

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Conducted by Ella Fleishman

New Woman's World In Making Over There

(BY VNEZ HAYNES IRWIN.)

(Note to the Editor—The writer of this article, probably better known under her pen name of Inez Haynes Gilmore, is the author of the famous Phloeme and Ernest stories, which had such a vast vogue prior to the war. She accompanied her husband, Will Irwin, the war correspondent, to the front and was with him there two years. She has visited both the French and the Italian fighting zones. Her last trip to the French front took her over much of the present fighting terrain. She has made a careful study of social conditions in Allied countries.)

Whenever I think of the women of England in this war a picture flashes into my mind. We were walking down the Strand one Monday morning. The Strand is one of the most crowded thoroughfares in the world—more crowded, perhaps, than lower Broadway. Each was a picture of the great mass of vehicles, was a motor truck so enormous that it looked like an apartment house on wheels. And at the wheel was a little slip of a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked English girl in a pink smock and a big hat.

The English women were probably better prepared for this war than any other women in the world. For long before there was any notes for women movement in England, English women were accustomed to accompany their politicians husbands on electioneering trips and often to speak for them. Always the English women of the upper class have had an enormous sense of responsibility toward those economically less fortunate than themselves. For generations they have been organized in philanthropic work. They have known how to co-operate. In the last twenty years the votes for women movement completed the work for national organization. So when the war broke out the English government found ready to its hand an efficient machine made up of many of the women of England. I have no words or phrases to describe how magnificent the women of England are.

A Whole Sex Mobilized. In England, more than anywhere else, you get the impression of a whole woman sex mobilized behind the men. And there are more women in the English war zone than in any other. With their alert, active figures and their intelligent, weathered faces in their slim, trim khaki they seem like a race of Amazons. Last August the English papers warned the English women to be prepared to volunteer for work in France to the number of 30,000 a month. These Tommy-Waacs, as they call them, are working at every conceivable thing to which the limited woman's strength can be brought—anything that will release men for the trenches.

During the first part of the war whenever I put the question to English officers, "Are you going to enfranchise your women after this war is over?" They always answered, "Before it is over." Our women have been magnificent. And, in fact, England stopped midway in the war to give its women the franchise. England did this as a war measure for by so doing she released the entire strength of their women citizens for war work. Whenever I think of the French women in the war I see this picture: A big room in a munitions factory with women operating strange machinery almost as fast as their eyes can reach. Near a tall robust olive-dark girl wrapped in a huge grease-stained apron, her arms bare to the shoulders and covered with machine grease to the elbows, working like lightning. She is lifting weights heavier than I would have thought any woman could lift. She is dirty and perspiring—as perfect a symbol of hard work as any man machinist. But her hair—the glory of the French woman always—is marcelled, curled, coiled, studded with hairpins, and hedged with brilliant side combs.

Heroic Grease-Stained Girl. The French artists have flooded France with idealistic pictures of women in this war. Slender, delicate creatures with floating hair, their bodies draped in the tricolor, they eternally leading the troops to victory. They are floating in the air above the soldiers' heads or appearing as visions to the dying in the battle field, or bearing their souls to paradise. I am always hoping that some French artist will see the symbolic value of those perspiring grease-stained girls working in the munitions factories, that some time a medal with such a scene on it will be struck off.

When we consider the French woman in this war we come upon changes so great and so many that it is almost impossible to catalogue them. The French novel perfectly portrayed the French woman of the pre-war period. She was distinguished by a kind of perfected femininity. She was exquisitely dressed, socially both charming and clever—an individualist—and she lived an individual life, meager, of course, but characterized by a great superficial beauty. But it ended soon as far as society was concerned. There is an old French saying that "Friendship between women is only a cessation of hostilities." And perhaps feminine France of the years previous to 1914 is to some degree summed up in that phrase.

Madame Was Boss. Then the peasant women were like the peasant women all over the world. They worked quite as hard as the men and sometimes at the very things that the men did. But as a sex they did not express themselves at all. The middle class French women of the pre-war period were, however, practically speaking, more feminine than any other women in the world. That is to say, the French woman of the bourgeois class was always the partner, whenever it was possible, in her husband's business. If they kept a cafe, for instance, he was cook or waiter, and she sat in the cashier's desk. There could never be any difference of opinion in observers as to who was boss. Madame held that enviable position. The leisure class women of that same remote period lived, as far as feminine activities are concerned, in a kind of incredible social loneliness. The young girl of France had none of the liberties that the young English girl or the young American girl takes as her right. She was kept quietly at home, and in due

time, in case she had a dot, she was married to a young man picked out for her by her parents. Marriage alone released her abilities and efficiencies. Even then she lived entirely in her family and her husband. His career became her career, his game her game, and to the furtherance of his future she brought all that she had of charm, social training, power to influence people and intelligent ambition.

