Society

Overseas Girls Prepare for Convention

"Every member get a member" is the slogan of the Women's Overseas Service league, now in a national campaign to gain 10,000 members before the next annual reunion, to be held in Chicago June 14-17.

Approximately 4,000 American women served overseas as nurses, canteeners, hospital workers, signal corps girls, entertainers, librarians and administrative and clerical workers. Twenty-five hundred of these ex-service women have already organized in 23 states. The aim is to have a unit in very state in the union.

The overseas women aim to continue their wartime efforts for disabled service men by visiting hospitals, co-operation with the Red Cross home service, volunteer hostess duty in summer military training camps and to hold themscives in readiness for any national or local emergency for which their war service especially fits them.

Miss Marie Matthews is the new president of the 2-year-old local organization, called the "Marion Crandell unit," after an Omaha girl, who was the first American woman to be killed while on active duty. She was struck by shrapnel at St. Menehould, March 27, 1918, and was given military burial there. Miss Crandell was a sister of the late Ralph Crandell and of Mrs. George McCord, now living in Denver. Mrs. A. L. Reed and Mrs. O. C. Redick are old friends.

Miss Helen Cornell, national recording secretary, and Mrs. Ella Fleishman-Auerbach, chairman of the national publicity committee for the Overseas league, will represent the the Omaha unit at the coming reunion.

Women Voters School of Instruction Opens Next Week.

Sixty delegates and state officers of the League of Women Voters will come to Omaha May 25 to attend the school of instruction to be conducted by the Omaha league May 25-26 at the Y. W. C. A.

At a meeting of the advisory board Monday afternoon at the Y. W. C. A. final arrangements were made for the lectures, and plans were outlined for a course of five lectures on "Efficiency in Government" to be given next fall.

Church Society Gives May Party.

The Women's Aid society of the Dundee Presbyterian church will hold its annual May party in the church parlors Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

A play, "Where but in America," will be presented by Mesdames I. W. Shepherd, Joseph C. Lawrence and W. H. Pansing. Members will turn in the dollars they have earned at this meeting.

Lakoma Club to Have Late Opening.

The Lakoma Country club will be the last of the summer clubs to make its formal opening, and is unique in that it selects Thursday for the initial dinner dance. The Field club will have its opening this Saturday and the following week will inaugurate the social year for the Country and Happy Hollow clubs.

For Mrs. Westbrook.

Mrs. E. S. Westbrook was the inspiration for a luncheon of 10 guests given Monday at the Omaha club by Mrs. J. E. Davidson.

Peach Blossom Candy.

Two cups granulated sugar, a half cup water, two egg whites, shredded cocoanut, a half cup clear corn syrup, one teaspoon almond extract, red fruit coloring.

Place the sugar, water and corn syrup in a saucepan with a pinch of cream of tartar. Boil to the hard ball stage, or about 235 degrees by the candy thermometer. Remove from the fire and add the extract and enough red coloring to take a delicate pink. Pour over the egg whites and beat up until light and foamy. Stir in about a half cup of shredded cocoanut. When it begins to stiffen drop by spoonfuls onto waxed paper and while soft sprinkle over with more cocoanut, gently pressing it in.

Spanish Loaf.

This calls for one can of spinach, four cups boiled rice, two cups white sauce and one red pepper. You can make a small can (or three bunches) of spinach serve seven or eight people by making into a loaf combined with rice, by making a thick, white sauce of two cups of skimmed milk, four tablespoons flour, four tablespoons oleomargarine and one teaspoon salt. Melt fat and mix with flour, add to milk and stir over fire until it thickens. Mix with the rice, chopped spinach and pepper. Porr into a loaf and bake twenty minutes.

Purifies blood, builds strength, re-vitalizes

These trying days bring weariness, a general slowing down due to sluggish, impure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla quickly banishes that exhausted feeling, invigorates and purifies the blood.

You can depend on Hood's. Nearly 50 years of successful use. It will do you good. At all druggists.

The tonic for that tired feeling

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Popular Guest

Miss Flora Green has returned to her home at Dorchester, Mass., after a visit of several weeks here with her cousin, Mrs. Herman Auerbach, formerly Miss Ella Fleishman.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Milliken will spend the week-end in Lincoln.

Miss Helen Curtice of Lincoln is the guest of the George Seemans until Wednesday.

Charles S. McConnell returned Monday from a trip to Washington and New York.

