

# Woman's Section

## Women! Knee Dresses—No Backs—Bobbed Hair—Four-Inch Ear Drops

### Society Women Will Be Weird and Grotesque, Blazing With Odd and Colored Jewelry—Much Bare Flesh and Necklaces.

Chicago, Sept. 6.—Women of society will be weird and gorgeous figures, shy on clothes, but blazing with jewels, if the Paris styles for the fall and winter come into vogue here.

Miss Isabelle M. Archer of New York, fashion authority of the Jewelers' Circular, fresh from the French capital, set the National Retail Jewelers' convention here gasping when she described the new fashions.

"And don't think they are not coming to America—they are," declared Miss Archer.

Paris fashion, according to Miss Archer, has decreed that women must wear these oddities:

Knee dresses.

Anklets studded with precious stones.

Evening gowns with very little front, no back to speak of and not a hint of sleeves.

Bobbed hair pushed straight back from the forehead and hanging in curls about the neck.

Or bobbed hair parted low on one side and almost all of it brushed across the head and allowed to droop over one ear. With one ear hidden by the hair, a pendent earring three or four inches long will be worn in only one ear.

The bare arms will be covered with windings of a rope of jewels or with many bracelets both below and above the elbow. The jewels on one arm will be of one color and those of the other arm will be of another color.

This contrasting color scheme will apply also to finger rings. The ring gems on one hand must be different in color from those on the other.

Rings will adorn every finger of both hands and will be of massed diagonal line across the hand.

Necklaces will be of double and triple strings of gems most of them of extreme length and will be hung with jeweled pendants at the back and front.

"Gowns this winter," said Miss Archer, "will be very much shorter. Knee skirts will be fashionable. They are wearing them in Paris now. I think they are hideous—but then I'm not a man. If American men are like those in Paris, they will think them beautiful. The chief danger on Parisian boulevards, I found was from collisions with men who had turned their heads to stare at some vision of loveliness in knee dresses."

"The anklets will be of platinum and gold flashing with all sorts of jewels. They will fit around the naked flesh under the silk stockings from beneath whose film the gems will gleam dully. In Paris, the very best people are wearing them and I expect them to be equally as popular here."

"Worn with the near-frontless, almost-backless, absolutely sleeveless evening gown, the necklace will serve as shoulder straps. The most fashionable are matched pearls—not graduated pearls—or diamonds or pearls and diamonds. The front pendent rests upon the bosom. The back pendent swings to below the middle of the torso. The point of the V in the back of the gown reaches

to the waist. These twin-pendent necklaces are made in the less expensive sort and young girls over here may be expected to wear them on the street over their shirt waists.

"Bobbing the hair" became the rage in Paris during the war because the French women didn't have the time to comb their heads. This winter the bobbed hair will be brushed back and caught with head-fitting combs set with jewels, beneath which it will fall in curls.

This style will bring in a revival of earrings. Stud earrings are taboo. Earrings should be long and pendent. With this mode of wearing the hair, long, narrow barrettes of platinum and diamonds will be popular.

"Another coiffure that is popular in Paris is to part the hair just above one ear and brush it all across the head and let it fall over one ear. This has brought in the style for one earring. This earring is very large—some are three and four inches long and swing almost to the shoulder. A great jeweled comb is worn at the back of the head. Tremendously big Spanish combs are also a craze. They are gorgeous with jewels. Signs in the theaters request the ladies to remove their combs. If they didn't those sitting behind them couldn't see the stage."

"The most beautiful bracelets I saw abroad were pearl ropes wound all about the arm from wrist to elbow with bracelets of platinum and gems covering the arm from elbow to shoulder. This sort of ornamentation is worn also with afternoon gowns which are made with loose kimono sleeves. Many of the bracelets are hung with platinum bangles, polished, plain or frosted."

"The gems of finger rings and bracelets must be all of one color on one hand and arm and of a different colored gem on the other. It is considered artistically a crime in Paris to wear the same colored gems on both hands and arms. A striking effect is achieved by wearing sapphires on one hand and arm and either brown topazes or canary diamonds on the other."

"Solitaire rings have gone out. The fashion is for twin-stone rings or clusters in which the gems are so close together that the setting is not visible. The clusters are surrounded by a border of platinum. The rings are worn on all fingers and the line they make across the hand rises diagonally from the little finger to far up the index finger."

