
The meeting will be called at the Y. W. C. A. auditorium at 10:30, with Mrs. Charles Offutt presiding. Coming especially for this session are Mrs. Andrew MacLeish of Glencoe, Ill., chairman of the Central department, and Miss Edith Stanton, department director. They will present woman's part in the war, following with woman'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 Spencer 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 ly lifted into the train, 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 institute 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 cago and Ottumwa enroute. described in a letter received by Helen Rohlfson 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 Miss Marjorie Howland. 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 French government, and more especially the American Red Cross and the Ameriscribe some of the sights one sees erts, E. A. Knapp, J. M. McCarthy can Y. M. C. A. It is hard to deat such times. Some carry their few and J. D. Ringer. 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 men of the State Woman's Liberty but in a different spirit, such a feeling of joy that they are returning. being driven back into their own country, where they belong. I am sure they can now read the handwriting on the wall, 'Liberty for the were given by Mrs. George Bass,

Bertha (the long range gun). The coln, state chairman Woman's first day she was quite busy, firing Council for Defense, they say about 17 shells. The second day, not so many, and yesterday only four or five, and today one at ten minutes to I o'clock, so I sup- Matson, Lincoln, chairman of the pose 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 cases 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.



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, 4549 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 7 oclock Friday evening, has been started to accommodate those who cannot attend the daytime classes, and begins this week.

Meetings of the Forty-second and 1916. Douglas street auxiliary, Mrs. L. B. Find a soldier, Smith, chairman, will be resumed YESTERDAY'S ANSWER Upper left hand corner down at McCabe Methodist church.

R LUTTERING blue veils and 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 department meeting of the Y. W. hour to cheer the passing soldiers C. A. interests, to be held Wednes- with cigarets and chocolate but

The troop trains were late Saturday evening and a unit comman'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

Suddenly a queer cortege came into the station. It was composed of a French doctor and numerous actors mantel. and actresses. But these individuals were forgotten for in 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

Aside from the members of the canteen unit were Mrs. L. J. Healy and Mr. and Mrs. Ed P. Boyer, who ere also privileged to talk with Mme. Bernhardt and to catch the last glimpse of her as she was gent-

******* Personals

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. Battin 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 Chi-

governmental service.

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

taken an apartment in the Elwood.

closing their cottages and moving came here to this little house I Maggie, with mock severity.

State Meeting Woman's Liberty Loan Committee

people are on their way back to conference at the Lincoln hotel, Linconference at the Li coln, Friday, September 13 and Saturday, September 14. Mrs. A. G. The Germans are gradually, but I Peterson, state chairman, presided. judge much faster than they wish, Organization for the Fourth Liberty loan was completed.

Friday evening district chairmen met in conference and addresses Chicago, national secretary of the 'We haven't had an air raid now National Woman's Liberty Loan for some little time, and I guess committee; Mrs. George W. Fuller, Kaiser Bill has had other things to Kansas City, district chairman occupy his mind, although the last Woman's Liberty Loan committee four days he has been taking out of the Tenth Federal Reserve disa little spite on us by using Big trict, and Miss Sarka Hrbkova, Lin-

> Saturday morning reports were given by county chairmen, and at more thrilling than any movie she the luncheon, which followed, C. E. had ever seen. The blazing fire, the Men's Liberty Loan committee for the droning squaws, the shadows District No. 14, gave a welcoming grotesquely frolicking on the walls 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 treasurer of the Ur' ed 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 publicity, outlined the work 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,

H. MONEY! MONEY So by Eleanor H. Porter

CHAPTER XXIII. Reflections-Mirrored and Otherwise.

Miss Maggie was still sitting in

and staring up at his entrance, be selfish."
caught a glimpse of his face in the "But. M pretty young girl, whom the news- tive, angry dab of her fingers at her zled eyes. paper women recognized as Miss wet eyes, she fell to rearranging the

Mr. Smith shut the door and ad-

vanced determinedly. Miss Maggie, I've got to face this thing out, of course. Even if I had -made a botch of things at the very start, it didn't help to run away as I did. And I was a coward to do it. was silent. It was only because I-I- But

hand fell face down on the shelf. Miss Maggie's fingers caught the answer. 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.

breath came.

