

# Women in Wartime

## GIRLS IN WAR

THE tables in the cafe of a city department store were pretty well filled when the woman entered, seeking a place where she might partake of such food as our friend, Mr. Hoover, might permit. Over in the corner she caught sight of a trim figure, the place opposite her, at the table for two, still vacant. The woman wandered her way and the girl looked up pleasantly and nodded a smiling assent to the query:

"May I sit with you?"

They did not fall into conversation at once. The girl was engaged in consuming creamed chicken with all the relish of youth and a healthy appetite, but it was while the two sat (the woman a victim for her more modest sandwich) that the older noted the military cut and color of the coat the girl wore and the red service band across the left sleeve just below the cuff.

"What is your service," she asked simply, "motor?"

"Yes," the girl answered just as simply, "motor."

The beginning of the conversation, as you see, was quite modern. There was no "approach."

"Tell me about it, won't you?" and expected to hear in reply a story of taking convalescent soldiers on pleasant excursions or the transferring of Red Cross packages of mercy from one station to another.

"Well, you see, I drive a truck—" she began.

"You drive a truck?"

"Yes, I drive a truck, so I am on duty every day, but most of the girls have one or two days a week, just as they can give the time. How

many of us are driving trucks? Oh, I'm the only one, and say"—she added this with all the glee of a youngster confessing a bit of naughtiness—"I guess I've moved everything but a piano. I work for them all, you know—the Red Cross, the Civilian Relief, all of the war organizations that seem to need me. I've been crazy to go overseas. Had a dreadful time persuading my family to let me do it and then what do you think happened? I couldn't get my passport because I was too young! So"—blithely but with an air of resignation—"I'm doing what I can over here."

She was too young to go overseas! The government requires its workers to be 25 at least. Perhaps she was 20. In her long military coat, high boots and natty breeches I would have guessed she was 17—perhaps 18. She was doing "what she could" over here because she could not go to France and help the fighters.

A great deal is happening to this girl in the war. The world she has called hers is not going to be the same. It isn't going to be possible for the girl of the wealthy family who "drives a truck" as her contribution to return to the seclusion of her home when war is done and forget the girl whose duties of peace times call her daily into public life. It isn't going to be possible for the girl of the munitions plant, when war conditions no longer require the making of man-killing shells, to return to her more peaceful occupations and forget the girl of the wealthy family who has walked with her through the duties of war days.

A new bond between the girls of the world is being cemented.—The Field Glass.

## OMAHA WOMEN JOIN LAND ARMY



Mrs. Bert Fowler

By RUTH BAILEY WHITNEY

PERHAPS it is because we have all learned the lesson, "Food will win the war," perhaps it is because the slogan, "Back to the land" has at last begun to bear fruit, but certain it is that Omaha women are taking to farming like ducks to water.

One after another Omaha maids and matrons induce their husbands and fathers to buy them farms, ranging in size from two or three lots to 40 or 50 acre tracts, and they proceed to show their scolding friends that just because a woman is city born and bred is no reason at all that she can't raise various things, like pigs, strawberries, chickens and potatoes.

It is remarkable how successful Omaha women have shown themselves in their patriotic efforts to produce food. Few, indeed, have been the failures, and the successes are so numerous that friends have turned from skeptical onlookers to admiring boosters.

In raising funds for the various war activities woman long ago took a leading part; in knitting, bandage making, fashioning refugee garments and other Red Cross activities, the American woman has astonished the world by her energy and perseverance. Women have rushed into business and industrial lines in great numbers, not so much for the love of the work or the salaries attached, as to help get the tasks of the absent men accomplished. When it came to raising crops and breeding farm stock, however, the world said, "She can't do that." And now she has.

It would take a book to tell about all the women of Omaha who enrolled, or are planning to enroll, under the standard of Uncle Sam's food producers.



Photo

ply mother and sisters with some other duties than farming.

Everbearing strawberries have been Mrs. Abbott's specialty until last year. The Omaha club took all she could provide, paying 65 cents a quart for the November berries. Last year was too dry for the berries and they have been allowed to die out. Many a basket of delicious purple grapes found its way to market from the farm last summer, and the apple orchard showed its appreciation of the attentions of a corps of university experts, who sprayed and pruned it in the proper manner.

