

## Woman's Section

### Gabby Detays Serves Mental Refreshments in Her Sunday Column

#### Anna Held's Jewels—"Honest" Friends—Temperamental Hat Designs—They Walk in the Walkers Club—All Served With the Spice You Like.

ANNA HELD'S jewels, the last luminous reminders of that beautiful actress, are for sale. The gorgeous stones, which she loved so dearly will be given to the highest bidder, all her diamonds, emeralds, sapphires and rubies in their superb mountings will be shown in glittering array to tempt the hearts of buyers. According to a clause in the will of the late star they will be disposed of at the Waldorf Astoria by Charles Hanlon, executor of the Held estate.

Also in that sale there will be the greater part of the personal and stage belongings of Anna Held, including her exquisite lace, gowns, chiffons, shoes, lingerie, and her most famous stage costumes. Among the latter is her sensational "peacock dress." It is an interesting exhibition, this collection of the earthly remains of the past glory of the woman who rose from the position of a child singer on the Paris streets to one of international renown; whose life was surrounded always with a dazzling hue, partly by clever press agenting and partly due to her own piquant, daring personality. Her death a year ago from myeloma, one of the strangest diseases in medical history, was as dramatic an exit from life as even her own keen sense of the dramatic could have desired.

Anna Held's favorites were pearls, and she loved these milk-white stones more than any other. Diamonds were her rare delight, and she cared not what price she paid for them. Her favorite piece was a pearl necklace, composed of 43 matched stones. It was made for her by James G. Lewis at a cost of \$79,000. This celebrated jeweler worked for five months assembling the pearls, and the late comedienne worked with him. Each stone was examined through a glass and rejected if the most minute flaw was found. A perfect string was finally assembled, and the key pearl is known all over the world, for it is absolutely perfect.

Anna Held craved change in her jewels as she did in everything else in her life and she was constantly buying her jewels. Her string of pearls she never had changed, however, and she wore them almost constantly. The diamond stomacher or corsage piece is probably the most famous of her jewels. This is a combination containing earrings and lavastre. Two great stones of eight carats are detachable, for the earrings and the platinum bow knot is studded with 35 rose-cut and full-cut diamonds. The prices are only \$30,000, a mere trifle to some money king.

No longer will these priceless vanities reflect the rays from glittering footlights, for fun has been written to a fascinating life, and these last remnants of a career of brilliancy will soon be scattered to the four winds.

IN YE olden time milady's claim to beauty lay in the arch of her tiny foot, in the clearness of her limpid eyes or in the flawlessness of her peachblow complexion, but today it is all temperament. If you have a temperament that is fascinating, elusive, indefinable, then your fortune is made, even though your nose be snub and your feet aren't mates. Your gowns must match your personality, the hangings in your boudoir, your perfume, even your friends must harmonize.

And now there comes an artist from the far east who is truly up to the minute, for he designs your hat to match. Baron Robin Derlanger has evolved this clever scheme. You select your chaparran and he paints it according to his ideas of your personality and you may have a hat for every mood just as you have one to match every gown. He who runs may read and the passing public may know at a glance just what particular idiosyncrasies make up your temperament.

No young Beau Brummel will make a mistake in this wise, for he has merely to glance at her hat to determine whether he is selecting the right disposition to match his own "for better, for worse."

F LATTERY is a sinister weapon—like a stiletto it pierces the heart and does its deadly work clean and quietly. And it was with this weapon that a woman sailed forth to meet busy matrons. She was selling books—nature studies—and no woman with children could afford to be without them. Her luck had been bad one day. When she reached a certain house on Thirty-eighth avenue she decided to use her wits as well as a weapon. A very busy woman answered her door because she was maidless but not helpless.

The usual flow of talk began and finally she was invited into the parlor. The Thirty-eighth street mother-of-three has a passion for nature studies, books of knowledge and everything that is entertaining and tends to keep the minds of her children clean and wholesome.

