

Women in War Time

Mass Meeting for Women War Workers To Be Held Wednesday

What was originally planned for a department meeting of the Y. W. C. A. interests, to be held Wednesday morning in connection with the state meeting of the war camp recreational societies, will be turned into a mass meeting for women representing all activities, not only those merged with the Y. W. C. A. for the drive, but women's clubs, Red Cross, trade union leagues, defense councils, county or state, parent-teacher associations, suffrage clubs and the like.

The meeting will be called at the Y. W. C. A. auditorium at 10:30, with Mrs. Charles Olfert presiding. Coming especially for this session are Mrs. Andrew Leish of Glenwood, Ill., chairman of the Central department, and Miss Edith Stanton, department director. They will present woman's part in the war, following with women's part in the coming united campaign.

The rest of the program will be given to four-minute reports by the state bureau heads and to an address by Miss Clarissa Spence of London, secretary of the world Y. W. C. A. She will talk on the Y. W. C. A. in Russia.

The association's representation at the meeting will be made up of the state committee, composed of the state chairman's cabinet, district leaders and association president of the state. The Omaha association board and speakers from all over the state who attended the institution held here the latter part of August will also be expected.

A luncheon is to be given at the Y. W. building at 12:30, for which all attending the session are invited to make reservation.

Omaha Man Writes of Hun Onslaught

Experiences in Paris during the great German offensive are vividly described in a letter received by Helen Robinson of Omaha from her brother, Robert, who is in the postal service in Paris. His letter ran in part:

"I have had the experience of seeing what the effects of a really great offensive are. When the Germans came forward toward Paris, the refugees by the thousands came to all the railroad stations, some of them the most pitiful looking beings, to be taken care of by the different charitable institutions, the government, and more especially the American Red Cross and the American Y. M. C. A. It is hard to describe some of the sights one sees at such times. Some carry their few belongings in a handkerchief or a little bag. Whole families, old and young, are looking for protection and safety. These sights were seen some little while ago, as you recall. Now we see the reverse. The same people are on their way back to what remains of their former homes, but in a different spirit, such a feeling of joy that they are returning. The Germans are gradually, but I judge much faster than they wish, being driven back into their own country, where they are being taken care of by the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and other organizations. I am sure they can now read the handwriting on the wall, 'Liberty for the whole world.'"

"We haven't had an air raid now for some little time, and I guess Kaiser Bill has had other things to occupy his mind, although the last four days he has been taking out a little spite on us by using Big Bertha (the long range gun). The first day she was quite busy, firing they say about 17 shells. The second day, not so many, and yesterday only four or five, and today one at ten minutes to 1 o'clock, so I suppose we won't have any more. I think our soldiers are going to capture that gun and turn it around the other way. The bombardment with the big gun during the last four days has been rather general over the whole city but the casualties have not been very heavy. Its effects do not amount to anything compared to the damages of the air raiders and our boys are giving them something in return, which may be the reason they are slowing up."

"Among the interesting things in the city is to be on the main boulevards on Sunday afternoon, especially when it is nice, and see the people promenading. In front of the cafes people sit on the walks around little tables, under an awning and sip coffee, wine, lemonade or something of that sort and 'rubber' at the people passing by. During the big German offensive, no one would have ever dreamed the enemy was within 40 miles of Paris, judging from the unconcerned way people were taking things."

Young Girls Not to Canvass

In the campaign for war funds in which the war work council of the Y. W. C. A. is participating, no girl under 18 years of age will be used to solicit money in any way, either on the street or in a house-to-house canvass. This is a resolution recently adopted by the Y. W. C. A. war work council. All money contributed by girls under 18 shall be given by the girls themselves or earned in a way approved by the campaign managers.

