

Woman's Section

For This We Educate Our Daughters

By GABBY DETAYLS.

SHE is one of the most charming of Omaha's collegiate alumnae; for four years at Smith were spent, and she had the advantage of some vacations in the east, where she made friends who have since enjoyed the hospitality of her Omaha home. And she is also popular with the local boys and girls. Therefore, you will in a measure understand the feelings of Gabby when she heard this admittedly fair young highbrow say:

"I'm so glad The Bee has a full page of comics each evening now. It gives me something to read that I can understand."

And for this do we educate our daughters!

It takes a member of Alpha Phi to entangle a promising young M. D. and make him part with a diamond ring, Fraternity pin, and everything.

YES, it's true. Gabby herself saw the pin and the ring given by the blonde to the blonde. The sorority girl is attending the state university but the doctor in this love affair has for some time had his degree from Nebraska university.

A Kappa Sigma pin has also strayed from its owner and is now on the blouse of a pretty little blonde of the Field club district. We won't tell his name but it is something that reminds us of cold chilly days and nights. Guess?

A little miss who has returned from the far south for the holidays has recently appeared wearing a Beta Theta Pi pin, which we are certain comes from a Council Bluffs student at our state university.

Gabby had always been of the opinion that it was in the spring that the fancy of young men was prone to dwell on thoughts of love but perhaps these young Lochinvars who claim N. U. as their alma mater believe in the starting the new year right.

WITH the usual gusto and gaiety of the chronic makers of New Year's resolutions a charming little miss confided to Gabby her resolve to keep a diary. "Of course I know it's rather an old-fashioned idea but I read the sweetest story the other day about a girl who kept a diary and I think it would be great fun in after years to read one's own thoughts at seventeen," said the little lady.

Diaries have "gone out." Of this fact, to be sure, all of us have been generally cognizant. It is true, of course, that the time once devoted to keeping a journal of one's thoughts and feelings, with occasional "doings" sandwiched in between, is consecrated by the damsel of today to more worthwhile activity—dancing lessons in the new steps, golf, swimming or hockey, politics, welfare work, and keeping up the pace in a butterfly social existence.

What is the significance of the passing of the diary, then? The diary-making proclivities of the folks of today have expired and the diary of exercise. No need for the book to record one's feelings, to express one's thought exists.

Maidens fair and matrons comely don't have time to think and muse any more. They are too busy to record their sighs and their tears, and wherefore they shed them.

The mental stimulus of keeping a diary on one's thoughts and feelings from day to day is lost with the passing of the diary habit. And this is to be regretted. Too few are the means at hand these days to keep the cobwebs out of one's mind.

The average girl and woman finds her days too full for much reading. A lecture is almost a dissipation.

And so the declaration of this Omaha miss to keep a diary during 1921 is greeted with commendation. There is much about the girl of today that is far sweeter, far wholer and far saner than the maiden of some three-score years ago. She doesn't faint at the smallest pretext. She has wider interests than a hope chest and her home.

But she lacks some of that depth, that perfect poise that comes from thinking things out for one's self. And as an aid to self-expression, to cross-examination and real realization of the best that is in one, the little old, despised diaries of another day are without an equal.

Among Omaha high school girls who have kept diaries for the past year are the Misses Elizabeth Paxton, Charlotte McDonald, Ruth Wallace, Dorothy Barber and Antonette Beal.

HOW little difference there is nowadays between the child and the grown-up. The child has been growing up and the grown-up has been growing down in these past few years. Instead of being at either extreme so far as tastes, habits and dress go, the two have been travelling toward each other.

A young son in a prominent Omaha family, just in his teens, and Gabby thinks not yet in long trousers, has enjoyed his round of parties during this holiday season, quite the same as any of his elders.

Well no, not just the same, for being very young, he was quite excited over the delicate little envelopes which came fluttering into the home two weeks ago, containing their polite invitations to this, that and the other matinee, tea dance, or dinner dance.

Son's first eager impulse was to accept on the wholesale plan. Motivated in her greater wisdom, cautioner against conflicting dates. Oh, yes, there might be conflicting dates. That was a new idea to son. There were other new ideas. Most everything was new in fact. For there he stood at the entrance of that doorway over which is written in letters of gold, "S-O-C-I-E-T-Y." For the first time, he was looking in upon a brilliant, beautiful, dazzling world. Girls



Miss Ethel Piel

Engagement of Miss Piel Announced

During the happy Yuletide season a number of engagements have been announced. One of interest to many Omahans is that of Miss Ethel Irene Piel. On Saturday afternoon, January 1, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Piel, announced the betrothal of their daughter to Stanley H. Jack of this city, formerly of Kansas City. The announcement was made informally at home to relatives and a few intimate friends. No date has been set for the wedding, but it will probably be an event of next fall.

