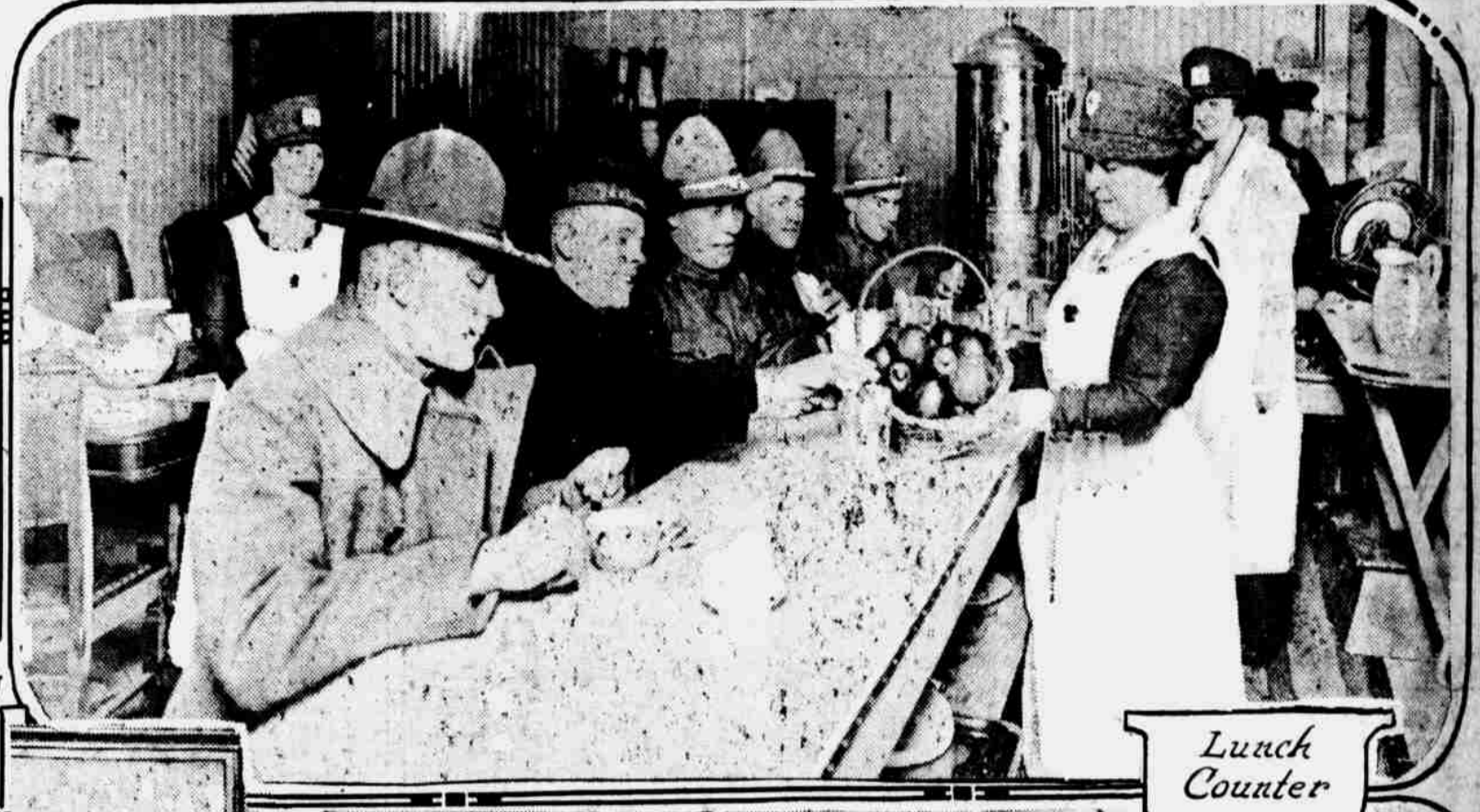


Woman's Work in the World



Rest Room at Union Station



Lunch Counter



A Corner in the Hospital



Feeding Soldiers en Route

Uncle Sam's Land Forces Enjoy Omaha Hospitality

Eager to Get From "Here" to "There" Soldiers Find Oasis in Desert of Waiting, at Union Station, Where Every Emergency Is Met.

RAILWAY journeys are wearisome at best and if you are a member of Uncle Sam's land forces eager to get from "here" to "there" the inactive period passed on the train is monotonous in the extreme. Into this desert of waiting has sprung up the oasis of the station canteen in Omaha and the long and tedious trips from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts are broken by the little rests and jollity which the boys enjoy at the station.

Mrs. Luther Kountze, commandant of the canteen corps, appealed to Mr. W. M. Jeffers, and through his courtesy and the generosity of the Union Pacific Railroad, the lunch counter with its hot coffee and delectable sandwiches, the cozy rest room where the boys may read, or write or listen to the victrola, and the quiet little hospital where the wounded men and those weary of their journey may rest on the snowy coats, was made possible.

