

Camp Brewster Devotees Reveal Some Secrets Of the Order

There is rejoicing in Camp Brewster camp. Instead of possessing eight acres for the several thousand girls who visit there during a season, they now have 75 more than nine times the former area. Announcement of this splendid addition was made Wednesday night at the Y. W. C. A. when a booster banquet for the camp was given. The \$18,000 which purchased this new tract of forest was given largely by the business men of Omaha. The girls themselves raised "the first ten thousand" which went into Camp Brewster, and they are now endeavoring to raise another \$3,000 for playground equipment and a lake. "The finest inland camp in America" is the slogan toward which those interested are working.

The spirit and influence of Camp Brewster are delightfully shown in the following two speeches made at the recent banquet. Miss Pearl Rhyno, member of the Y. W. C. A. Athletic club, in telling of Saturday night at camp, gives a glimpse of the wholesome fun, the exuberant spirit, and the beneficial sport which goes out throughout the summer at Camp Brewster, under the direction of Miss Clara Brewster. Miss Bea Swanson, in "Sunday at Camp," shows that the spiritual life is not forgotten.

"The Forest," by Ethel Yost; "The Summer Boarder," Norma Wass; "The Girl Reserves," by Mildred White, and "Mothers at Camp," Mrs. P. M. Garrett, were other responses, all reflecting devotion to this spot which is only a carfare or a good hike removed from the center of Omaha. Miss Wass' toast in rhyme, brought forth bursts of laughter and warm appreciation from those who "know the ropes" of the camp. Miss Kate Davis was toastmistress. Mrs. Frank Judson, Miss Clara Brewster and Dr. H. Gifford were other speakers at the banquet. The speeches by Miss Rhyno and Miss Swanson follow:

"Saturday Night at Camp," By PEARL RHYNO.

Of course, all nights are enjoyable at Camp Brewster. But somehow, there is none quite like Saturday. The imps of mischief, merry-making and sport, are particularly abroad on this night, and the quiet, sedate girl of the day, becomes capable of indulging in the wildest of pranks.

Each car is filled with a chattering, noisy bunch of girls, laden with bags, boxes and suitcases, and the short walk up the hill from the car line only adds to their enthusiasm. When they finally reach the office, their "pep" registers about 100 degrees, with no hope for a drop.

Everyone wants to register at once, and decided chaos prevails while this is going on. Fortunately, no serious accidents have occurred in the mad rush, other than perfectly accountable girls forgetting their names and addresses, momentarily, however, the invigorating air soon dispels this slight mental derangement.

The change from town clothes to middie and bloomers is accomplished in less time than it takes to tell it, and all are ready for the time of

their lives. Some play tennis, in an effort to reduce their rotundity to more sylph-like proportions; others go on a hike before supper to work up a regular appetite; others, inspired by the fresh air, gather about the piano and give vent to their feelings by competing with the songsters of the air.

At 6:30 the dinner bell clangs out the summons to "eat" and, as if by magic, the porch becomes thronged with a boisterous, happy, hungry bunch of girls. The "mess" line is a long one, but the time spent filling in is never tiresome, for all manner of stunts are performed en route, which keeps everyone in a fit of laughter.

The dining room is a veritable Chinese schoolroom all during the meal, for Campites are past masters in the art of eating and talking at the same time without serious damage. After the food has had a chance to settle comfortably, comes the "Saturday night bath." Not in an ordinary tub, but out under the sky in a fresh, inviting pool surrounded by beautiful lilies, where one may splash and swim around to her heart's content.

Following the plunge comes the real sport of the evening—a jazz orchestra and a dance in the club house in middie and bloomers—no skirts, or other unnecessary female incumbrances to bother. Sometimes costume affairs are given, such as hard time, Japanese and kid parties, and the originality in dress brought out on these occasions, is in a class by itself. Talent is never lacking at camp, and on Saturday night, diversion in entertainment is varied, indeed. Ofttimes ice cream is made by some of the girls, and no one ever seems to have a distaste for this particular kind of refreshment.

At 11:30 the "curfew" rings, and with a great deal of reluctance, the merry-makers gradually disperse to their beds, cottages and tents, for at 12 all should be peacefully dreaming in their trundles, and, "lights out."

