

Woman's Section

Interviewing First Lady of Glorious Rebirth of Society Land Has No Terror For Gabby

It Has Never Been Done, but Gabby Started Out With Determination to Talk With Mrs. Wilson— This Is How It Fizzled.

By GABBY DETAILS.

GABBY'S brain was growing rusty, there were cobwebs in the corners and dust around the crevices, and she longed for the sensational and the impossible. The modern heralds, who sound the inky trumpet of the approach of the mighty, had foretold the coming of the first lady of the land. Gabby decided that she would be the first and only one who had ever interviewed this unapproachable person.

Armed only with a yellow pencil, but girded with the armor of determination, this young scribe sallied forth all on a Monday morning. The whistles blew, the flags waved and Gabby's heart beat high with hope. She pressed closer to the machine as the presidential party walked through the station, for she knew that Mrs. Wilson would be so delighted to see her. Bang! a noisy rifle was thrust in front of her nose and a stern, khaki voice admonished her "to keep out of the way."

Was Gabby discouraged? Not yet. Mrs. Wilson was seated in the Dietz car and Gabby noticed that the distinguished visitor was speaking, although distance drowned the words. She mustn't miss a thing, and perhaps the auspicious moment for the interview had come. She ran around the stern warrior, whose eyes were turned elsewhere, and landed with a hop right at Mrs. Wilson's elbow.

"I think they are charming," she heard the soft southern voice say, and with a toot the car was gone, and the would-be interviewer was left gasping in a cloud of dust. Just what was charming was hard to determine, whether it was the sunshine or the odor of coffee emitting from the canteen or Woodrow's gray tie, but, anyway, it was a satisfaction to know that Mrs. President spoke English.

But the day's work had just begun. Never was a gleuth more keen on the scent of a criminal than was Gabby on the trail of this only woman in America who positively will not be quoted in cold print. The Auditorium was a seething mass of humanity, with a few of the anointed on the stage, sitting securely on their reserved seats. Gabby burst right in among the elect and was told in haughty tones by Mrs. Prominence, whom you all know, that she couldn't sit there, "those seats were taken."

She had hoped to enlist the aid of some of Omaha's notables in securing this interview, the first and only one, remember, which was to be sent broadcast all over the country—for a goodly sum. But with this chilly welcome she faded into the wings to hope against hope for a word with the first lady of America as she came up the stairs.

Alas and alack, Gould Dietz had "scooped" her. He was evidently telling Mrs. Wilson one of his very good stories in his best manner, for she was laughing heartily and not a look did she turn toward a humble scribe with high aspirations.

The president's speech was really tedious, for Gabby cared little for peace treaties when she was dying to know what his wife thought of the French women and if their clothes really are as chic and fascinating as they look between the printed pages. A burst of applause and the political part of the orgy was over while Gabby did a real foot ball "rush" to get to Mrs. Wilson's side. A silver-haired matron was introducing the first lady to a long line of suffragists and war workers.

Gabby's questions were burning on the tip of her tongue; oh, for an introduction! The chairman of the reception committee had forgotten her. She clutched her arm, frantically, but all to no avail. Mrs. Jones, who knit 650 pairs of socks, was more important, and Gabby saw her

THE social life of Omaha is to open this year in a blaze of glory, with the entrance of King Ak-Sar-Ben the twenty-fifth. Society and its doings having been relegated to the background during the days of war and reconstruction, are to have a glorious rebirth this fall, and it is only fitting, that the ending of such every successful relief work, should hold as counterpart, the rebirth of the social season of Omaha.

Next to the ball itself, the flower parade ranks second in importance in events on the social calendar. Omaha has never been so well advertised as through these flower parades, and no one event of the year will bring the crowds from nearby towns in such numbers, as when the board of governors announce a flower pageant, such as

will be held on the afternoon of Thursday, October 2. Mrs. James E. Davidson was the first wife of a governor of Ak-Sar-Ben to list her car for this event; and it will likewise be Mrs. Davidson's introduction to the fall festivities held on an elaborate scale.

Mrs. Davidson came to Omaha two years ago when all were absorbed in relief work, and her first experience with Ak-Sar-Ben was held in the dull, grey mood of war, a mood not to be compared with its usual magnificence. Miss Dorothy Davidson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, will ride with her mother. Both Mrs. Davidson and Miss Dorothy are striking brunettes, and their car, will no doubt, gain much admiration.

