

WOMEN IN WARTIME

Red Cross Workers Home First of Month for Call to Duty

Already there is a hint of fall in the air. The plumed heads of the golden-rod nod at us from the roadsides and the purple asters like "a smoke upon the hills" tell us more poignantly than words of the approach of the season of brilliant foliage and hazy skies.

Even the spacious rooms at Red Cross headquarters have been deserted for the past month while the busy women who plied their needles all winter were enjoying a well-earned rest.

Many workers have stayed at their posts through the stifling heat. Mrs. A. L. Reed has been at her desk every day. Mrs. George Prinz and Mrs. Lucien Stephens have "stayed on the job," and Mrs. Howard Baldrige said that she would take her vacation when the kaiser took his, so that the warehouse has been the summer resort for Mrs. Baldrige.

Unique Party for Soldiers. A "backward" party will be given to 35 soldier boys Wednesday evening at the Patriotic club rooms by the W. D. T. club.

Seek Occupations in War Time. There seems to be no avenue of occupation which is not open to ambitious girls in war time. Miss Irene Rosewater, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Rosewater, is one of the late recruits and is now employed in the laboratories at Swift's.

Accepted for Service Abroad. Miss Eva Renwick, superintendent of the De Lee dispensary of Chicago, has been accepted for Red Cross service in France.

W. C. T. U. Meeting. Mrs. E. P. Sweezy will entertain the Omaha W. C. T. U. at the regular meeting Wednesday afternoon at her home, 1825 Emmet street.

Y. W. C. A. ACTIVITIES. Five-thirty is the popular meeting hour tonight for Patriotic league activities at the Young Women's Christian association, as well as for those held outside the association building.

Patriotic Society Gives Flags. Nebraska chapter, Colonial Dames of America, has presented the Young Women's Christian association, through Mrs. Charles Offutt, state chairman for the war fund campaign, with two beautiful silk flags.

RIGHT OFF THE REEL. The next screen appearance of Sessue Hayakawa, the eminent Japanese motion picture actor, will be in "His Birthright," the first picture made by his own producing company.

Miss Gail Kane makes some startling departures from her usual costuming in the new Mutual drama, "The Daredevil," a play built by J. Clarkson Miller from the book by Marie Thompson Davison, upon which the star is now at work.

Mrs. August Belmont in Red Cross War Council. Mrs. August Belmont, of New York, has accepted the appointment as an assistant to the War Council of the American Red Cross, according to an announcement by Henry P. Davison, chairman of the Red Cross.

Electric Washer. BEFORE BUYING YOUR SEE E. B. Williams HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES 308 S. 18th St. Phone Tylr. 1011.

"Dreamland Adventures"

By DADDY—The Five Tramps

A complete, new adventure each week beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER II. The Birds to the Rescue.

(Lonesome Bear, after gaining his freedom from Fate, his master, through the help of Peggy, is captured by tramps. Peggy trying to aid him is herself made captive.)

PEGGY felt very small and weak in the hands of the tramps. So strong was the grip of the two men upon her arms that it was useless to struggle.

Now she knew how Lonesome Bear must have felt when he was dragged back into dancing slavery. Now she knew how it was with the birds when they were prisoners of the Giant of the Woods.

Lonesome Bear moaned continuously as he was pulled and prodded along by Tags.

"My poor Princess Peggy, I am so sorry I got you into trouble," he wailed. "I'd rather live and die in slavery than have you the prisoner of these awful men!"

General Swallow, swooping back and forth just above the tree tops, was shrieking a call to Birdland at the top of his voice.

"Arouse! Arouse, ye people of Birdland!" he shrielled. "Peggy, our Princess is a captive! To the rescue! To the rescue!"

The call echoed and re-echoed through the woods as other birds took it up.

"To the rescue! To the rescue! Peggy, our princess is a captive!"

Birds came flocking from all directions. Like people running to a fire, they dropped whatever they were doing when the alarm sounded.

"To the rescue! To the rescue! Peggy, our princess is a captive!"