Then Mr. Smith spoke again. 'Miss Maggie, please don't sayno, yet. Let me-explain-about how I came here, and let me tell you on the tip of a small pink ear-the how-how I love you-how I have nearest point to Miss Maggie's lips loved you all these long months, I that was available, until, with ten-I saw you. Whatever comes, I want face to his. you to know that. And if you could Mr. Joseph P. Seymour left last care for me a little—just a little. Monday for Nitro, W. Va., to enter I'm sure I could make it more—in care for me a little-just a little, Miss Maggie drew herself away. time, so you would marry me. And enough-old folks like us." we would be so happy! Don't you

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Luberger have away.
"Good! Then all you've got to say

ror; but Mr. Smith was looking at mean to start off with that, first

CHAPTER II.

The Indian Pilot.
(In the first chapte: Peggy is summoned by Judge Owi from the camp in the hills where she is staying. He guides her to Billy Belgium, who shows her a tribe of Indians starting on the warpath.)

Whoo-oop! Whoo-oop!

dancing Indians, while from a circle

of squaws in the background came a

wailing song, accompanied by the

Peggy felt her heart thump loud-ly. The picture before her eyes was

more thrilling than any movie she

painted red men whirling around it,

of the rocky basin-the sight was

enough to send the blood racing

One big warrior in particular held

her fascinated eyes. He was tall and

apparently very powerful, for he swung around his head a huge ax in-

stead of the usual Indian tomahawk

He crouched very low as he stamped

the ground viciously with his feet

then threw his head back as he let

As the savages circled around and

around they made motions as if

scalping unhappy captives. It would

be horrible to fall into the power of

"Are they really on the warpath?"

The dance had ended and the

braves had seated themselves around

the fire. The big Indian with the ax remained standing. He looked

very terrible in his eagle feathers and painted face. He folded his arms

and remained silent a moment as

the song of the squaws died away

and the throb of the tom-toms ceased. Then he began to speak

"Brothers of the wilderness, hark

to the voice of Chief Many Cows!" he said. "The hour of our freedom

the slaves of Pale Face ways. To-night we throw all that aside! To-

of the forest, worthy sons of the

hills in days of old, hunting the

deer and the bear, and tomahawk-

ing the invading Pale Faces. Whoo-

oop! Whoe-oop! I'm a wild Indian.
And with that Chief Many Cows

whirled his ax around his head and let it fly at a big tree far back in the

shadows. The ax struck with a re-

sounding whang, the blade sinking

tered their admiration. Chief Many

"He looks like Fred Snow, the vil-

lage milkman," whispered Billy Belgium. Peggy shook her head. To

her he didn't look a bit like a milk-

man. This was a genuine savage.

"We must make our freedom se-

fathers before us. We must kill; we

tack. By morning not a Pale Face

or in the villages. They will vanish

must go on the warpath as did our tack at dawn."

must take scalps. Tonight we at. Belgium.

Many Cows went on with his speech, tered eagerly around them.

shall be left in the mountain camps whispered. "Can't we warn them?"

before us as the snow before the selves, must stop the Indians."

April sun. I have spoken."

Peggy looked at Billy Belgium plot of the Indians.)

Cows surely was very powerful.

here. Too long have we been

night we become again the children to dance.

lowly and impressively.

whispered Peggy to Billy Belgium. "Sh-h-h-h Listen!" he answere!

beat of the tom-toms.

faster through her veins.

out his wolf-like howl,

such a cruel band.

"Dreamland Adventures"

By DADDY-THE WILD INDIANS

"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 her shoulders. His happy eyes if you'd known. But you said it— searching her face saw the dawn of the big chair with her face in her and you meant it, and I'm glad hands when the door opened and you said it. And, dear little wom-Mr. Smith came in. He was very an, don't you see? That's only another reason why you should say Miss Maggie, dropping her hands yes. You can show me how not to

"But, Mr. Smith, I-I-" stammirror in front of her. With a fur- mered Miss Maggie, still with puz-

"Yes, you can. You can show me Lysiane Bernhardt, a cheery little vases and photographs on the how to make life really worth while, for me, and for-for lots of "Oh, back again, Mr. Smith?" she others. And now I have some one greeted him, with studied uncon- to care for. And, oh, little woman, -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

"If I could only see your eye never mind that. I'm coming now pleaded the man. Then, suddenly straight to the point. Miss Maggie, he saw Miss Maggie's face in the will you—marry me?"

Miss Maggie's face in the mirror. The next methent Miss mirror. The next meanent Miss The photograph in Miss Maggie's Maggie herself turned a little, and in the mirror Mr. Smith found his

"You do care-a little!" breathed, as he took her in "But I don't!" Miss Maggie shook

coat collar. "What?" Mr. Smith's clasp loos-Smith's eyes just then. She tried to speak, but only a half-choking little breath came.

ened a little.

