

Women in Wartime



Bianche Eakin



Sarah Kelly



Opal Camery



Emma Cook



Mildred Pryor



May Grimes



Irma Grimes



Margaret Kennedy

PHOTOS BY RINLHART-STEFFENS



Mrs. Laura Peters



Georgia Chinault



Jessie Graham

Recognize the Baby's Intelligence

By MRS. HARRIET HELLER.

It was to obtain important information one morning not long ago that I ventured to ask admittance to a beautiful rose-embowered cottage across the street from my new home.

A charming young mother met me at the door holding her baby on her arm. She endeavored to answer my question in a gracious and neighborly way, but was constantly interrupted by the child's cries.

While we stood there the infant was gently changed from one arm to the other, then put upon her shoulder. Later when we were seated within, she rested her upon her knee in the time-honored position supposed to give comfort to disturbed "ummies." All to no purpose. The little one fussed and fussed.

Quite naturally we fell to talking of babies. The young mother was thoroughly versed in modern lore; she knew rules, regulations, symptoms, remedies, hold and all the rest, and was enthusiastic about the modern science of bringing up infants.

"As far as I can see, there is nothing the matter with her," she said. "Possibly her teeth hurt her. She is young to have teeth, but sometimes you know—" and so on. The observation about the teeth was made in the same tone of voice, with a purely impersonal inflection, which she would have used to say, "The machine is cutting the thread"—as if teeth were a contrivance to be adjusted to her baby. Not once in my presence had she spoken to the baby.

It was evident to me that her modern training, while essentially desirable, had largely destroyed the instinctive expression of the nat-

Mona Cowell's Letter

Omaha Girl, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cowell, Describes Visit to American Hospital at Neuilly and Duryea Relief Quarters in Paris

PARIS, France, Sept. 19, 1918.—Dearest Family: I believe I promised to tell you more of my visit to Neuilly, which, as you remember, is a suburb of Paris, reached in these days by the Metro. At the station we got a taxi and drove out to the American Red Cross hospital. I am not quite sure, but I believe it was a Lycee connected with or a part of the Pasteur institute.

The buildings are large, of fine red brick with stone trimmings, rather similar in style to Josselyn hall at Vassar, being a modern adaptation of an old style. The place is large, there are numerous porches and grassy plots, where the convalescents were out making the most of the bright sunshine. We inquired at the office for a friend of Nancy and Agnes and I for Louise Dinning. None was there, Louise being away on leave for a rest.

The wide corridors are lined with beds, most of them empty just then, though some well looking patients occupied a few. The wards are sustained by various cities and organizations contributing to special Red Cross funds. There are many sectional wards. Most of them filled with both American and French wounded. I could have wept because we had not brought out candy, papers or something. Had we done so I should have loved to talk to the boys, but without any of these things I could not bear to do so. I am going to try and go tomorrow and if I do will sure bring flowers, sweets or something. They were such a nice looking lot of boys, and some of them were fearfully smashed up. Some had legs or arms in casts and were harnessed up until it seemed as if they were being made part of a web in a loom. We saw no terrible wounds, all were bandaged beautifully. It is the first big war hospital I've been in and somehow I feel most awfully cut up.

No Mourning in France.

It made very real to me, as nothing else has, not even the evidence of mourning in France, just what war really means. Verily, it tears men almost to shreds—men dying seems very simple by contrast. And mind you I realize that I have seen the really terrible cases at all. It's at the first aid field dressing stations and hospitals for facial wounds, etc., that the real tragedies are seen. After talking to that English, or rather I found her to be a Canadian, from Montreal, Miss Baker, I feel I could drive an ambulance, be a nurse's aid. (I wonder if I could stand it?) or do almost anything to help the poor, brave fellows. Nothing anywhere, that I've seen, and nothing I have heard or read has struck home, and made war in all its frightful naked reality as clear to me as that half hour in what is an extremely comfortable, clean and well equipped hospital. It has made me long more intensely than ever to give personal service and before my return direct service to the troops. I might not be able to dress some of the wounds, but I know that I should be happy "cleaning fish" in the cellar of a Red Cross hospital if those gallant lads were to eat it. I envy Nancy and Agnes going to a hut for convalescents near the front. Le Puy will help my French, give me poise and adaptability, and I trust, an opportunity to render some real service to the families of soldiers. Unless the war is ended quickly, however, I shall not be content without an experience in ambulance driving or other work near the front lines.

Meets Mrs. Duryea.