"Shoe buckles are in great vogue. They are small and gay with jewels. The stones must not be rhinestones or glass, but real gems that match the other jewels that milady happens to be wearing. Fans are of the single-stick variety heavy with ostrich plumes. The stick is set with jewels which must match the color of the plumes, which in turn must match the jewels on arms, legs and throat."

"The dominant note of the new fashions," Miss Archer concluded, "is youthfulness and joyousness born of victory in the war and the jewelry, which is the optical center of all costumes, must carry out this note with brilliancy and gorgeous effects."



## Gabby Warns of Notable Wedding

### Melody Land Is Literally Flat and Tin Pan Alley Has No New Tune Hits.

ELSIE JANIS, of the infectious smile, denies emphatically that her heart has gone airplaning. When asked concerning the rumor of her betrothal to the famous ace, she said:

"Engaged to Eddie Rickenbacker? My goodness, no." "Why, I scarcely know him, and haven't the slightest idea where the dear boy is, and for all I know he may have a wife and three children somewhere."

"I only wish I could make such a nice announcement. I'd shout it and sing it and maybe weep it to all the world, in my joy," said Miss Janis, who, it became apparent, had returned from her war work on the front lines in France heart-whole and fancy free.

"I guess the story got started when, some time ago, Eddie Rickenbacker and I were appearing in a benefit entertainment together, on the Century Roof."

"I had been on for a turn and Rickenbacker, the dear boy, followed me. We both received very warm receptions and when he had finished his stunt the audience began to call first for me and then for Rickenbacker and then for both of us together."

"Now, I don't see that having your names called together right out in public like that constitutes matrimony, do you?"

And even our famous Eddie, whose prowess has been acclaimed from sea to sea, denies that an engagement exists. He seems to be so busy planning a trip across the Pacific that he has no time for the feminine sex, even though they be famous actresses. Of course, with all this evidence the trustful souls will settle back complacently and let the nays have it.

But oh, the skeptical ones who garner news! What a large slice of intuition and suspicion they have tucked up their sleeves. You may cover plans with a veil of mystery, you may prevaricate until your conscience is endangered, all to no avail, for those "News-ances" who write that the public may read, know one's innermost thoughts.

Consequently, when Elsie emphatically shook her brown locks and Eddie swore by the silver wings emblazoned on his khaki coat, that there was nothing to the rumor, the society scribe smiled a knowing smile and selected the very prettiest picture of Miss Janis to use on the great day, when wedding bells will chime. Just how it is done, Gabby can't disclose, but the genius who literally breaks the bottle of champagne on the prow of many a matrimonial bark, can detect the odor of the orange blossoms long before they are combined with tulle and pearls.

MELODY Land is literally "flat" for the truly "sharp" composers are sadly missing, not one song hit for three years. "Poor Butterfly" still holds its own, for not one tune has caught the heart and ear of the public since this melody was written. Many songs have been manufactured in the music foundries song Tin Pan alley, but they all lack that peculiar little haunting bit that makes a song a true success and starts all the world to humming. "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," runs close second to "Poor Butterfly," but the classic themes of the Fantastic Impromptu have been copied in this popular number.

"Tulip Time" is the song hit of the Zigfield Follies and has already passed the 600,000 mark, but gone are the days when Nora Bayes and Blanche Ring could sing a sprightly tune straight into your heart, for there are no performers to take their places. Al Jolson comes the nearest in this modern day, but he favors the risqué too much for popular favor.

It is music that eases the burden of a sorrowing world and the melodies that are a bit jazzy do have a fashion of chasing away the gloom bugs. We earnestly hope that some musical genius has a note or two up his sleeve that will be a bright beginning for a tuneful masterpiece that will set the world to dancing.

Reincarnation

When I am dodging touring cars to get across the street, And bounding, leaping here and there upon elastic feet, It often has occurred to me, perhaps it has to you That in the other life I was a jumping kangaroo.

When traveling around the state in prohibition towns, Where e'en the soda fountain wink is met with frigid frowns, When for a whole week at a stretch a thirst I must endure, I feel that in the other life I was a camel sure.

I sometimes think I used to swing from trees and wear a tail, And chatter language simian, if present signs don't fail. There are some indications that cling fast, 'tis plain to see, It's still quite possible to make a monkey out of me.

## Washington Society Dull While Omaha Reaps Benefit of Wilsons

Omaha Bee Bureau Washington, Sept. 6.

