

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE Conducted by Ella Fleishman

SOCIETY

By MELLIFICIA.

Social World Enlisted In Red Cross Drive

The Red Cross drive is on! Lovely girls in long veils and white gowns passed up the church aisles Sunday morning and to each worshiper a small envelope was given for their pledge to the cause of God and humanity.

No one could refuse these white-veiled supplicants, and even tiny America gave her mite. Just a wee lassie she was, but she had one nickel clasped tightly in her chubby hand. Standing by the great church door in St. Johns, she laboriously wrote her name in round, childish characters on the envelope and then very solemnly dropping in the nickel, she handed it to the young woman at the door.

All our society women have donned their Red Cross insignia and gone forth to mobilize every available dollar all on a Monday morning. Mrs. Frank Judson as the generalissimo has on her staff our most prominent and efficient women, who are determined to make this Red Cross drive the most successful one in history.

To Mrs. W. D. Hoford belongs the credit of the success of the drive in the Catholic churches on Sunday, for she is chairman of that branch, and Mrs. W. J. Hynes successfully campaigned the Protestant churches.

Mrs. J. E. Davidson has the important position of chairman of the booths in the stores, and under her leadership the most prominent society women in town will be found at their posts in the department stores and hotels.

Mrs. C. W. Axtell will lead the club women in their important part in the work and Mrs. Lee Huff has been named chairman of the Red Cross auxiliaries. The miscellaneous committee is a most important one and includes: Confectioners, Mrs. J. W. Hughes; florists, Mrs. George Engler; base hospital, Miss Naomi Towle, and Women's National Service League, Mrs. William Archibald Smith.

The huge Red Cross in the front of the campaign headquarters shines out as a beacon directing all loyal Americans to the fund, where their dollars will accomplish the most toward keeping the spirit of liberty alive in the world.

FOR VISITING GIRLS. With three charming out-of-town girls in our midst the luncheons, teas and motor trips are almost overlapping each other this week.

Miss Zabelle Smith of Los Angeles, who is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Jay Foster, is a former Omaha girl, and as her friends are many here, she will be honored at a number of parties.

Miss Mabel Maynard of St. Louis, who is the guest of Miss Gladys Robertson, is a most interesting visitor, as her brother, Lieutenant Maynard, is at the balloon school.

Miss Smith and Miss Maynard will share honors at a motor picnic given by Miss Adelyn Wood this evening.

The other guest, Miss Marian Braiden, of Rochelle, Ill., is visiting at the Frank Walker home, and her hostess, Miss Helen Walker, gave a delightful tea in her honor Saturday.

Miss Margaret Grimmel entertained informally at luncheon at the Blackstone today in Miss Braiden's honor, when the other guests included Miss Walker, Miss Gladys Robertson and her guest, Miss Mabel Maynard.

Miss Gertrude Metz is also planning a luncheon early in the week for Miss Braiden, and Miss Elsie Storz will give an afternoon tea.

DANNEHEV-SHIELDS. Mrs. Catherine Spader announces the marriage of her daughter, Miss Catherine Shields, to James H. Dannehey of Greenfield, Mass., which took place Friday at the Sacred Heart church, Richmond, Va.

The wedding was a surprise affair. The romance began several months ago when Mr. Dannehey was stationed with the 12th balloon company at Fort Omaha. He is now awaiting orders for overseas duty. His bride will remain with him until he goes abroad, when she will return to Omaha to be with her mother.

The bride was accompanied to Richmond by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank Shields of Chicago, who acted as matron of honor at the wedding.

M'CARNEY-O'BRIEN. The wedding of Miss Helen O'Brien daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. O'Brien, to Mr. John M'Carthy, jr., took place this morning at St. Cecilia's church.

The bride's only attendant was her twin sister, Miss Marie O'Brien, and Mr. J. W. McCarthy of Des Moines, brother of the bridegroom, was best man.

Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents to the immediate relatives of the young couple.

ORPHEUM PARTIES. Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Spain will entertain a line party of 12 guests at the Orpheum this evening, and Mr. and Mrs. T. J. O'Brien will have eight guests. Parties of five will be given by J. M. Baldrige and Robert Zachary, while foursomes will be given by O. C. Redick, H. R. Lemen, J. L. Hiatt, W. M. Jeffers, Howard H. Baldrige, Charles Metz, Dr. T. E. Dailley, Charles Black and L. M. Cohn.

