

Woman's Section

Many Ears Have Burned With Gossip Passed to Gabby This Week

One Brother Has Not Seen His Butterfly Sister for Two Weeks—Secret of Health Discovered at Last—Secret Engagement Discovered.

By GABBY DETAYLS.

WHY must Gabby always laugh when she reads in the society columns of the "house guests" of various and sundry hostesses? She has tried to suppress this giggle, each time, in its infancy but to no avail. Occasionally it creeps through the columns of her own making—and then the giggle turns to wrath. She has tried to vainly to figure out the exact meaning of "house guest" but the thinking, which is done in a circle, brings her back to the beginning. She never has been able to solve the mystery concerning the identification of this particular kind or brand of make of guest so she has taken it for granted that the words "house guest" is used to distinguish these favored visitors from the barn or garage guests. A clearer definition will be welcomed.

WE HEAR of so many of these school day romances which begin in kindergarten and which culminate in marriage after college days are past. Another one is, however, coming to light and Gabby has been told that the wedding is but two short months away. The girl is the daughter of a well known business man, whose business it is to make lovely wedding bouquets and the like; therefore, daughter should have wonderful flowers at her wedding. She is small and blonde and has gray-blue eyes. Her fiancé is very little taller than she is and is a decided brunette type. He is a promising young chemist in the city. Just wait; Gabby is trailing the girl and we have no doubt but that the announcement will be made in the near future.

OH, the army life, the army life—that is the life for me, NOT to lead. Gabby became entangled in a terrible net recently while talking with a colonel's daughter's mother (what relation is the latter to the colonel?) Gabby remarked that there were two beautiful girls, engaged everything, and to two former lieutenants, and that these girls were both colonel's daughters, and how lovely it would be to—, but wait a minute. A voice hot with indignation flashed back over the telephone, full of reprimand and impatience. "But I was born in the army, the colonel was born in the army—we are regular army people, while the other colonel you mention has only been in since the Spanish-American war." It was not the army matron's words, but the voice which told the true state of mind. The tone conveyed more meaning than a thousand words. She did not consider herself in a class with the colonel who had been in the army but 21 years—Gracious, no!—although but we might mention that he is at least of age in the army and entitled to a full vote. Knowing more or less of both families Gabby is forced to wonder if there isn't somewhat of a handicap attached to being born in the army.

GABBY'LL get you if you don't watch out. Just remember, if there is a skeleton hidden in the family tree or if you aren't just behaving as you should, Gabby is certain to hear of it. No one knows just how Gabby finds out all the gossip; nevertheless, find it out she does!

Out in the western part of the town one pair of cooling doves have thought to keep their plans secret, but flying past them was Gabby with her hawk's eyes and ears and now she knows. In the golden month of October they will spread their wings to fly away together and will not so much as tell their dearest friends until after the love-knot has been tied.

Gabby must not hint too strongly as to their identity. The girl, however, was one of those in the receiving line at an announcement tea given the 20th of the month when her very dearest chum announced her betrothal to the colonel who had been in the army but 21 years. As to the man, you can easily guess his identity if you know the girl. They are together everywhere. You will, no doubt, receive an announcement of the marriage about the 20th of October.

POOR old doctors! It is only a matter of time when they won't have any business at all, for the secret of health has been discovered, and they aren't in it. "I have discovered how to relieve any pain instantly so it won't come back," said Prof. Charles Munter, lecturing in Omaha last week. "I'm honest," he admitted. So we see the doctors' finish and feel awfully sorry for them. And that isn't all the damage, either! Think of the medical colleges that will have to shut down the interesting professional fraternities that will go with a crash. And when we are blue, or want to talk hubby into sending us to sunny California for the winter, where will we find an alibi?

Pretty Debutante

INTRODUCING Miss Olga Metz, the first girl in the younger set to announce that she will make her debut during 1919.

Her debutante party will be a large reception at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Metz. The exact date of the affair is as yet undecided, but it will occur during early December.

Gifted with rare charm and poise, Miss Metz is one of our most attractive girls. She is a prominent member, in fact a leader of the younger set with whom she is most popular.

She attended school in Omaha until several years ago when she went to New York. There she was enrolled in Miss Spence's school from which she was graduated last June, receiving the highest honors in her class. She has specialized in languages and literature and is also an accomplished musician.