Red Cross

Fifty whisky barrels have been donated to the salvage department by the sheriff. These are good, clean barrels and will be sold at \$2 apiece. John Maher, 4349 Seward street, has given the salvage department a case of baking powder, which will be sold for 25 cents a can. This is the third case of baking powder Mr. Maher has given the department. Mechanics classes of the motor corps will meet Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays at 4 o'clock. W. R. Coleman, Apperson sales rooms, is instructor. A new class meeting at 8 o'clock Friday evening, has been started to accommodate those who cannot attend the daytime classes, and begins this week. Meeting of the Forty-second and Douglas street auxiliary, Mrs. L. E. Smith, chairman, will be resumed Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock in the McCabe Methodist church.

SOCIETY

FLUTTERING blue veils and white aprons are proving the open sesame to many unique experiences to the charming young women who are willing workers in the canteen service. It seems a bit hard at times to be called at any hour to cheer the passing soldiers with cigars and chocolate but there are many compensations.

The troop trains were late Saturday evening and a unit composed of the members of the Woman's Press club were patiently waiting at the depot for the distant rumble of the train which would herald the arrival of the men in khaki. Suddenly a queer cortege came into the station. It was composed of a pretty young girl, whom the newest paper woman recognized as Miss Lysiane Bernhardt, a cheery little French doctor and numerous actors and actresses. But these individuals were forgotten for the center, in her sedan chair, sat the Divine Sarah herself. Her train was late also, and in response to her smiles and interest in their canteen uniforms the young women had a most delightful chat with the great actress and with the members of her company.

Aside from the members of the canteen unit were Mrs. L. J. Healy and Mr. and Mrs. Ed P. Boyer, who were also privileged to talk with Miss Bernhardt and to catch the last glimpse of her as she was gently lifted into the train.

Isetta Smith left Sunday for Lake Forest, Ill., where she will resume her studies at Ferry Hall, making a specialty of music.

Mrs. John W. Batin has gone to Arkansas for a month's visit.

Mr. Lawrence B. Hogue left Sunday evening for Clinton, N. Y., where he will enter Hamilton college. Mr. Hogue will stop in Chicago and Ottumwa enroute.

Mr. Joseph P. Seymour left last Monday for Nitro, W. Va., to enter governmental service.

Miss Linda Hill of El Paso, Tex., arrived Sunday to be the guest of Miss Marjorie Howland.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Luberger have taken an apartment in the Elwood.

Seymour Lake club members are closing their cottages and moving into town. Among those who returned during the last week were Messrs. and Mesdames H. H. Roberts, E. A. Knapp, J. M. McCarthy and J. D. Ringer.

State Meeting Woman's Liberty Loan Committee

Ninety district and county chairmen of the State Woman's Liberty Loan committee, attended a state conference at the Lincoln hotel, Lincoln, Friday, September 13 and Saturday, September 14. Mrs. A. G. Peterson, state chairman, presided. Organization for the Fourth Liberty loan was completed.

Friday evening district chairmen met in conference and addresses were given by Mrs. George Bass, Chicago, national secretary of the National Woman's Liberty Loan committee; Mrs. George W. Fuller, Kansas City, district chairman Woman's Liberty Loan committee of the Fourth Federal Reserve district; and Miss Sarka Hrbkova, Lincoln, state chairman Woman's Council for Defense.

Saturday morning reports were given by county chairmen, and at the luncheon, which followed, C. E. Matson, Lincoln, chairman of the Men's Liberty Loan committee for District No. 14, gave a welcoming address.

Mrs. Bass, in the address of the afternoon, made clear the status of women in the work of selling bonds. She said in effect that the National Woman's Liberty Loan committee is a committee appointed by the secretary of the treasury of the United States to help in the raising of money in the Liberty loan campaigns and works under the direction of the secretary of the treasury with offices in the Treasury department. Mrs. W. G. McAdoo is the national chairman; Mrs. Antoinette Funk, vice chairman; Mrs. George Bass is secretary, and Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip is treasurer.