SINGS IN PLATTSMOUTH. Mrs. Edward Black entertained the residents of the Masonic home at Plattsmouth Sunday afternoon with a number of vocal selections.

York Girl Bride of Omaha Officer



Lovely garden flowers lent their variegated hues to form a spring-time setting for the wedding of Miss Mary Clarke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Clarke, to Lieutenant Virgil Rector of Omaha, which took place Friday evening at the home of the bride's parents in York, Neb. The large windows in the living room were banked with the purple iris, rosy tulips and snowy spirea and here and there the marriage vows were spoken, Rev. Mr. Adams officiating.

The bride was charming in her blue silk suit with large blue hat, trimmed with tiny French ruffles. The wedding supper had to be foregone, for these military weddings are always on the fly, you know (both of them prominent in the school set), and the young lieutenant and his bride hurried away for a bit of a honeymoon before going to Camp Dodge, where he is stationed.

Personals

Miss Betty Robertson, who is a student at Principia, is expected home in about two weeks for the summer vacation.

Mrs. Mary Haller Burnstein is visiting in Omaha as the guest of Mrs. Howard White at Fort Omaha and Miss Mary Riley at the Blackstone.

Miss Grace Johnson leaves Tuesday for Des Moines, where she will spend several days visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles F. Shook, and Lieutenant Shook.

Mr. Myer Fridstein of Chicago spent the week-end with Mrs. Fridstein, who is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Bergman.

Mrs. R. P. Conklin and daughter, Ruth Willins, will leave Tuesday for San Antonio, Tex., to join Lieutenant Conklin, who has recently been transferred to San Antonio, having completed his course at the technical school at Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. George R. Cathro of Denver, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. M. Rutter, since January, left today to join Mr. Cathro in Los Angeles, later going to Berkeley, Cal., where they will make their future home. Mrs. Cathro's stay here has been prolonged on account of the illness and death of her aunt, Mrs. Esther Fobes.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A Girl's Influence.

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: For perhaps about the last couple of months I have been reading your "Advice to the Lovelorn" and laughed over the many foolish questions which were asked, for they seemed to me so foolish. And yet, I am writing to you for advice, which perhaps is also very foolish, although, of course, it is very serious with me.

I am a girl of 18 years. He loved me more than any girl for I was so different than they. This boy has had a bad reputation, but he said since we have been going together he has never been better and he also has a better reputation. My parents objected to me going with him, but Miss P. I couldn't, because I knew and do know I have helped him in many different ways for he got absolutely drunk once and I gave him up entirely and he begged for me.

I will be 17 years old in January. I am very good looking so people have told me and pardon me for saying it, for anything I dislike he being concerned. I have very curly hair, so, of course, I suppose that is the reason.

I am going, or rather I have been going with a boy now for nearly two years, but not steady, only for a about the last year, for, of course, I was too young and probably yet, but Miss Fairfax, I really love him and he had asked me to have him as a friend, but I refused until his mother told me I was the only one who could do anything for him, so I said I would try him and he is fine so far, until about a week ago he started to go with two other girls, who swear terribly and are really what you might call tough and he hasn't paid the least attention to me and this is my question, what shall I do? I dislike him being concerned. I have very curly hair, so, of course, I suppose that is the reason.

Why waste your time and efforts on this boy, who evidently does not care for your interest? If he has slipped back into his old ways it would not seem that your influence had been very lasting. We hear a great deal about woman's influence in reforming men, but examples of its success are rare.

Too Young. Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: As I have been reading your advice to the lovelorn I thought you could advise me. I am 18 years old; have been going with a boy a year and a half, who is 19. When I went with him for some time he was very kind to me, and also spoke of marriage, but from that time he has been concerned. I have very curly hair, so, of course, I suppose that is the reason.

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Red Cross

Mrs. Fred Hamilton has promised to raise \$5,000 for the Nebraska base hospital unit, No. 49. A car, donated to the Red Cross, will be disposed of to help raise the fund. Mrs. Hamilton, one of Omaha's most attractive matrons, may be seen today and for the next few days driving the fine seven-passenger car. She is accompanied by three others, chosen chiefly because they are good to look upon. They were blue war sailors, banded with white, upon which is placed a Red Cross in front. The car bears a Red Cross on the wind shield. The others riding with Mrs. Hamilton are Mesdames Blaine Young, John Madden and Miss Helene Bixby.