Those pre-war French women, many French novels to the contrary notwithstanding, made perfect wives and mothers. But they ended there. They had apparently no social vision, no sense of responsibility to their sex or to society. Each was a pirate craft. They stayed in the home perfectly content never to leave it, except only as the social game required it.

French Women Changed Utterly. The war has changed all that—changed it completely and changed it forever. The French woman has never been the same since August, 1914, and she will never be the same again. Those peasant women, for instance, who only co-operated with their husbands to run the farms, are now running them all alone—running them with an enormous interest in the work, and running them, it is whispered, in some cases with more progressive ideas than were ever brought to the task before. All over France are little farming communities, which are as much governed by women as though the other sex had entirely disappeared from the world. And, indeed, that other sex has disappeared from their peaceful agricultural world. They have been swallowed by that cruel world of the trenches, which, alas, often keeps them for eternity.

The middle class women also are not only helping to run the business in which they acted as partners before the war, but they are often running it alone. In addition, they are doing all kinds of things that have never before been done by women in France. Everybody knows—because our newspapers are filled with pictures of them—that they serve as conductors on trams and trains, as bus drivers and taxi drivers, as starters, elevator girls and farmerettes; but they have also invaded the factories, the departments stores, and the banks, not only as workers, but as governing powers.

Have Become Cosmopolitan. Then, too, perhaps the French women have been thrown into contact with more foreigners than any other nation. Offhand it would be difficult to count the number of countries represented by soldiers in France. I remember that in the 14th of July procession in Paris in 1916 representatives of 14 countries marched, and that was before we had come into the war. This influx of the youth of almost a score of countries has forced French women to open their doors to multitudes of strangers. It has helped to break down that cherished seclusion of the young girl. It has brought her into contact with all kinds of minds and all kinds of ideas. Inevitably, it seems to me, after this war is over, that seclusion of the young girl will become a thing of the past. Inevitably the dot system will go with it. Inevitably freedom of all kinds will come to the French woman. How soon she will demand the ballot nobody knows, but it seems to me to be only a question of time before her, fine French intelligence will teach her that before you can enter the house of social freedom you must possess yourself of its key.

Forced to Organize. As for the leisure-class women, an enormous burden has been placed upon them. Consider the matter of hospitals alone with 100,000 wounded, the result, perhaps, of the death mills in a single week, to be taken care of. Not only have the women had to help meet this gigantic situation, but they have had to organize living conditions for the refugees which have poured first from Belgium, then from invaded northern France, through Switzerland into southern France, and from Serbia. They have had to provide these people with food and clothes, with places to live, with money and with work. In addition, as war conditions grew more stringent, they have had to take care of the war cripples, the blind, the undernourished and the tubercular. This enormous organizing burden did not come upon them slowly and by degrees; it came all at once and it kept coming all of the time. The French women have had to learn how to organize and then to co-operate; and at first, it must be admitted, they were not clever at it.

But they were nationally characterized by the fine intelligence of French culture and they have progressed by leaps and bounds. They are now utilizing every element of their extraordinary domestic efficiency in their public work.

Italy Superb in Defeat. When I think of the Italian women in the war I see this picture. I was in the Italian war zone when the disaster of last November came. I fled from Venice with the first refugees. We went in the train to Mestre, where one changes into the train to Rome. It was 8 o'clock at night and we should have made immediate connections. The station master told us that the train to Rome was 15 minutes late. At the end of 15 minutes he said it was a half hour late. At the end of a half hour he said it was an hour late. Later he admitted he did not know when it would come. In the meantime the station was in the scene of the wildest confusion. Trains were filling with troops with an almost miraculous quickness and speeding north to the endangered line. Civilian population was pouring into the station from all the country round. I was ordered to go into the waiting room and stay there. I was a foreigner and might be a spy. In that moment of awful stress the Italian authorities were taking no chances. Near me in the station sat a little Italian mother, refugee, surrounded by babies and bundles. One little boy lay in her arms asleep; a second lay at one side asleep; a third lay at the other side asleep; a fourth lay on a near bench, asleep. How old she, alone, take care of all of those babies and all of those bundles in her flight

to the south, for she was little, frail and delicate? Yet somehow she has come to symbolize all Italy to me—Italy staggering under enormous burdens, yet patient, watchful, resolved, ready to meet any situation.

