

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Conducted by Ella Fleishman

SOCIETY

VICTORY. Peace, Thanksgiving, all in one short month! If the great American holiday which comes in the drab month of November were not a gay one this year it would indeed be strange. The parties will be of the merriest, but not so large as formerly, merry because the tension of the world war is broken and small because the men have not yet returned to their native land from their victorious encounter with the Hun.

Many of the soldiers in the training camps where they have been riding on the arm of preparedness, will be forced to spend Thanksgiving away from home for Uncle Sam has not yet released them from their obligations to their flag and country.

Family dinner parties will be the rule in the majority of Omaha homes, but the hotels will be the scene of many parties in the evening. The foot ball game in the afternoon will lure many of the fans as this outdoor sport will soon be concluded for the season. Theater parties followed by supper and a little dancing will close the most joyful of Thanksgiving days since the time of the Pilgrim fathers.

Nurses' Dinner.

A Thanksgiving dinner will be given by the Misses Rabina Gunn and Grace Smith at the Nurses' club Thursday evening. Chrysanthemums will be used on the dinner table and miniature turkeys will mark the places of the following guests, including nurses and medical students: Misses Dorothy Lyons of Glenwood, Ia.; Helen Cameron, Ethel Pepper, Vera King, Dorothy Williams and Bessie Harris Reed, and Drs. A. E. Bennett, M. E. Kirkpatrick, C. F. Heider, C. G. Amick, R. D. Balcom, H. Hoffman and E. F. Camp.

Dancing Parties.

Several dancing parties are scheduled for Thanksgiving eve. Temple Israel Sisterhood will entertain at a dancing party this evening at the Blackstone, and the regular party of the Cynosaua dancing club will be given at the Scottish Rite cathedral. The Central High school set will give a dance at Harte hall, Robert Downs and Ralph Campbell having charge of the arrangements.

Clubwomen to France.

One hundred women will carry the standard of that great organization, the General Federation of Women's Clubs into the devastated regions overseas. These workers will be sent January 1 to work in the furlough area where the Federation is to establish furlough homes for the men in the service.

Two women will be sent from each state. Nebraska applicants will be received by Mrs. J. N. Paul of St. Paul, Neb. From Nebraska Mrs. Paul selects six to be sent to the General Federation, which will choose two from that number for overseas duty.

For Miss Phipps.

Miss Dorothy Phipps of Denver, the attractive guest of Lieut. and Mrs. Edwin Kassel, at Fort Omaha, will remain another week at the post. Miss Emily Keller will entertain at luncheon in Miss Phipps' honor Monday.

Flying Cadets Entertain.

Flying cadets from Fort Omaha gave a farewell dancing party Tuesday evening at Harte hall, when the girls whom they have met while stationed here were honor guests.

A large number of the men left this morning for their homes. A dancing party for the cadets at Fort Crook is being planned for Saturday evening, and will be given at Harte hall.

Baby Appears on Tickets.

Tickets for the Victory ball benefit for the Child Saving institute carry the picture of a tiny baby, one of the helpless bits of humanity for whom the affair will be given December 7, at the Auditorium. All week members of the entertainment committee will pass mailing several thousand tickets for the ball.

Included in the group of workers are Mesdames Arthur Remington, D. H. Wheeler, J. T. Stewart, Charles T. Kountze, E. H. Sprague, A. L. Reed, W. A. Redick, Osgood T. Eastman, Barton Millard, and Miss Erna Reed.

Flags and other patriotic emblems will be the decorative feature.

Thanksgiving Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest W. Truman of Lincoln will entertain at Thanksgiving dinner at their beautiful new home. Following the dinner the guests will attend the John McCormack concert. The party will include Mrs. Truman's sisters, Miss Reba McNamara and Mrs. J. D. Shields and Mr. Shields of Chicago, Mr. Gene Cohn of Omaha, Lieutenants Phillips and Lawton, and Messrs. and Mesdames John Winner and Frank Pickett of Lincoln.

Will Ask Transportation for Dismissed War Workers

Washington, Nov. 16.—Secretary Baker expects soon to submit to congress a request that an appropriation be made to relieve war workers who will be released when reorganization of the War department to a peace basis begins. Thousands of employees will be dismissed then, and Mr. Baker plans to ask that each be given transportation home.

EAT SKINNER'S

THE BEST MACARONI

Paul Skinner

Paul Skinner

Paul Skinner

Paul Skinner

Paul Skinner

A Negligee of Coral and Pink



By GERTRUDE BERESFORD.