During the coming year, Miss Metz plans to remain in Omaha, perhaps taking several short trips. She will devote the greater part of her time to the study of music. For a number of years she has been closely identified with the various movements of organizations of the younger set, and will, no doubt, become prominent in their various activities for the year.

All the interests of the American girl are hers and she is particularly fond of out-of-doors sports in which she is skilled.

With the first flurry of snow, the return of the school set from the east, and the merry holiday season, one of society's most lovely "buds" shall have blossomed into a rose.

haired gentleman who came in on a cane. Corsets evidently hold something of interest for him, and he "stayed" through it all.

There's Bernard McFadden, Sanford Bennett, Daddy Flynn and Professor Munter, not to mention Susanna, who has the secret of health all bottled up and labeled, and the jolly part of it is that you can follow the directions of anyone whose prescription happens to please you, and be assured of health and happiness. In other words, "pay your money and take your choice,"—but, be sure you pay your money.

If you are just bored trying to keep up with the dictates of New York and Paris in these days of rapidly changing fashions or if you are not satisfied with the comfort afforded by present day styles, permit us to introduce to you "The Harley." And what is it, you ask. We shall explain. It is a new design in dresses or rather—well, it isn't a dress either.

Treasures of Auld Lang Syne

THE connection between the world war and the revival of lace does not seem apparent on the face of it, yet it is largely due to the war that laces have been revived. Of further appeal and interest is the fact that it is because of the depleted resources of many noble French families that such rare old laces are in the market today. It is reported that many families have sent their family heirlooms in laces and jewelry to the United States to be sold.



Miss Olga Metz

RINEHART - MARSDEN PHOTO

domestic, and declares she can cook in several languages.

But her idea is like a germ—who knows when it may begin to spread over all the nation and strike Omaha "head on." Her costume is so practicable and yet so lovely that Gabby doubts any censorship if it reaches us.

straight, after the fashion of the erstwhile Buster Brown, others wear it curled. It is infinitely easier to select a hat, say women who have tried it, with short hair framing one's face. It makes up in youth what it lacks in dignity.

With the revival of the crinoline, what is more natural than a return to powdered coiffures? Not wigs perhaps, as in these days when things sanitary are so highly valued, it is hardly likely that we would revert to the wig. But powdered hair. Why not! It is, nine times out of 10, extremely becoming. One cannot recommend it seriously for day times, but crinolines and panniers are to be confined more or less to the evening hours when the world has the leisure to be picturesque, and why not enjoy the whole picture!

It really is not a wasted day to ransack one's old chests and trunks, since among their contents there is almost sure to be something that will help out the fall clothes problem. It may be an odd and forgotten piece of jewelry, a bit of choice

Ak-Sar-Ben Queen

THE burning question—who shall be queen?—has gravely itself deeply into the minds of Omahans during the past week. It is the main topic of conversation and the object of speculation. It is causing much more interest than in former years as there is such an array of eligible girls, all of whom are wealthy, beautiful, and beloved.

Indeed, dear ladies need no longer chide their husbands in regard to gambling; more than one of our well known matrons has ventured to "play the market" in regard to this year's Queen of Quiver.

Rumor has it that one Omaha maid who was overseas in the service of her country has been selected for this honor. She is tall, a brunette type and would, we agree, make a most striking looking ruler. But with all these qualifications, this girl is not to be queen.

Another brunette has also been rumored as the first lady of the realm. She is rather short and inclined to plumpness. She has large eyes and a tipped nose. Altogether charming she is; nevertheless, she is not the chosen one.

We also heard that a dainty maid with Titian hair had been selected by the Board of Governors. However, our minds were soon set to rest on that point as she was chosen as a maid of Ak-Sar-Ben.

Only one of Omaha's pretty blondes was seriously considered. She belongs to one of the most exclusive families in the city and but recently announced her engagement. A most lovable ruler, she would be to be sure; but, alas, she is not the maiden favored by the Board of Governors.

She, who has been elected to occupy the throne at the ball this year, is a member of one of Omaha's most wealthy families. It is said that her home is the most beautiful in the city. She really is a member of the royal family as an uncle was king of the realm. Moreover, she is very beautiful and is one of the season's debutantes.

