

Woman's Section

When All the World Is Serious Laugh With Gabby and Forget

Caste and Class Are All Jumbled In "Details" Column and Milady's Disposition Has the Same Chance as the Temperamental "Singing Stars."

By GABBY DETAYLS.

CUPID seems to delight in shooting his arrows not only singly, but in twos and threes. One instance of this came to light just recently when two handsome young brothers were discovered to be "rushing" two sisters. The affair began when the four were in high school and are blossoming out into full bloom.

The older brother is one of the "daredevil" type and was in the aviation corps during the war. However, he has abandoned the "flying game" to become an attorney. The younger of the two will soon begin his studies preparatory to becoming a surgeon.

The girls are very attractive and clever, one especially talented in dramatics and the other in dancing. Friends have been watching this group with the greatest of interest and wagers of candy and flowers against anything and everything have been made.

Whether these are really, truly romances or just "cases" which will soon vanish only time and time alone will be able to prove. Gabby, however, is putting her bets on the romance part of it.

"HOW art the mighty fallen!" Time was when the clever, attractive woman devoted much of her time to welfare, religious and educational work. That was before the days of acute H. C. L. One of Omaha's most charming young matrons, smart, cheery and fairly crackling with energy—a woman one would expect to find among the leaders—was approached by Gabby this week.

"No doubt you will be doing a great deal this winter," said Gabby. "No, no, dear, I have sunk low," came the rejoinder. "My mind is in the depths. I have time only for scraps with my grocer, butcher and other tradespeople. This would give me an hour or two off a day, however, were it not for the fact that we are building. (Confidentially, we expect to land in the poor house.)"

In a still lower tone she added: "And, speaking of building, everything is so high that I respect anyone who has even running water in the house." "Was she witty or wise? Both, we think."

Heart Beats

By A. K.

Our world is growing
Westward—
Time and Tide
Move swift and free—
There's a breastwork
Sagging—
Breathing—
In the overcrowded East
Restless hearts
Are beating Westward
Like a drum
To "Up and Doing"
The Cosmic force
Is now commanding
Spirit forces
Of the earth.
Bright and smiling
Each new morning—
The gorgeous sun—
Comes back to us—
Coaxing—
Pleading—
As he wanders
Slowly homeward—
With his harvest
Of the day.
West—
Man to man they meet you
(Ancestral trees are dead)
There's a happy smile
Of freedom
To greet you everywhere.
There's a pleasure
In Love's giving
That makes living
Worth the while.
West—
Eternity has schemed things
And you know it
At a glance.
There is value
In Man's honor—
A sacred word
Is seldom sold.
West—
The Cosmic laws
Seem truer
Than the man-made
Jumbled code—
Old "skeletons" discarded—
Man looks
To what you are.
West—
The buds
Of our wonderful Fifth Race
Are blooming
To beautiful flowers—
They shall form
For the first
Of our Sixth Race
A more perfect
Celestial bower.
West—
There shall be discovered
A link
To complete the chain
Of Love
To unite all people
For a life
On a higher plane.
The East and West
Shall be one then—
Out there the
"Twain shall meet"—
On that golden
Floral border
"God's great Judgment seat."
SELAH!

Miss Kiplinger At Home for Semester

"NONE knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise," might well be said of Miss Dorothy Kiplinger, one of Omaha's most beloved girls. "Sunshine" is the name her father, O. D. Kiplinger, has given to her since childhood.

Miss Kiplinger has attended St. Mary's college at Notre Dame, Ind., for the past three years and pursued a classical course, including languages, literature and sciences. Owing to the fact that her mother suffered a severe injury last year, Miss Dorothy decided to remain at home during this first semester. She will probably return to school in February, preparatory to receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

She was one of the 12 Omaha girls who attended Miss Helen Murphy, the 25th queen of Ak-Sar-Ben, on the evening of the Coronation ball. Each year's debutantes seek eagerly for this honor, which is conferred only upon Omaha's most beautiful and lovely young girls.

As to what this attractive maiden will do when she is graduated from school is as yet undecided. Future events will shape her plans.

As a member of the younger set during the coming season she will take part in all their activities. She is especially interested in such organizations as the Junior league and works faithfully for the cause. She is also a member of other clubs which are prominent in various lines of endeavor.

There is an elusive, will-o'-the-wisp characteristic in her personality which persistently defies description. The trite phrases, "charming and sweet," do not apply. A new term must be coined before her character may be portrayed. Tall and fair, she seems the reincarnation of a Grecian goddess.

Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey, honorary dean of the Washington College of Law and one of the most prominent women in the legal profession, has been elected to the local council of the American Bar association.

Did you know that one of our most attractive matrons has recently changed her title of war widow to grass widow? This is not a surprise to her friends; they have been expecting such a happening for some time. She is a member of an old-time family of Omaha and spent her school days here and was very popular with the younger set of the city. Recently she has lived south. When the war broke out, friend husband went off to France and she came home to mother. Took a short course in typewriting with the intention of joining husband in France. Then came conversations such as—"Husband did not wish her in France at the time, the discomforts were so great"—Paris was still on the map and but a short ride from husband—The result—she has now requested her name to be written, Mrs. Mary instead of Mrs. John. Of course these are not the names. (This for you who cannot dissect.) The man in the case, we hear, is a prominent grass widower, who lives at the Omaha club, and whose family lives east; however, a popular widower, who has been sought after by many, interested her for a time, but this widower is immune and devoted to his children. The beautiful memory he holds of his wife and his three children are sufficient for his happiness. How many a good laugh in his sleeve he must have!

GABBY'S friends have always known that she is far, far from dumb, but it is evident that there are people who believe she is deaf. It is indeed bad for them that she does not need an ear trumpet as her ears are very keen and she can scent gossip from afar. It was only a few days ago that she was having her luncheon in a little candy shop when entered therein two prominent Omaha women, mother and newly-married daughter. They hid themselves to Gabby's table and calmly sat down for a pleasant bit of gossip. Immediately Gabby's luncheon became a matter of secondary importance and she found food for her column in the remarks of her two helpers just across that table more interesting than food for herself.

The mother is a very striking woman, tall, and has hair just sprinkled with frost. She wore an extremely tailored suit and hat and would give the expression of a most successful business woman were it not for her rings, which are unusually beautiful. The daughter, who has been married only a little more than a year, is petite and dark with lustrous brown eyes. She wore a small purple hat and stunning tan cape. Her rings were even more lovely than those of her mother.

One little topic recurred again and again throughout the conversation between them. Little Mrs. Daughter persisted in allowing her shoulders to droop forward which very much annoyed mother, who has such a soldierly-bearing. It is probable that one of her sons was in the service as she wore a bronze insignia pin upon her tie.

The wedding of Jayne Clarke and Jack Summers, which will occur October 28, was a subject much discussed. Daughter says that it is to be a very beautiful affair and she intends to wear a rose color panne velvet evening gown to the reception which will follow the ceremony. Gifts which daughter and others will give to a number of fall brides were discussed. They said that Miss Clarke is to receive several unusual pieces of furniture, among them a couch and three chairs which come from a very exclusive eastern shop, and which are fash-



tioned from the most expensive materials.

From the Heart of the Fashion World

By ELEANOR GUNN.

One of the most impressive things about the present season is the beauty of the materials used in making everything worn by woman. It is a discouragement for the woman who has limited means unless she happens to be gifted with the talent for combining materials in her mind's eye which later may be combined in reality. One has gone a long way toward achieving what at first glance may have seemed the impossible, after a day spent in shopping; going from one store to another, taking in all there is to be seen in the departments where the new models are displayed; another day of reading and digesting the information contained in fashion reports; some time spent in studying one's requirements and environment and

last but not least, in taking stock of what one has on hand. For all this investigation is going to lead to one sweetly welcome thought—that small pieces of expensive material may be picked up in the shops and combined with other materials less expensive with results that will be wholly satisfactory. Remnant counters are piled high with lovely stuffs which at the end of the season are within the reach of everyone. They are not all materials that breathe essentially of summer. There are odd bits of chiffon brocades, embossed silks and velvets, metallic chiffons and silks that are wonderful in combination with duvety, velour de laine and broadcloth. Many dresses are made with the upper part from the hip or even from the knee of one material, the lower portion and the sleeves of

another. Other dresses have a casaque blouse in a contrasting material and sleeves that, cut in one with the blouse, end almost before they begin. It takes absurdly little for such a blouse. But the hip length designs require more material. The price-saving one may accomplish in watching remnants and buying such materials as one feels sure may be used to advantage before the season is over, makes an economy worth considering. Women have been criticized for buying bargains that were not for immediate use. Such purchases may be carried to extremes, but in moderation there is no better practice and certainly no better way of reducing expenses.