Mrs. A. Parson, instructor of the Valley Red Cross auxiliary, which has just become part of the Omaha chapter, is in Omaha taking special instructions in the newest army surgical dressings.

The base ball game between the base hospital unit and the Brandeis team, held Saturday at Rourke park, netted \$1,400 for the hospital fund.

Commencement Themes Should Be War Topics

Commencement themes this year should all deal with war topics, the woman's committee, Nebraska Council for Defense, urges. Prof. Sarika Hrbkova, chairman, and Miss Alice Florer, chairman of the department of educational propaganda, have issued the following suggestions for graduation essays:

- "First year of the war and what this nation has accomplished."
- "A contrast of this war and former ones."
- "The war utterances of our president."
- "Why we must win the war."
- "The defenses of our country."
- "German intrigue and propaganda in the United States."
- "Is war only a man's job?"
- "The closer relationships of nations brought about by the war."
- "The historical papers of this war."
- "German war promises and what would happen if we lose the war."
- "A vision of a new world after the war."
- "Submarine warfare—is it justifiable?"
- "Historical steps leading to the war."
- "A comparison of German and American forms of government."
- "New inventions—results of the war."
- "Women's part in the war."
- "Is this a war of self-defense?"
- "The battle for democracy."
- "How can food win the war?"
- "What will Germany's expansion in the east mean to us?"
- "Value of individual effort in an international crisis."
- "What does democracy mean?"
- "Aviation—its value in the war."
- "What must I do to help win the war?"
- "Commanders of the allied armies."
- "American principles and American policies."
- "The economic and social changes which may follow the ending of the war."
- "What is patriotism?"

didn't mean it, and the next time he had something again that way. It is whenever we go to any place. My schoolmate came over one day. I told her I won't talk to him; as I was here alone I had to talk. When he heard it he had another fit and said he never believe me any more.

I also had his ring and lost the stone. He asked me to give it to him, that he would put another in its place. He says he loves me and I love him, too, but if he is going to make me unhappy I am willing to forget him. Hope to see my advice in Wednesday's Bee. Thanking you in advance, I am, TILLY.

I would certainly advise you to forget this boy. In the first place you are both too young for love affairs and it is very evident that you are far from congenial. Try and make other friends among the young people, but treat the young men as friends, not lovers.

Worried. Miss Beatrice Fairfax, Omaha Bee: Miss Fairfax, I am a girl of 15 and am in love with a boy 18. I have gone with this boy for nearly two years and went with him while he had a very bad reputation. But after I began going with him for about a year he told me he loved me because I was so different from any other girl and because I wouldn't let him have any liberties which he wanted to. He has a fair reputation now.

My mother did not know I went with him until not very long ago and disapproved of it very much when she found it out and wanted me to quit going with him. I wouldn't, nor I can't, because I think I am doing quite a bit for him. Even others have told me this, and lately mother has let him come to see me once in a while. And I certainly am glad for I don't like to go with any one my mother doesn't approve of.

Well, my question is, what shall I do? For night before last he went with a girl and has been going with other girls who don't care how much he smokes or swears around them, etc., and he seems to be tired of me. What shall I do? Please answer this in The Bee. MISS A. VANDER.

You are not engaged to this boy and so, of course, he feels free to go with other girls. Why don't you, in turn, make other boy friends? Invite a few of them to your home some evening for an informal party. Young people of your age can have such a good time if they go together. I think you have been too kind to this boy, for he evidently does not appreciate it.

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Checks for the Summer Girl

By GERTRUDE BERESFORD



THE summer girl will have a "checked career," for, indeed, designs in regular and broken checks are well in the lead of summer fabrics. It takes a "regular" check to pay for these "simple, girlish gowns" when bought in the exclusive shops. Happily they are easy to copy with the help of the seamstress, or by a clever girl herself. This frock of rose and white checked voile of the thinnest weave has a waist of sheer white organdie, banded, collared and buttoned with the checked material. This model is altogether lovely and quite easy to make.

