

Woman's Section

An Out-of-Town Woman Protests Against Term "A Housewife"

Gabby Is Recipient of Magnanimous Gift—Mr. G. Clumsily Loses Favor With Young Matron— Man Ever Practiced Deception, Even As Does Woman.

By GABBY DETAYLS.

At a dancing party recently, Mr. G., a young married man whose father is in the wholesale mercantile business in Omaha, was presented to a young married woman who has recently moved to this city from—well, we will say, Kansas City. "Kansas City, Kansas City," said the introducer, "I used to know two young women from there, knew them quite well, the Misses D.—. Did you ever know them in your own home town?" "Yes," was the answer, "I used to beau the elder sister around when she visited here, very charming girl. How is she now?" "I'm quite well, thank you," said the young married woman who once was the elder Miss D.—. Mr. G. could have saved the flag even at that late moment with a few gallant words such as—"But surely, no. You are more youthful than she was when I knew her five years ago." But he possessed no finesse and left the damsel wondering if he had lost the beauty with which she has always been credited. She is hoping, however, that since he himself has married a charming woman, it merely means he has lost his eyes for all others.

PEOPLE have ever been generous with Gabby—generous with flowers, candy, perfume—but now she is being offered money—money in vast sums. And people in the crowded foyer of the Orpheum can testify to this fact.

At the box office Tuesday night there was a great crowd. A clumsy man dropped a piece of silver—not more than 50 cents—and several persons peered into corners and under rubber mats in an effort to locate the wayward coin. Gabby spied it. And without knowing or caring who had lost it, said: "There is the coin, back of your heel." A man picked it up and she turned to chat with her companion. But the incident was not closed—no, indeed! The man stood beside her, grinned and mumbled something.

Then! Lo and behold! Great things came to pass. From the depths of the man's pocket, and from the bottom of his heart, came the gift—money! As he handed 5 cents to Gabby he blushed, smiled and said: "Buy yourself a drink." Now Gabby is looking for a place where they sell drinks for a nickel.

IS THE song of the pretty actress back of the foot lights more alluring than the voice of that silver-tongued orator and statesman, William Jennings Bryan? For the frivolous and unthinking, you may say, but not for the man of purpose and conviction. Gabby would agree had she not attended the Orpheum one recent Monday night. There in the back of a box, in the back to be sure, almost out of sight, but very much there, sat a prominent leader of the democratic party, Mr. W.— from the county seat of Polk. The evening papers had heralded him as one of the men who would accompany Mr. Bryan to Omaha for the Monday evening speech. He accompanied him, yes, but evidently didn't "stick." Perhaps there was an old friend on the Orpheum bill. Or did he think the Auditorium would be so crowded that he should be charitable and give his seat to someone not already converted to democratic principles? Or could it be, let us perish the thought, that democratic leaders rather than women are slipping? Gabby is wondering what E. A. W. said when he returned to Osceola and the boys at the grocery store asked him about W. J.'s speech?

NOTHING he likes better than to don golf clothes and tramp the undulating green in pursuit of a small white, and somewhat elusive, sphere. In his bachelor days Gabby used to see him every afternoon at his favorite course, driving, putting—and hunting, with greatest enthusiasm.

But times have changed. He's married—now and lives a life of greater responsibility. In the spring there is that thing for which the season was invented, housecleaning. A garden, too, must be planted. All summer there is the lawn to mow. Baby is sometimes ill. Small repairs are constantly needed around a home property. In the fall comes the canning season, and the whole world knows a man can screw down a fruit jar top tighter than a woman.

So faded the season of 1919 and seldom indeed did the victim of this old indulgence in a game of golf. New Year's day, 1920, found him desperately resolving that by hook or crook, he would somehow manage to play often during the coming season. While he was casting about for a deep, dark plan, Opportunity herself appeared, and instead of knocking at his door in her usual modest fashion, simply kicked it wide open for him. This is how it came about:

During the recent fuel shortage this business man, who is a member of the office staff for a large railroad, with headquarters in Omaha, was obliged to work early and late on problems of distribution and supply. The strain told on his eyes, and after consultation with his anxious wife he visited a specialist and procured some important-looking tortoiseshell spectacles. Troubles don't come singly, you know. Next, a vio-

lent toothache seized him and after sleepless nights he resorted to a dentist, with whom he "put up" many hours for repairs. One night at dinner he swallowed against union rules and was attacked with a violent fit of coughing. This was too much for the wife, who had been uneasy and perturbed for weeks over her husband. "What is the matter, dear?" she said, growing pale. "Oh, I guess I'm going to pieces," replied her husband in a flippant mood. "Not consumption, darling; no, no, not that," she begged. He looked up slowly to tease and reassure her, when his eyes rested on a somewhat neglected golf bag in the corner of the room. "Probably not, probably not," he said, gazing fixedly at the canvas bag "but perhaps a little precaution would do no harm." For a moment wife reflected. "I have it, darling," she trilled, her face brightening, "you must play more golf. As soon as spring comes you shall go out every afternoon—and all day Sunday, too. Now don't say no." He frowned thoughtfully, as though weighing the matter. "No doubt your plan is a wise one, and with an air of determination, "I'll adopt it."

