

Society



Mrs. Jean Marie Guislain

Photo by Osato

Gabby Detays Had a Merry Time This Week "Sherlock Holming"

Gabby is Mirth Personified; She is the Happy Spirit of The Bee, and the Gatherer of Good Cheer

By GABY DETAYLS.
MISS MARJORIE SMITH is known everywhere for her happy-go-lucky disposition. She was com- placently finishing a sandwich at Heston's the other day, when a friend of hers passed her table. "I'm glad to see you, believe me," said the indomitable Marjorie, as the friend sat down. "I've ordered 25 cents worth of lunch and I've only got 15 cents in my purse."

THE discussion, a heated one, placed the majority decidedly against "Bill." Looking innocent but listening intently to these pretty young things giving their opinion of some popular or notorious person, I finally decided that they were pouncing on some movie actor. "He would be all right if he didn't give us so much silly by-play. It's too ridiculous for anything and he tires me out."

YOU know, there is a funny side even to grim war, if we can only see it. A patriotic young chap of my acquaintance is very anxious to have a hand in finishing the kaiser. His questionnaire arrived the other day and after much cogitating and deep thought on his part, it was finally filled out to the satisfaction of Uncle Sam. "Really," he said laughingly, to Gabby the other day, "I feel real well acquainted with myself now."

GABBY was walking on Eighteenth street, near the Saunders-Kennedy building when she heard an innocent appearing citizen tell "Spike" Kennedy about the time he won \$150 in one hour at the great American game of poker. "Did you believe it, 'Spike'?"

ANOTHER engagement! It was hinted to Gabby by the girl herself. She is a pretty blonde, a Rockford college girl, and lives in Dundee. No, it's not Miss Gladys Goodman, but you're getting warm. This young miss has been very active in Red Cross work and is extremely popular with the younger set. The announcement is coming very soon. Watch for it!

Charming Matron

MRS. JEAN MARIE GUISLAIN of Cambridge, Mass., is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Victor Coffman. Mr. and Mrs. Guislain were in Brussels at the time of the German invasion of Belgium and were virtually kept prisoners for eighteen months, as the strictest watch was kept upon all foreigners. "I can scarcely speak of our experience in Belgium," said Mrs. Guislain. "The things that we read and hear in this country of the German atrocities are not half so horrible as they really were."

Mr. Guislain, who is well known in Omaha, is a Belgian artist of note. His marriage to the attractive Omaha girl, Miss Rose Coffman, was one of romantic interest because of his rescue of his bride-to-be at the time of the tornado.

All Signs Prove Life-After-Death For Society Folk

Lure of the Uniform Brings Cupid from His Lair When Society is Supposedly Dead

By MELLIFICIA.
THERE is nothing doing in a social way these days. Isn't there? Of course the lists of luncheons, dinners and dances has diminished and a poor society editor tears her hair trying to make an informal little tea look like an honest-to-goodness function, but really there is an added zest to living these war days.

First, there are the war time brides. They marry some Saturday afternoon immediately after luncheon when the wedding was planned for next May and call Mellificia the following Wednesday to tell her all about the wedding and the uniforms and everything. The new husband, officer or private, goes off to France to do his bit and the pretty bride sits down in her father's house to knit and wait for the war to end.

Even more tantalizing is the engaged girl. One has such a time deciding whether she will be true to eyes of blue while so many brown ones are about. And will the wedding take place soon, or after the war? Dear, dear, our brain is in a whirl these days. When the men are at home on furloughs then the society editor is afraid to even sleep, for these couples have such a habit of slipping without her knowledge. There is one source of great joy these days and that is in watching the young girls of 18 and 20 whose heart the war has not dimmed. Their horizon has been greatly brightened for there is nothing so fascinating as an "affair" with an interesting young man of 21 or so and a bud of 18, and there is no time like the present for these aforesaid affairs. There is nothing so very thrilling about the boys who are at home and have always been but add to the illusion of youth the lure of a uniform, the glamour of distance and the hazards of inconstancy and you have a combination bound to cure the most chronic case of ennui. One thrills to the fingertips over a post card from Camp Funston or Cody, but let one of the white en-