Five miles west on the Lincoln highway, lies Overlook farm, owned by Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Farrington. Here Mr. Farrington raises pedigreed Holstein cattle and Mrs. Farrington is planning to raise acres of brilliant peonies. If kind Mother Nature permits, and the 300 peonies bloom in their accustomed gorgeousness, there will be a sale of these popular flowers for the benefit of the Red Cross next year. This year Mrs. Farrington canned fruit all summer, preserving the luscious products of their trees and vines.

"I found time to love the little black and white calves and plan for the coming year," said Mrs. Farrington, "but most of the daylight hours were spent over the preserving kettle."

Last spring Mrs. Charles W. Reese felt the call of the land and talked farm until her husband bought a fifteen acre tract almost within the city of Florence, the house nestling in a hollow at the crest of a hill and looking out across the broad Missouri to the grey bluffs beyond. There is an acre of asparagus on the place, which meant hard work, and Mrs. Reese put in many trying hours last summer cutting the stalks and tying them in bunches for sale. She also raised a big flock of chickens and a brood of Indian Runner ducks. An orphan pig was another care, for it had to be raised on a bottle and was almost as much trouble as a baby. This, with fruit and vegetables to can, grapes, strawberries and all the other fast growing cares of farm life, have made Mrs. Reese a busy woman all summer. "But I have enjoyed every



Mrs. Lysle Abbott and Daughters



Mrs. F. S. Farrington



Mrs. G. H. Miller

minute of it," she says, "and the best part of it is I feel that I am a real helper and not a useless member of society in these days when our country needs the best services of all its people."

**Pigs for Market.**

Nowhere will you find finer pedigreed Duroc-Jersey hogs than those raised by Miss Loretta Scheibel on the 50-acre farm she operates near Florence. Their red backs dot the green alfalfa fields in summer, while the black and white cattle graze in the pastures. Miss Scheibel is proud of a sale of 20 3-month-old pigs which she made this season, the consideration being \$1,000. Sixty little pigs were brought into the world on the farm this year and sent on their way to increase the meat supply. Besides managing the farm,

## WOMEN WAR WORKERS... KEEP YOUNG

WOMEN will need to keep themselves physically, mentally and morally fit if they would not disappoint the boys when they come home from France. This is the opinion of Miss Galena Stowell, physical director at the Young Women's Christian association.

"The boys," said Miss Stowell, "are required to take physical training regularly in addition to all the other hard work they do. Hard work does not take the place of physical training, and the women who are wearing themselves out doing war work are making the mistake of their lives when they get the idea that it does. Our boys are coming home in the pink of physical condition and consequently alert mentally, and if the women allow themselves to wear out, they are going to prove a great disappointment to their men."

"Two splendid young women of my acquaintance," continued Miss Stowell, "have already died, worn out by hard, unselfish work and too busy to take proper care of themselves. One of the main purposes of the physical training classes this year will be to keep the bodies of the women who are doing war work as strong and vigorous as their minds and souls."

## Defense Council Makes Survey of Cooked Food Agencies

A survey of agencies for the sale of cooked foods to be consumed away from the place of sale is being made by the food production and home economics department of the woman's committee of the National Council of Defense.

The plan of the survey in general is to collect all available data regarding such enterprises in the United States and abroad, those which have been developed in Europe since 1914, and those which are started as a result of the war.

An attempt is being made to estimate the economy in materials, labor, and money, secured by the wholesale preparation of cooked food, as compared with household preparing of food. It is hoped that a disinterested answer may be given to many of the questions which arise concerning the practicability of cooperative feeding in the United States.

## WAR WORKERS PAY STORY—TOLL TO GABBY DETAYLS

EVERY woman about the United War Work office in the court house seems to have a title. It is a sort of officers' headquarters and a private is hard to find. One day recently someone entered and consulted Mrs. Julia Nagle James, who puts in many hours of the busy day working there. "Let me see," said the seeker after information, "What is your title, Mrs. James?"

Mrs. James thought a moment. "Well," she said, "I hardly know. I guess I am a scout."

GABBY heard all about the reception of the war camp community committee gave Fred C. Williams, the new director, when he came last week. Mr. Williams has been in school work in Nebraska for many years, and Miss Belle Ryan and Superintendent Beveridge know him very well.

