

Woman's Section

Gabby Hears a Bit of News About Cars and Girls And Leap Year

She Has Abandoned Cross-Barred Veils Forever and Will Cling to Dots and Dashes and Scrolls— There Are Tricks That Only the Census Taker Knows

By GABBY DETAYLS.

NOW things are all mixed up. A well known man in Omaha, whose picture we see often—O, so often—bought a fine new car for a Christmas present and ordered it sent to a certain address—not his home. However, such things are often swerved from their course—these "under cover" gifts—and the car was driven up to the home of the purchaser by mistake. The man choked and stammered—the wife did not need another car, did not want one, and, in fact, had often expressed her dislike for that particular model. Now there is another bowl of family hash to be digested.

ONE of Omaha's most beautiful matrons, and at one time president of the Woman's club, met several friends at a meeting Monday and each in turn exclaimed: "Are you ill? How had you look?" Tuesday she laughed at the idea and sauntered out again to some board meeting and several remarks about her health led her to believe that there must be something radically wrong. This would never, never do. She could not allow herself to be ill—a strong woman, who had always enjoyed excellent health, etc. So the matron went straightway home and resorted to very drastic antidotes for illness. Two days later madam entered Gabby's office, bright as a spring morning and beautiful as a picture, all except a veil which was woven in squares, or horizontal and vertical lines. And because madam had spoken several times and moved her chin, the lines were lopping in sagging positions which gave the lady in question a very haggard look.

"Why, Gabby!" she exclaimed, "do you mean to tell me that a veil of this kind gives one a sagging look around the eyes and chin? That's what caused those women to worry over my health—and I took all that medicine thinking to ward off a spell of fever. Never again!"

And off came the veil, revealing eyes without lines and a chin without sags—a perfect specimen of health and beauty. Gabby suspects she is going after the saleswoman who sold her the veil, since the members of the Woman's club have resolved to buy only the absolute necessities.

HAS a certain young, attractive swain been fooling his friends for months and months? Many are the times he has been rumored engaged to a very petite blonde—just as sweet and popular as she can be, too. The young man served overseas. He attended the officers' training camp at Fort Snelling in the first days of the war. After spending a short while in service in France he received a very high commission. He has been described as "very good looking with the most wonderful pair of eyes" (Gabby would like to tell you whether they are blue or brown, but really she has forgotten). Friends of the two have looked anxiously for the announcement for some time, and expected it immediately on his return from abroad. But still time goes on and nothing develops.

Now friends of both think they all guessed wrong, for those who know the girl say she just loves to be asked out with other men, and the girls who have always admired whose eyes feel free to ask them anywhere, now, even without the petite blonde accompanying them.

"PIGS is Pigs," (which Fred Stone would say is expressive though ungrammatical) and we should call a spade a spade. But is a housewife a housewife or an office assistant? Census takers who are at work in Omaha tell Gabby that women are more shy on this point than over that threadbare jest on woman's age. What is there about that good old Saxon word, housewife, that twentieth century dames should shy at it? According to Solomon, "many daughters have done virtuously," but the housewife outranks them all.

One woman who lives in a red brick house west of town, so disliked giving her occupation as housewife that she called herself "office assistant," on the strength of having occasionally received and replied to messages in her husband's office. "Maid" was so universally rejected by young women in domestic service that the term "household assistant" was coined to solve wounded pride and "save the face"—as the Chinese say—of those formerly designated as "hired girls."

WHEN the French people surrounded the palace of Marie Antoinette, the queen asked what they wished. "Bread," was the answer. "Then why is it not given them," was the royal reply. "Madame, there is no bread." "Give them cake," replied the ruler, showing her slight understanding of economics. Such a situation has again recurred in history. The scene is a fashionable jewelry shop in New York City. The time was just a few weeks ago. An extravagantly gowned woman entered asking to see diamond necklaces, picked out one priced \$20,000, paid for it with 20 \$1,000 bills from her handbag, and started to walk out with around her neck. The salesman

venturing to suggest that diamonds were not commonly worn in the morning, she bought a pearl necklace for \$25,000, dropped the diamonds into her handbag, and went cheerfully on her way. Motto: If there is no bread eat cake; if diamonds are not fashionable, wear pearls even though more expensive. Of course this doesn't happen every day, even in New York, but the nationwide epidemic of diamonds and fur buying, on a scale that might be called splurging, recalls the old days of the English "nabobs," who came home from India laden with wealth and amazed the nation with their wild extravagances.

