

# Woman's Section

## "Never Again," Is the New Year Resolution of One Omaha Girl

There Are Many Ways to Become Popular, But a Placarded Suitcase Is an Excellent Introduction to Railroad Porters.

By GABBY DETAYLS.

GABBY has heard many New Year resolutions, but this is the most interesting of them all. Declares one Omaha girl, "Never, never again will I permit any rush of business to keep me from consulting a mirror several times a day." The following incident caused her to make the resolve. She was the recipient of a call during the past week made by a distinguished young man, who was home for the holidays. He attended West Point, had been overseas, and was indeed most attractive. All must admit that there is something about the magic word, "West Point," and the bars of a lieutenant which invariably thrills the heart of a maid. Therefore you may be sure milady was delighted to see him.

Hurriedly she rushed homeward, all excitement concerning her visitor. But upon looking in her mirror, what a sight met her eyes! Numerous stray locks of hair surrounded a face badly discolored with the smoke and dust, so common to Omaha. And horrors! Her hair yielded to a wakening blackberry pie at luncheon that day, she found she was wearing lips and teeth of a Belgian blue, and as everybody knows these articles are only worn in cherry red and pearly white this season.

Now she sits and sadly shakes her head, agreeing with Robert Burns when he said: "Ah wad some power the giffie gie us, To see oursel's as others see us."

## Heart Beats

By A. K.

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Defeat  
Has served me well.  
My puny mind permit  
Tripped lightly to and fro—  
From gossip's slime  
To conversation's froth—  
From styles of party frocks  
To chocolate drops—  
Smart set hoops  
And latest scandal.  
Occasionally  
A serious thought  
Came sweeping down  
My fluffy-ruffle path—  
It had its source in ego—  
And became a strong desire  
To quite outshine  
Opponents' rickles.  
Disaster  
Came upon me—  
Shattered frivolous notions  
And lay waste my dreams.  
On the cruelest rocks  
Of black despair  
It floundered—  
Knowing not which way  
To turn.  
Then  
Up and out  
Into the strife I labored—  
Gulping all the bitterness—  
And tasting of the sweets  
That came my way.  
I found myself in turmoil—  
Battling like a bat  
Against the blinding light—  
Sometimes surging forward—  
Sometimes beaten back.  
Till a new vision  
Floated out before me—  
I found a moral courage—  
A spiritual strength  
Uniting with new  
Physical endurance.  
Soon I saw  
The beauties of the world—  
I saw its "mud,"  
But also saw its "stars."  
An X-ray from  
The heavens  
Lay bare my worthless heart  
And pictured well  
The uselessness  
Of my once sheltered life.  
It taught me vital truths  
Which I should know—  
Exhibited things  
Which I should see.  
All wastings  
Are wastings—  
Struggle builds the strength—  
Victory often follows  
A hopeless defeat—  
Disaster proves  
A blessing in disguise.

SELAH

liteness in her travels. Soon she was to know the reason for it. Remark'd the porter, "That bag must have seen quite a bit of travel, miss," as he eyed the suitcase. The girl, suddenly awakening to the cause of this respect for her determined to cling to it. "Yes, it has been around the world twice," was her answer. It had! She lied only in the spirit, not in the letter.

Travelers, take heed. The number of tags on your bag determines the amount of attention you will receive. USUALLY one has to die to beat the game. This isn't true in Iowa if you are a wealthy bachelor or old maid without heirs. Over there, you have to live, to keep the state from getting all your money—live, or get married.

Some wealthy bachelors and rich spinsters within the last six years have died minus kith or kin, and Iowa derived \$4,820,000 thereby. The state of Iowa does not permit estates and big sums of money left behind by those who die without heirs to go to waste. The thirty-fifth general assembly provided for just this emergency and arranged that Iowa should receive all "left-overs" unspoken for. The net result is \$4,820,000 in the permanent school fund of the state.

The law is known as the collateral inheritance tax. It provides for advertising of estate for six months after the death of any person who apparently has neither children, heirs or descendants. Should no heirs appear, the state treasurer swings back the vault door and the state auditor merrily counts off the dollars left by the heirless decedents.

"The moral is, for bachelors and rich old maids to get married," said an attaché of the auditor's office. "If you don't, well, Iowa will spend your money after you are dead and gone." Gabby would have you know that the same thing can happen in Nebraska if there are no heirs. This is fair warning to rich bachelors and maids. Find a spouse!

GABBY is here. Gabby is there. Gabby is everywhere. Just how Mademoiselle Detayls finds out the secrets which she does is known only to herself. The members of the younger set no doubt remember a high school dance given at the Fontenelle during the holidays. We wonder if any of them happened to be in a certain shadowy corner when an unusual incident occurred.

The girl most concerned in this is a decided brunette and was always popular in high school circles. Her engagement to an attractive young man was rumored many times during the summer months, but the affair was evidently only a passing fancy, as she is no longer seen in his company. The boy, or rather young man, belongs to an exclusive Omaha set and under the tutelage of his father is attempting to learn the business of his parent "from the ground up." For some time past he has been "rushing" a petite titian-haired beauty and was dancing with her on this particular evening. As this couple approached the corner Miss Brunette and her partner glided near. A pause and then the two couples separated. Nothing unusual in this, you say? No, but those in the corner state that the pause was long enough to enable the young man to kiss the girl of the raven locks. Ah, that is different.



Mrs. Joseph Barker and Joseph Jr.

RINEHART-MARSDEN PHOTO.