Would the Board of Governors carelessly neglect to include her among the maids? No, no! They are far too cautious to commit such an unforgetable error. They are reserving for her the honor of being queen of Ak-Sar-Ben for the year 1919.

Miss Hortense Rosen, director of the Travelers' Aid society at Camp Dix, was instrumental in preventing the spread of a conflagration on a farm near the camp by taking soldiers off duty to the fire in her automobile and then organizing a bucket brigade.

Often Royalty Has Visited Omaha

That King Albert and His Queen Should Come Here Is Quite In Order.

Omaha has been graced with the appearance of royalty on various occasions, and should King Albert, Queen Elizabeth and their party decide to visit this city, they will find the same cordial spirit which has gone out to other nobility. They may not enjoy the same diversions sought by their predecessors, but each one to his taste.

It is said that King David of Kakakua, who was here some decades ago, played poker with Al Sorensen, then city editor of the Bee. And the Grand Duke Alexis, brother of the then reigning czar of all the Russias was in this region on a hunting trip in the days when buffalo were as hard to find as the New York Life building now. It was during General Grant's administration, and the duke, guest of the United States government, was escorted by Buffalo Bill, scout and guide.

Sir Horace Plunkett of England has been here on various occasions. Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, also British nobility, were here in the early eighties. The Marquis was then governor of Canada, and the Marchioness was a daughter of Queen Victoria.

Queen Liliuokalani, often shortened to "Queen Lili" of Hawaii, visited here during Cleveland's last administration. She was preceded by the king and queen of the Sandwich Isles.

Many lesser lights have gleamed upon our city. There was a time when the journey from New York to San Francisco was a tedious affair. The railroad trip from the nation's metropolis to Nebraska's metropolis required four or five days, and for one traveling across the country, Omaha offered a desirable break in the journey. A few years ago the French commission—a commercial body representing their government and headed by Baron De Estournelles stopped here, and gave Omaha very favorable mention in their report upon their return to Paris.

Church dignitaries are not missing from the survey of notables. Cardinal Satolli, who was papal legate at Washington in the early nineties and Cardinal Vanuetelli, papal secretary and an Italian nobleman, being among the most prominent representatives of the church.

As a matter of fact, Omaha is quite at home with kings and queens, for have not the monarchs of the kingdom of Quiver—the distinguished peers of Ak-Sar-Ben—visited us annually for lo these 25 years? We have thus been tutored in the cordiality, dignity and respect which will flow sincerely to the Belgian rulers of that brave, heroic and allied people.

And so it is quite in line with former days that the king and queen of the Belgians should be guests of the Gate city of the west.

Heart Beats

By A. K.

The man insufficient
Discovered a maid
Who sang
And laughed
And danced
And swayed
To the tune of the time
To nature's chimes—
As free as a robbin
In spring.
He caught the lass
In a marriage net
And dragged her off
To a martial den.
The brutal chains
Of his jealousy
Cut deep into her soul—
His threats were bars—
His strength was iron—
And the home he gave
Was a spiritual jail.
One day Prince Charming
Sauntered along
With a light in his eye—
A lilt in his voice—
And implored her
To go his way.
Her prison she wrecked
And her jailer she left
To fly
With the other mate.
Long years slipped by
But no cage he made
For his wild-wing bird—
Who sang again
(Just a temple of affection—)
A corral he built
Of truth and trust
Through which his prize
Never flew—
And he placed a halo
Around her heart
That no thief
Could break through.

He lassoed her
With Love's lariat
And held her fast
With a smile.
Such is the way
With man and maid—
Nothing holds love
But love.

It Is Not Always Easy.

To apologize.
To begin over.
To take advice.
To admit error.
To be unselfish.
To be charitable.
To face a sneer.
To be considerate.
To avoid mistakes.
To keep on trying.
To profit by mistakes.
To forgive and forget.
To think and then act.
To keep out of the rut.
To make the best of little.
To shoulder deserved blame.
To subdue an unruly temper.
To maintain a high standard.
To recognize the silver lining.
But it always pays.—From the Baltimore Trolley Topics.

lace or some fine old brocade. No matter, each old treasure has its place in the present scheme of things fashionable, after ye manner of ye olden day.