WITH the sound of the siren which marked the passing of 1919, there entered 1920 holding high before him the caption, Leap Year. According to the marriage bureau records, however, it will not have its usual significance for they prove that there are no more marriages in it than in the other three years. The question, "Do women propose in Leap Year," is asked again and again. "I should say not," answers one pretty debutante. "Nonsense," replies the bachelor maid.

"Not in this day and date," comes from a matron. Yet, out of the depths of any easy chair and from behind a cloud of smoke, a masculine voice gives utterance to "The year does not make any difference to a woman. She'll do it any time." Perhaps the man is single, more likely not. "Well," snaps the assertive little woman, "My husband did not say it." Well, my dear, Gabby will bet good money that your husband and every other husband has at some time or other "sprung" that time-honored joke. Be prepared therefore, its season has again begun and there is only one way to effectually silence the man who relates it. Do as one matron here did not so long ago.

Was quite a social gathering this couple were attending and Mr. Husband, attempting to be witty, narrated at length as to how his wife proposed to him. She bore with it, listening patiently until the end when she dryly remarked, "If I had not you never would have had the nerve to do it yourself!" The laugh was certainly on the man in this case and he has ceased to narrate his favorite tale.

Heart Beats

By A. K.

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Two boys were born
In the same
New town—
A town in the wonderful
West—
Where Fate is fair
With all who care
For the truest
And the best.
Two hands were dealt
From the deck of Life—
Faces turned up
To the world—
One's cards were aces
And kings—
No less—
While the other
Drew only treys—
One has idled
His time away
In foolish pursuits
And reckless bets—
Trusting his aces
And kings to win,
He leaped
Without looking—
Bet without thinking—
Fair plays
He only scorned—
For luck was his—
Given at birth—
So why
Should he bother with
Discards and treys,
But the holder
Of treys
Made the best
Of his days—
No idling
Or wasting of time—
Donned a thinking cap
And began to work
With his seemingly
Worthless hand—
His eye on his reckless
Opponent he kept—
And knew
How he wasted his cards—
His wits grew sharp—
His sight grew keen
And one day he won
From the other
His kings
With four of a kind—
His treys.
Good luck
And big hands—
In the game of Life—
Do not insure the cad—
And the one who draws
Nothing higher than treys—
May rest assured
That it's how he plays
And not always
A handicap—
That wins
In the final reckoning.
SELAH.

Mrs. Isaac Carpenter



RINEHART—MARSDEN PHOTO

A Charm to All Who Know Her

As a beam of the sun gives forth warmth and brightness, so does the smile of Mrs. Isaac Carpenter radiate joy and contentment. There are many silver-haired women in the city who are much beloved, but none more so than this quiet and benevolent matron. Any movement of civic or charitable welfare is loyally supported by her and she is always willing to aid in any way.

Ever sincere, frank and unassuming, much of her work is unheeded and she wends her unobtrusive way spreading good cheer.

For many years she has been deeply interested in religious and missionary work and has always taken an active part in organizations of this nature.

The Old People's home on Fontenelle boulevard, however, has become her favorite philanthropy and her eagerness to benefit it in every way is most inspiring to co-workers. She is now vice president of the board of trustees for the home.

Through her untiring efforts many little comforts and pleasures have been given to the residents which have brought to them much happiness. Her ideas are always for the betterment of conditions, showing her progressive and constructive trend of thought.

Despite her many activities, this Omaha matron's first and most important role is that of home-maker. Her greatest pride is in her children, Mrs. Arthur Lockwood, Mrs. George Barker, jr., Mrs. Ralph Kiewit and Isaac Carpenter, Jr.