And so the Italian woman, perhaps, naturally less feminine than either the French or the English woman, has been forced into all kinds of war work that has taken her out of the home. The Russian woman has had an extraordinary career in this war. She even organized that world-famous Battalion of Death. But for years before this war the Russian woman has been working with the Russian man to bring about the revolution. They have long played so heroic a part in their national affairs that many people put them for ability first among the women of Europe.

War Crushes Women, Too. Out of the nearly 12,000,000 who have died since 1914 over a half million have been women, and as the direct result of war activities. These include the Armenian women who were massacred by the Turks, Serbian women killed by the Austrians, civilian women who died in Belgium and northern France, army nurses, women workers in munition factories and civilian women living close to or within the war zone, women killed in Zeppelin and aeroplane raids and on the water by submarines.

War, as it is waged today, is waged against women as well as against men, and by women as well as by men; and the women have risen to their opportunity. They are fighting this war in a different way, but quite as hard as the men are fighting it. The result of the war will turn Europe into a woman's world. It is a heart-breaking truth, but it is a truth, that so many men have been killed that the women of Europe must be not only the women of Europe for a generation or two, but they must be the men of Europe.

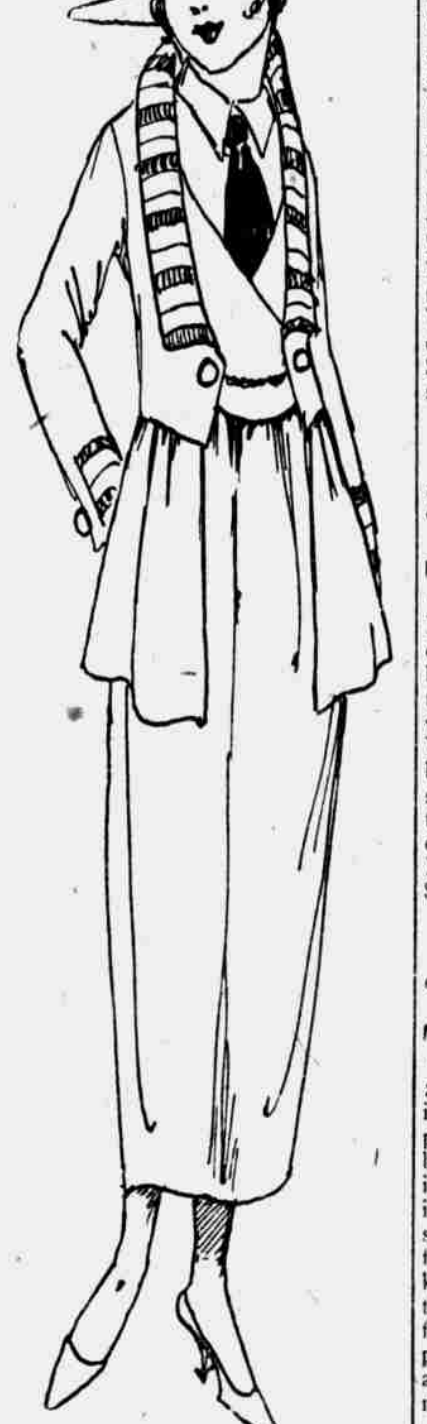
In Lyons they told us that in ordering machinery from America manufacturers said: "Make everything smaller and lighter than in the past, for in the future women must work these machines." That detail, perhaps more strongly than any other, points out the new duties that women must take upon themselves the moment peace is declared.

File Clerks in Demand. File clerks are needed by the government, salaries \$1,000 to \$1,200 a year. Both men and women are eligible. Examinations will take place July 10. Applicants must have had at least a year's experience, or must have done filing work in connection with other office work for at least two years.

Nurses, both men and women, will be examined July 19 for Panama Canal service. Men's salaries range from \$95 to \$125 a month and women's from \$85 to \$100.

White Serge Eton

By GERTRUDE BERESFORD.



White serge Etons are popular for seashore and mountains. Sometimes the Eton is made of a brilliant shade of rose or blue and colored in white serge or gabardine, and worn with a white skirt. This model of white gabardine wears an unusual collar of navy and white striped silk. The vest of charmeuse satin is crossed by blue silk cord, which holds the Eton under two pearl buttons. With a white silk sports shirt is worn a navy blue tie. A sailor hat of the same popular shade of blue is a fitting finish for this extremely smart suit. The skirt is cut with a tunic at sides and back. If this suit is made up with white collar and cuffs, a variety of waistcoats in stripe or plain rose, or blue charmeuse, worn with a hat and parasol to match, will be a distinctly novel touch.