"I care a great deal," whispered Miss Maggie to the coat collar, "I care a great deal," whispered

with shameless emphasis. "You-darling!" triumphed

A moment later, blushing rosily, "There, we've been quite silly

"We're not silly. Love is never believe I'd make you happy—dear?" silly—not real love like ours. Be-"Yes, oh, yes,," murmured Miss sides, we're only as old as we feel. Maggie, still with her head turned Do you feel old? I don't. I've lost away, Miss Maggie." tie came to

turned during the last week were was. And I have been, just as you through what I have," retorted Mr. Smith, drawing a long breath, "And cris, E. A. Knapp, I. M. McCarthy Mice Manual Control of the cris, E. M. McCarthy Mice Manual Control of the cris, E. M. McCarthy Mice Manual Control of the cris, E. M. McCarthy Mice Manual Control of Smith, drawing a long breath. "And prise faced the image in the mir- of it to begin with-You see, I didn't

"Whoo-oop! Whoo-oop! Whoo-oop!

Howled the Dancing Indian.

"How awful," she gasped. "We

"Wait!" he cautioned her, as a

This shall be our plan. First we

Billy Belgium. Peggy shook her

two sconts to report now."

"Oh, what shall we do?"

"No," he answered, "we, our-

agile young Indians. The dance

with horrified eyes.

has happened,

painted warrior.

must give the alarm!"

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her, not at her reflection, so she did thing; and I was so afraid that—not meet his eyes.

"Why, I never—" she stammered. Smith, you wouldn't for me-just at first. But you do, dear!" At arms' length he held her off, his hands on

> 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

searching her face saw the dawn of

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 meanyou 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-Miles Standish attair this is now, upon my word! Miss Maggie, have got to-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, he when 1-1 spoke hrst, when I asked you about those twenty millions-She litted her head quickly, pleadingly.

"Mr. Smith, please, don't let us bring money into it at ail. I don't care-I con't care a bit if you naven't got any money."

Airs. Smith's jaw gropped. "If I haven't got any money!"

he ejaculated stupidiy. "No! oh, yes, I know, I said I loved money." The rich red came pack to her face in a flood. "But I didn't mean-and it's just as much of a test and an opportunity when you don't have money-more so, if anything. I dient mean it-inat way. I never thought of-of how you might take it-as if I wanted it. don t. Inuced, I don't! On, can t you-understand?'

"Unuerstanu! Good heavens!" Mr. Smith threw up both his hands. "And I thought 1 d given myself -years since this morning. And her and stood close, but he did not Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Luberger have away.

"Good! Then all you've got to say is that you'll let me try. And we Seymour Lake club members are will be happy, dear! Why, until I -that you knew I was-Stanley Ful.on nimseif."

"Inat you were-who?" Miss Maggie stood mononless, her eyes looking straight into his, amazed, increaulous.

Stanley Fulton. I am Stanley Futton. My Goa! Maggie, cont look at me like that. I thought-I nad told you. Inneed I nid!" She was backing away now, slow-

ly, step by step. Anger, aimost toathing, had taken the place of the

"And you are Mr. Fulton?"

"Yes, yes! but--"
"And you have been here all these months-yes, years-under a taise name, presending to be what you weren t-taiking to us, eating at our tables, winning our confidence, letting us tark to you about yourseif, even pretending that-On, how could your" Her voice broke.

"Maggie, dearest," he begged, springing toward her, "if you it only But she stopped him peremptori-

ly, drawing nerself to her tun neight. "I am not your nearest," she flamed angrity, "I did not give my

.ove-to you."
"Maggie!" he implored.

But she drew back still farther. "No! I gave it to John Smithgentleman, I supposed. A man-poor, yes, I believed him poor; but a man who at least had a right to his name! I didn't give it to Mr. Stanley G. Fulton, spy, trickster, who makes life itself a masquerade for sport. I do not know Mr. Stan-G. Fulton and 1-do not wish The words ended in a sound very like a sob; but Miss Maggie, with her head still high, turned her back and walked to the window.