The backdoor bell rang.

"Excuse me while I answer the bell," said the matron.

When she returned, the book-club lady remarked:

"My, oh my! you are so artistic—such beautiful selection of pictures!"

"See Rembrandt's 'Old Mill' and 'The End of Day' by Emile Adam and Corot's 'Dance of the Wood Nymphs' and that lovely thing by

### A Welcome Newcomer Is Mrs. Andrew Nesbit, Who Was Miss Norma Thompson of Lincoln

AT this season poets sing of the charm of the golden rod, of the "asters like a smoke upon the hills," but without even a glass or a botanical notebook we have found such a lovely specimen not of autumn beauty but of piquant womanhood, viz. Mrs. Andrew E. Nesbit. Mrs. Nesbit has but recently lifted our knocker, but she has made a nice, cozy, little nook for herself in our hearts, for her charm and originality are quite entrancing.

If you will turn back the leaves of memory you will find her, minus the plain, gold band, for as Norma Thompson she visited often in the Gate City. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thompson of Lincoln, her father a prominent figure in Nebraska, as he held the position of attorney general and also solicitor of the United States treasury at Washington. The state University where so many men and maids play and study together and where Dan Cupid often dons the black robe and learned air of the professor, claimed this attractive young woman for several years. Mr. Nesbit was also enrolled at this famous school and whether the wily god of love had a hand in choosing two courses of study, we will leave to your own imagination.

Just here we will divulge a secret. This pretty young matron loves the fluffly things of life—and it's so nice and comfortable to talk with her, after a series of low-heeled, tortoise rimmed uplifters. She is a designer of her own lovely gowns and with a wisp of chiffon and a bead or two she can make a frock that will delight your soul and be a feast for your eyes—when she does it. Her dresses are always just the right shade, they either match the harebells in her eyes, or the golden glints in her hair so that the most artistic one must admire her faultless taste.

When Mars thundered so many pretty girls were wed under crossed swords and waving flags and all in a minute Miss Norma Thompson became Mrs. Lieutenant-in-the-Infantry Nesbit and found herself whisked into that great camp at

Deming, N. M. She enjoyed the army life immensely with all its khaki and glittering insignia and spent a twelvemonth in the shadow of the Stars and Stripes. A huge gray transport carried the warrior husband to foreign battlefields and the brave war wife went to Washington to do her share on this side. Mrs. Nesbit was a tireless Red Cross worker. French knots and frilly things were forgotten while her busy hands stitched on endless surgical dressings and the canteens claimed the remainder of her time.

But even bloody conflicts must have an end and the young lieutenant is now a blue serge civilian, and he and his charming wife have chosen Omaha for their home. Mrs. Nesbit expects to be very happy and busy under her own vine and fig tree with her music and housewifery. The violin is her chosen instrument and she plays very artistically for her friends. In this era of "new women" who will soon cast their stiff, black sailors into the political arena, Mrs. Nesbit is a delight. She is up-to-the-minute, but to us that senses those charming feminine qualities which prove to us that we may still be womanly even though we firmly grasp our ballot and sally forth to bring light to the dark places.

HA! Mr. Lester Heyn, there is at least one woman who has your number. Too bad your wife didn't attend the performance at the Brandeis Monday evening with you. If only she knew what Mr. Alexander said. We'll wager you didn't tell her.

"Let your wife have all she wants without any argument from you. You always give in to her whims, and you always will," were the words of the oracle. It is the "always will" phrase which tells the tale.

And Miss Pat McCoy, stop your speculation in oil wells; you are sure to lose a neat little sum if you don't. Do you remember how everyone laughed when your name was called and the verdict given?

Yes, among other things, Alexander disclosed a romance which is budding out in the Field club district. We understand the man is prominent in the wholesale business and the girl is one of our popular young women. She is wearing a beautiful engagement ring (we noticed) and how she blushed when she was advised by the actor to haste the happy day and become a matron. We are only too sorry that we do not know their names.