Lets go shopping With Polly

When heat turns thoughts to summer garb And Old Sol shines intensively, Then all the sheerst fabrics come And smile (not inexpressively) To join in Country Club affairs, To frolic on the green or beaches; Ah! one cannot describe the height To which their charm and beauty reaches,

Sheer organdie comes hand in hand With satin, jersey, silk or serge. And, lo! from out the trend of things We see Plain Calico emerge— They've dubbed her "India Cotton Print." Such artifice has been employed And Sports Clothes are so feminine, Miladi's heart is quite o'erjoyed.

IT'S A wise wardrobe that numbers among its possessions a frock from the House of Flanders, for it may be sure of something chic and unusual if the responsibility has been laid at the door of this famous dress-making shop. Imagine if you can a dainty frock of striped voile—as delicious, if you please, as old-fashioned peppermint candy. Over this is slipped a tiny overblouse of white, brodered all round with heavy button-holding in black floss; a butterfly motif adorning the front. Three broad tucks and a wide 14-inch hem distinguish the skirt, while the sleeves are of the graceful, flowing type. And then think if you can of all this stylefulness for \$11.75! Yes! it's actually so, and this and similar models in blue and white and black and white may be seen at F. W. Thorne's smart uptown shop, 1812 Farnam.

White jersey makes some of the most charming dresses of the year.

DO YOU like soft, silken things next to your skin? Then choose to your heart's delight from the pink silk pretties at Lamond's, for this smart shop on the second floor Securities Bldg., has just added a wonderful line of lingerie, which is altogether alluring in beauty and fascinating in value. Lovely white things have been sent from the Philippines, showing quantities of delicately done embroidery—really considering the work that is on them, they are very inexpensive. The luxurious crepe de chine and wash satin "undies," with lace foam, dainty embroidery and tiny French flowers are exquisite beyond words. There are gowns, petticoats, pettibockers, camisoles, Marguerites and Lucilles—in fact, all the latest whims and fancies to gratify the fastidious taste of the woman who adores pretty underthings.

Lovely voile smocks are now shown in our shops. A very pretty one noted was of daffodil yellow, with collars, cuffs and pockets of crisp, white organdie embroidered in daisies.

FOR the "dawn of the day" table—even if it is only "just the family," you can serve strawberries on pink glass plates! There! Doesn't that sound delectable—even though you must serve war bread with the berries. They have these perfectly delicious looking pink glass plates with bowls to match at Orchard & Wilhelm's Gift Shop, and there's no reason on earth why you shouldn't make the family happy by giving them a dainty table, even if you are not entertaining now.

SPECIAL!—very special indeed! Japanese hand-embroidered silk and cotton crepe kimonos will be offered at very special prices this week at the little shop of the Nippon Importing Company, 218 South 18th St. There are dozens and dozens of different styles. Some of them are embroidered in stork, bird and butterfly designs so dear to the Oriental, or in artistic floral ideas. Wherever you spend your summer vacation a kimono like one of these is a positive necessity, a comfort and an aid to beauty. The silk ones are priced \$4.95 to \$10.95—cotton crepes, \$1.95 to \$3.25.

One of the newest ideas in millinery is the helmet bonnet modeled after the steel hat worn by the soldiers in the trenches. I've seen only one model in Omaha, but I understand that this hat is quite the craze in New York since the visit from the Belgian soldiers.

DON'T give up the pleasure of wearing dainty, filmy blouses and dresses, or sheer silk hosiery, because of superfluous fuzz or hair on the arms, or lower limbs. The Franco-American Toilet Requisites Shop at 722 Brandeis Building offers a depilatory which will harmlessly and quickly remove this objectionable feature. Depilogene is a preparation which has been most carefully prepared, and highly recommended. It is priced 50c.

The old-fashioned print calico in tiny flower and sprigged patterns is now seen in combination with white organdie to make very charming hats. Calico hats are now very vogue at the eastern summer resorts.

Remember, I'm always happy to help you out with ideas and to do your shopping. If you want a blouse, a wedding gift, or flowers to send a sick friend—anything, in fact, from a pair of pins to a piano, I'll buy it for you. Be sure to state the price and as many details as possible when writing to me, and kindly enclose stamp for reply (not a stamped envelope). Purchases will be sent C. O. D. unless accompanied by check, money order or bank draft.