Mrs. E. F. Folda has returned from Chicago. While there she saw Mrs. C. E. Johannes, who was en route, to Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. and Mrs. George Winton Tegner announce the birth of a son, George Winton, jr., on May 14 at the Stewart hospital.

Mrs. John D. Haskell of Wakefield, who was expected here Wednesday to be the guest of Mrs. C. M. Wilhelm, has been obliged to postpone her visit for the present.

Mrs. James E. Davidson will leave Friday night for Washington, where she will be joined by her daughter, Miss Dorothy, who will accompany her to Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. Mount Burns will motor to Lexington, Mo., May 24 to attend the commencement of the Lexington Military academy, of which Messrs. Hamilton and Burns are alumnae.

Mrs. Harry S. Clarke, jr., has gone east, stopping at Cincinnati and Buffalo on her way to New York. At Princeton she will chaperon a party for her son, going later to Hill school in Pennsylvania for the graduation of her son, Cornelius. She will visit at Ephriam, Minn., on her return.

Miss Isabel Pearsall will arrive in Omaha, May 25, with her fiance, Raymond Watson, from Walthill, and will join her family for their annual trip to Okoboji, July 1. Miss Pearsall and Mr. Watson had planned on a June wedding, but have postponed the ceremony until fall. Mrs. Emerson Goodrich and her small daughter, Arabella, will go with the Pearsalls.

Household Notes.

Shad roe is good garnished with tartar sauce.

A slice of lemon adds greatly to the flavor when stewing dried figs.

Strong lye water applied with a brush is an excellent paint remover.

Dance and Card Party.

The girls of Our Lady of Lourdes will entertain at a dance and card party on Wednesday evening in the Burgess-Nash tea room and auditorium.

The Duncans Host.

Gen. and Mrs. George B. Duncan will entertain 16 guests Friday evening at the Corps Area dinner at the Brandeis.

Births and Deaths.

Births.

Martin and Mary Lieberman, 2534 Adams street, girl.

Livey and Lulu Eck, R. F. D. No. 7, Benson, girl.

Thomas and Rosalie Stoddard, 4108 North Twenty-sixth street, girl.

Caleb and Catherine Shrum, hospital, girl.

Ray and Ruth Baker, 1537½ North Fifteenth street, girl.

William and Barbara Bloemer, 1913 South Eighteenth street, girl.

Richard and Elsie Oberg, hospital, girl.

Zick and Stella Grinsewicz, 4413 South Thirty-fourth street, boy.

Lloyd and Loretta Pearson, 2154 Ames avenue, boy.

August and Katherine Cupps, 1009 North Twenty-ninth street, boy.

Guiseppe and Maria Circo, 1958 South Thirteenth street, girl.

Charles and Sylvia Lytle, 1047 South Twenty-third street, girl.

Charles and Beulah Broch, 3711 Camden avenue, boy.

Mark and Mary Duple, 3114 Miami street, boy.

Adler and Ida Petersen, 2118 Reynolds street, boy.

Deaths.

Leonard R. Bloedel, 69, 622 East Locust street.

Doc. Watson, 41, 2515 North Twenty-sixth street.

Martha Jane Deeter, 72, 2739 North Sixty-first street.

Dora May Johnson, 35, 3491 Boyd street.

Vac J. Kruml, 62, R. F. D. No. 5, South Side.

Herbert Schwenke, 6, hospital.

Edward Knight, 32, hospital.

Marriage Licenses.

The following couples were issued licenses to wed:

Kenneth L. Holmes, 23, Kearney, Neb., and Ruth Peterson, 22, Minden, Neb.

Herbert Feirman, 22, Omaha, and Eunice Sullivan, 21, Omaha.

Henry C. Kruse, 24, Washington, Neb., and Irene D. Desler, 23, Bennington, Neb.

Glenn Andrews, 25, Omaha, and Charlotte Riley, 24, Omaha.

William Felsch, 22, Stanton, Neb., and Madge Shultz, 23, Norfolk, Neb.

Eugene E. Coyle, 25, Omaha, and Anna A. Probst, 22, Omaha.

George Bodeker, 66, Omaha, and Clarissa Gold, 38, Omaha.

Method S. Kobza, 26, Brainard, Neb., and Mary Reiter, 27, Omaha.

Harvey Clark, 28, Omaha, and Verna Tangeman, 24, Omaha.