In the evening Nancy and Agnes went out to dinner with a Cleveland friend. I stayed at the hotel for dinner. Afterwards in the reading room I sat near a woman I had seen in a Secours Duryea motor. I thought I would venture the query,

"As far as I can see, there is nothing the matter with her," she said. "Possibly her teeth hurt her. She is young to have teeth, but sometimes you know—" and so on. The observation about the teeth was made in the same tone of voice, with a purely impersonal inflection, which she would have used to say, "The machine is cutting the thread"—as if teeth were a contrivance to be adjusted to her baby. Not once in my presence had she spoken to the baby.

whether she was Mrs. Duryea. I guessed correctly, she was, and I told her what our Vassar club was doing in Omaha for "Duryea." She hopes to come to the states this winter, and might go to Omaha. She seemed thrilled at the idea. She is rather pretty, of middle age, very feminine and possessed of a very real desire to be helpful. She writes I am told, what I know not. She said the Duc d'Orleans wanted to be a patron, but she decided to keep it just nice good plain American. She asked me to visit her distributing center near Ave. de l'Opera and the store house on the Bois de Boulogne. I had planned various and sundry things, for a busy Wednesday, but you know—"the well laid plans of mice and men gang all aglee."

We live, I have told you, in the St. James—a very nice place, a place by the way which is the headquarters for British Red Cross. Said hotel has a garden, and said garden breed mosquitoes. I do not believe that Paris ever heard of that life saver called a screen. Anyh, w, screens are not quite suited to the French type of window. Well, the long and short of it is, that although I have been almost eaten alive I may be ready to die for my country, but I surely never would willingly agree to be eaten alive by mosquitoes in a Paris hotel.

Visits Refugees.

It's not a fate worthy of a Vassarite to say nothing of a budding young attorney. Well, I fairly burst into bloom that night. We are all so poisoned by the pestiferous beasts that our faces look as if we had a case of German measles, or is it Liberty measles now? In the afternoon I was sufficiently improved to go out to Ste Sulpice, a huge clearing house for refugees. A quaint Frenchman took us around. The building is in the form of a hollow square, whose inner court yard was filled with refugees on benches. There is a library, kitchen, dining hall, shower baths, laundry and theater on the main floor. On the upper floors sleeping rooms. Here refugees live for a few days, until placed, and soldiers on "permission," whose homes were in the devastated regions. I forgot to mention a very well organized store room and rest area or distributing room. Back of this is a work room. Refugees and discharged soldiers are fitted out here with clothing. From there we went to the Duryea distributing center. This work is done on a much smaller scale, but really very efficiently. The goods, much of which is new, and some used, of course, is placed on shelves in separate sections, all labeled. Refugees from certain departments who are in need are sent here by some central committee on charity, with a card addressed to Secours Duryea—and here they are fitted out. They have a card catalog and everything given out is dated, listed, etc. And families gets supplies save once in six months.

Too Late.

Today we went to the Hotel des Invalides to see decorations of

NEBRASKA girls, recruited through the state Red Cross bureau of personnel, woman's division, will make a splendid showing in the army of war workers sent across the seas. Of over 500 women volunteers interviewed by Mrs. Charles T. Kountze, director for the bureau, 110 have already been accepted. Some are already in France, others are awaiting passports or sailing orders.

For canteen service, the Misses Bianche Eakin, Sarah Kelly, Opal Camery, Emma Cook, Mildred Pryor, May Grimes, Irma Grimes of Hastings and Margaret Kennedy have been accepted.

Miss Laura Crandall, Cass school teacher, and a sister of Mrs. James Richardson; Miss Mary Eleanor Nevin, Oberlin graduate and a teacher in Windsor school, and Miss Elizabeth Thornburg, formerly of Syracuse, N. Y., but who has for the last four years been employed by the Thompson-Belden company, are among those whose acceptance for overseas service has come most recently.

Miss Jessie Graham, Red Cross nurse who for many years made her home with the Dr. C. C. Allison family and was later in charge of the Presbyterian hospital, is now in an army hospital in Detroit, awaiting overseas orders.

Mrs. Laura Peters is one of the interesting volunteers for service abroad, whose application is now under consideration. Mrs. Peters was born in Canada of French parents, married an American and has lived in this country for 27 years. Mrs. Peters is applying for social work. She has two brothers in the Canadian army, one of them a surgeon-major.

Miss Georgia Chenault, an aunt of Mrs. R. C. Mauldin, is another woman awaiting overseas orders. Miss Chenault has gone to her former home in the south to wait for her call

honor given, but unfortunately were too late. The court there is filled with various trophies of war. There are three German Gothas (airplanes), one demolished French one, part of a Zeppelin, and heaps of French artillery smashed up in the defense of Verdun.

We lunched at a funny little French restaurant, where the food was excellent and the proprietor and his wife bade us "Bon Jour" when we left. I spent the afternoon making R. C. arrangements to get to Le Puy. I had hoped to start Saturday, reaching St. Etienne in the evening when Gertrude would meet me. However, I find now I cannot get my "order de mission" in time to leave until Sunday. I had to wait to do this until my worker's permit came this morning. There are so many people to look after, and French officials move quite deliberately! Also we are under military orders, so we merely keep silent and await instructions which invariably takes longer than expected.