This attractive girl attended school in Omaha and later was enrolled at National Park seminary in Washington, D. C. For the last several years Miss Piel has been in the business world. Mr. Jack attended Chicago Art school.

Her marriage will not take Miss Piel from Omaha as the couple will reside here.

were there, girls and tulle and ribbons and lace, and more girls! Bright lights, soft lights, sweet music, flowers and still girls. But that was two weeks ago, as Gabby has said. From a slender, bright-eyed little fellow watching with throbbing heart for a postman who might bring him another one of those precious, enticing missives which would single him out from the rest of his family, yea, from all the world, with a penning, pleasing, "Will you come?" he has evolved into a blase little gentleman of 13. As proof of his quick education, Gabby offers the conversation had with "mother" upon his late return from an "occasion" toward the end of his second week of individuum.

"Who was at the party, son?"

"Oh, our crowd."

"What kind of entertainment did you have?"

"What do you suppose?" (Said not unkindly, but rather in a naive surprise that there could be those who were quite familiar with the goings-on among the younger school set.) But mother was—mother and understood. She did not press the question. She put down her book and looked at her son who was examining in a matter-of-fact way a handsome silver penning.

"And in that moment mother knew her first-born had slipped from her arms, where, in imagination, she had always held him, down onto his own well-proportioned feet. She wasn't sure she liked it. She looked at her boy from head to foot, as if to be certain his feet were quite equal to their new task. Son had known for a long time what had happened. He had taken it all for granted and gone on to other things. Just at this moment his interest lay in the glittering penning.

"What is that," mother asked kindly, and with a new humility.

"Why, our favors, of course," slightly impatient.

"Good night," said mother, moving toward the stairs. Then her challenge to the boy who had slipped from her arms.

"Will you turn out the lights?"

"Yes, mother," he said, with some pride, seeming quick to recognize the new relationship. An answering smile from his clear blue eyes showed that he, too, though perhaps unconsciously, understood. "Good night."

OUTSIDE a downtown drug store one night this week was a well-dressed little tot of 5 or 6, evidently with someone who was making a purchase inside. His eyes were fixed with love on a stray dog which came up to him to be petted. Gabby watched the child stroke the doggie's head, never taking his eyes from the eyes of the animal.

Out of the store stepped a prosperous-looking gentleman. "Pretty nice dog," he said to the boy.

"Oh, yes, isn't he a nice dog," said the little fellow slowly, still looking at his chance pet.

"Have you a dog at home?" queried the man.

"No. Where I live they don't let us keep them. Have you one?"

"No. Where I live they don't let us keep them either. I like dogs, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I like 'em better'n people."

Which goes to prove that the man who said "The more I see of folks the better I like dogs," probably knew what he was talking about.

sister who shrank away in timidity and fear. Then she saw Santa. Her whole expression changed. Relief, faith, trust and love beamed out. Santa, who was sitting down, held out his arms. She walked right into them with perfect confidence. The little girl who had drawn back in distress from the clown was completely changed toward Santa who embodied for her all that was holy and lovely. Gabby realized then as she never had before, that it is to the child we must go for a perfect example of trust.

"Darling, I am growing old; Silver threads among the gold Shine upon my brow today. But I will chase them feet away."

THUS the modern woman paraphrases. One of our matrons who has aged considerably in the last few years was beginning to exhibit a few of the silver threads. Last summer she went east to spend several months. Upon her return numerous friends commented upon her youthful appearance and all mentioned her glossy jet black hair coiffed in the latest fashion. "Oh, the sea air is so rejuvenating," simpered the matron. But Gabby cattily murmured to herself, "Dye."

New Year's Night Anniversary Reception

Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Callias entertained at a reception New Year's night in honor of their 25th wedding anniversary. Pink roses and blue tulle were used in the decorations.

In the receiving line with Dr. and Mrs. Callias were Dr. and Mrs. Titus Lowe and Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Patton. Those assisting were Messrs. Harry Snyder, W. T. Graham, William Berry, James Hodge, M. L. Stone and E. E. Foshier.

The out-of-town guests included Thomas Hilliard of Waterloo, Ont.; Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Sharp of Memphis, Tenn.; Charles Bryan and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Barkley and Major and Mrs. John Maher, all of Lincoln.