Pretty Girls Help. It is not alone the hot food that cheers the passing guests in khaki, but the attractive girls who dispense smiles with the menu. The members of the canteen corps are in constant attendance and the boys carry away with them the happy memories of pretty girls and a little corner that was "just like home." Red Cross funds provide the wholesome edibles for the station canteen, also the bedding and supplies for the six-bed miniature hospital, which has been doing double duty since the day of the formal opening.

Through experience gained by actual practice, Mrs. Kountze and her corps are able to meet any and every emergency. When the train in the above picture passed through

Camera Man Tells Story of Women's Work in the War

Not less important than the word story will be the picture story of the world war.

This fact has been recognized by the Women in Industry Service, Department of Labor, which is collecting photographs showing the tasks in which women engaged during the period of the war. While the illustrations from factory, shop and mill are to be comprehensive, embracing lines of employment that have been long assigned to women, special attention will be given to the new venture in which girls have proved ability not hitherto recognized in industry.

A number of photographs have been taken under the direction of Miss Mary Winslow of the Women in Industry Service, who visits each plant, studies the workers and indicates typical scenes that will be valuable in the constantly growing collection of pictures. Miss Van Kleeck, director of the service, has invited the co-operation of the management of plants engaged on peace-time production as well as those who held war contracts, and has prepared to extend her records so that they will comprise not only views of munitions plant, aircraft factories and workers on gas masks, but pictures of women employed in all lines of activity that contribute to civil life.

In making the photographs a series showing safety appliances has been started. In time there will be numerous other special series added to the growing library of pictures, which promises to be a "History of Women at Work" that is as inspiring as it is instructive.

A Christmas Carol

I care not for spring; on his fickle wing
Let the blossoms and buds be borne;
He moves them amain with his treacherous rain,
And he scatters them ere the morn;
An inconstant elf, he knows not himself
Nor his changing mind an hour,
He'll smile in your face, and, with wry grimace,
He'll wither yon youngest flower.

Let the summer sun to his bright home run,
He shall never be sought by me;
When he's dimmed by a cloud I can laugh aloud
And care not how sulky he be!
For his darling child in the madness wild
That sports in fierce fever's train;
And when love is too strong, it doesn't last long,
As many have found to their pain.

A mild harvest night, by the tranquil light
Of the modest and gentle moon,
Has a far sweeter sheen, for me, I ween,
Than the broad and unblushing noon.
But every leaf awakens my grief,
As it lieth beneath the tree;
So let autumn air be never so fair,
It by no means agrees with me.

But my song I troll out for Christmas stout,
The hearty, the true, and the bold;
A bumper I drain, and with might and main
Give three cheers for this Christmas old!
We'll usher him in with a merry din
That shall gladden his joyous heart,
And we'll keep him up, while there's bite or sup,
And in fellowship good we'll part.

In his fine, honest pride, he scorns to hide
One jot of his hard-weather scars;
They're no disgrace, for there's much the same trace
On the cheeks of our bravest tars.
Then again I sing, till the roof doth ring,
And it echoes from wall to wall—
To the stout old night, fair welcome tonight,
As the King of the Seasons all!

—Charles Dickens.

decorated in honor of the home-coming boys.
Another committee will attend to the "welcome home rolls." Cards for the purpose of enrolling every returning soldier from the camps in the central division, which embraces Nebraska, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Michigan, are being circulated among the men in camp. These cards are to be filled in with the man's full name, date of discharge, division, regiment, company, rank, branch of service and home address. Local chapters also will be supplied with these cards, so that if any of the men are overlooked in camp they will obtain their honor cards when they arrive at home.

Welcome Home Rolls. The canteen committee will collect these welcome home rolls and deliver them to the home service section for reference and for publication. Canteen workers have been and will continue to meet all returning soldiers, participate in the welcome home exercises and see that the returned soldier is made comfortable in every way at the end of the journey.

Minor Sacrifices Made Necessary in Solving After-War Problems

It is easier to carry a gun than to carry an empty pocketbook. Every soldier who has gone away with the one must be prevented from having any experience with the other when he returns home. This means that the nation must be equal to what may be termed the second test of patriotism.

After the patriotism of flying flags and martial music, of marching columns of brave soldiers and flashing messages recording superb deeds of daring, there must be the patriotism of vanishing war jobs and anxious days, of changing conditions for loyal workers everywhere and contradictory reports about labor readjustments. And this second test of patriotism touches all classes. It is covered by the one word, "reconstruction," an industrial process in which the civilian population receives and assimilates the returning soldiers.

This is what Miss Laura Drake Gill, chief of the Field Division of the United States Employment Service, Department of Labor, emphasized strongly after a busy day. "In the months that are coming it is to be expected that human nature will reveal itself in the little inconsistencies so characteristic in plain, everyday living," said Miss Gill. "Persons who have been keyed up to the supreme sacrifices doubtless will manifest impatience at the minor sacrifices. Those who have courageously borne the heavy responsibilities of the war are likely to chafe under the lighter burdens. Women will feel the minor sacrifices even more than men. After putting off the one big load of anxiety concerning a beloved son or husband they will be inclined to be aggrieved when the smaller weights of care are substituted. Voluntary self-sacrifice for the Red Cross is much more pleasant than compulsory self-denial for the home. There is a thrill in canteen work for the Y. W. C. A. not to be found in kitchen work for one's own family. In other words women will encounter in the return to home service from world service many significant trials. The reaction from the exaltation that attended the drama of war to the monotony that belongs to domestic routine at a time when the most severe economies are imperative will be hard to endure.