Of course, for the woman who never has a seamstress at home, or whose time is too valuable to give any of it to sewing herself, the bargain counter, with its manifold temptations, should be avoided. But the woman at home who does much sewing for herself and her family is employing her time to good advantage when she is haunting the bargain sales. Certainly ready-made clothes are a tremendous time-saver, and, besides, in them one has the advantage of expert designing and clothes sense. If materials are accumulated a little at a time, and if one plans cleverly, the convenient intervals for having the seamstress come in the home sewing and the rich resources of the remnant counters will combine to work miracles. One significant point is well to accept: exclusive designs may be very charming, but to accomplish this coveted success they must be in good taste. FAIRCHILD SERVICE.

Washington Society Is Restless

Mrs. Wilson Careworn—Miss Lane "Coming Out" and Nebraskans Active.

Bee Bureau, Washington, Oct. 18.

WASHINGTON society which has been torn with various emotions during the past six weeks, is about to settle down and accept the conditions of sudden changes. Those who rushed home from their summer amusements to be here for the royal festivities, even though they were not to participate in them, have, many of them, gone on to seek other pleasures in the autumn resorts, as the king and queen of the Belgians are not coming for at least a week yet to make their visit in the White House.

The plans may yet be changed, but they are expected here now on October 24 or 25. And as for the crown prince of England, unless the president's condition changes to very much worse, he will come on November 1 for a week-end visit, also at the White House. The official hostesses have been very much up in the air over their autumn clothes. It is a serious matter to order a wardrobe fit for the reception of royalty, and then have to order all over again and make it a winter wardrobe. So diplomatic and official society has spent several anxious weeks. Now that the season is really near at hand, it is not quite so distressing, for there will be festivities and many of them, even though the president is obliged to keep somewhat in retirement throughout the winter, which it is generally believed here that he will not.

Mrs. Wilson goes out now every afternoon for a motor ride, usually accompanied by her mother and sister or sisters. But she shows the days of anxiety and care in the sick room. She looks worried and she looks careworn. Miss Margaret Wilson has practically given up her time to her father since he returned here, and while she goes about a little every day among her personal friends, she does not stay away long at a time.

The Vice President and Mrs. Marshall, who spent a few days in North Carolina this week, returned to their apartment Thursday. They are returning to the more convenient downtown location which the Willard hotel affords, and will next week be established in their old suite there for the winter. Extra social duties will, no doubt, fall upon Mrs. Marshall at least for some time, if not the whole winter.

Miss Lane's Debut.

Mrs. Lansing, wife of the secretary of state, inaugurated on Wednesday, a series of autumn informal afternoons at home. She realized there were many visitors, newly attached members of diplomatic corps, and new officials even, who have not yet had opportunity to make their calls (for, in Washington, be it remembered, strangers must make their first call) so she is remaining at home every Wednesday afternoon to receive anyone who calls.

The secretary opened their social season really on Tuesday evening, when he had a company of distinguished men at dinner, to meet the new British ambassador, Viscount Grey. Mrs. Lansing, who received the guests sat at the table with the party, but there were no other women there. Secretary and Mrs. Lane had a dinner party and reception on the same evening for the members of the labor conference. They had their party in the great hall of the new interior department, an excellent place for entertaining. Their daughter, Miss Nancy Lane, the only cabinet bud of this season, returned to Washington Thursday and joined her parents in their new apartment on Wyoming avenue. This is their first experience in apartmenting. The secretary was bitterly opposed to it, until Mrs. Lane's health seemed to require it, as they refused to live in a hotel. Now that they are settled in the handsome, roomy apartment, he declares it is "the only comfortable way to live."

Miss Lane is to have a very small and exclusive coming-out party. The secretary does not believe in debut teas, or balls for girls. He regards it a good deal as a sort of launching them on the market—the marrying market. Therefore he would have none of it for his only daughter. So they compromised on a small reception for both grownups and young people, more in fact, of the former than the latter. And it will be in their own apartment and the company will consist of the distinguished people of their own official circle and a few personal friends outside that set. The date will be around the middle of December.

Miss Lane has been her mother's first aid in the splendid and invaluable work she did for the convalescing of the Walter Reed hospital, and for the very sick, in establishing the diet kitchen at that hospital where the necessary diet dishes, and dainty, tempting foods for the very ill soldiers, were prepared. Mrs. Lane worked herself almost into a nervous break-down. For two years she spent from four to 10 hours a day at the hospital. Mrs. Redfield, wife of the retiring secretary of commerce, had informal "at homes" on the Wednesdays in this month, to give her friends and acquaintances here, an opportunity to bid them goodby. They are retiring to private life, and their home in Brooklyn at the end of this (Continued on Page Two, This Section.)