The man, apparently stunned for a moment, stood watching her, his eyes grieved, dismayed, hopeless. Then, white-faced, he turned and walked toward the door, With his short, squat Indian arose. "That hand almost on the knob he slowly looks like Hooks, the village tailor." wheeled about and faced the woman "Listen to the voice of Sitting again. He hesitated visibly, then in Man," the Indian grunted. "I am a dull, lifeless voice, he began to

heap wise from heap much thinking. speak. "Miss Maggie, before John Smith hall attack the camp up the hill, steps entirely out of your life, he We shall have many scalps before would like to say just this, please, the sleeping Pale Faces know what not in justification, but in explanation of-of Stanley G. Fulton, Ful-'Then we shall take their guns, ton did not intend to be a spy, or which will help us in our attack on a trickster, or to make life a masthe village. In the village we shall | querade for-sport. He was a lonefind heap much food, and heap much ly old man-he felt old. He had no cuns and powder. The hills shall wife or child. True, he had no one be our own. Death to the Pale to care for, but-he had no one to care for him either. Remember There jumped up a wiry, fiercely that, please. He did have a great deal of money-more than he knew "Scalos! Much Hair wants what to do with. Oh, he triedscalps!" he shrieked, as he began various ways of spending it. Never mind what they were. They result-"If he wasn't so savage looking, ed chiefly in showing him that he noble red men who roamed these I'd say that was Sol Green, clerk in wasn't-as wise as he might be in

Bascom's general store," whispered | that line, perhaps. The man paused and wet his lips. head in strong disagreement. This At the window Miss Maggie still leaping, bounding, half-naked war- stood, with her back turned as be-

rior didn't have the slightest re-semblance to a clerk in a store. "The time came finally," resumed "Scalps! Scalps!" shrieked the the man, "when Fulton began to other Indians, joining Much Hair wonder what would become of his in his dance. The tom-toms sounded millions when he was done with deep into the tree. Peggy gasped again, the squaws began their wail- them. He had a feeling that he would with surprise, and the Indians mut-"We must hurry to camp-before to some of his own kin; but he had they can get there!" urged Peggy. no nearer relatives than some cous"It's too late I'm afraid," an- ins back east, in-Hillerton." swered Billy Belgium. "There come

Miss Maggie at the window drew her breath and held it suspended, Into the firelight had leaped two letting it out slowly.

"He didn't know anything about Her opinion grew stronger as Chief halted abruptly as the warriors clust these cousins," went on the man "The Pale Faces in the mountain dering what they would do with the cure," he said. "We can not have camp sleep soundly," spoke up one money. I think he felt, as you said leating liberty until we have driven of the scouts. "Our watchers sur- today that you feel, that one must the Pale Faces from our hills. We round them, waiting for you to at- know how to spend \$5 if one would get the best out of five thousand.

Peggy turned in dismay to Billy "So Fulton felt that before he gave a man fifteen or twenty millions he would like to know-what he wou'd probably do with them. He had seen so many cases where sudden great wealth had brought

"And so then he fixed up a little

of these cousins of his a hundred There was a rush of swift feet, a thousand dollars apiece, and then, swish of skirts, then full upon him unknown to them, he would get there fell a whirlwind of sobs, become an attribute of their converacquainted with them and see which clinging arms and incoherent ejacuof them would be likely to make lations. become an attribute of their conversation, as they sat together upon
the old sofa, the man drew a long acquainted with them and see which ciinging arms and incoherent ejacuof them would be likely to make lations. the best use of those twenty mil-

from beginning to end. It-

"It wasn't silly-it wasn't silly. lions. It was a silly scheme, of It was perfectly splendid! I see course—a silly, absurd foolishness it all now. I see it all! I understand. Oh, I think it was wonder-

He did not finish his sentence, ful, and I-I'm so ashamed? Later-very much later, something like jucid coheren breath and said:

Then I'm quite forgiven? "There is nothing to forgive."
(Continued Tomorrow.)

WRIGLEYS We will win this war-Nothing else really matters until we do! The Flavor Lasts

Standard Potash Co.

(Incorporated Under the Laws of Nebraska) Reduction Works at

Lakeside, Nebraska

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To Stockholders and Friends of STANDARD POTASH COM-PANY: I am pleased to report to you that we have had the most encouraging news from our plant in regard to the progress being made toward its completion. The finishing work is now in the hands of Mr. Henry Schwarz of the Schwarz Engineering Company of Denver, Colo. who is superintending the work and now reports that the plant will be ready for operation in October.

There is but a small amount of stock in this Company now for sale, and we will be pleased to quote our present price to any interested

> STANDARD POTASH CO. FRANK E. CLARK, Secretary.