James F. Harrigan, 22, Des Moines, Ia., and Marian Roderick, 22, Des Moines, Ia.

Wesley Baker, 35, Omaha, and Anna Tjchell, 36, Omaha.

Eugene T. Igel, 21, Omaha, and Anna M. Leutenegger, 26, Omaha.

Pete W. Dulo, over 21, Omaha, and Hulda O. Lundberg, over 21, Fremont, Neb.

Levern V. Kaufman, 23, Oakland, Neb., and Anna Chmeier, 22, Oakland, Neb.

William H. Fry, 29, Kansas City, Mo., and Lillian M. Stone, 29, Kansas City, Mo.

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER.

Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS.

Claude Wheeler, son of a Nebraska rancher, is disappointed in wedded life with Enid Royce, religious daughter of Jason Royce, Frankfort, Neb., miller. After a year and a half together she goes to China, where her younger sister, Caroline, a missionary, is ill. Claude goes to officers' training camp and is commissioned a lieutenant. During three years at a small denominational college in Lincoln he became a friend of the Erlich family, motherly widow with five sons. Claude has friends in Ernest Havel and Leonard Dawson, young Nebraska farmers and neighbors of the Wheeler family. He has an older brother, Bayliss, in business in Frankfort, his father, Nat, and a younger brother, Ralph. His mother is prideful of her sons. While home on leave from camp Claude finds he loves Gladys Farmer, high school friend of his wife. Claude leaves with his company for Europe. On board the transport he makes friends with Victor Morse, an aviator; Albert Usher, young marine from Wyoming; Private Bert Fuller, Lieutenant Fanning and others. An epidemic of "flu" breaks out on shipboard and Claude is kept busy caring for the sick. Several men die and are buried at sea. The transport docks in a French harbor and Claude and his companions find themselves in a strange foreign city.

BOOK FIVE.

CHAPTER II.

Claude set off to find the Grand hotel, where he had promised to dine with Victor Morse. The porter there spoke English. He called a red-headed boy in a dirty uniform and told him to take the American to vingt-quatre. The boy also spoke English. "Plenty money in New York, I guess! In France, no money." He made their way, through musty corridors and up slippery staircases, as long as possible, shrewdly eyeing the visitor and rubbing his thumb nervously against his fingers all the while.

"Vingt-quarte, twenty-four," he announced, rapping at a door with one hand and suggestively opening the other. Claude put something into it—anything to be rid of him.

Victor was standing before the fireplace. "Hello, Wheeler, come in. Our dinner will be served up here. It's big enough isn't it? I could get nothing between a coop, and this at $15 a day."

The room was spacious enough for a banquet; with two huge beds, and great windows that swung in on hinges, like doors, and that had certainly not been washed since before the war. The heavy red cotton-brocade hangings and lace curtains were stiff with dust, the thick carpet was strewn with cigaret-ends and matches. Razor blades and "Khaki Comfort" boxes lay about on the dresser, and former occupants had left their autographs in the dust on the table. Officers slept there, and went away, and other officers arrived—and the room remained the same, like a wood in which travelers camp for the night. The valet de chambre carried away only what he could use; discarded shirts and socks and old shoes. It seemed a rather dismal place to have a party.

When the waiter came, he dusted off the table with his apron and put on a clean cloth, napkins and glasses. Victor and his guest sat down under an electric light bulb with a broken shade, around which a silent halo of flies moved unceasingly. They did not buzz, or dart aloft, or descend to try the soup, but hung there in the center of the room as if they were a part of the lighting system. The constant attendance of the waiter embarrassed Claude; he felt as if he were being watched.

"By the way," said Victor while the soup plates were being removed, "what do you think of this wine. It cost me 30 francs the bottle."

"It tastes very good to me," Claude replied. "But then, it's the first champagne I've ever drunk."

"Really?" Victor drank off another glass and sighed. "I envy you. I wish I had it all to do over. Life's too short, you know."

"I should say you had made a good beginning. We're a long way from Crystal lake."

"Not far enough." His host reached across the table and filled Claude's empty glass. "I sometimes waken up with the feeling I'm back there. Or I have bad dreams, and find myself sitting on that damned stool in the glass cage and can't make my books balance; I hear the old man coughing in his private room, the way he coughs when he's going to refuse a loan to some poor devil who needs it. I've had a narrow escape, Wheeler; as a brand from the burning. That's all the Scripture I remember."