But—Saturday night, with probably a most inviting, beautiful moon shining overhead; a host of girls teeming with "pep" and the air permeated with the spirit of mischief, never finds the fair maidens entirely "dead" to the world at 12 bells. With the turning out of the lights, all ears await breathlessly the last round of our guardian angel, Miss Brewster, and her cherry, "Good night, girls!" then, as her steps fade away in the distance, and the door slams on the porch, the "dead" come to life. A giggle is heard here; some one laughs out loud by mistake; and brings down a score of "Shhhhhhs," another jumps out of bed in a hurry upon finding a fine crop of burrs therein; then some one sends a bit of snuff through the air, and, all is not quiet in camp.

In another tent a crowd is kept in convulsions by some clever story teller who only becomes inspired after 12 o'clock at night; while in still another cottage a real feed is being enjoyed.

The wild calls to others, and out they start upon nightgown and pajama parades with the stealth of cats, but alas! not for long, for someone slips and falls and yells

before she realizes the consequence; another lets out a suppressed laugh, and before many minutes the quiet few are a noisy multitude.

Then, like a bomb out of a clear sky, comes a voice out of the dark-

ness: "Quiet please, girls," and the silence is deathlike. There is a grand scampering back to refuge, and when the patient "guardian" makes another round, the folks but a few seconds before so full of life, have become as mummies in bed.



Miss Clara Brewster
DIRECTOR

ness: "Quiet please, girls," and the silence is deathlike. There is a grand scampering back to refuge, and when the patient "guardian" makes another round, the folks but a few seconds before so full of life, have become as mummies in bed.



Girls! Your hair needs a little "Danderine"—that's all! When it becomes lifeless, thin or loses its lustre; when ugly dandruff appears, or your hair falls out, a 35-cent bottle of delightful, dependable "Danderine" from any store, will save your hair, also double it's beauty. You can have nice, thick hair, too.

and the soft murmuring of the leaves is the only noise to be heard.

In due course, however, the Spirit of Morpheus reigns supreme over the rollicking Saturday nighters, only after each, has promised the other that she will be at Camp the following Saturday night full of 1,000,000 new ideas of a good time.

"Sunday at Camp," By BEA SWANSON.

Did you know that the fairies went to church out at Camp Brewster? They do! When fairies go to church, and they do every Sunday morning, they get ready the night before. They take their fairy-dip in the early evening dew and dance away the minute the big, beautiful, friendly sun sinks his sleepy head beyond the thin, airy, gray horizon. Sometimes the moon does quite a little, too, to get prepared for the Sabbath day, but she is so quiet that we never know, and her beams are so timid and shy that it's hard to get any information from them.

Would you like to know just how a fairy church is conducted? Well, the fairies' church is really wherever there are trees and brooks and cat-tails and waving grass and where there are no people. But out at Camp Brewster they just love to meet, somehow; they met there so long before anybody knew anything about the camp that they never wanted to change it.

They are never late to church, these fairies, they come the minute that the sun shoots up his rosy fingers of dawn; they come in with a rushy sound and get settled in their favorite nestling places and then the robins and the whole bird-choir sing the opening hymn—haven't you noticed how the birds sing on Sunday morning? Well, they are singing their Sunday songs and the fairies all keep time with their little hands and sing, too, at certain places. That's why their songs always sound so full of love and praise.

The sun sort of takes the pulpit, I guess, and the fairies bow their heads and listen, and bask in his presence. The trees give a long, peaceful sigh and lift their leafy arms to heaven and offer the morning prayer, while the fairies close their bright eyes and pray, too. The

flowers nod their pretty heads and remember God is their maker. A little clap of thunder catches up the "amen" and carries it right up to heaven. Then the refreshing moment of prayer is over.

Suddenly voices are heard and the fairies stop rather short and listen. But it is alright for it is people—God's people—who have come out to go to church with the fairies, and bring a little lunch. Fairies love gatherings like these and welcome these people as guests to their church. It is only when sin enters that fairies vacate their hallowed ground. After they have played for a while they pause to hear the sun's benediction as he steps down out of the altar to make way for the evening star who is a quiet teacher.

When the moon is in session it has charge of the service, assisted by the evening star. After this message is given the Hermit thrush softly sings the closing song and the fairies slip silently, happily to their night's rest. Come out to Camp Brewster and go to church with the fairies!

