

Woman's Section

Two Engagements Appear to Be Broken---Gabby Fears for Soldiers

Long Has Woman Basked in the Light of Her Husband's Glory, But the Glory and the Light Are Both Shifting a Bit.

NO LONGER is the woman to be the silent partner. Indeed, some of our well-known matrons are daily eclipsing their husbands in business, politics, and other lines. Formerly the woman shone in the reflected glory of her husband; henceforth she will reflect her own glory. An instance of this came to light recently and those who know are silently chuckling to themselves.

It seems that one of our prominent business men discovered that a friend had been arrested upon some flimsy excuse. Always generous and willing to help everyone, he immediately phoned to the police station and stated that he would furnish bail.

"Who are you?" was the question which was asked of him. Confidently the man gave his name and occupation. The person at the other end of the line did not seem to be at all impressed. Thinking that perhaps he had not been explicit Mr. Man repeated his statements. Nevertheless, the person to whom he was talking protested that he knew no such person. After repeated explanations the person at the police station inquired:

"Perhaps you are the husband of Mrs. ———," mentioning the name of a woman who is prominent in charitable organizations.

"Er—Yes," was the only answer the thoroughly subdued man could give.

THERE is mourning in the Kingdom of Love. The tiny monarch has replaced his rosy wreath with a band of crepe and his arrows are scattered. For Dame Rumor whispers that one or two romances are going astray. The betrothals were announced while we were in the very thickest of the fray and the bride-to-be said, "after the war." With true industry they stitched the days away on lovely, fragile things for the new home and all was going merry as a marriage bell.

In vain we wait for engraved bits of cardboard to bid us to the nuptials, eagerly we listen that we may catch some hint of the wedding date—all for naught. There seems to be no great hurry, the young women look very happy and contented but, are delightfully indefinite concerning their future plans.

One of the girls is extremely athletic, in fact her hobby is horseback riding. She would make a charming bride and we are hoping that nothing has really happened to shatter the dream. The young man in question has forsaken military affairs so we hear, and entered business, perhaps he is piling up the dollars, that might be a plausible excuse.

The other couple are so very prominent, we must be careful not to give too many hints. She is one of the prettiest of the young girls and her personality corresponds, while everyone agrees that he is a splendid chap. Such an ideal combination, we trust sincerely that the hint of broken promises is not true.

THAT mysterious iron hand known as the trusts, which dictate what we shall eat and what we shall spend, and wherewithal we shall be clothed is even now bartering for our soles. Dame Fashion has been consulted and the high court has decided that the down-at-the-heel public is not pay-

ing half enough for their footwear. It's very easily explained—high prices always are if you have ever noticed. Although high finance is quite beyond us the middle class will continue to pay—and pay—that is the ultimate conclusion when all is said and done.

Dame Fashion must be receiving a share of the profits or perhaps a bonus, for heartlessly she demands that our shoes be elaborate to the nth degree. None of the low-heeled, rubber-soled affairs, thank you, but flimsy creations with thin leather soles, high heels, fancy uppers, extreme lasts and all the other bits of foot vanity that men are in the habit of pool-pooling and admiring.

The style's the thing, and it is a bit hard to be placed in the "has-been" class when one longs to be among the "up to the minutes." But a little thing like expense should not deter us for it certainly hasn't annoyed the lords of high finance in the least. What matters it if you have to pay a dollar for a nickel's worth of lunch or if a tax is laid on all the dire necessities of life, including face powder and movie tickets, one might just as well be dead as out of style—so on with the dance—we care nothing for expenses these days, there are so many of them, we'll just cut out the butter and buy shoes, we suppose.

THE Prince of Wales might drop a peg or two in his own royal estimation if he could hear the careless comments passed upon his appearance. Gabby was reading a bit of a story to a crowd of pretty Omaha lassies, displaying his most recent picture, and expecting a flutter of hearts, but alas!

Less than medium size, 5 feet 6 inches, and very slender, with sunk-on chest. He changed the custom among British officers of wearing a mustache because he couldn't raise one. He is pleasant and at home they call him David.

He loves animals and was once described as "fonder of his bull pup than of any girl." When a little boy he said, "When I am king I shall make three laws: No one shall cut the tails of the little dogs; there shall be no more fishing with hooks, and no one shall use bearing reins to hurt horses." He smokes cigarettes and an odorous pipe.

"I'd rather have a regular HE man for mine," commented one maid in Omaha.

"He looks like he had adenoids," sniffed another.

"Uh, how I hate the sissy way he combs his hair," came from a pretty blonde.

"Give me the kind that loved Olive Thomas 'Up Stairs and Down'."

"If I had to choose between that colorless creature and Bill Hart—I'd take Bill every time."