The bright red spots on Victor's cheeks, his pale forehead and brilliant eyes and saucy little moustaches seemed to give his quotation a peculiar vividness. Claude envied him. It must be great fun to take up a part and play it to a finish; to believe you were making yourself over, and to admire the kind of fellow you made. He, too, in a way, admired Victor—though he couldn't altogether believe in him.

"You'll never go back," he said. "I wouldn't worry about that."

"Take it from me, there are thousands who will never go back! I'm not speaking of the casualties. Some of you Americans are likely to discover the world this trip * * * and it'll make the hell of a lot of difference! You boys never had a fair chance. There's a conspiracy of church and state to keep you down. I'm going off to play with some girls tonight, will you come along?"

Claude laughed. "I guess not."

"Why not? You won't be caught, I guarantee."

"I guess not." Claude spoke apologetically. "I'm going out to see Fanning after dinner."

Victor shrugged. "That ass!" He beckoned the waiter to open another bottle and bring the coffee. "Well, it's your last chance to go hutting with me." He looked intently at Claude and lifted his glass. "To the future, and our next meeting!" When he put down his empty goblet he remarked, "I got a wire through today: I'm leaving tomorrow."

"For London?"

"For Verdun."

Claude took a quick breath. Verdun * * * the very sound of the name was grim, like the hollow roll of drums. Victor was going there tomorrow. Here one could take a train for Verdun, or thereabouts, as at home one took a train for Omaha. He felt more "over" than he had done before, and a little crackle of excitement went all through him. He tried to be careless.

"Then you won't get to London soon?"

"God knows," Victor answered gloomily. He looked up at the ceiling and began to whistle softly an engaging air. "Do you know that? It's something Maisie often plays: 'Roses of Picardy.' You won't know what a woman can be till you meet her, Wheeler."

"I hope I'll have that pleasure. I was wondering if you'd forgotten her for the moment. She doesn't object to these—diversions?"

Victor lifted his eyebrows in the old haughty way. "Women don't require that sort of fidelity of the air service. Our engagements are too uncertain."

Half an hour later Victor had gone in quest of amorous adventure, and Claude was wandering alone in a brightly lighted street full of soldiers and sailors of all nations. There were black Senegalese, and Highlanders in kilts, and little lorry-drivers from Siam—all moving slowly along between rows of cabarets and cinema theaters. The wide-spreading branches of the plane trees met overhead, shutting out the sky and roofing in the orange glare. The sidewalks were crowded with chairs and little tables, at which marines and soldiers sat drinking sirrups and cognac and coffee. From every doorway music-machines poured out jazz tunes and strident Soura marches. The noise was stupefying. Out in the middle of the street band of bareheaded girls, hardy and tough looking, were following a string of awkward Americans, running into them, elbowing them, asking for treats, crying "You dance me Fausse-trot, Sammie?"

Claude stationed himself before a movie theater, where the sign in electric lights read, "Amour, quand tu nous tiens!" and stood watching the people. In the stream that passed him, his eye lit upon two walking arm-in-arm, their hands clasped, talking eagerly and unconscious of the crowd—different, he saw at once, from all the other strolling, affectionate couples.

The man wore the American uniform; his left arm had been amputated at the elbow, and he carried his head awry, as if he had a stiff neck. His dark, lean face wore an expression of intense anxiety, his eyebrows twitched as if he were in constant pain. The girl, too, looked troubled. As they passed him, under the red light of the Amour sign, Claude could see that her eyes were full of tears. They were wide, blue eyes, innocent looking, and she had the prettiest face he had seen since he landed. From her silk shawl, and little bonnet with blue strings and a white frill, he thought she must be a country girl. As she listened to the soldier, with her mouth half-open, he saw a space between her two front teeth, as with children whose second teeth have just come. While they pushed along in the crowd she looked up intently at the man beside her, or off into the blur of light, where she evidently saw nothing. Her face, young and soft, seemed now to emotion, and her bewildered look made one feel that she did not know where to turn.

Without realizing what he did, Claude followed them out of the crowd into a quiet street, and on into another, even more deserted, where the houses looked as if they had been asleep a long while. Here there were no street lamps, not even a light in the windows, but natural darkness; with the moon high overhead throwing sharp shadows across the white cobble paving. The narrow street made a bend, and he came out upon the church he and his comrades had entered that afternoon. It looked larger by night, and but for the sunken step, he might not have been sure it was the same. The dark neighboring houses seemed to lean toward it, the moonlight shone silver-gray upon its battered front.