Coral chiffon cloth, falling over flesh pink meoteur, makes a lovely negligee. In this model deep cream lace is turned up on the waist to meet the shoulder straps of coral chiffon. Long, loose, graceful sleeves of chiffon drape the shoulders and hang at the sides. A belt of deep coral velvet ribbon encircles the long, rather loose waist and ties in the front. A little bouquet of flowers in shades of peacock blue and yellow are attached to the lace just above this ribbon sash. The skirt is knife pleated to give two tiers to the coral chiffon, which shades beautifully over the pink underslip. A dainty cap of cream lace is spanned with a ribbon of peacock blue grain. In the center front is a tiny coral velvet flower. This robe is extremely picturesque and will be eagerly donned by the war worker after a long, busy day.

Thanksgiving Parties at Y. W. C. A.

Monday evening was "club night" at the Young Women's Christian association. Five clubs, the General Pershing, Many Centers, S. O. S. Victory and W. D. T. girls gave their Thanksgiving party under the direction of Miss Helen Smalls, extension secretary. Separate tables were placed for each group of girls who sang their club songs and gave individual cheers, college fashion.

Miss Smalls, toastmistress, introduced the spirits of Thanksgiving and Victory, now that the intoxicating and autocratic spirits are gone, and the spirit of olden times. Miss Etta Pickering, general secretary, and Miss Doris White of Many Centers club, responded to toasts.

Miss Agnes Reptowski of General Pershing club gave a Spanish dance in costume; Miss Jessie Ferguson of Victory, sang Highland lassie songs in kilt; Mrs. Helen Calkins of the drama department, gave readings; and Miss Anna Wenke recited original poems.

Following the banquet the 115 girls present placed hands on shoulders and wound their way down the five flights of stairs and through each nook and corner of the building, singing patriotic songs. Chaperones were given in the auditorium and dancing and Virginia reels in each club room finished the evening.

Tonight five more clubs give their Thanksgiving party. The Burnasco, Foch, Lafayette, Lohache and Lyric club girls are included.

Red Cross Notes

Recruiting for overseas motor drivers will stop for the present.

Christmas packet office will be closed all day Thanksgiving, but will be open Friday, Saturday all day and in the evening.

Omaha chapter received a quota of 2,000 paper-lined vests, to be worn by the troops in Siberia. These must be completed in two weeks by the hospital garment department, Mrs. Arthur Mullen, chairman.

Following young women have been recommended by Mrs. C. T. Kountze, head of bureau of personnel to the central division, for overseas work.

Danteen workers include Misses David Montford of Randolph, Neb., Marie Schofield of Council Bluffs, Margaret Madsen of Clarks, Neb., and Mildred Barre, for hospital hut service, Helen Nason of Omaha and Hortense Smith of Emporia, Kan.

My Hat Diary

—BY—Carita Herzog

Carita Herzog

Carita Herzog

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Victory Thanksgiving Prayer is Suggested

As a victory Thanksgiving service, the woman's committee, Council of National Defense, is urging that there be a community singing of the Doxology at 12:30 Thanksgiving day.

The statement issued by the committee is as follows: "Millions of hearts are rejoicing in the victory which is assured us. In our spirit of thankfulness do not let us forget the millions of hearts that are mourning, the millions of people who are starving. Let us not have this merely a day of feasting, but rejoicing as well as gratitude.

"Let us all unite on Thanksgiving day at 12:30 in singing the Doxology, a hymn of praise and thanksgiving. Let the church bells and the chimes ring out to call our attention to the hour.

"Let us all keep on working together for the betterment of conditions and not relax in our efforts. There is plenty of work for all. Let us stand back of the boys as long as they need us and show our gratitude to them for the wonderful service which they have rendered."

A patriotic sing at 4 o'clock is included in further plans for Thanksgiving day.

Heroes' Mother Writes on Coming of Peace

A tragic letter from the mother of two heroes of the war, one of them reported killed in action, is one of the belated contributions to The Bee's letter contest of war brides and mothers, which closed Saturday.

"What does the coming of peace mean to you?" was the question The Bee put. Mrs. Charles Brinda, of Valentine, Neb., mother of Sergt. John Brinda, who won the distinguished service cross, and of Private Leo Brinda, age 27, who was killed in action October 16, writes as follows:

"How did we feel when the great news of peace came? Here is one mother that thought how glorious the news was, because she had two boys over there, and when she read her son's name awarded a distinguished service cross for heroism, in the paper of the 19th, her joy was overflowing, but like many a mother, not thinking of the cost, just thinking the war was over, and planning every hour for the boys' return.

"But the joy did not last long, for on the 21st came a telegram telling of one of her boys killed in action October 16, five weeks before we heard, and always waiting for that letter with the Christmas coupon, that the stilled hands could never send. Then came a bitter sorrow that can never be effaced, but we must still feel the joy for the brave one we hope that is to return.

"Maybe there is many a mother like myself that thought the war was over, but did not think how many poor boys laid down their lives in the last battle. We did not hear from our other boy yet so do not know if he is alive or not."