Mrs. Fuller explained the nature of the work for the Fourth Liberty loan. Mrs. E. M. Syfert, state chairman of the county publicity chairmen of the county publicity chairmen Mrs. Peterson asked the women present not only to sell Liberty bonds, but to buy Liberty bonds.

WAR PUZZLES



RUSSIANS RESUME ATTEMPT TO TAKE HALICZ GALICIA Two years ago today, September 17, 1916. Find a soldier. YESTERDAY'S ANSWER Upper left hand corner down at elbow.

OH, MONEY! MONEY!

By Eleanor H. Porter

Author of "Pollyanna."

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CHAPTER XXIII. Reflections—Mirrored and Otherwise.

Miss Maggie was still sitting in the big chair with her face in her hands when the door opened and Mr. Smith came in. He was very white. Miss Maggie, dropping her hands and staring up at his entrance, caught a glimpse of his face in the mirror in front of her. With a furtive, angry dab of her fingers at her wet eyes, she fell to rearranging the vases and photographs on the mantel. "Oh, back again, Mr. Smith?" she greeted him, with studied unconcern. Mr. Smith shut the door and advanced determinedly. "Miss Maggie, I've got to face this thing out of course. Even if I had made a batch of things at the very start, it didn't help to run away as I did. And I was a coward to do it. It was only because I— But never mind that. I'm coming now straight to the point. Miss Maggie, will you—marry me?"

The photograph in Miss Maggie's hand fell face down on the shelf. Miss Maggie's fingers caught the edge of the mantel in a convulsive grip. A swift glance in the mirror before her disclosed Mr. Smith's face just over her shoulder, earnest, pleading, and still very white. She dropped her gaze, and turned half away. She did not want to meet Mr. Smith's eyes just then. She tried to speak, but only a half-choking little breath came. Then Mr. Smith spoke again. "Miss Maggie, please don't say—no, yet. Let me—explain—about how I love you—how I love you—how I love you all these long months. I think I loved you from the first time I saw you. Whatever comes, I want you to know that. And if you could care for me a little—just a little, I'm sure I could make it more—in time, so you would marry me. And we would be so happy! Don't you believe I'd make you happy—dear?" "Yes, oh, yes," murmured Miss Maggie, still with her head turned away.

"Good! Then all you've got to say is that you'll let me try. And I will be happy, dear! Why, until I came here to this little house I didn't know what living, real living, was. And I have been, just as you said, a selfish old thing." Miss Maggie, with a start of surprise faced the image in the mirror; but Mr. Smith was looking at her, not at her reflection, so she did not meet his eyes. "Why, I never—" she stammered. "Yes, you did, a minute ago. Don't you remember? Oh, of course, you didn't realize—everything, and perhaps you wouldn't have said it if you'd known. But you said it—and you meant it, and I'm glad you said it. And, dear little woman, don't you see? That's only another reason why you should say yes. You can show me how not to be selfish."

"But, Mr. Smith, I—I—" stammered Miss Maggie, still with puzzled eyes. "Yes, you can. You can show me how to make life really worth while, for me, and for—for lots of other people. And now I have someone to care for. And, oh, little woman, I—I care so much, it can't be that you—you don't care any!" Miss Maggie caught her breath and turned away again. "Don't you care—a little."

The red crept up Miss Maggie's neck to her forehead, but still she was silent. "I could only see your eyes," pleaded the man. Then, suddenly he saw Miss Maggie's face in the mirror. The next moment Miss Maggie herself turned a little, and in the mirror Mr. Smith found his answer. "You do care—a little!" he breathed, as he took her in his arms.

"But I don't!" Miss Maggie shook her head. "What?" Mr. Smith's clasp loosened a little. "I care a great deal," whispered Miss Maggie to the coat collar, with shameless emphasis. "You—darling!" triumphed the man, bestowing a rapturous kiss on the tip of a small pink ear—the nearest point to Miss Maggie's lips that was available, until, with tender determination, he turned her face to his. A moment later, blushing rosily, Miss Maggie drew herself away. "There, we've been quite silly enough—old folks like us."