While sitting in the lobby having tea today a woman doctor in British service, spoke to us. She was 21 years in the states, took her Uni work at Chicago as well as her medical. She knew many people who were well known to Nancy, and she also knew our Major Stokes. She has seen three years of service. Was at Saloniki and now is head of a hospital of 500 beds at Malba. She is a surgeon, ranks as major, and has under her numerous British doctors who rank as captains. This she did not tell until questioned. She has been on leave for a few weeks writing a book with some high ranking British surgeon.

All American.

In recounting today's adventures, I neglected to mention that I visited the Duryea supply station. On the Boulevard Laanes are these huts (Continued on Page Two, Column one.)

Furs, Hat and Bag

The three graces of the season are the furs, hats and bags high in the favor of my lady fair. In the choosing of these three lies intricate and rather worth while to plan the three to harmonize. A local furrier is showing a collection of sumptuous wraps most unusual combining the magnificence of perfectly matched skins with elegance of design and perfection in detail.

Of golden sable, aristocrat among furs, is the blue brocaded lining veiled in brown georgette which they had just sold to an Omaha society woman. While many gray squirrels gave their coats to make a graceful wrap allied with taupe lynx, most delightful combination! You'd love to wrap yourself in the soft folds of a beaver coat with richly brocaded lining in orange, gold and touch of blue. The Hudson seal coats made to order are becoming to everyone and you can get a lovely coat made for \$325.

Now, mes amies, choose your chapeau to wear with these furs, carefully, thoughtfully. The rich color hats in velvet and Chinese embroidery, or velvet and fur creations are inspiring. One of our hat shops has a window full of models designed particularly to be worn with furs.

That the costume may be perfect from top to toe the same shop has an entrancing display of the new bags in art velvets, with hanging tassels, tortoise shell frames and linings of greatest chic! The three graces, my dears!



"POLLY."

Mrs. Learned's Appeal

United War Work Campaign Support Urged by Mrs. Myron L. Learned, Writer, Musician and War Worker of Pioneer Omaha Family

IN this tremendous war it has been the mission of seven great organizations, viz., Young Men's Christian association, Young Women's Christian association, National Catholic War council, Jewish Welfare board, War Camp Community service, American Library association and the Salvation Army, to create soul-comfort, cheer, and home conditions which will follow the soldier from the moment he leaves his own doorstep until he returns to his anxious family.

Home follows the flag clear up to the front line trenches; there is no time when the boy is allowed to feel lost or lonely. These societies have been working separately. Now these seven bodies merge absolutely, and for the time being differences of creed are forgotten in a great common purpose. More money is asked for to keep our boys healthy and happy, and profitably occupied, during their leisure hours. Three million dollars is asked of Nebraska, and five hundred thousand is the quota for Omaha.

Let us follow a soldier "to the zone of combat" and see what these societies do for him and why the troops is so sorely needed. Canteen workers, with games, gum, cigarettes, postcards, Y. M. C. A. or K. of C. secretaries on every train. A long, lonesome journey is made pleasant.

Troop Train from Home to Cantonment.

A huts hut. There are 750 of these huts in the United States. He can write letters home, play games, hear good music, lectures. He can study and see a movie.

A hostess house, where he may visit with his women relatives. There are 85 hostess houses in the United States under Y. W. C. A. There are 43 library buildings in cantonments. Books and magazines in all huts.

The hut is the soldiers' church and synagogue.

Visit to the City from Cantonment.

Five hundred clubs in United States give welcome to soldiers, beside Y. M. C. A., K. of C. and Jewish welfare buildings. Information booths conducted at all large depots. W. C. C. S. hotels with a clean bed for a few cents a night.

Troop Train for "Unnamed Port of Debarkation."

Y. M. C. A. or K. of C. secretary on the train takes charge of all last letters and requests. Arranges for baths when trains stop; looks after innumerable details.

Point of Embarkation.

Comfortable huts have been built. The boy's last night in his native land is spent in friendly, cheerful surroundings. It was not always so. For a while the boys slept anywhere and everywhere, in crowds on the floor and in chairs.

Transport.

Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. secretaries make trip after trip, with perhaps only one day on land. Motion pictures, games, athletic contests, theatricals and band concerts. Church services.

Landing.

Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. Jewish Welfare board and Salvation Army have preceded the soldier. There are hotels and restaurants. American girls and women are already there to help him with the strange language and customs.

Home comes with the hut, bring-

Oh, to Be in Paris!