Now each time wife mentions any renovating, furniture repair or furnace cleaning he casts his eyes toward the golf bag in the corner and gives a little cough—a dry, hacking cough.

HE is a family man with two golden-topped boys and an olive-complexioned, hazel-eyed and altogether captivating little girl of 4. When he returns home from the day's rush of business and dinner is over and "bed-time comes for little boys," daddy romps with the wee ones who climb into his lap, touse his hair, dive into his pockets and soon have him as totally in their power as was old Gulliver in the hands of the pigmies. He carries with him through the day, the pleasant thoughts of these happy hours—and sometimes—but without his own knowledge and consent—he carries something else.

One day last week, "father" was lurching at his favorite club in company with two dignified friends with whom he was discussing a "deal." They had just come down to figures. One of the friends had adjusted his glasses, and drawn a jewelled pencil from his pocket preparatory to making notes in a soft, leather-bound, loose-leaf book, when "dad" felt moved to reach for his handkerchief. He drew it forth absent-mindedly, making the customary use of it, his mind centered on the conversation and the glittering pencil in the delicate white hand of his friend. Suddenly the pencil

stopped. The dignified gentlemen coughed. A few heads turned and Gabby, at the next table, smiled. Something was wrong and dad knew it. Back into his coat pocket he whisked the limp thing which seemed to be the cause of the disturbance. He bore down on it with his knuckles as though he feared it might yet jump out from cover.

The gentlemen were closing their notebooks. They—ah—must be getting back to their offices. They—ah—would decide the matter later, and off they went.

Father sat with a puzzled expression on his face. He glanced sheepishly around to see if anyone was looking. No one was, but Gabby, and she wouldn't tell. He pecked down to learn what manner of thing this was which had caused his friends to flee. Gabby knows that

what he saw was a tiny black stocking! The pained look on his face changed to a smile. "Got a family George," he said to the waiter who stood at attention nearby. "Yes, sir," "Here, said dad, slipping a green paper into his hand, "buy yourself a smoking jacket and be sure and wear it when you play with the kids."

THE following letter was received from a reader who evidently resides in Plattsmouth, but who, among the women, would fail to enjoy its contents:

Dear Gabby: Having lived all my life in a small country town, I am not supposed to know or hear much, however I am a daily reader of The Bee. I have read and digested your article in the "woman's section" of last Sunday's Bee—

Heart Beats

By A. K.

All Rights Reserved

They called her
A circumspect
Little prude—
At heart
She was Romance
And folly combined—
But the people
Of Earth—
Know not the worth
Or witchery—
Of each other's dreams.
The maid demure
In vivacious girlhood—
Met her Prince Charming
In a May-blooming wood
Up the green aisle
Where budding trees met—
To the marriage altar
His captive was led.
But soon tickle Romance
Became weary and wan—
Her heart grew sick
And love grew tired.
Each wandered far
From the trysting place—
Sans storms—
Sans quarrels—
Sans public disgrace.
An artist was she
In her fancy—
Painting rough blacksmiths
And Madonnas fair
On floating clouds—
And in the air—
Till all the world
Lay at her feet
With homage—
And wealth—
And praise.
From this pale dawn
Of a pink career—
She leaped to footlights
In characters queer—
And each time she entered
Upon the stage—
The house went wild,
Threw flowers and kisses.
And in the role
Of a vampire bold—
She stormed the world
In her movie scenes.
Women envied
And men desired—
By whims and passions
She was inspired—
To act
The Flame to Emotions—
And flare her name
From Broadway east—
To the breakers
Of Frisco's west.
Whatever she tried
Was a brilliant success.
Demure is she?
Ah, no.
But against the background
Of reality—
Pleasures are gross
And fall inert
On her mind and heart
Of fantasy.
(Sins of the flesh
Are such puny things)
And no one may talk
For nobody knows
Where she dissipates
And indulges.
Though they call her tame
Her Creator knows
That her spirit soars
And she's tameless.

SELAH.

Nina Garrett



A Talented Omaha Musician

Who is there who "hath no music in his soul or is not moved by concord of sweet sounds?" One of Omaha's loveliest musicians is Miss Nina E. Garrett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Garrett. She has been a student of piano for a number of years and is considered by her friends as one of the city's younger artists. No matter what other interests she has had, music ever held first place with her and her efforts have been well rewarded. She has appeared in a number of recitals here and has been presented in several other cities.

If her plans do not go awry, she hopes to be in New York within the next two years, where she will receive instruction from a concert artist.