"We're not silly. Love is never silly—not real love like ours. Besides, we're only as old as we feel. Do you feel old? I don't. I've lost—years since this morning. And you know I'm just beginning to live—really live, anyway! I feel—21."

"I'm afraid you act it," said Miss Maggie, with mock severity. "You would—if you'd been through what I have," retorted Mr. Smith, drawing a long breath. "And when I think what a batch I made of it to begin with—You see, I didn't mean to start off with that, first thing; and I was so afraid—that that even if you did care for John Smith, you wouldn't care for me—just at first. But you do, dear!" At arms' length he held her off, his hands on her shoulders. His happy eyes searching her face saw the dawn of the dazed question.

"Wouldn't care for you if I did for John Smith! Why, you are John Smith. What do you mean?" she demanded, her eyes slowly sweeping him from head to foot and back again. "What do you mean?" Miss Maggie? Instinctively his tongue went back to the old manner of address, but his hands still held her shoulders. "You don't mean—you can't mean that—that you didn't understand—that you don't understand that I am—Oh, good heavens! Well, I have made a mess of it this time," he groaned. Releasing his hold on her shoulders, he turned and began to tramp up and down the room. "Nice little John. Alden. Miss Standish affair this is now, upon my word! Miss Maggie, have I got to—propose to you all over again for—for another man, now?" "For—another man! I—I don't think I understand you." Miss Maggie had grown a little white.

"Then you don't know—you didn't understand, a few minutes ago, when I—I spoke first, when I asked you about those twenty millions—?" She lifted her head quickly, pleadingly. "Mr. Smith, please, don't let us bring money into it at all. I don't care—I don't care a bit if you haven't got any money." "Mrs. Smith's jaw dropped. "If I haven't got any money!" he ejaculated stupidly. "No! oh, yes, I know, I said I loved money. The rich red came back to her face in a flood. "But I don't mean—face it—just as much of a test and an opportunity when you don't have money—more so, it anything. I didn't mean it—that way. I never thought of—of how you might take it—as if I wanted it. I don't—indeed, I don't! Oh, can't you—understand?" "Understand! Good heavens!" Mr. Smith tumbled up both his hands. "And I thought I'd given myself away, Miss Maggie!" "He came to her and stood close, but he did not over to touch her. "I thought, after I'd said what I did about those twenty millions that you understood—that you knew I was—Stanley Fulton himself."

"That you were—who?" Miss Maggie stood motionless, her eyes looking straight into his, amazed, incredulous. "Stanley Fulton. I am Stanley Fulton. My good Maggie, don't look at me like that. I thought—I had told you. Indeed I did!" "She was backing away now, slowly, step by step. Anger, almost loathing, had taken the place of the amazement and incredulity in her eyes. "And you are Mr. Fulton?" "Yes, yes, out—"

"And you have been here all these months—yes, years—under a false name, pretending to be what you weren't—talking to us, eating at our tables, winning our confidence, letting us talk to you about yourself, even mentioning that 'Oh, how could you?' your voice broke. "Maggie, dearest," he begged, springing toward her, "if you'll only let me—"

ful, and I—I'm so ashamed!" "Later—very much later, when something like lucid coherence had become an attribute of their conversation, as they sat together upon the old sofa, the man drew a long breath and said: "There is nothing to forgive." (Continued Tomorrow.)

Advertisement for Wrigley's chewing gum. Features a large circular graphic with the text 'For Victory Buy War Savings Stamps' and 'We will win this war— Nothing else really matters until we do!'. Images of Wrigley's Spearmint, Juicy Fruit, and Doublemint gum packs are shown.

Advertisement for Standard Potash Co. Features the large text 'POTASH' and 'Standard Potash Co. (Incorporated Under the Laws of Nebraska) Reduction Works at Lakeside, Nebraska'. Includes contact information for the Main Office at Omaha National Bank Building, Rooms 708-712, Douglas 246.