SOCIAL CALENDAR

- MONDAY—**
Dinner party for Mr. Charles Lohn given by Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Durkes.
- TUESDAY—**
Dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Hoxie Clark given by Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Crofoot.
Tri Delta sorority luncheon, Mrs. Eugene Coffeen, hostess.
Alpha Omicron Pi sorority luncheon, Mrs. Victor Smith, hostess.
- WEDNESDAY—**
Trinity Parish Aid luncheon, Mrs. Latham Davis, hostess.
Merrymakers' club dancing party at Keep's academy.
Meeting of the Women's Golf club of the Prettiest Mile club, Mrs. C. C. Morrison, hostess.
- THURSDAY—**
Cinosam club dance at Scottish Rite cathedral.
Original-Cooking club, Mrs. Charles Kountze, hostess.
J. F. W. club luncheon, Mrs. C. E. Goddard, hostess.
- FRIDAY—**
Parties for John McCormack concert.
Amateur Musical club, Miss Eugenie Whitmore, hostess.
Le Mars club dance at Keep's academy.
- SATURDAY—**
Week-End club dancing party at Fontenelle.
Meeting of the L'Alliance Francaise, Madame August M. Borglum, hostess.

Our Washington Smart Set Acknowledges the Dictates of Fashion

During the Holidays Economy Was Forgotten and Wonderful New Gowns/Enhanced the Beauty of Our Capital's Maids and Matrons

WHATEVER the new year holds for the nation, the nation's capital has, by a special, well-considered effort, won from the war-torn world one week of joy and comparative gaiety for its young people, its soldier boys and the strangers within its gates. For hospitality is still the cardinal virtue of Washington and in the last week has been practiced in its truest sense, for few of these hosts and hostesses who have opened their ball-rooms and made gay their homes have any hope of return except in the knowledge of pleasure conferred. The Christmas ball in aid of the Children's Country Home, with one or two supper dances, gave the buds and their elder sisters an opportunity of wearing new and pretty gowns all of the models of 1918. Miss Minna Blair and the Misses Tuttle, the latter frequently mistaken for twins, are indulging in charming black tulle gowns on youthful lines with much embellishment of silver, gold and jet. Miss Mary Sanger, who has returned to Washington with her parents, the former assistant secretary of war and Mrs. William Cary Sanger, and is now a young lady in society, is charming in a gown of pink tulle on the smartest of new lines, with a high relief of pale blue introduced in what old-time modistes call pipings. Mrs. Sanger, who chaperoned her daughter, looked smart as ever and very little older than when she was one of the leading ladies of the Roosevelt administration in a handsome gown of gray satin embroidered in small steel and silver beads. Miss Cecelia McCallum, one of this year's most popular buds, and a granddaughter of the late Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, like the maid sung of in the "Mikado," is a charming sight to see in a wonderfully smart gown of apricot crepe in a new weave that is superseding the familiar georgette. This is a matter of drapery by a master hand with the edges of the drapery and the curvaceous bodices embroidered in crystal and white beads. Miss McCallum was one of the acknowledged belles of the "Christmas ball" where a number of young matrons shared in the honors of a very merry evening. Mrs. Joseph Leiter, who acted as hostess, received the very smart company, where four out of five men were in uniform, in a stunning gown of sapphire blue velvet, with the narrow train of brocade in the same color. The bodice was particularly smart, with a fall of duchesse lace giving a long berth effect and also forming the short sleeves. Mrs. William F. Hitt, in town for Christmas with her mother-in-law, Mrs. R. R. Hitt, was

velopes marked in great letters "Opened by Sensors" come from "over there" and the missive inside will be treasured long after the ink has grown dim and the tender message forgotten. These are the thrills the war has brought to all the "sub-debs" whose excitement used to consist in a Saturday afternoon movie or a Sunday auto trip. If she knits a sweater for Jim, who is at Funston, the same mail takes a box of luscious fudge to Harry, who is at the Great Lakes naval training station. Two thousand feet in the air and takes time to mail a letter to the only girl in the world! We fear that marriage will become a humdrum impossibility if the war keeps on! Can you think of such an existence and then come down (in your parachute), to a boiled potato kin' of a life that we led before the war? Can you let your mind run ahead to the days after the war? What souvenirs the girls will have of the great drama! Who will be the first to get a postal from Berlin mailed within a stone's throw of the kaiser's palace? And when Johnny comes marching home, how the flags will fly and the bands will play! These are exhilarating times, we are all standing on our tiptoes wondering what will happen next.