Society Is Gay Minus Wilsons

Nebraskans Take Prominent Parts In Best Social Affairs at the Capital

Bee Bureau, Washington, Jan. 10.

WHATEVER of an official social season Washington will have this year is now on. While there will be no social affairs in the White House this winter, the other officials and their families of the government will be active to some extent. This leaves a great field for the smart resident society, which has grown in amazing proportions since the beginning of the Roosevelt first administration, for it was in that regime that smart and wealthy New Yorkers, Bostonians and Philadelphians were attracted to Washington, who had scarcely known it existed, previously. It was during that time that the greater number of several million-dollar homes were erected for fashionable to occupy a few months each winter. And more have been attracted each year since, until Washington is almost a real metropolis.

Mr. Carter Glass, secretary of the treasury will transfer himself to the senate as soon as the president can spare him. And then the next to go, though not yet announced, is the secretary of state, Mr. Lansing, appointed first to the State department by Mr. Roosevelt, as counsellor, and promoted to secretary of state by President Wilson. Coming events of greater or less importance more than frequently cast their shadows before, over society's teacup, and the teacup gossip asserts positively that Mr. Lansing will retire as soon as successors to the other two cabinet members are appointed.

It is well known among their closest friends that he would have retired from the cabinet long ere this, had it not been for the president's breakdown in health. The teacup further decree that Frank Lyon Polk, first counselor of the State department, in which he succeeded Mr. Lansing, and now under secretary of state, a position created for him, as the counselorship was created for Mr. Lansing, will be the next secretary of state. All this is very pleasant to society since, if society must lose Mrs. Lansing, Mrs. Polk will be a gratifying and pleasing successor to her. She has just returned from Paris where she went with Mr. Polk, who there also, succeeded Mr. Lansing at the peace table.

Nearly all of the cabinet hostesses observed their Wednesday afternoon at home this week. Mrs. Marshall, while not in the cabinet circle, is of it, also was at home. There were a fairly good number of callers, but the "pep" has all gone out of cabinet calling, as it was in the days past. Mrs. Lansing, Mrs. Lane, (who is more or less of an invalid) and Mrs. Houston clearly announced a week ago that they had decided not to return any calls. Gradually they "took it back" with regard, first to diplomatic calls, and then so far as their "husbands' committees in congress" were concerned. But that has not restored the inhospitable feeling which the first announcement created. In fact it has, if anything, made it worse. So the toothsome dishes of the tea table, most of it, is left over for another time, for congressional women will not accept that sort of half and half program.

This is a precedent not before known in American society, and with the White House affairs absent from the social calendar of 1919-20, and some of the leading hostesses in official society willing to receive calls, but not make them, there is not a great incentive for gaiety. Mrs. Marshall, wife of the vice president, and Mrs. Daniels and Mrs. Baker came out frankly and announced they found no difficulty in returning their calls and would make no change in their social ethics. The others have made no statement one way or another, and the understanding is that they will follow the example of Mrs. Marshall.

Nebraskans.

Charles Saunders, who came on for the holidays and spent Christmas with his mother and sister, Mrs. Alvin Saunders and Mrs. Russell Harrison, in Norfolk with Mrs. Harrison's daughter, Mrs. Harry Williams, spent the following week in Washington with his mother and sister. He started for Omaha last Saturday night and went right on to Lincoln, where the constitutional convention is meeting, and of which he is a member. William Henry Harrison, 3d, who was here with his mother for a few weeks, returned to Omaha for the holidays and will remain there indefinitely.

Miss Eunice Ensor of Omaha, who was in Washington as a war worker associated with Mrs. Susie Root Rhodes in the Playgrounds association, has returned to Washington and is one of the high-salaried women in the after-war service. She is now with the vocational guidance bureau. Her brother, an aviator during the war, is also in that bureau. Miss Ensor returned to Detroit last winter to her old work in pageantry, and was there until this winter, when she was induced to come back to Washington.

Dr. Robert L. S. Stratton United States navy spent the holidays with his wife and children in the home of Mrs. Stratton's mother, Mrs. Rhodes. He is on sea duty on the (Continued on Page Two, This Section.)