Not a soul in sight at the depot! Horrors, had they gone? Would that awful old St. Peter who collects the tickets and keeps inquisitive mortals from the trains be there to stop her? Gabby waited not to see. She grasped her personality in one hand and her last remnant of paper in the other and made a dash through the gate and over the tracks. There was Mr. Wilson as calm as you please, opening huge boxes of flowers by the car window. It was only a step inside, but one look at eight grim, secret service men and Dr. Grayson, the president's physician, were sufficient, for they said as plainly as did the Belgians, "You shall not pass."

Now, Gabby had no bombs in the pockets of her sweater and her only ammunition would have been question marks, but she might just as well have been a rabid bolshevik with long hair and a red tie as far as that unsleeping vigilance committee was concerned. The first interview is not yet written. Gabby's pencil is broken and her hopes crushed for she longed for a glimpse of the real personality of Mrs. Wilson. But there is a silver glint even to the dark clouds of discouragement, for there were side lights seen if not heard. A mere man ostensibly took short-hand notes, but he sat at just the right vantage point below the stage to note that the first lady has a very pretty ankle, even to say limb. But not so the women, all they noticed was a twist in her drop stitch hose and that probably a hook was off her gown and that a diamond bar pin covered this deficiency. Another dug back into the past and even boldly suggested that Mrs. Wilson is not always supplied with dainty ribbons for her camisole, but has used common vulgar safety pins to provide the proper connecting link.

Mrs. Sam Burns, who was on duty at the station canteen that eventful morning was the fortunate person who really conversed with this high and mighty one. Mrs. Wilson told Mrs. Burns of the station canteen in Washington where she had dispensed doughnuts to the doughboys. The president donated his private entrance at the huge depot for the canteen and it was one of the finest in the country. Mrs. Wilson was tempted to visit our little eatery, but she couldn't leave her husband that long, she said, for he was all eagerness to be off.

Mr. Dietz is a disappointed man because he could not persuade the presidential party to stay at his cottage at Lake Manawa and have a nice little swim in the limpid waters, and Gabby really will never be the same again, for a golden vision has turned to brass.

the splendid private homes of the city, several of which have been placed at their disposal. A number of them have been mentioned in this connection, but they have accepted the million dollar home of Lars Anderson on Massachusetts avenue. Mrs. Anderson is, so far as is known, the only Washington woman who has a personal acquaintance with their majesties, and who has been entertained by them in Belgium, through in their temporary palace.

Mrs. Anderson's little visit to them will be remembered for its democratic atmosphere, as her baggage got lost or stolen en route, and as she traveled in her Red Cross garb, she was obliged to dine with their majesties in that costume. The circumstances were explained and elicited a good laugh.

The queen had her maid provide Mrs. Anderson with night clothes and complete toilet outfit from her own stock, and when the visitor left they were all packed and tucked into the carriage by the maid, with the queen's compliments, a charming and very personal souvenir of her historic week-end visit. Mrs. Anderson's splendid, courageous and philanthropic work in Belgium, and the fact that Mr. Anderson was once United States minister to Belgium was the inspiration for the trip. It is natural enough that the Andersons should take a prominent part in the entertainment of the king and his party during their Washington visit. Their house was tendered the government by Mr. and Mrs. Anderson for the use of the Belgian mission headed by Baron Moncheur, in the early part of the first year we were in the great war. The Belgian minister and his wife, Baron and Baroness de Car-



Mrs. J. E. Davidson
MINNART-MARSDEN PHOTO

Red Haired Girl Should Wear ? ?

She Is Particularly Fortunate This Season With the Fairies.

By ELEANOR GUNN.
(Special to The Bee.)

THE girl with red hair has things all her own way this season. The entire color scheme carried out in the fall mode suits her to a nicety. It is hard to believe that there ever was a time when the red-haired girl felt that fate had been unkind to her. Nowadays she knows that fiery tresses are regarded as an asset and it must amuse her just a little to know that when women take to rushing up their hair it is usually with henna.

One reason, perhaps, that red hair was not appreciated in time gone by as it is today, was that mothers insisted on dressing their sorrel-top daughters in blue. It is the most unbecoming of all colors for the auburn-haired girl. The same girl dressed in green or brown is lifted out of the ranks and she stands forth even though she may not be pretty—a glowing tribute to good taste in dressing.

What more wonderful for the auburn-haired girl or for the girl whose hair is much brighter than auburn, than the glorious yellow and henna shades that are talked of as the season's leading colors!