IF you were the only woman playwright who had produced a play without the aid of man, just what would you do to quiet your jangling nerves on the eve of its opening? Can't you imagine the ghosts that would stalk through the midnight hours and the doubts that would assail some women would resort to hysterics, but not Mrs. Chauncey Olcott, who recently produced "Lusmore." Mrs. Olcott is extremely feminine, but very sensible, so she vetoed the hysteric and canned a bushel of peaches instead.

There is not a manish touch about the production of "Lusmore" at the Henry Miller theater. With a woman stage manager, a woman producer, and a woman president, "Lusmore" is quite a feminine affair. Mrs. Grace Hayer, who wrote "Lusmore" in collaboration with Mrs. Olcott, is the stage manager. Not the one who moves the canvas houses and treats between acts, of course, but the genius who rehearsed the cast and managed the stage.

It is as impossible to reproduce the whimsical vivacity of Mrs. Olcott as it is to capture the perfume of wild flowers and a moonlight evening on canvas. When she wants anything she just "makes believe," and what do you think—it comes true!

In the first place, Mrs. Olcott made believe that she was a play-

wright and producer when she was only 9 years old, and then when she was 15 she made believe that she was married to a popular actor, and did nothing but travel around and receive messages of admiration and flowers.

And that rosy dream is now a bona fide reality.

Mrs. Olcott predicts that soon women will be producing and managing plays at a great rate. Why not? she demands, since they have the necessary quota of brains and executive ability.

Although it took six years, off and on, to write "Lusmore," the production of it was completed in three weeks. It took only 21 days to get the scenery, costumes, company and music, and what is more, the two women accomplished the feat alone.

Mrs. Olcott is planning to produce a play written by Marie, queen of Roumania, and she intends to keep very busy writing and producing. For, she declares, there isn't room in the world now for an idle woman or



Mrs. Andrew Nesbit

RIENHART-MARSDEN PHOTO

### Drama League to Have Fine Program

The fourth year of the Drama League promises a very interesting outlook.

An invitation has been extended to Stuart Walker to open the season of the league by an informal talk to its members, some afternoon during his engagement at the Brandeis theater in October.

Miss Kate McHugh will give two lectures, the first an illustrative reading of "Can Grande Castle; Polyphonic Prose," by Amy Lowell; the second a discussion on dramatic monologues.

Lord Dunsany will lecture before the league November 15, and Edith Wynne Matthison will give a read-

ing from Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrix," later on.

Mrs. Lucien Stephens, colonial chairman of the membership committee, is receiving new members daily. A tea will be tendered Stuart Walker at the Blackstone hotel if he accepts the league's invitation, and adequate arrangements will be made to enroll new members at that time.

For a perfect salad all ingredients should be fresh, crisp and cool. Use only the delicate white stalks of celery, the most tender leaves of cabbage and the small heart leaves of lettuce. The salad should not be mixed until ready to be served. For chicken or fish salad use mayonnaise dressing. Vegetable salads are best with French dressing.

After emptying the greasy dishwasher into the sink it is well to put a piece of washing soda over the sink drain and pour scalding water over it. This will prevent the pipes from clogging.

### Fashion Dispatch

(Special Cable to The Bee.)

Paris, Sept. 20.—Bags, so finely beaded that they resemble tapestry, are among the most costly and consequently most favored bags today.

Antique patterns, some of them copied from tapestries in the Louvre or at Versailles, are among the best liked. Bags are larger, inclining more especially to an increasing depth. Many are mounted on antique silver frames, while others are of the draw-string type.

Neck chains measuring 72 inches and novelty hat pins are interesting novelty buyers at this time. Baroque pearls and rhinestones are a favorite hat pin combination.

If you scorch a garment in ironing rub dry starch over the stain, then sponge it off. Repeat as often as necessary.