"What's his honest-to-goodness name?" inquired a pink-sweated miss.

"His Royal Highness, Edward Albert Christian George Andrew David."

"Help!" shouted the chorus. "No wonder he's anaemic and has adenoids and combs his hair funny. I'll bet when he gets angry he says 'judge or mercy me,' or uses some other dreadful expression."

Now, Omaha men, you see where there isn't such a great advantage in being a prince after all. These modern girls have ideas of their own concerning the opposite sex.

directly in front of the new Hotel Ambassador, which is in the Quaker-controlled residential section of Chelsea. When this young woman made her appearance on the beach she attracted a crowd of the proletariat, much to the discomfiture of the gorgeously plumed footman in front of the fashionable Ambassador. Eventually the young woman's mamma took her under her protecting wing and into the hotel away from the gaze of the curious.

Aprons of fur-lined and other new style bathing regalia, the beaches in front of all the great hotels here are crowded daily with both fair and unfair bathers. Never before has Atlantic City been so crowded as it is this summer, and the hotels and restaurants report that more money has entered their coffers this year than ever before in the history of this world-famous resort.

Ex-Queen Marie Amelie, who has made her home in England since the overthrow of the monarchy in Portugal, lives in a charming house in Richmond park, near London. Amelie is one of the most attractive women of European royalty. Her 50 odd years have scarcely dimmed her beauty. She has always been keenly interested in science, and the studied medicine and took her degree. Riding and swimming are her favorite recreations and she is expert in both of these outdoor pastimes. She once plunged into the water and saved a fisherman from drowning, and in the same way rescued two children.

German brides of American soldiers are on their way to the United States after precipitating a strike among the French waitresses at Hotel Petrograd, the Y. W. C. A. hostess house in Paris, and causing more or less of a tumult in Brest. Scarcely before the peace treaty



Mrs. Emily Byram
RINEHART — MARSDEN PHOTO

Fingerprint Expert Is Back Home Again in Omaha, Nebraska

Mrs. Byram Was One of the Two Women Bertillon Experts at Capital and Had Great Shock When She Found Own Brother's Marks.

By PEGGY NATTINGER.

FOOTPRINTS on the sands of time. But there are fingerprints in the annals of the A. E. F. And the historians who compiled these important records for Uncle Sam, were feminine, if you please—and, even more—daughters of the golden west. Omaha proudly claims one of these women, for Mrs. Emily Bridges Byram served in the War department for the past year and is an acknowledged fingerprint expert.

The Goddess of Liberty, who has been America's beacon since Revolutionary days sounded the clarion

call of duty when oppression from a foreign power again seemed imminent. From cities and hamlets her subjects came, rallying to the flag and the common cause. The women joined the ranks as quickly as the men and Mrs. Byram, at home with patriotism, was eager to serve in a truly efficient way. A clipping from The Bee attracted her attention, announcing that fingerprint experts were greatly needed. The intricacies of the work did not daunt her, for she felt that this was her bit for victory and she immediately began her instruction under Hans Nielsen, police Bertillon expert in Omaha.

Artists are not made, neither are musicians trained, and so in fingerprint work, one must have a particular turn of mind to be able to grasp the rudiments and later to become proficient. After three months' study Mrs. Byram was accepted by the government and left immediately for Washington, where she was assigned to the adjutant general's office. Here she found the real joy in the work with the drudgery done, for she could almost hear the tramp of marching feet and the roar of cannon so closely was she allied to our armies through the medium of her particular service.

Soldiers' Finger Prints.

Not a man donned the khaki without having an impression made of his finger tips. More lasting and more accurate even than identification tags or written records were these copies, of which there are 6,000,000 in the great files at Washington. Mrs. Byram adjusted her magnifying glass one day over a picture, counting the "swirls" carefully when she stopped, transfixed. The prints were those of her brother's hand, Robert Bridges, then stationed at Fort Logan, Colo. There was no name, no sign, to guide this woman worker and to show her that this was a replica of the fingers of her own brother, only by the mysterious rules which are used to identify could she recognize those familiar prints.

In far-away France 40 gallant Yankees forgot the dullness of drills and marches by conversing with some pretty French girls. The acquaintance grew and with true feminine desire the daughters of France asked the Americans for some souvenir. Their identification tags, of course, and in defiance of all military regulations the young men presented the girls with these tiny disks, bearing their name and company. But Mars thundered on, and these American boys paid the great price for liberty with only the waving poppies to mark their resting place in Flanders Fields. But what of the loved ones in the homeland who were eager to find the graves of these sons and brothers? There was no clue, no way of determining who the men were when guns were stilled and reconstruction began. After a weary search the bodies were exhumed and fingerprints taken. A huge transport bore the precious slips of paper to the nation's capitol and here the missing link was found, for it took but comparatively short time for the experts to locate original finger prints made when the dead heroes enlisted and to compare the two, thus identifying them without question and easing the minds of saddened loved ones.