Washington society, that part of it which has returned from a summer outing, is revelling in a peace and quiet, not dullness, which it has not known since the opening of the extra session of the Sixty-sixth congress. The president and Mrs. Wilson are away. The White House is dull and deserted. The secretary of state and Mrs. Lansing are off on a long deferred rest and recreation trip to their summer home at Henderson Harbor, N. Y. A few, just a few, of the cabinet officials, ambassadors, foreign ministers and other important officials remain in town, these early and near-fall days.

Of course the most of congress is here, but Washington is so accustomed to congress that it takes its families for granted, and they do not always mean society. And indeed just now they are purposely avoiding it. About the only meeting places for the congressional set is the galleries of the house and senate, and there one may always find an interesting group of women in official circles. The galleries are the inevitable end to the marketing or shopping trip, when the wives or daughters rest and cool off after the search for reasonable food and reasonable clothing, and await the end of the day's debate on the floor, and carry off the husband or father for a drive in the park and dinner—either at a country club or at home.

Dinners More Informal.

The dinner parties for this and the next few weeks are delightfully informal ones. There was scarcely a dinner at the White House before the president's departure that there was not an interesting guest or more at table. The last few days Mrs. Wilson had her mother and sister,

Miss Bolling, with her the greater part of the time. She has a favorite brother, John Randolph Bolling, who is the frequent guest of the president at theater parties, ball game parties, and on their week-end trips on the Mayflower and their drives in the country.

Secretary and Mrs. Lansing scarcely dined at home a single evening since their return from France, and if they did, they had guest or guests with them. And they have enjoyed these informal parties far more than any formal ones in mid-season. Last week the Lansings had two real dinner parties, one for the United States minister to Belgium, Mr. Brand Whitlock, who was here for a very short stay, and the other for United States Minister to Sweden and Mrs. Ira Nelson Morris, who were here for a couple of weeks.

Dinner parties at the Lansings are always stately affairs, mixed with much charm. These summer evenings they invariably have coffee on the porch or in the lovely little garden, both at the rear of the Foster home on Eighteenth street, where they spend their winters. In the winters coffee is served in the wonderful library of the late General John W. Foster, father of Mrs. Lansing, which is so filled with rare and valuable souvenirs of his travels and his distinguished services to other countries that there is no nationality to the apartment. There is, however, to the garden and the vine-covered porch. It is a most adorable spot with flowers blooming in profusion, all planted with a direct purpose of having blossoms every week from early spring to the late autumn.

Former Omaha People.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Malone of Hastings will arrive here tomorrow to be the guests of their son-in-law

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## Mrs. Woodrow Wilson---First Lady of the Land--- Will Be Guest of Omaha for Three Hours Monday

The first lady of the land! Though she has received the homage of kings and queens, no heartier welcome was extended even in the courts of the old world, than will be hers when the portals of the Gate City swing wide at the approach of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Monday morning. Diadems and ermine may fascinate, but the true American spirit is found in fertile Nebraska and all the wealth and love of the broad west will be laid at the feet of the first lady.

A ride through the city will follow when everyone from the tiniest baby who can grasp a flag, to the grizzled warriors who have defended with their lives, may view the president and his beautiful wife.

After the president's speech at the Auditorium an informal reception will be held in Mrs. Wilson's honor, when prominent suffragists and war workers will compose the reception committee. Mrs. Draper Smith, who is president of the woman's department of the League to Enforce

Peace, has chosen the woman who will receive Mrs. Wilson. The committee includes: Mesdames Ed. P. Smith, Frank W. Judson, H. C. Sumney, E. W. Nash, James Richardson, N. P. Feil, G. W. Wattles, Henry Dooley, Lisle Abbot, Gould Dietz, C. N. Dietz, Arthur Mullen, R. B. Howell, Z. T. Lindsay, Luther Kountze, Joseph Polcar, George Joslyn, O. C. Redick, Clement Chase, L. C. Hemel, E. M. Syfert, John L. Kennedy and Leonora Dietz Nelson.

These women, who gave invaluable service during the war, many of them holding executive positions, will extend Nebraska's greetings to the wife of the chief executive and as a fragrant reminder of her visit, will present her with a huge bouquet of American Beauties.

There will be opportunity but for a short chat for the presidential party will pursue their way westward at noon, and the reception will be curtailed. Farewells will be spoken, but the memory of Mrs. Wilson's visit to the west will grow green with passing years.

Owing to the short stay of the American color, crimson.