Miss Garrett attended Central High school, where she specialized in the study of domestic art. There she developed one of her most remarkable talents, that of making flowers. With the aid of her needle, skilled and nimble fingers quickly transform a bit of velvet or ribbon into blooming buds, a gay boutonniere, ready to brighten a somber frock, or add a bit of color to a drab costume. Or perhaps she desires a new gown. Her mind works quickly, a design is soon made and then her training in sewing aids the maker in completing it.

Those same deft hands, which glide so surely over an ivory keyboard, have many talents but none is so pronounced as that of making melody.

"Pigs is Pigs," and I agree with the woman who lives in the red brick house, about being called a "housewife" by the census taker. I not only "shy" at the word, but I am going to jump right onto it, and

and cries for what she gets to eat. When the "census taker" comes to our house, I shall give my age correctly—I am not ashamed of my years, and my occupation as "home-maker," "mother," or possibly "lion tamer," "snake charmer," or "bear killer," as the occasion may demand, but never can a man call the "lady of his choice" a "housewife." Oh, no! perish the thought!

Sincerely, A FOOL READER.

Finance and Frivolity at Capital

Arts Club at Washington Plans Great Carillon For the U. S.

Bee Bureau,
Washington, Jan. 24.

FINANCE and frivolity have gone at a merry clip throughout the week; debated all day at the Pan-American Financial congress and frolicked nights at one brilliant function after another. The congress has brought to Washington many men of mark from many countries, Costa Rica being the only one of the 20 countries of South and Central America not represented, this exception being due to our not having recognized the present government there.

The reception for the delegates in the new Cuban legation on Thursday was most brilliant, an added interest being that this was the first affair given in the new official home in Washington of the sunshine island republic off our southern coast. Dr. and Mme. Cospedes, in the half dozen years they have represented Cuba here, have won for themselves a distinguished following, without as well as within the diplomatic circle. The Peruvian ambassador and Mme. Pizet, the minister from Uruguay and Mme. Varela and many others entertained for the delegates, with trips to Mount Vernon and a day in Annapolis to make the week memorable and complete. The Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing had a reception in their honor on Thursday and Mrs. Lansing gave a luncheon for the women on Friday.

Miss Margaret Wilson is always up and doing and in the doing is a most useful, progressive and attractive personality. She has had a very busy week and one of the most encouraging signs of the president's gradual improvement was evidenced by the afternoon tea Miss Margaret gave in the White House on Tuesday. It was for the presidents of the civic centers of the district, a work in which Miss Wilson has been of much service and a distinct success. It was through her efforts that the public school buildings of Washington were placed at the disposal of the big community chorus and similar organizations. The tea was the first affair to which guests have been invited to the White House since the president was first taken ill. Mrs. Wilson, too, has been able to get out in the afternoon, during the week, to the matinee and for a breath of fresh air, further gratifying proof that the president is at least on the improve.

Arts Club.

The Arts club, the members of which are musicians, painters, sculptors and writers, and whose president is Henry K. Bush-Brown, has sent forth a letter to the musical people of the country, and calls for interest in establishing a national peace carillon in the city of Washington. Each state is to have its own bell and it is hoped thus to give the memorial the truly national character it should have. In Ghent, a fine carillon of 92 bells rang out on Christmas eve 1814, when the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States was signed and, but for the outbreak of the great war, these same bells would, in 1914, have celebrated the completion of 100 years of unbroken peace between the two great English speaking nations.

In the Low countries, bordering on the North sea, especially in Belgium and Holland, tower music has reached its highest development. Here, the carillon, composed of 30, 40 or more bells, takes the place of chimes, with a marvelous improvement in the quality of the music.

Chimes are composed of a few bells, rung by swinging and have a narrow musical range, so that not many tunes can be played upon them. The bells of carillon are chromatic, are tuned to harmonize, have a range of four octaves or more, and, consequently, have almost as many tones and half tones as a piano. Carillon playing in the Low countries is an honored profession, having its Bauers and Padrewskis, master bell players, known everywhere and able to sway a multitude with concord of sweet sounds.

Those who have heard the music of the bells of Antwerp or Bruges, of Ghent or Termonde or Louvain, filling the air with its sweet tremor, drifting over a whole city and far into the quiet countryside, do not need to be told how wonderful it is, when a master player is at the keyboard.

For centuries, the bell towers of Belgium and Holland have stood for the communal life and service, civil and religious liberty, individual and national freedom.

In the old days they rang out the duke of Alva and his minions, in Napoleonic days they were rallying points of civic liberty, and in every great national festivity or crisis, they have cheered and heartened thousands.

As a result of the great war many sorrowful ruins, but they called a brave people to the defense of their land, and some of the master bellmen played sweet, defiant music until the Germans were at the very gates. The stolen bells will be returned, and the towers rebuilt, let us hope, but meanwhile there is a silence in the land. In our own country we have never had anything corresponding to the Belgian and Dutch carillons. At the best our towers have had only fine chimes composed of a few bells.

As a tribute to the heroic re-

(Continued on Page Two, This Section.)