Such warm, bright tones are but a reflection of her own bright coloring. If she is brown-eyed she will be a picture done in sepia and if her eyes are blue she will find the tawny shades intensify their blueness. It is pretty safe to follow the old formula of selecting colors that match either one's hair or one's eyes. When a girl's color scheme of style harmonizes with her red hair she is on the straight road to become an artist in dress, for an appreciation of color values takes one a long way toward artistic achievement, no matter how it may be expressed. From palest amber to deepest copper there is a color for everyone whose hair has caught a glint of red or a thread of copper. The capucine shades, dark tete de negre, and all the wonderful reindeer and fur colorings are calling to the auburn-haired woman to make them her own.

Although this range of color gives her a great variety, there are greens which must not be ignored, since they are both fashionable and tremendously flattering to this type. All shades of green from jade to Nile and on to the bright oriental greens are very strongly stressed for evening. Women of all types are wearing them, but no type is quite as alluring in green as the girl with red hair. Soft almond and reseda greens are lovely for her and so is the brighter yellow. Citron, that peculiar greenish yellow that is so difficult to wear, excepting under artificial light, is less trying to the maid of the sepia tresses than to any other type, so there is no dearth of colors from which to select. There is also all black and the ivory and black and a range of grays from the palest to deepest rose taupe.

Some red-haired women are daring enough to wear shades of deep rose and even geranium. These bright shades naturally have a tendency to make even the reddest hair look golden and are liked by some for that very reason, although care should be taken in selecting these colors that the result does not make the hair appear faded.

It is a well known fact that some colors may be worn with perfectly good results under the chin, but curiously enough, not over the face. A blue-eyed woman may wear a red or cerise gown, but a hat of that color is ill chosen for it comes in too close proximity to the eyes. Just at the moment there is a flare for bright pheasant turbans in vivid blendings of red and yellow, frequently but not always relieved with bronze green. A pheasant turban is a charming choice for a sunny or copper-haired girl or even one whose hair is frankly red, and now is most certainly the time to demonstrate the truth of the theory.

One test, while not a criterion for all style problems, but an indication, just at this time of merging seasons, is awaiting your notice in New York's most exclusive restaurants. The small, close-fitting hats are quite the cleverest one sees there, and more and more one will see the warm-hued pheasants, where smart birds of a feather flock together.

Ask Yourself: ORISON SWEET MARSDEN

Am I hitched up right, or am I round peg in a square hole?
Do I feel every drop of blood and every fiber in me tugging away at my ambition, saying "Amen" to my work?

Am I backing up my character on life in every possible way, or am I sliding along the lines of least resistance?

Am I keeping myself fit to do the biggest thing possible to me every day of my life?
Am I working along the line of my talent, or am I getting my living by my weakness instead of my strength?

If you can answer the above questions in the right way, you will bring out a hundred per cent of your ability instead of the 50 per cent that the majority of young men are content to develop; you will attain your ambition and be what you long to be.—New Success.

Capital Society Lively Even Without the Wilson Family

Bee Bureau.
Washington, Sept. 13.

THE topic which most interests society in Washington and around Washington just now is "what plans are being made for the entertainment of the royalty scheduled to be guests here this season?" And that is the one topic upon which one can get no enlightenment until the return to the White House of President and Mrs. Wilson. It looks as though about three weeks from today the city would be in the midst of festivities for the much beloved and much respected king and queen and crown prince of Belgium. They are sailing about September 23, upon the historic George Washington which carried the president and his party back and forth between New York and France. On reaching New York they will come directly to Washington. It is not at all likely that all of the distinguished guests of the nation will be domiciled at the White House. The king and queen will go there, and be the president's guests. There is no suite suitable for them and their entourage, and the government will entertain the party accompanying them, in one of

country several years ago to stay in Colorado, where she died, without having made any improvement. Great Excitement. The greatest excitement of this month is, of course, the visit here and the greeting of General Pershing. His constant companion, his son, Warren, the little human monument to his once happy and adored family is with him. Is it significant that the returning hero from France is occupying the same rooms at the Shoreham occupied in March, 1913.

by President Woodrow Wilson when he was inaugurated the twenty-eighth president of the United States? Pershing's sisters, Mrs. Butler and Miss Pershing, of Lincoln, Neb., Mrs. Paddock, his sister-in-law, and his brother and nephew, James Pershing, and James Pershing, jr., of Chicago, are also with him in Washington. They arrived yesterday and are being entertained by old friends, as constantly as the general will permit, and as publicly as he is willing. His preference is for the shadows

of the limelight and not the glare. It was in Washington that the romance of his courtship and marriage took place. He was then Lieutenant Pershing, and she was the debutante daughter of Senator Warren of Wyoming, for whom she had acted as hostess for a year after her graduation and the death of her adored mother. The wedding was a beautiful one in the church of the Epiphany which was packed to overflowing for the ceremony. A brilliant reception fol-

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