Drama League Will Resume Lecture Program

The Drama league will present Prof. Paul H. Grumann Tuesday, January 4, at the Fontenelle hotel, at 4 p. m., on the subject, "Danton," by Romain Rolland.

The "Fourteenth of July" and "Danton" are Romain Rolland's most powerful and successful contributions to the new movement in France toward a great community theater. For years M. Rolland has striven to supply the masses with plays of inspirational and constructive value, and these two are considered among the best products of the world-wide effort to bring all classes together in the theater.

Both plays are memorable character studies and are eminently dramatic and gripping. In "July 14th," notably in the taking of the Bastille, the people are distinctly the protagonists as they are in the act of "Danton."

This lecture is the third of a series of six interpretative studies of contemporary plays being given by Professor Grumann for the Drama league.

His succeeding numbers will be given on January 18, February 1 and February 15.

Club Women Hold Memorial Service

The Omaha Woman's club will hold a memorial service for its deceased members Monday afternoon, January 3, at 2:45 o'clock, in the Y. W. C. A. auditorium, announces Mrs. C. L. Hempel, president.

The deceased members for the last biennium are: Mesdames Debbie E. Lee, Zelle M. Stoutenborough, Kate C. Gilder, Mary V. Cox and Miss Carrie Boutelle. Tributes will be given by Mesdames Edward Johnson, Harriet MacMurphy, F. J. Burnett, C. W. Hayes, W. A. Smith and A. L. Reynolds.

A double quartette from the music department will sing "Into the Silent Land," by Arthur Foote. Nellie Shorthill Bradshaw will sing Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," set to music of her own composing. Roll call will be given by Mrs. J. O. Yeiser.

The literature department, Mrs. Edward Johnson leader, will have charge of the program, commencing at 3:30 o'clock.

Rev. Frank Smith will speak on "Democracy as Practiced in Classic Days," a song group, "Bird of the Wilderness," by Horseman, and Grieg's "I Love Thee," will be sung by Mrs. Bradley Roe, accompanied by Irma Podolak Klapp.



Mrs. Robert Storz

Has Returned Home

A recent visitor was Mrs. Robert Storz of Brighton, Wyo., who was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Todd. Mrs. Storz was formerly Miss Mildred Todd, a popular member of the younger set. She returned to her home Tuesday, having spent Christmas here. This was her first visit to Omaha since her marriage last summer.

New Publicity Chairman



Mrs. W. L. Pierpont

Mrs. W. L. Pierpont is greatly interested in the coming of Mme. Louise Homer, February 18, under auspices of the First Central Congregational church. Mrs. E. G. McGillon is chairman of the committee in charge and Mrs. Pierpont is the director of publicity.

Mrs. W. L. Pierpont has been prominently identified with the national congress of Alpha Tau Omega, meeting in Omaha during the past week. She was a soloist at the opening meeting Wednesday at the Fontenelle, when she sang a group of Chaminade songs. She was also one of the hostesses at the formal ball given by the fraternity Thursday evening. Mr. Pierpont was a member of Alpha Tau Omega at Marietta, Ohio.

An Examination In Mother Goose

Are you cultured in the sphere of child lore? If you had to pass an examination in Mother Goose, what grade would you receive? You might try this out for yourself and friends.

Here are the questions which may afford you a pleasant hour of reminiscences of childhood:

1. For what person or persons was the wool of the black sheep destined?
2. Describe the maneuvers of the French army as recorded by M. Goose and give number of men in the French army.
3. Give short biographical sketch of Solomon Grundy and mention seven important events in his life.
4. Who killed Cock Robin.
5. Discuss the social significance of the botanical arrangement in Quite Contrary Mary's garden.
6. Describe the co-operative system of domestic economy in Jack Spratt's household.
7. Describe briefly the astral phenomena which led to the elopement of two useful kitchen utensils.
8. How many court musicians were maintained at the court of Old King Cole?
9. Name and describe article on which Miss Muffet sat.
10. Who stole the Queen of Heart's pastry?

For special subject write not less than 200 words on one of the following topics:

1. Compare Schopenhauer on the "Vanity of Existence" with the Old Woman who lived under the hill.
2. Give a mathematical survey of the Ten-O'Clock-Scholar's attendance.