New courage leaped into Peggy's heart as she saw the birds answer to the call. She had friends who would fight for her; this was no time to despair; rather it was a time to use her wits and plan an escape.

But what could the birds do against the tramps, particularly if the tramps were armed. And they were armed—Peggy saw a pistol sticking from the pocket of one of the men whom the others called Hal the Fat. The birds would be easy prey to men with weapons.

The tramps thought so, too. Tags looked up at the gathering cloud of birds and grinned.

"Potpie for supper!" he shouted to his companions, waving his stick toward the birds. They laughed and Hal the Fat chanted:

Sing a song of six pence, pocket full of shyness, Four and twenty blackbirds baking in a pie. When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing; Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the king?

"If they stick around until I get PERSONALS. Among the Omahans vacationing in Colorado are: Mrs. T. Loftus and daughters, Florence and Mary; C. A. Buggs, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Devore, Harry S. Marks, Jacob Slosburg, jr.; A. L. Sutton and family, W. A. Fraser, W. I. and L. L. Garmen, Adrienne Walker and Mrs. E. I. Hardy and daughter, Ruth.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Calkins have returned from their wedding trip and are with Mrs. Calkins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scribner.

Mrs. Ralph M. Rothschild accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Theresa Arnstein, has returned to Omaha from Des Moines as they will spend the winter here.

Mrs. Arnold Borglum and daughter, Jean, are spending a week at Wall Lake.

Mrs. E. H. Howland, Mrs. E. P. Boyer and Miss Marjorie Howland returned Friday from Clear Lake, where they have spent the summer.

Mr. H. D. Buchanan of Chicago spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan was en route to Grand Island to enlist.

Corp. Harold Neely returned to Fort Sill Sunday evening, after a brief visit with his parents at the Sanford hotel. Corporal Neely is with the 127th field artillery, formerly the Fourth Nebraska.

Mrs. F. C. Johnson left Sunday evening for her home in St. Louis, after spending five or six weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Greevy.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Jackson, who are motoring through northern Wisconsin, are now at Eagle Inn, Ephraim, Wis.

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"POTPIE FOR SUPPER" HE SHOUTED TO HIS COMPANIONS.

my hands on the old shotgun they'll do no more singing and we'll have pie for a week," chortled the third man, whose name was Laughing Jake.

Peggy had a new anxiety now. The birds might do something rash trying to save her and the tramps might kill them. If she could only cry out to warn them. They must not sacrifice themselves for her.

The gag in her mouth made it very hard to breathe and soon Peggy was in distress. Laughing Jake noticed this and swung her up to his shoulder. That made it a little easier for her, but she found it was not nearly so nice riding on his shoulder as a captive as it was to ride in fun on the shoulder of her father or of the Giant of the Woods.

After a while they came to denser woods, and Peggy lost sight of the birds, although she could hear their loud calls from the treetops. The tramps forced their way through the thick underbrush and came out upon

a small clearing at the edge of the river. Here was their camp. In the center stood a rude hut or wigwam made of poles and branches of trees. In front of it smoldered a fire. Near the river bank two more tramps were nailing heavy slats on the side of a dry goods box.

"Hello, Raggedy Jim and Bertie the Boozer, have you got the chicken coop ready?" called out one of Peggy's captors. "Here's a nice young chicken to look up in it."

"Raggedy Jim and Bertie the Boozer looked up in surprise. Then they sprang to their feet.

"What's this? Where did you get that girl?" shouted Raggedy Jim, who was the youngest of all the tramps.

"We'll not stand for any kidnaping stunts," mumbled Bertie the Boozer. "Nothing like that. We'll tell you about it later, answered Laughing Jake, swinging Peggy to the ground.

At that moment there came a shrill call from the woods. "Charge to the rescue! To the rescue of Peggy, our Princess!"

