, But Others at Capital Are Feeling the Loss of Sleep After Dances and Dinners and Theater Parties.

Bee Bureau,
Washington, Dec. 27.

WASHINGTON holiday season belongs literally to the young people. And they are making the best use of it possible, with scarcely time allowed for sleeping. Balls at the rate of two and three a night, dinners, a dozen or so, and luncheons, teas and theater parties, are all sandwiched into the day's schedule.

Christmas was a quiet day in the White House, with a small family party composed of the regular household, and Mrs. Wilson's mother, brother and sister. They had dinner with the president and Mrs. Wilson, but the visit of the grandchildren and the tree planned for them, it was thought best to postpone.

The vice president and Mrs. Marshall, and the secretary of state and Mrs. Lansing, are in their separate homes for this week, but will return to Washington next week, in fact before the old year is out.

The Lansings had their first diplomatic function this season last Monday night when they entertained a company of diplomats at dinner.

They will follow this with a brilliant function on the New Year's day, giving the old-time "breakfast" in their honor, which has not been given since the second year of the late war.

Instead, however, of entertaining the whole corps, including secretaries and attaches of embassies and legations, they will have but the ambassadors and ministers, and their respective families, because of the vast growth of the corps, at this important post.

In former years it was quite comfortable to have all the foreign representatives and attaches and their families in one large party. Now it is not possible to do this unless the party is given in the Pan-American Union building.

The Lansings will have the breakfast this year in their own home, which is admirably adapted for entertaining a large company. The "breakfast" consists of a formal reception with a buffet luncheon. It is really one of the stateliest of state occasions.

There is still no prospect of any state functions at the White House. The formal calling, which has gone on for two months in the cabinet circle, and with Mrs. Marshall, wife of the vice president, will begin in earnest at the end of this week.

One of the most worthy of all charity balls will be held on Monday night in the great ball room of the Wardman Park Inn, when the relief fund for the Washington policemen's families will be the beneficiary. Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, widow of the Colorado copper king, is financing the ball, paying all expenses, so that all the proceeds may go into the fund. Not only is she doing this, but she is giving a Christmas tree party for the 600 children of policemen's families, with a personal gift for each one and preceding the "unveiling" of the mammoth tree, which is being trimmed in one of the other ball rooms of the Wardman Park hotel, there will be a vaudeville performance and a moving picture show to especially interest children. It is one of the handsomest charities of this holiday season.

Representative and Mrs. Reavis of Falls City have enjoyed a visit from their two sons, C. Frank Reavis, Jr., of Cleveland, and John Reavis from Cornell university. The former is returning to his business in Cleveland tomorrow, and the latter will remain here until the end of next week.

The success of the splendid performance of "Pinafore" on Monday night in the Central High auditorium, given by the People's National Opera company, under the direction of Rollin Bond, recalls to mind that Mr. Bond is a Nebraskan, and well known throughout the state, in leading musical affairs. His mother, Mrs. Sarah A. Bond, with his sister, Miss Ella Wheeler Bond, lives in Ord, Neb., where he was born and raised. Mrs. Bond is a sister of the late Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whose death this autumn was a great shock to her. Mr. Bond's Nebraska organization, known as Bond's band, was known all over the state for many years, as it was heard in Omaha at the Ak-Sar-Ben festivals each year; at the state fairs in Lincoln, and at the trans-Mississippi and greater American expositions in Omaha. Mrs. Bond was not able to leave her home in Ord and come east to the funeral of her adored and gifted sister, but she greatly prizes a telegram from President Wilson, offering his sympathy and expressing his regret at the passing of such a gifted American writer and poetess.

Mr. Bond has lived in Washington only a little more than a year. He came here in connection with the war camp community opera, which gave a week of grand opera last spring in the Belasco theater, which attracted wide-spread attention and commendation. He organized the Peoples National Opera company this fall and gave one of the best performances of "Pinafore" ever heard in Washington. A. F. M. Craig, a secretary of the British embassy staff and a comedian of exceptional talent, took the part of Sir Joseph Porter K. C. B. and naturally attracted society to the performance. He was an inimitable success. The other parts were taken by talented local singers, and the chorus and orchestra, both organized and conducted by Mr. Bond, were better than many professionals. It was so great a success that because of general request the opera will be repeated early next month with several performances. Mr. Bond's wife, who was known in the literary world on the Pacific coast as Genevieve Farnell-Bond was a great aid to him with the women's chorus. She was for some years the literary editor of the Los Angeles Times, and is the author of several published books.

acquired grace of their carriage that will send many an expensive package to the homes of the great. In those homes, no doubt, there will be no balancing of books, but only an abiding wonder as to why the Paris creation never looks half so smart on the ball room floor as it did in the dove grey show room.