To these may be added:

1. What was the net result of the efforts of the royal forces (both infantry and cavalry) to restore Humpty Dumpty to his former estate? Do you see in this any lessons as to the failure of a militaristic system?
2. Describe the co-operative expedition of Jack and Jill and the ensuing catastrophe. From the point of view of emancipated womanhood, ought Jill to have preceded Jack down the hill?
3. Explain, by a diagram, the encounter of the Lion and the Unicorn.
4. In view of the reflections upon the condition of highways in Gloucester, contained in the account of the visit of Dr. Foster to that city, should the rhyme be forbidden in the public schools as detrimental to the loyal spirit of "don't knock, boost!"

The latter questions, however, are less a test of knowledge than a provocation to controversy.

Washington New Year Affairs

Bureau of The Bee, Washington, Jan. 1.

Washington debutantes and other dancing circles have tripped the light fantastic to their hearts' content. They have literally danced the old year out and the new year in. They have been at it for the past 10 days, afternoons, evenings and nights. Debutantes have been presented at tea dances, followed by dinner parties and a ball. Society met almost en masse on Christmas night for the ball at Rauscher's, to dance for the benefit of the Children's Country Home, which has been followed by a brilliant private ball, and sometimes two, each night since. The series culminated in a very large one given last night by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Beale McLean in the old town house of the late Mr. and Mrs. John R. McLean, which the younger McLeans are occupying for the first winter since the early days of the war. The guests were the debutante set and the dancing married set of official and residential society.

The wedding of the week was that of Miss Marjorie Brown, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Edward T. Brown of Atlanta, cousins of the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, and Benjamin King of New York. While it was a wedding in the White House circle, it did not take place in the White House, because of the frail health of the president. The fair young bride, who strongly resembles her cousin Jessie, now Mrs. Francis B. Sayre, has spent much time at the White House during the past eight years, coming on for the inauguration and being a guest there several times during that first year, and coming to act as a bridesmaid for Miss Jessie Wilson and Mr. Sayre at their wedding which took place in the White House about seven months after President Wilson's first inauguration. The King-Brown wedding took place Tuesday evening at 6:30 in the house of the bride's parents, 1712 H street, the residence of the late Judge Jeremiah Wilson, which the Browns have taken a lease on. Mrs. McAdoo, Mr. and Mrs. Sayre and Miss Helen Woodrow Bones came down from New York the day after Christmas and remained until the end of this week. They, with Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and her brother, attended the wedding and reception. Mr. McAdoo did not come for the wedding because of the death of his sister, Mrs. O'Neill of New York, who was formerly Miss Nona McAdoo for whom Mr. McAdoo named his daughter. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and her brother, attended the wedding and reception. Mr. McAdoo did not come for the wedding because of the death of his sister, Mrs. O'Neill of New York, who was formerly Miss Nona McAdoo for whom Mr. McAdoo named his daughter.

The bride wore ivory-tinted chiffon over ivory satin, made in flowing lines and trimmed with rare old lace. Her tulle veil was held with orange blossoms and she carried white roses and lilies. Mrs. McCarthy wore emerald green chiffon embroidered in gold; Miss Wilson wore sapphire blue embroidered in gold and both carried American beauty roses. The bridesmaids wore metal cloth veils with tulle, each gown of a different tint, ranging from pale to dark blue and from yellow to flame-colored, the girls forming a gayly-colored bouquet effect as they stood in a semi-circle about the bride. They carried Bermuda lilies.

The New Year celebration today was what Washingtonians consider painfully tame. There was no official reception to be given, save that of the vice president and Mrs. Marshall, the secretary of war and Mrs. Baker in their lovely suburban home, Beauvoir, and that of the secretary of the navy and Mrs. Daniels in their Wyoming avenue home. These were the only really brilliant receptions of the day. The diplomatic breakfast, which is always such a pronounced feature of this day, was given by the secretary of state, was greatly missed and many small parties of various kinds were made up among this picturesque circle of Washington society, to take the place, in a measure, of the large function. Everyone is, however, looking forward to the return of the good old days after the new president and Mrs. Harding are established in the White House, for it is understood that the state receptions and all that goes with them will be fully restored to favor.

Mme. Homer Will appear here in Concert

Omaha has reason to be grateful to organizations which bear the responsibility for excellent programs and concerts in the city, offering them to the public at prices not designed for profit. The recent performance of Pavlova, sponsored by the Tuesday Musical club was such a number.

Now comes the First Central Congregational church, offering Mme. Louise Homer in joint recital with her daughter, Louise Homer, jr., February 18 at the Auditorium. This concert will be one of the musical events of the season.