The "Tuscania's" Dead.

When the great ship "Tuscania" plunged to its watery grave many valiant men were lost. It was not many days, however, until queer, smudged prints came to Mrs. Byram's department, for the sailors' finger prints had been taken when the waves surrendered their victims. Nearly all were identified and the Bertillon experts had rendered another invaluable service.

The special work of the Omaha woman was the classifying of the multitudinous prints for the files and her task was most exacting and intricate. She was rewarded in many ways, however, for so many men who had served in the world war were made happy through her efforts and those of her coworkers. Two men who had lost their discharge papers could not collect their bonus from the government unless they could show their connection with the army and it took but a few moments to locate their finger prints, thus proving that they had duly sworn to protect the Stars and Stripes. The money was promptly paid and the two ex-soldiers departed, wreathed in smiles, with a little nest egg, with which to engage in peaceful pursuits.

With swords sheathed and peace treaties duly signed, Mrs. Byram has completed her task and with Uncle Sam's "well done" ringing in her ears has returned to her home city. This charming young woman has been a member of the teaching staff for some time and obtained a leave of absence to serve her government. She will now continue her chosen work, glad to return to the small Americans whose fathers and brothers she has so nobly aided in winning democracy for the world.

Mrs. Russell Duane, of Philadelphia, sister of Roland S. Morris, is in audience recently by the Empress of Japan. William Potter, of Philadelphia, formerly minister to Rome, was received in audience by Emperor Yoshihito.

Bathing Suits Edged With Fur Are the Latest at Atlantic City

Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 16.—Fur trimmed bathing suits are the latest craze in this city of fashion and startling innovations. The newest innovation was worn by the summer girl here today. Rabbit skins are used as collars and fur garters also are seen. The fur is so treated that it revives immediately in the gay sunshine after being immersed in old Neptune's domain.

Fishy bathing suits are swimming right into favor. Dozens of the deep, in brilliant coloring characteristic of fish caught in the tropics, are used effectively on black silk suits. Some times the surf rig is perfectly plain with the fish motif introduced on the rubber caps and stockings. One-piece bathing suits will be taboed at the shore next summer. Early notice was served this week so that milady will have no excuse as to ignorance of the stern edict. This warning was given out as a guide to manufacturers of stylish bathing raiment for fair femininity.

Bare knees are also taboo. Dr. Charles L. Bossert, chief beach censor, says: "We will not tolerate one-piece bathing suits for women as long as I am in charge of the bathing grounds. The body must be adequately covered. The rule for the wearing of stockings by women will continue in force. I do not aim to be prudish, but we must draw the line somewhere to save appearances."

The first fur-trimmed bathing suit created quite a furore here. It was worn by a prominent Philadelphia society girl on the exclusive beach

French Waitresses Refuse to Serve German Brides of U. S. Soldiers.

German brides of American soldiers are on their way to the United States after precipitating a strike among the French waitresses at Hotel Petrograd, the Y. W. C. A. hostess house in Paris, and causing more or less of a tumult in Brest. Scarcely before the peace treaty

was signed 140 American doughboys were married to as many German women despite the rigid rules against fraternizing with the enemy which had held, supposedly, up to that minute and the next day 22 brides were on their way to Brest via Paris, chaperoned by a lieutenant, and accompanied by two husbands—both sergeants.

Miss Eleanor Wood, in charge of the Y. W. C. A. bureau for war brides in Paris, met the brides at the station to take them and their luggage to Hotel Petrograd, while she

tried to arrange for their passports. Arrived at the hostess house the brides were taken into breakfast. Suddenly one of the maids heard the enemy tongue. She sent the news around. The maids struck. They would not serve one of the enemy though peace had been declared the day before. Service was suspended for five minutes while the brides ate on—placidity. Finally the strike leader was suspended and peace restored. That night they left for Brest.

Henceforth brides in Germany or

Luxembourg will be sent straight through to port and will not be permitted to stop in Paris.

The Ayita Camp Fire group of which Miss Ruth Bracken is guardian, enjoyed a delightful evening at Krug park, Thursday. They took their supper along, after which bathing and other amusements were enjoyed.

The Satakotchi group of which Miss Esther Ellinghusen is guardian, held a meeting Thursday. They worked on their head bands.

There prevails in some parts of Brittany a curious marriage custom. On certain fete days the marriageable girls appear in red petticoats with white or yellow borders around them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band denotes 100 francs per annum; each yellow band represents 1,000 francs a year.

Women of Dallas have arranged to establish an open-air municipal market as a step toward reducing the cost of living