### Loveliness Unseen Is Fashion

#### Within Pajamas Survives Contentedly the Same Eve—Dainty and Feminine.

By ELEANOR GUNN.

Among the prejudices that have been cast into the discard, is one that women should not wear a bifurcated skirt. Those who have tried them and know the freedom thereof, have been loath to giving them up, although willing to restrict their use.

There is certainly nothing about such pajamas as these dainty ones shown. Hardly a more convincing argument could be found against the theory that when a woman dons trousers she discards all feminine charm. Such garments as these are doubtless too distractingly pretty and feminine. But that's no argument for renouncing fashion. Pajamas are sensible, sometimes. They are warmer for winter than robes, and infinitely better for traveling. Delightfully festive pajamas like these may be used for idling in one's boudoir and are quite properly classed as negligees.

One would never make any such charge as "sensible" against these, of primrose crepe de chine, the jacket and trouser cuffs embroidered in old blue, and orchid.

It is untold relief to one's pent up feelings to discard the drab, colorless garb of the workaday world and burst forth into color. If unfortunately it is not always possible to be as colorful and comfortable as one might desire in outer apparel, but the fascinating world of underthings gives a woman a chance to prove at least to herself how pretty a role to dress is the boudoirself.

There are many quietly dressed women who revel in dainty lingerie and spend most of their clothes allowance on things that are not seen than for the prosaic garments of visible wardrobe.

If you are a mother, preparing your daughter for her first year at school do not insist upon the lingerie being of the durable type alone. Do not frown upon her suggestion of silk for after all it is not an extravagance. Cultivate a pride in her personal belongings by letting her have some pleasure and voice in the selection of her things and give her just a little rein in the choice of the garments she will wear in her own room. Pajamas are not frowned upon in boarding school, but rather encouraged, although they should be made on simpler lines.

N negligees that are fashioned on harem lines and have full Turkish trousers are very comfortable. Since the over blouse may be any length one fancies there should be no feeling of unconventional attire. Delights are evidently finer and richer suggestions in the Orient than in other parts of the globe for negligees. The inspiration is clearly seen. Chinese coats and trousers are not only artistic to a degree but exceedingly convenient. They are the artistic choice for the slim young creature who bobs her hair and only succeeds in making herself the more alluringly feminine in spite of the boyish cut.

But the "biped" garment is not to be kept in privacy of one's room. For some time it has been replacing the petticoat and nobody else is the wiser as far as appearances are concerned. There are all sorts of interesting bloomers of various lengths in the shops, some of glove silk that do not add anything to one's girth and are also desirable in other ways. These solve the problem of windy weather and keep one decently clad in a gale. And besides they are not unsightly; they are distinctly attractive.

The more intimate garments modeled after those widely advertised and worn by model girls during hot weather are the severest tailors one-piece union suits that end above the knee and have elastic at the back of the waist to allow freedom of motion. The athletic girl has long looked with envy at her brothers simplified under-clothing and wondered why it would not be feasible for her as well. The urgent need of thousands of girls for the same thing was an incentive and soon such garments were ready, white materials, edged with narrow lace as a concession to feminine notions of such personal things.

These models are a substitute for the envelope chemise or whatever form of combination or separate garments one may wear instead. It is, perhaps, the simple, comfortable example of the modern woman's new design in underthings, that has taught her how dainty an outfit may be, though quite unburdened and unbedecked. The never and more active occupation for women and girls have made simplified work overtime. The need to avoid bulkiness, and extra care, and too-parishable selection of materials may have sharpened the wits and the taste to a wonderful efficiency—but none-the-less, within survives contentedly the same Eve; dainty and ever-feminine.

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White silk gloves and stockings will not turn yellow if they are carefully washed in warm water, not hot water, and dried in the house. Before hanging them up to dry press them out smoothly with the hands. Do not iron.

Glazed tiles can be beautifully cleaned by rubbing them with a cut lemon. Then after 15 minutes, polish them with a soft cloth.