When Miss Ryan was introduced to the new director she assumed her most kindly and welcoming look, "I am so glad to meet you," she said effusively. Mr. Williams looked puzzled. Then Mr. Beveridge introduced. He wore his best "be kind to strangers" and welcomed Mr. Williams into their midst most cordially.

Be that time Mr. Williams decided it was a joke and refused to be treated longer as a stranger and the committee resolved itself into a good fellowship meeting.

WHEN Robert Buckingham's former Omaha High school instructors heard of the honors the young man won last week as a freshman in Amherst college, they were reminded of some of his youthful escapades, and regaled Gabby with tales of the high spirited lad's doings. In his senior year, a questionnaire was passed the students and among the questions was "What is your preference as to college?" On Robert's paper the answer was, "Moler Barber college."

A woman everyone knows—and loves—is ever so eager to enter overseas service.

Hers has been the task of handling many, many applications of other women for overseas service and sending them on their way rejoicing in the opportunity to serve.

Valuable as her services would be, the probabilities are that she will not be accepted by reason of the ruling barring any woman who has a son in the service.

Intimations have come from Washington however that the ruling might be lifted.

MISS MARY AUSTIN, principal of the Columbian school, helped in the office of the Visiting Nurses during the "flu" epidemic. So did Mrs. W. J. Hynes. Now it seems that Mrs. Hynes' little son goes to Columbian school and is much in awe of his dignified principal.

One evening at the dinner table Mrs. Hynes made a casual reference to Miss Austin in connection with the work. "Does she work in the office now?" inquired the boy. "Oh, mother, suppose you had to tell her to do something? What would you do?"

TWO day's pay is the desired subscription of individuals to the United War Work campaign, and Mrs. I. R. Rutledge, publicity chairman, urging the importance of donations by women.

"How is a married woman going to estimate her pay?" one of the speciest wanted to know.

Well—how? Gabby Detayls would like to know!

"Estimate your own value—but place it high enough!" Gabby would caution the matrons.

RON O. SMITH, psychological expert with the school board, doesn't like to brag about his children, but he really believes his young son, aged two and a half, shows signs of unusual business ability for one so young. The other morning he asked his mother for a drink of milk.

"There isn't any milk in the house now," Mrs. Smith replied. "You will have to wait until I can get some from the grocery store."

Then she went on with her work and forgot all about the child until, several minutes later, she saw

him coughing up the street with his little red wagon, on which rode a full bottle of milk. The child had collected several empty milk bottles, taken them to the grocery store and traded them for a full bottle.

## LOVE'S ALLUREMENT AND WOMEN WAGE EARNERS

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

ARE you afraid of love? That is, are you afraid of love, marriage and motherhood? Or, is not precisely that, are you afraid of the responsibilities and the often tiresome duties that these other great privileges are pretty sure to entail?

Are you very proud of your independence and security and thrift, and do you value that weekly pay envelope of yours most more than anything else in the world? And somewhere in the back of your mind, as black and heavy as an iron ball and chain, is there a dread of becoming a captive of the kitchen and the motive power for a baby carriage with no evenings out or Sundays off and no pay envelope whatever?

I wish that I might personally persuade every girl who supports herself and is justly proud of doing so that there is a larger way of looking at life than the way to which she may have accustomed herself. I wish I could make her see that the ability that brings a market price is an asset that counts in marriage and not a merely maidenly attribute that fades out of sight with the slipping on of the wedding ring.

Work by all means, if you can and will, and somebody will employ you. You will be a wiser and more practical woman for the experience. But don't let this deprive you of

your woman's heritage. If a man loves you and you love him, don't let the thought of your present pay envelope or of that future dishpan prevent you from marrying him. What would become of the homes and the children of the future if the strong, self-supporting girls avoided marriage and it became the refuge of the weak incapables.

Every girl's problem needs a special solution. Nobody could be wise enough to give advice which would apply to all cases. But there are some general considerations that all girls will do well to remember when they find that their lives have reached a turning point, that there is a decision to be made.