One of the interesting visitors in Washington this winter is Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, wife of the famous "Tay Pay," editor and Irish member of Parliament. Mrs. O'Connor is a Texan by birth and passed much of her girlhood in Washington. She was a brilliant actress when she first met the distinguished Irish journalist and politician, and after marriage she attained considerable reputation as a playwright. As a hostess she also is celebrated, and it is said that those who are so fortunate as to be members of the circle of friends who gather at the entertainments at the O'Connor home in Chelsea, near London, esteem themselves favored.

Tableau of Living Models To Be Feature of Convention.

"The Y. W. C. A. 50 Years Ago"—a tableau of living models—is to be one of the attractive exhibit features at the national convention of the Y. W. C. A. which takes place in Cleveland, O., April 13 to 20. When the association had its beginning in Boston, something over 50 years ago, girls were just beginning to make a timid entry into industry and the business world and the first association taught girls typewriting—an innovation at that time. In the tableau one of the three figures in stiff crinoline will be seen sitting at an old-fashioned typewriter, while the other two young women will be seen practicing the more usual (for that time) feminine arts—sewing and cooking. On the wall of the room, which will be as nearly as possible a reproduction of the first Y. W. C. A. class room, will be copies of the announcements and posters of the day.

The exhibit hall—which is the ballroom of the Maconic building in which the convention sessions are to be held—will have displays of all sorts, showing the world-wide activities of the Y. W. C. A. today and will be open to the public. A hostess house patterned after the hospitality houses which the Y. W. C. A. maintained in camps and abroad during the war, will form the rest room for visitors. The decorations, lights and exhibit proper are under the direction of Miss Mary Tyson Page, a New York artist, who has directed Y. W. C. A. exhibits nationally. Because of war conditions this convention, which should have been held in 1918, was postponed until this year and according to preliminary announcements promises to have a record registration of over 2,000 delegates.

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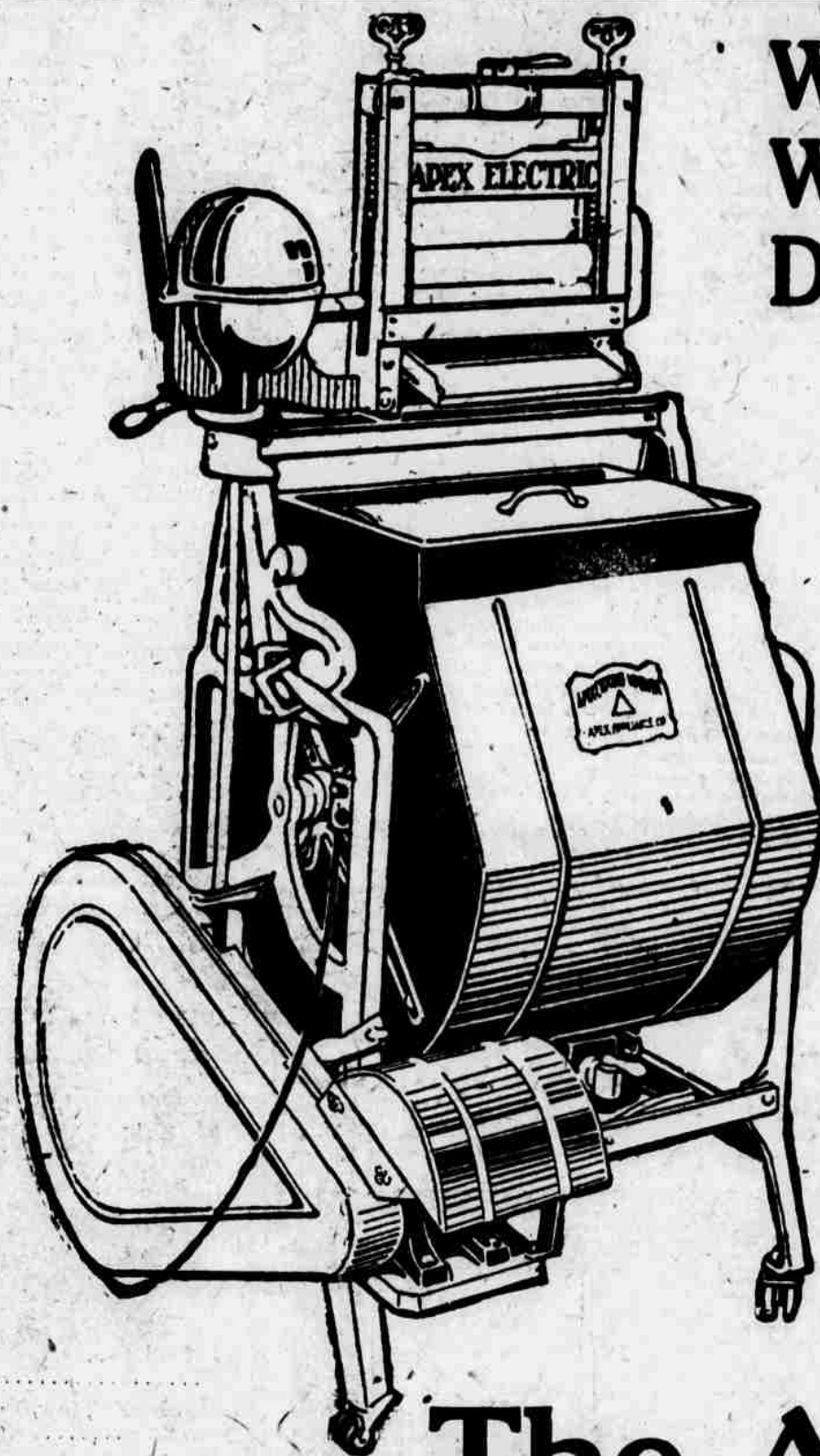
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What the Washboard Does