Instantly the clearing was filled with birds. They attacked the tramps with wild fury. The tramps fought back, lashing at the feathered warriors with flying arms. Peggy felt herself picked up and thrust into the coop. A big padlock was snapped upon the door. Then she heard Laughing Jake shout:

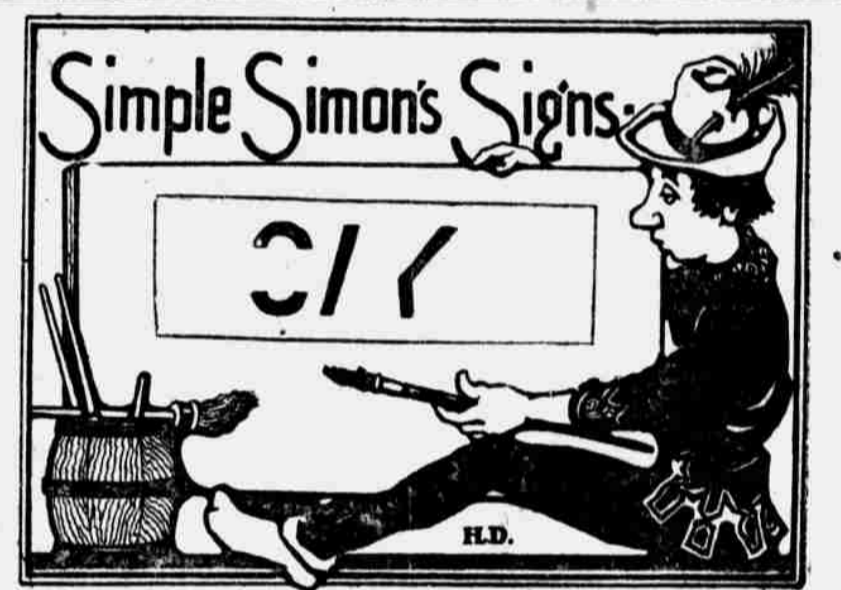
"I'll get my gun! Potpie for supper!"

Peggy knew the birds stood no chance. They couldn't get her out of the cage and they would be mowed down by the shotgun. She tore the gag from her mouth and shouted with all her might:

"Fly for your lives, my Birds! They've got a gun! You can't save me this way! Fly, fly, fly! Peggy's your Princess, commands you! Fly!"

At once the birds obeyed. As sudden as they had come they disappeared. Peggy found herself alone with the five tramps—alone except for Lonesome Bear, and he was chained fast to a stake at the opposite side of the clearing.

(Tomorrow will tell how the birds and Billy Belgium try a different way to rescue Peggy.)



Complete the letters of Simon's sign—they will spell the name of a tree. Answer to previous puzzle—BALL PLAYER

FLICKS OF FASHION

Vogues of the Moment in Omaha Shops

Of a surety life holds a few joys when these "dog-days" of August strike terror to our hearts! At least it does for the shopping reporter, whose privilege it is to view beautiful things just as they are taken from their tissue wrappings.

In fact the charm of the new fashions for fall and winter cast such a spell over me yesterday afternoon, that in my interest I quite forgot that the thermometer registered a hundred in the shade, and it was only the ding-donging of the bell in the big department store, where I was being so delightfully entertained by two of the clever buyers, that brought me to the realization that it was a hot day, and the early closing hour of five.

"Of course Paris is not sending over the amount of things that she formerly did," remarked one of these buyers, as she showed me some very lovely frocks of satin and serge. "but she certainly has put her whole soul in the designing of styles—they are absolutely different—charming!"

There was one Jeanne Lanvin frock of navy tricotage that she produced for my inspection, with which I immediately fell in love. "Delightfully juvenescent—isn't it?" she enthused. "Note these simple lines so characteristic of Lanvin!—this Russian blouse front!—and the petal-like folds of the material which form the collar!" I certainly caught her enthusiasm; it was so youthful in its charm.

Then there was an afternoon frock by Jenny, that I declare was a beauty. Numerous rows of fine, tailored blue on the little apron sides of the braid serge portion, were topped by an over-basque (Oh! my eyes "basques" are with us again!) of black satin, which had a perfect regiment of tiny buttons marching in soldierly precision down the front.



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