Thanksgiving Day Sing

The department of education, Nebraska Council of Defense, of which Miss Alice Florer is chairman, approves the program suggested by the National Council of Women as a suitable program for music to be sung all over the United States, on Thanksgiving day, at 4 o'clock.

Every church, school, camp, club, institution, hospital and every home will join in this service.

National Anthem—"Star Spangled Banner."

Invocation.

Songs of Thanksgiving—"Come Thou Almighty King," "The Holy City," "God of All Nations" (Quartet), "Song of Liberty" (Solo and Chorus).

Songs of Home—"Keep the Home Fires Burning," "The Long Long Trail," "Women of the Homeland" (Solo and Chorus).

"The Old Folks at Home."

Songs of Victory—"To Victory" (Solo and Chorus), "When the Boys Come Home," "When Pershing's Men Go Marching Into Picardy," "Three Stars."

Defense Council Reorganizes.

The Council of National Defense in Washington has reorganized and created a field division, which will absorb the women's committees existing heretofore. Each county council has been asked to appoint as a member of the woman's committee in said county. The council is further asked to appoint a woman on each committee for war or reconstruction activities.

Mrs. A. L. Fernald, chairman of the woman's committee for Douglas county, will probably be named to conform with the Washington plan.

War Mothers to Elect.

The American War Mothers will elect officers Tuesday, December 3, at 8 p. m., in the board of education rooms, city hall. Mothers of sons in the army or navy have been invited. Mrs. Visa A. Bell is president.

The War Mothers of America, at their last meeting Friday evening, voted to disband and join the American War Mothers' association.

Personals

A son, Arthur, Jr., was born Sunday to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fitzpatrick.

Born, Monday, to Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wood, at the Stewart Maternity hospital, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. De Long of Los Angeles, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Webster.

Miss Donna Matthews, a student nurse at Camp Dodge, has been seriously ill with the influenza.

William Castleman, editor of The Unionist in Chicago, is passing the week with relatives in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Gray announce the birth of a son Monday, at the Stewart Maternity hospital.

Mrs. Emil Rothschild has returned from Denver. In her former home, and from Chicago, where she attended the wedding last Sunday of her sister, Miss Pauline Moritz, and Milton Wallenstein of Paducah, Ky. Mr. Wallenstein is stationed at the Great Lakes Naval Training station.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE

By DADDY
"The Phantom Army"

(Billy Belgium and Peggy go to France to rescue Ben and Bill Dalton, who are in danger of being captured by Germans. Made inviolable by Gollycley Leaves, the children capture a machine gun nest.)

CHAPTER IV.

Peggy Crosses "No Man's Land."

"GOOD work, Peggy," shouted Billy Belgium as the fat German sergeant, both hands high in the air, danced around to avoid the sharp bayonet with which Peggy threatened to jab him again.

"Good work," cried Homer and Carrie Pigeon, hopping up and down in their joy.

The eyes of the German soldiers bulged out as they saw the quick and threatening punishment of their sergeant. They bulged a bit farther when they saw the queer jubilation of the Birds. And they bulged farthest of all when Billy Belgium, swinging the machine gun menacingly back and forth, warned them of unseen dangers.

"You are surrounded by an American phantom army," he shouted in a gruff tone. But he wisely did not tell them that the phantom army consisted of only two persons, himself and Peggy. "If you resist or try to escape, you will be struck down at once. John, search the prisoner in front of you."

Peggy looked around to see whom Billy was talking to. He mentioned that he meant her. Stepping forward, she quickly searched the Hun nearest her, securing a big knife. "Now, Pete,"

shouted Billy and Peggy, acting as Pete, searched another man down the line. And so it went on, until the Germans must have thought a whole company of phantoms was in the shell hole. They looked decidedly scared, and very well content to stand meekly still with their hands in the air. As Peggy searched each one, he trembled and muttered "Kamerad! Kamerad!" until she wanted to laugh.

At last a few hopes in the dance of joy. Homer and Carrie Pigeon searched out a loaf of black bread among the Germans' supplies and ate it eagerly.

"We haven't had a thing to eat in two days," they explained as soon as they had a few bites. "You know they don't feed army phantoms when they are on duty. That's so they will fly straight back to headquarters where they know food is waiting."

"Neither have Ben nor Bill had any food," exclaimed Peggy, remembering the plight of the young soldiers. "I'll send them a note telling them we have captured this shell hole and that we will send supplies right away."

In the pocket of Peggy's khaki suit was a notebook and a pencil. In a moment she had scribbled this note:

"Billy Belgium and I have captured the machine gun nest and 20 German with their supplies. If you'll promise not to shoot, we'll send food to you. Your Good Fairy."

This note she fastened in the ring on Homer Pigeon's leg, and the two birds darted over the top headed for the refuge of the American soldiers.

In remarkably quick time the Pigeons came back with a reply, which said:

"We don't believe in fairies—unless they bring us food. Ben and Bill."