There are few women who have never used a washboard. It was the old way of getting dirty clothes clean—they were rubbed on the washboard first and later hand machines did the work. The washboard, though efficient to a degree, was hard on the clothes and its operation was a back-breaking, knuckle-scraping job. In principle, it was used to force suds through the clothes by means of the corrugations on its surface. A woman rubbing on the board does not rub every inch of the clothes over it, but lets the suds forced through by the board do the actual cleaning.



The Apex Electric Washer

Is the Automatic Washboard

For it uses the same principle. It has "Apexes" along the inside walls of the tub, which function similarly to the corrugations of the washboard, but with greater effect. The "Apexes," assisted by the motion of the tub, force water, steam and suds through the clothes and become a virtual automatic washboard.

That is why the Apex users never have to rub their clothes—never have to boil them. All the hard work is done by electricity—the rubbing, the boiling, and the running of the machine and wringer. The oscillating movement of the tub secures double action on the water and clothes, and brings your washing out snowy white in half the time required by ordinary machines. The expense is materially reduced. It costs less than two cents for current to do a washing the Apex way.

Light running, fast and thorough, yet simple

and easy to operate, the Apex is everywhere the favorite. There are no moving parts inside the tub to injure dainty fabrics—blankets and georgette waists can be washed at the same time with perfect safety. Made entirely of metal—guaranteed rust-proof—there is nothing to rot away, splinter or warp. The Apex is sanitary.

The wringer of the Apex operates from four positions. It is driven by the same motor which drives the machine—and at the same time if desired. A great deal of time is saved.

No laundry is complete without the Apex Electric Washer. It assures economical and efficient washing each week. It does not fail to arrive when most needed—it is reliable. The investment in the Apex is quickly returned on our easy payment plan—it pays for itself by the saving effected from use. Arrange for free trial in your home on your clothes. Wash the Apex way.

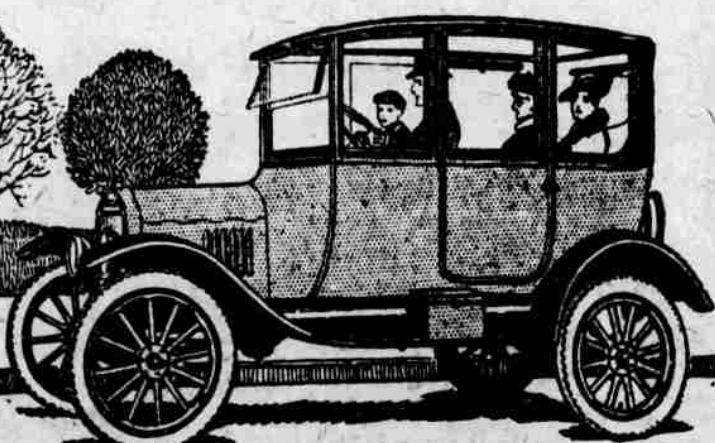
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