The two walking before him ascended the steps and withdrew into the deep doorway, where they clung together in an embrace so long and still that it was like death. At last they drew shuddering apart. The girl sat down on the stone bench beside the door. The soldier threw himself upon the pavement at her feet, and rested his head on her knee, his one arm lying across her lap.

In the shadow of the houses opposite, Claude kept watch like a sentinel, ready to take their part if any alarm should startle them. The girl bent over her soldier, stroking his head so softly that she might have been putting him to sleep; took his one hand and held it against her bosom as if to stop the pain there. Just behind her, on the sculptured portal, some old bishop, with a pointed cap and a broken crozier, stood, holding up two fingers.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Burgess Bedtime Stories

Boxer Loses Some Conceit.

Who scorns advice, but goes his way,
Will lose his self-esteem some day.
—Mother Bear.

Boxer and Woof Woof were not yet fully grown, but they were big for their age, and it was quite natural that most of their neighbors in the Green Forest should keep out of their way. Boxer felt that he was grown up. That is because he was so conceited. He liked to stand up by a tree, reach up as far as he could, and dig his claws into the bark to show how big he was. It tickled him to see how his neighbors always hurried to get out of his way. Every time one of them did this Boxer grew more and more conceited. Every day he grew more boastful.

Then one day as Boxer and Woof Woof were shuffling along, they met

"Step out of the way," he growled.

Prickly Porky. Prickly Porky was shuffling along too. Prickly Porky paid no attention to Boxer and Woof Woof Boxer, who was in the lead, stopped and growled his very deepest, most grumbly, rumbly growl. He expected to see Prickly Porky hurry to give up the path to them. Prickly Porky didn't. He did stop, but he didn't step out of that path.

Boxer became very angry. His small eyes grew red with rage. "Step out of our way!" he growled.

Prickly Porky said nothing. Instead, he poked his head under an old log which lay close beside the path, raised the thousand little spears that had been hidden in his coat, and remained motionless. It was quite plain to be seen that Prickly Porky had no intention of getting out of that path. If those two Bears wanted to keep on up the path they would have to go around him. At least that is what his attitude seemed to say.

Woof Woof stepped out from behind Boxer and did walk around Prickly Porky into the path again. Then she turned to see what Boxer would do, and in her small eyes there was a twinkle.

Boxer took a few steps forward. "Get out of that path!" he snarled. "If you don't, you will be sorry!"

"If you are wise you will go around him," said Woof Woof mildly. "You remember Mother Bear taught us never to meddle with Prickly Porky."

"Huh!" growled Boxer. "No little fellow like this is going to make me go around him. He is going to get out of this path, or he will be sorry. I'm not afraid of him. If he isn't afraid of me, he will be the next time he sees me."

Now Boxer had been told all about Prickly Porky, and warned that he should never be meddled with. But Boxer never had felt those little spears of Prickly Porky. When he had been small he had been more ready to believe, because then Prickly Porky was quite as big as himself. But now that he was so big, Boxer was inclined to laugh at all the things he had been told about Prickly Porky. It simply couldn't be that any one so much smaller was to be treated with respect.

Prickly Porky didn't move. Boxer looked at the thousand little spears standing out all over Prickly Porky. An idea came to Boxer. He would slip his paw under Prickly Porky and throw him right over on his back. Boxer reached out a paw. Something happened. It happened so suddenly that Boxer didn't know just what did happen. But he knew that he was hurt. Oh, yes, he knew that How he did squall! He jumped back so suddenly that he tripped over his own feet, and fell sprawling on his back. In that paw with which he had reached out half a dozen of Prickly Porker's little spears were sticking.

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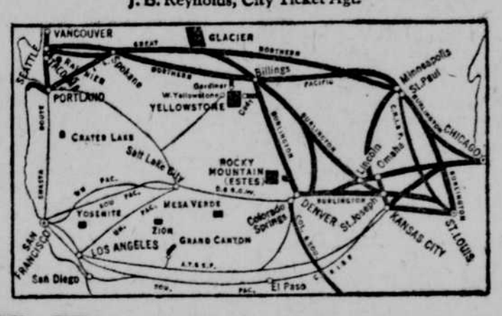

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