**Danger of Cynicism.**

First, don't let any job come to seem to you more important than it really is. You may have a remarkable talent for bookkeeping as well as for order and system and neatness generally. It is quite likely that all your superiors in the office have assured you of this and that you have come to feel pretty certain that the work of the office couldn't get on without you. This is a very pleasant feeling, and there is something almost intoxicating about it, too. You know yourself how it often leads you to work overtime and sometimes even to give up your Saturday afternoons. Then it may be that during your

childhood you shared a sordid family struggle with poverty and that you got bitterly tired of disorder and overwrought nerves and of there never being quite enough of everything to go around. And the order and independence that you have achieved are so precious that I know you are often a little cynical about mere sentiment.

All this is quite natural. And one admires the girl who respects herself and likes her job and excels in it. Only, don't let it lead you to despise love and lovers. Don't be afraid to let yourself love the man who has chosen you and needs you. All the great realities of life are within your reach. Perhaps you could never love this particular man, in which case you will have to let him go. But listen to your own heart and let that decide. And have the courage and womanliness to accept its decision.

Now you have all along taken it for granted, perhaps, that you couldn't work after marriage. But don't let any old-fashioned counselor, even your fiancé himself, persuade you that this is necessarily true. A husband's dignity isn't in the least impaired if the wife chooses to contribute the contents of a second pay envelope to the family purse. If she has a talent for bookkeeping and that dread of the dishpan I have referred to, why not continue with the bookkeeping,

married or not? Her salary will make it easily possible for her to pay some one else to do the housework that she is obliged to leave undone, and the family sitting room at night will be a far more cheerful and interesting place than if she had forced herself to do the work that to her is merely hateful drudgery.

**When Baby Comes.**

Somebody will say that a home isn't a home without babies and that a mother is obliged to stay there. That her children demand her, if her husband doesn't. And, to a certain degree, that is true. In a home where a baby is expected,

or where there is a baby of nursing age, a mother must place her motherly duty above everything else in life. This doesn't mean that she need be an utterly idle parasite, merely that she must place the baby's interest first. But this is, after all, a brief period. For, to my mind, it isn't always necessary that a mother take all the care of her baby after it is a year old. But that is a question that every mother must decide for herself, and that I shall discuss at length in another article.

Think your own life out for yourself. Don't be influenced too much by any one person's advice. Remember that it's every woman's

right to be a wife and mother, but that there's no reason in the world why she can't be a wage earner also if she chooses to. In fact, that's a case where she can have her cake and eat it, too.

**If He Came Now**

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

If he came now  
My heart would be like a once quiet street,  
Hung with gay lanterns on a fete night,  
Out of the night into the world again,  
With shining! And my heart would be a child  
Sleepily walking to a kiss, then flinging  
Sleep from it, springing  
With all too ready feet,  
Out of the night into the world again,  
And finding that its toys were all one  
mine  
There where it left them, waiting on the  
floor  
To be played with again. My heart would  
An opened book filled full with witchery,  
Filled, too, with pain,  
An opened book that had been left too  
long  
Upon a rusty shelf. It would be a song  
In a young mouth. And it would be buds,  
and  
Opening under the moon, and shivering at  
the dew,  
But illing it. And it would be a flame,  
Red in the night. I used to be glad when  
he came.  
But not so very glad—because I thought  
That I would always have him. Then war  
caught  
Him up from me, and here he sits out  
To be where danger is, and killed my  
doubt,  
My hesitation and half fears. Ah, how  
I would run to welcome him, if he came  
now!

## Early Christmas Shopping

Every year we hear the same old cry, "Do your Christmas shopping early." This is the only way clerks can be relieved of extra hours of nervous hurrying in crowded, superheated stores, which leaves them in no condition to enjoy the beauties of the season of "peace on earth, good will to men."

This year we need to buy early more than ever before. Even with a normal supply of clerks, the Christmas rush is hard to handle, but there is not a normal supply this year. There are many in France, many nursing wounded soldiers or making munitions and doing other war work, and inexperienced girls take their places.

Women, let us practice the golden rule this year. Let us place ourselves in their positions and shop early, relieving them of the unbearable strain of the usual Christmas rush.

right to be a wife and mother, but that there's no reason in the world why she can't be a wage earner also if she chooses to. In fact, that's a case where she can have her cake and eat it, too.