RED CROSS BENEFIT.

A lawn social will be given Thursday evening at the home of Mrs. N. P. Mottaz, 538 South Twenty-seventh street, under the auspices of the Ladies of the Maccabees, Hive No. 952. A musical program will be a feature of the evening, and the proceeds of the affair will be given to the Red Cross.

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Real Happiness Achieved Only in Contributing Something to World

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

All of us want the same thing—happiness. We go through life searching for it. And when we find it, we don't recognize it. This has been said before by writers too numerous to mention. No one ever said it more beautifully than did Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet and philosopher, in "The Bluebird." Mityl and Tityl go hand in hand through kingdoms of the world, and beyond the world find the bluebird of happiness. They come home at last to their little cottage, and in the case that swings there the brother and sister find the bluebird. And, finding it, they free it for the rest of the world to possess.

Most of us do go wandering about hunting for happiness, and there it is all the while right at home. It isn't a mysterious, unusual, elusive bluebird—it is nothing we can cage—it is just the simple peace that comes from well doing and kindness and the contentment real honest effort brings.

Some of us find happiness in dreams which we never strive to fulfill—those of us are weak. The strong, too, must dream, only they follow and strive to capture work and to make dreams come true.

After all, when Kipling wrote "For the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady Are Sisters Under Their Skins," he told a great, big, vital truth.

All of us are alike—all of us want the same things, comfort and success are the way some of us put it—to others it can mean no more than a roof over the head and enough to eat. What we want is always just a little more than we possess. The only real unhappiness is in having no desires, in being too blasé or too stupid to have visions and longing for their fulfillment—in being dull and lethargic and completely "tied up" by dull prosperity which we have done nothing to earn.

All Meet Sorrow. All of us have to meet bitter, heart-breaking sorrows. We have to bend before them now and then, however brave we are. Some of them are unconquerable. There are minor ills, however, which can be conquered by gripping yourself, meeting or defeating them and cheerfully assuring yourself that you can get beyond them to the good and the desirable.

There is a certain satisfaction in knowing you have fought and conquered these difficulties. Go on and do the day's work with an undercurrent of desire to find the bluebird of happiness and suddenly you will discover that you have been so interested in your work that you haven't time to miss happiness or to notice whether or not you are actually happy. That's the joy of being busy—it keeps you from being morbid enough to analyze your own state of mind.

Do you realize that we are making a little journey and passing a series of landmarks. We thought we wanted to be happy—but that self-centered, selfish desire possessed us. But we had to do the day's work. So with a little vision of beauty we set off and

A Fallen Leaf

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A trusting little leaf of green, A bold, audacious frost A rendezvous, a kiss or two, And youth forever lost, Ah, me! The bitter, bitter cost.

A flaunting patch of vivid red That quivers in the sun; A windy gust, a grave of dust— The little race is run. Ah, me! Were that the only one.

rare and French fries. You can't think about your own misery when you're remembering orders. Your work saves you.

Cecile's broken heart makes her a cynical, neurotic woman. She goes to a sanitarium for a rest cure and comes out more unhappy than ever; or she goes south for golf and becomes bitter and sarcastic and so self-centered that nothing can lift her out of her slough of despair—self.

But you have to work, Judy; and work keeps you occupied—it makes you contented—it spurs your ambitions—it gives you something to think about and live for and strive for.

We all want happiness, do we? Then I say give us all work. Blessed be work—work with our head and our hands and our hearts. Striving is life. As long as we are fighting earnestly and steadily toward a goal—as long as we have a flicker of faith in ourselves—a bit of trust that we can achieve—that our work is going to get us somewhere, so long is happiness, everyone's supreme desire, our possession.

But you won't have much time to think how miserable you are because you need your \$30 a month and tips. And you have to earn them. Earning them means remembering roast beef

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Two Doctors Told Him One of our buyers came in and said, "Billy, I want to tell you that two doctors in town told me, I would have to have an operation on my stomach. I came into your store, got one of the boxes, and told me to take EATONIC Tablets. I got a box and have taken them three days, and do you know, all my stomach trouble has gone." I thought that was good. I must say every person I have sold EATONIC to, and I have sold dozens of boxes, has spoken well of it. Write Wm. M. DUNCAN, Druggist, Ottawa, Ill.

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