Address POLLY THE SHOPPER, Omaha Bee.

To Reduce Waste Paper is at a premium in this country and as a means of reducing waste the fuel administration has decided to prohibit its use in various ways. The unnecessary wrapping of food will be prohibited, it is announced. Useless editions of books, the packing of candy in paper and the making

DAINTINESS exemplified—that is what will be said of the Summer Girl of 1918 who steps forth in a frock of the purest, snowy white, for never have white fabrics been so alluring. I saw the loveliest array of these at Thompson, Belden's White Goods Section, all waiting to be magicked into the most adorable of summer-time frocks. There were plain imported French and English voiles, so beautifully manufactured that they had the soft, sheer appearance of Georgette,—these are 75c to \$1.75 a yard. Lace voiles—so cobwebby and cool, were shown me in plain effects and patterns with different arrangements of embroidered dots, at 50c to 65c per yard. Then there was organdy, that quaint, bashful fabric, which has become the Cinderella of the season—nothing more exquisite for brides and bridesmaids' dresses—and priced 75c to \$2. And I mustn't forget to mention pearl lawn and pearl batiste—lovely imported silky finished fabrics which lend themselves admirably to hand embroidery—these are priced at 65c, \$1 and \$1.25 per yard.

A new tam conceived from the "Blue Devils of France," was seen in one of our Millinery Shop windows. It suggests the hat worn by those picturesque fighters of France.

SUNSHINY days and summer frocks call for pretty parasols. You can have your last year's parasol or umbrella beautifully mended and repaired or the frame entirely recovered at the Western Umbrella Company, 213 South 9th Street.

Wall-flower red is a new shade which vies with geranium for popularity.

THEY look like "the stuff that dreams are made of"—do the new summertime negligees at Thompson, Belden's. But these negligees have adopted a new creed of service; realizing their importance for service in the few leisure hours at home the activities of the times leave to women, they have intensified their charms by an engaging simplicity. Fascinating from the first frill of lace on a coatee of Georgette which veils the pinkness of soft crepe-de-chine, to the last button on one of tailored smartness made of baby blue taffeta, which looks much more like a party coat than a negligee. I know you'll succumb, just as I did, to the beauty of these destructively beautiful negligees.

Pretty blouses are made of white pongee, with plaid silk gingham collars and cuffs.

OLD Sol's persuasive smile has indeed induced many a man to accept the challenge, "coats off." But every man should be properly equipped for the doffing of the topmost garment. He must have the right kind of suspenders to look well-dressed. The invisible, vest-off suspenders which sell for 60c at Lucien Stephens Shop for Men, 1901 Farnam, are the "best ever" for this purpose. There are heaps of other warm-weather accessories for the smart dresser at this shop.

NEWS!—and such good news, too! We the W. H. Eldridge Importing Company at 1318 Farnam, will offer their beautiful line of silk Pullman sets for \$11.95—just think of it! Why they're worth dollars and dollars more than that! There are several different styles and every one exquisitely hand-embroidered. A kimono, cap and slippers—and an envelope bag in which to conveniently tuck them away when not in use comprise the set. You never saw anything neater and prettier in all your life for the summer trip. And besides these Pullman sets there are a few beautiful silk, hand embroidered kimonos very specially priced for this sale at \$7.95 and \$10.95.

JUST the thing for outdoorsing!—tennis, golf, picnics or boating! Well-made middie dresses of pure white linene. The skirts are full and pleated, allowing plenty of freedom of movement. An attractive emblem adorns the sleeve and front of blouse. The price is \$9.85 at Herzberg's Women's Toggery, 1517 Douglas—and they come in sizes 14 to 40.

A WHOLE TRUNKFUL OF USEFUL VACATION NECESSITIES. FIRST buy your trunk, and then proceed to buy the pretty things you need— A satin coat—a cretonne smock A linen suit—a lovely frock, Blouses galore—both heavy and fine, To put on any or every time. For afternoon, silk or chiffon, Georgette crepe or a chic "slip-on." Costume for riding—and bathing suit. And any and every kind of boot. Pumps and oxfords—high boots, too. Be sure to have some hosiery blue, And evening gown—Q'est tres jolie! And heaps and heaps of lingerie.

Adios 'till next week, Yours, Polly



cheaper in the end, because of their absolute cleanliness, better flavor, uniform weight and elimination of waste. "We don't care whether they wrap our packages or not," said a prominent club woman in attendance at one of my lectures recently. "In fact, we are proud to let the labels show when we are buying quality products."