Washington Bureau of Omaha Bee.

WASHINGTON society has suffered very considerably from the effects of Spanish influenza. Many of the embassies and legations and the most prominent families in society have been thrown into mourning, because of its heavy toll. Two military men of the British embassy staff, Col. Angus Mackintosh, son-in-law of the governor general of Canada and the Duchess of Devonshire, and Captain Lyell both died within a week. The military attaché of the Japanese embassy, Colonel Tanikawa, picturesquely little Mrs. Koo, the tiny wife of the Chinese minister, only twenty-two years old, who was among the first victims; then Mme. Raybaud, wife of the military attaché of the Argentine embassy, who died in Spain of the same malady; Mr. Menos, the minister from Haiti, and young Master Krug park. The Millers have just bought their country home, but are planning to move out this winter and are buying the foundation of a herd of red hogs to stock it. Next summer will see chickens and a Jersey cow added to the farm stock, and perhaps a woolly lamb or two. Mrs. Miller is full of enthusiasm for the new home. "It is the only place for my boy and my baby," she says, "and in having my own little farm I am realizing the dream of years."

Grimes. The only information of the details of the wedding so far known, is that the wedding gown will not be a uniform of any kind, but a real, white satin costume. The bride will retain her work in the Navy department, where she is detailed for duty in the paymaster general's office. The bridegroom is on duty there, but is likely to go to sea at any minute. The president and Mrs. Wilson will be the honored guests at the ceremony, which will be attended by the cabinet circle, relatives and intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom. A small reception will follow in the postmaster general's home on F street, one of the big old-fashioned residences in that old-fashioned district. It was for many years occupied by a former minister from the Netherlands.

**Nebraska Girls Knit.**

The Nebraska Girls' knitting class will begin to hold its meetings again after November 4, the date set for the opening of the schools.

Miss Ruth Hitchcock has returned to her war work and is spending some time almost every day in her favorite sport, riding. She rides from the Carlton lodge, the summer quarters of the Riding and Hunt club, almost every day.

Paymaster and Mrs. Robert L. Hargreaves, son-in-law and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, have taken an apartment at the Argyle, in the Mt. Pleasant section of the city. Paymaster Hargreaves will probably be ordered away this fall and Mrs. Hargreaves will remain here for some months with their children and then go south. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan make their headquarters at Asheville, N. C., but Mr. Bryan spends much time in travel. Mrs. Bryan has recently joined him there.

C. H. English, formerly superintendent of playgrounds in Omaha, has been detailed for work here with the Fostick commission. Mrs. English and their young son have not yet joined him here, but will as soon as he finds suitable quarters for them. He has been associated somewhat in his work with Mrs. Susie Root Rhodes, superintendent of playgrounds in Washington, a former Broken Bow resident.

**Quaker City Has Many Women in War Work**

More women are employed in war work in and near Philadelphia than in any other part of the United States, according to James F. McCoy, an official connected with the Philadelphia office of the United States Department of Labor.

"The Pennsylvania Railroad now has 9,800 girls in its service, and the Frankford arsenal 1,500. There are 1,500 at the Schuylkill arsenal, and the Du Pont powder plant, which has now several hundred girls at work, has been adding them at the rate of about 100 a week. There are many smaller plants in the locality that employ from 30 to 100 women each."

of society in these days when our country needs the best services of all its people."

Plenty of Debutantes.

Of debutantes, there are a plenty. But of parties there will be a considerable dearth. The girls are all busy with their war work, and for the most of them, their parents are too much concerned over what is going on across the sea, to encourage them in any festivities, except the simplest. There are no official balls, and but one diplomatic, the daughter of the minister from Salvador, Miss Julia Zladivar. She will be presented at an evening party, a dance.

There will be at least one cabinet wedding before the holidays set in, that of Miss Lucy Burleson, daughter of the postmaster general, and Ensign Charles Greene Grimes, U. S. N., of Dayton, Ohio. This is a case of an ensign marrying a sailor. The wedding will take place November 2, in St. John's church. Miss Burleson is a youngwoman, enlisted for another two years and several months. Miss Burleson will have for her maids of honor her sister, Miss Sydney Burleson, and the bridegroom's sister, Miss Mary