## Mrs. Joseph Barker and Son

Mrs. Joseph Barker is one of our matrons who left Omaha immediately after the holidays for the east. She was accompanied by Mr. Barker. They will spend several days in New York and will then go to Thompson, Conn., to visit their daughter, Elizabeth, who attends Misses Howe and Marot's school. Miss Virginia Barker is now in school at Catonsville, St. Timothy's, Maryland. Master Joseph, jr., who is the greatest pride of his mother's heart, remains here during her absence. During the war Mrs. Barker was a most ardent worker for the Red Cross, but since the closing of the various activities of that organization she has devoted the greater part of her time to her home and Joseph, jr. Mr. and Mrs. Barker will return home Sunday, January 10.

in a position to command respect until she made herself superior to what "they" thought or did? "The woman pal" sounds delightful, sporty and attractive. The more lackadaisical wives feel rather envious of the woman who rides, rows, swims and sprouts with her husband—until she hears, a-la-carte, that the husband of a certain "pal" was heard to say, "I can't have you hanging around when I go on that trip to the Adirondacks." And so we lay aside the outing togs we were getting together (in imagination) lest we, too, be just "hanging around" instead of the real "pals" or bright figure pictures. One romantic wife naively declares that she's not going to permit her husband to "take her for granted."

Romance is a fiery, restless goddess disinclined to stir up the already tired faculties. There is a silence that is golden, but it is far removed from the dead, by silence with which some husbands are greeted. Oh, no, not greeted—chilled by, rather, when they enter their homes. The stately decorum of chaste, immaculate grand dames who look through literal physical and mental foggy glasses, at one, absolutely devoid of any intimate interest in their husbands, thinking only of this or that social function, the latest grand opera, the chance of catching the most eligible bachelor for her daughter. As you talk to your husband do you yawn, look bored, with eyes that stare uncomprehendingly through to the "function you're planning? Better not! The light of enthusiasm may die out of his eyes, and when you later seek to draw response from him you may find only ashes of the love once so lavishly showered upon you.

## Diplomatic Breakfast New Year

Nebraskans in the East Have Gay Celebrations During Holiday Season.

See Bureau, Washington, January 2.

THERE was something of the "before-the-Wilson-administration" atmosphere in the New Year festivities on Thursday in Washington. It was a merry, though a somber, celebration, with a few official no-mes open to visitors. The secretary of state and Mrs. Lansing gave the time-honored diplomatic breakfast in their home, a function which in former seasons followed immediately after the great official and public reception at the White House on the first of January. On those occasions the scene was one of almost unprecedented brilliance, for all the representatives of foreign courts and governments wore the gay apparel of their court costumes, with all the decorations they could claim, and as much formality and dignity were observed as it is possible to have in this country.

President Wilson abandoned this great New Year's day reception, an institution known almost since the founding of the government, so there has been no excuse for the diplomats to wear these brilliant togs at these breakfasts which, by the way, were totally abandoned during the war period. The former custom was to have each member of the diplomatic corps in Washington, and the members of their families, including ambassadors, ministers, secretaries and attaches. This year the secretary and Mrs. Lansing invited only ambassadors and ministers and the members of their families. It was a distinguished company and a beautiful party.

The only other official receptions of that afternoon, which in former years was the most brilliant and the busiest day of the year socially, was a large and brilliant one by the secretary of the navy and Mrs. Daniels, and one of the secretary of war and Mrs. Baker, in the home of the assistant secretary of war and Mrs. Benedict Crowell, at 1702 Twenty-second street, the former home of the late Lt. Gen. Henry C. Corbin. There were no assistants at the latter party, but Mrs. Daniels had with them the chiefs of the different bureaus of the Navy department, and their wives; a bevy of debutantes of this year, and some girls of other years, a number of young navy officers, and Mrs. Daniels' mother and sisters. She had a ball room arranged on the fourth floor of the Daniels' mansion, as in former years, (for Mrs. Daniels has held this reception each year since she has been in official life) transforming the attic into a quaint dancing hall, with the band from the Mayflower playing there all the afternoon. The Marine band was stationed on the second floor and also played through the afternoon and many of the dance enthusiasts danced on the first floor. It was quite the gayest spot in Washington on New Year's day. And the callers were not confined to men only. The wives, daughters, mothers, sisters, etc., were among the company. The Congressional club held an open house during the afternoon with the president and officers and the members of the board receiving, including Mrs. C. Frank Reavis of Fall City, Neb., who is treasurer of the club. The newly organized Women's City club had open house and invited the members of the City club, composed entirely of men, a special guests. All the other clubhouses and the hotels were arrayed in gay and festive fashion and held as much revelry possible with no spirits except human spirits in evidence.

Miss Gertrude Norris, daughter of the senator from Nebraska, who has been with Senator and Mrs. Norris during the holidays, started yesterday to return to her studies in the state university at Lincoln, where she is a student. She has had a gay time among her old friends and schoolmates here. Major and Mrs. D. C. Stapleton spent a very quiet Christmas in their Washington home, as they are in mourning for Mrs. Stapleton's brother who died in Omaha in the fall, and Major Stapleton has been quite ill for a month.

Mrs. Frank S. Bacon is with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. S. Penfield, and their baby daughter, and will spend the remainder of the winter here with them. They will take no part in any festivities this year, owing to their deep mourning for Mrs. Penfield's father, Mr. Bacon. Judge and Mrs. Constantine Smyth, formerly of Omaha, have been as their guests their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Bern Smyth of Philadelphia, who were recently married. They spent Christmas with their parents and Smyth had a pretty tea for his in-law last Sunday afternoon in her handsome apartment, 2400 Sixteenth street. She is an opportunity then of meeting her social and personal friends of her husband's family. They returned in the week to Philadelphia.