"But Americans will be equal to the secondary test of patriotism, regardless of what it may include. They will meet all the costs of the war cheerfully. They will economize wisely. They will serve nobly even in the humblest tasks. Comparatively few will think first of what they are going to get rather than what they are going to give in supporting government plans for reconstruction. After all, there are not many men or women who will feel that the government owes them something in return of knowing that they owe much to the government."

Mrs. Wilson's Gowns and Suits Modestly Elegant

Although the Peace Table is Not a Festal Board, Women Attendant Thereon May Influence Fashions for Coming Season.

FRILLS and furbelows will ever hold first place in feminine affections. It matters not what weightier questions are the order of the day. The eyes of the world are turned toward the peace table where the rulers of the nations are to lay the foundations for the new democracy. Our chief executive has been acclaimed by the multitudes of France and England and the first lady of the land has shared the homage of our allies.

When it was first announced that Mrs. Wilson was to accompany the president on his European mission, the fashion center of the world's vision of stately functions and incidentally trunks full of gorgeous apparel began to fill the minds of the American women. But contrary to expectations the wardrobe of the first lady was simple and contained almost nothing new. Why should she buy new gowns on this side when she would soon be in Paris, the fashion center of the world?

Mrs. Wilson did not tire herself with shopping, but sailed away rested and unwearied for she has acquired but three new gowns this winter and wore them all before she embarked for the old world. Since the war drawing rooms at Buckingham palace have been eliminated and in Italy royalty has done practically nothing in the way of entertaining. But in both London and Rome social life will soon resume their course followed before the world was plunged into strife and bloodshed and special efforts will be made to make the visit of our president, his wife and our other high government officials a memorable occasion. By the time they arrive in Paris they will be so overwhelmed with invitations that any consideration of dress will be next to impossible. They will all find it difficult to relax long enough to select a costume most becoming and suitable for the next occasion even.

Rarely Wears Jewelry. Mrs. Wilson wore one of the three latest acquisitions to her wardrobe at the reception given at the Italian embassy in Washington by the Ambassador and Countess Macchi di Cellere on the night the word came of the signing of the armistice. It is of black satin, very heavy and elaborately brocaded, with a large silver flower, so shiny as to be almost white, scattered all over it. The bodice is cut rather high in back, with a suggestion of a ruff, and cut a low square in front, a favorite style with Mrs. Wilson. The skirt was just short enough to reveal her silver slippers and was made with a pointed train. Mrs. Wilson has never adopted the short length evening gown, but always affects a train usually of medium length, neither very short nor very long, and generally pointed as on this frock. Mrs. Wilson rarely

wears much jewelry, but on this occasion she wore a diamond tiara. Many handsome jewels were seen that night for the first time since 1914, for few had the desire to so adorn themselves while so many were dying on the battlefields, particularly among the members of the diplomatic corps.

When she accompanied the president to the reception which the French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand gave recently to celebrate the entrance of the French and American troops into Alsace-Lorraine she wore the second of the new gowns, a lovely one of gray chiffon and velvet. With this costume she wore the corsage bouquet of orchids clasped with a diamond ornament and carried a gray ostrich fan. The third frock bought this season was worn by her at the wedding of Miss Lucy Burleson daughter of the Postmaster General and Mrs. A. S. Burleson, and Ensign Charles Greene Grimes. It is a particularly smart demi-toilet of heavy soft gray chiffon over gray satin, with a panel back and front, elaborately embroidered with floss of the same shade and made with three-quarter length sleeves. A narrow band of moleskin formed the becoming collar. Her hat was a picturesque affair of black velvet, with ostrich plumes of black and gray.

Her Traveling Suit. Mrs. Wilson travelled in a dark blue suit of heavy soft cloth, made with a long coat with a fitted back and a loose front and trimmed with a sealskin collar and cuffs. With it she wore a small and simple black velvet toque. She has several close fitting tailored hats to wear with the same suit, a particularly fetching one being trimmed with aeroplane wings off to the back and one side. She has another hat, which she calls her "conservation hat," because it can be worn with so many costumes. It is large, round and rather plain, with a transparent brim and a black velvet crown encircled by a band of gray chiffon, closely shirred and caught together with a small cluster of gray ostrich plumes.

In Mrs. Wilson's wardrobe there is also a smart gown of black satin with a tunic of black Georgette crepe, heavily brocaded and trimmed with bands of broadtail. The sleeves are flowing and edged with the broadtail, the whole thing cut something on the lines of a Chinaman's coat. It is worn with the "conservation hat" and a scarf and muff of chinchilla. Then there is always the corsage bouquet to give it the splash of color. She has a handsome set of white fox furs which she wears with many of her afternoon frocks and one equally as good looking, but black fox, which she wears with tailored

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