(Faith Baldwin, of the Vigilantes in the Kansas City Star.)
Oh, to be in Paris where the drum of victory beats!
To watch the flag's blue flower make glad gardens of the streets,
To see in tear-soft woman eyes the glory and the pride,
The high white flame of knowledge that the dead are justified!
Oh, to be in Paris when the troops come home again!
Out of storm and thunder threat; out of the clean, frost sky!
To see the gallant living march beneath the clean, frost sky!
And halt the ghosts which march with them— the dead who cannot die!
Oh, to watch the sunlight glint on Maud Jeanne's holy lance!
And then, just God, to kneel and kiss the sacred soil of France!

ing all the love and cheer of the folks who have stayed at home.

In the Trenches.

Messengers with chocolate and cigars, doughnuts, hot coffee or cocoa. The soldier is wet, exhausted and chilled to the bone; no angels will ever look fairer than these messengers at dawn.

Wounded.

These seven agencies work hand in hand with the surgeons and nurses for the soldiers quick and complete recovery.

All great wars have had one common enemy—and its name is leisure! Hours when the strain is off and the soldier wants to forget. Then tragedies come. It is the object of these seven societies to get leisure out of the liability column and place it among the soldiers' assets. Ninety-three huts went down in one single offensive, and yet some people wonder why more money is needed. One hut that cost \$4,000 dollars sheltered in the course of one year 1,100,000 men.

Think what a wonderful ministry! The field army of these seven great agencies comprises more than 15,000 uniformed workers on both sides of the water, and General Pershing is asking that additional workers be sent to France at the rate of at least a thousand a month.

General Pershing also wants safe places for the men to spend their furloughs. The English and French may go home but not our men. It's too far. There are six towns now operated as furlough stations. Aix les Bains is one of them.

It is the business of the Y. W. C. A. to back up the women who are backing up the men. In France are 16 huts for American nurses and 15 for French women workers in munition plants. Thousands of girls are looked after in Y. W. C. A. hotels in Paris and Tours. The Hotel Petrograd has become a center of American girl life in Paris.

Every king, premier and prominent general of the allies has written to urge the necessity of the work which is represented by the seven splendid agencies.

Don't let the talk of peace influence your giving. When the time comes to demobilize our army it will take one year to get our men home!

Let Nebraska and Omaha go over the top! MARY LEARNED.



Laura Belle Crandall



Elizabeth Thornburg



Eleanor Nevin

Gabby on "Premature Peace"

GABBY DETAYLES must surely have been excited Thursday at the premature peace celebration. She called a perfectly happily-married man, who had given her no encouragement. "My dear," when she said married man were ensconced from the rain in somebody else's automobile, standing on Seventeenth and Farnam.

Proof that he was just as excited as Gabby is this fact—when the demonstration was over he discovered they were sitting in the wrong car, over which they had dripped wet umbrellas.

Three thoroughly dignified matrons, active in the Needlework guild, also celebrated the Daily News premature peace news by doing something they never would have done any other time.

They rode downtown in the Salvation Army truck which had stopped at the church to gather garments!
GABBY has several friends who live in an apartment house in the west part of town. Last Sunday morning the apartment dwellers arose at their accustomed late hour and eagerly sought the papers. Here and there a copy of one of the other morning papers was safely tucked in its usual place, but there was not a Bee.

Then a call went forth to the circulation department. In fact, the girl at the Bee end of the wire must have received one call after another, for eventually there appeared a frightened-looking small boy with armload of Bees.

"I did leave my papers," he declared stoutly. "I always do leave them, but there's a gang of kids following me. They steal my papers as fast as I leave them and take

them down town and sell them. They can get 15 cents apiece for Bees with the new brown photographic sheet in them."

New arrangements have been made in the apartment house for the safety of the precious Bees.

MORAL: When you sell tickets for a postponed dance, be sure you inform the purchaser of the new date. Your reputation may be impeached.

Harry Lipidus, Harry Wolf and Leo Rosenthal, hustling committee for the B'nai B'rith war benefit dance at the Auditorium Thursday evening, sold Arthur Crittenden Smith tickets for the affair, forgetting to change the date on the tickets from October 29, the original date. The dance was postponed on account of the "flu."

A little later when the same committee accosted Roy Byrne, Mr. Smith chanced to notice it.

"Don't buy any tickets from these men. They're selling you tickets for a dance that's already been given," exclaimed Mr. Smith with a twinkle in his eye.

"It's a good way to dispose of old stock," was Mr. Wolf's ready response. But the misunderstanding was soon rectified.

WHEN the whistles blew after the issue of the big fake peace extra the pupils at Lincoln school picked up their ears.

"What are the whistles blowing for?" asked one little fellow. "I don't know," replied another infant, "but I guess the kaiser's gone to hell." Of course, this isn't at all a proper thing for Gabby to write, but she happens to know this was the way it was told by the youngster's teacher.