Peggy thought fast. She wouldn't dare let the German prisoners take food to Ben and Bill. Billy Belgium couldn't go, as he had to guard the prisoners. Homer and Carrie Pigeon couldn't carry more than scraps. She'd have to go herself.

Gathering up a loaf of bread, a couple of sausages and a canteen of water, she darted up the side of the shell hole and across No Man's Land toward the shell hole, at the top of the hill. On the way she discovered that she and Billy had by no means captured all the Germans in the forest, for bullets zipped all about her. The Germans couldn't see her, but they could see the supplies she carried and they were so nervous and suspicious that they blazed away at them without waiting to figure out what it was about.

The bullets flew so thick that Peggy spurred fast, and when she came to the shell hole she plumped right down into it without waiting to be a bit formal. And as she did so she got a shock, for she found that two razor-sharp bayonets were at her breast and two desperate, hollow-eyed young soldiers were behind the bayonets, ready to jab them right through her.

"Don't stab," she cried. "It's I, Princess Peggy!"

(Tomorrow will be told how Peggy and Billy do a little "cleaning up" of the Germans to make way for the American army.)

NORMAL BLOOD

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The Abandoned Room

By Wadsworth Camp.

It was too dark on the other side to detect any traces of a recent human presence in the thicket. He couldn't quiet, however, the feeling that he had a glimpse of a woman clothed in black who had studied him secretly across the stagnant stretch of the lake.

On the other hand, there was no logic in a woman's presence here at such an hour, no logic in a stranger's running away from him. While he pondered the night invaded the forest completely, making it impossible for him to search farther. It had grown so dark, indeed, that he found his way out with difficulty. The branches caught at his clothing. The underbrush tangled itself about his feet. It was as if the thicket were trying to hold him away from the house.

As he entered the court he noticed a discolored glow diffusing itself through the curtains of the room of death.

He opened the front door. Paredes and Graham alone sat by the fire. "Then they're not through yet," Bobby said.

Graham arose. He commenced to pace the length of the hall. "They've had Katherine in that room. One would think she'd been through enough. Now they've sent her to the servants."

Paredes laughed lightly. "After this," he said, "I'm afraid, Bobby, you'll need the powers of the police to keep servants in your house."

Muttering, frightened voices came from the dining room. Jenkins entered, and, shaking his head, went up the stairs. The two women who followed him, were in tears. They paused, as if seeking an excuse to linger on the lower floor, to postpone as long as possible their entrance of the room of death.

Ella, a pretty girl, whose dark hair and eyes suggested a normal vivacity, spoke to Bobby.

"It's outrageous," Mr. Robert. He found out all we knew this morning. What's he after now? You might think we'd murdered Mr. Blackburn."

Jane was older. An ugly scar crossed her cheek. It was red and like an open wound as she demanded that Bobby put a stop to these inquisitions.

"I can do nothing," he said. "Go on up and answer or they can make trouble for you."

Muttering again to each other, they followed Jenkins, and in the lower hall the three men waited.

Jenkins came down first. His face was white. It twitched.

"The body," he mouthed. "It's moved! I saw it before."

He stretched out his hands to Bobby.

"That's why they wanted us, to find out where we were this afternoon, and everything we've done as if we might have gone there, and disturbed—"

Angry voices in the upper hall interrupted him. The two women ran down, as white as Jenkins. At an impatient nod from Bobby the three servants went on to the kitchen. Howells, the coroner, and Doctor Groom descended.

"What ails you, Doctor?" the coroner was squeaking. "I agree it's an unpleasant room. Lots of old rooms are. I follow you when you say no post-mortem contraction would have caused such an alteration in the position of the body. There's no question about the rest of it. The man was clearly murdered with a sharp tool of some sort, and the murderer was in the room again this afternoon, and disturbed the corpse. Howells says he knows who. It's up to him to find out how. He says he

came to the shell hole she plumped right down into it without waiting to be a bit formal. And as she did so she got a shock, for she found that two razor-sharp bayonets were at her breast and two desperate, hollow-eyed young soldiers were behind the bayonets, ready to jab them right through her.

"Don't stab," she cried. "It's I, Princess Peggy!"

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"Then don't let the spooks get you, driving through the woods. Old folks say there are a-plenty there." Bobby arose. He couldn't face the prospect of the man's squeaking again. "We find nothing to laugh at in this situation," he said. "You're quite through?"

The coroner's eyes blazed.

"I'm through, if that's the way you feel. Goodnight." He added with a sharp maliciousness: "I leave my sympathy for whoever Howells has his eagle eye on."

Howells when the doctor and the coroner had gone, excused himself with a humility that mocked the others.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

HAYDEN'S

The Cash Store

Will Close ALL DAY
THURSDAY
Thanksgiving