

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Conducted by Ella Fleishman

SOCIETY

By MELLIFICIA

Bride Meets Obstacles In Finding Sabers for Military Wedding

If you don't believe that the panoplies of war have changed, then just try to get four sabers! Surely, that should be easy, when we are at war and two forts at our very doors, but if you are a bride-to-be and you have decided that your uniform ushers must have sabers, then your troubles have just begun.

Mrs. Irving Benolken, who was Miss Lenore Williams just last week, was a very busy girl for a week or 10 days before the wedding. Was she saving her trousseau fitted? Or was she deciding whether the bridal bouquet should be white roses or pink? These are the usual things that worry a bride, but in this instance her mind was full of gleaming blades and even in her dreams she could hear clanking sabers.

Of course, our youthful warriors in blue whose training camp is in the High school campus are the proud possessors of these necessary weapons, but they had buckled them on several days before and left for intensive training at Valley. Colonel Grant was approached and after much hurrying hither and yon and looking diligently, one sword was discovered, tucked away with some relics of civil war days. Major Frith also contributed one blade to the wedding, but there were two more to find.

Balloons have completely supplanted swords at Fort Omaha and not one could be found from the farthest boundary of Florence field to the last tent at the fort. Colonel Pickering, at Fort Crook, shook his head sadly. The colonel hadn't seen a sword for, lo, these many years. Had the bride wanted a machine gun or two he could accommodate her nicely, but to ask a modern commandant for anything as medieval as swords!

Major Maher came to the rescue, however, and had you seen the lovely white satin bride on Saturday when the stood with her soldier husband under the bower of sabers you would not have dreamed that she scoured the town, that hers might be the very first military wedding in Omaha.

Creche Bridge Prize Winners.

The committee which worked so diligently for the benefit card party given Saturday at the Fontenelle for the Creche feels that the affair was a great success. Up to date the receipts

are \$384 and money is still coming in. Mrs. O. M. Smith won first prize, a beautiful picnic hamper; Mrs. Pettinger was given the mahogany mirror, holding the second highest score. Other prize winners included Mrs. Howard Goodrich, a \$20 order from Rinehart-Steffens; Mrs. F. R. Straight, silk umbrella; Mrs. Herbert French, war savings stamps; Mrs. T. M. Orr, a mahogany housewife; Mrs. Charles Marple, black silk hose; Mrs. H. M. McClanahan, silk flag; Mrs. M. D. Cameron, card tray; Mrs. O. H. Biehle, white silk hose; Mrs. H. Beselin, set of "American Wit and Humor"; Miss Beulah Sharpe, pink satin camisole; Mrs. Henry Hiller, candy jar; Mrs. Earl Burkett, hand-carved picture frame; Mrs. E. H. Howland, cretonne knitting bag; Mrs. C. E. Hutchins, Tiffany vase; Mrs. B. F. Crummer, sewing machine bag; Mrs. Carlisle Whiting, pottery vase.

First Wedding at Club.

The first wedding ever held at the picturesque Prettiest Mile club took place Saturday evening. Miss Clara Flinn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Flinn, was the June bride, and Mr. Nicholas Edgar Fain was the bridegroom. The fireplace in the living room was banked with palms and before this improvised altar the ceremony took place. Rev. Titus Lowe read the marriage vows.

The bride wore her traveling suit and a wedding supper was served following the ceremony, when covers were laid for 12.

After a short wedding trip the young couple will be at home on the Florence boulevard.

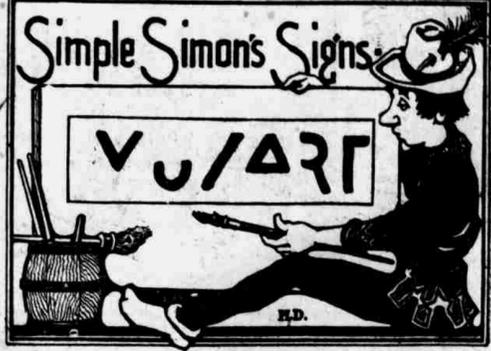
Stice-Merrill Wedding.

June flowers, pink and white peonies, formed the setting for a pretty home wedding Saturday evening, when the marriage of Miss Margaret Van Dune Merrill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Merrill, to Mr. Everett C. Stice, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Stice, took place at the home of the bride's parents. Rev. C. E. Cobbe read the marriage lines.

Preceding the ceremony Miss Beatrice Walton played "At Dawning" and then as the strains of the wedding march floated through the rooms, the little flower girl, Miss Helen Ericson, came down the steps, looking a veritable little fairy in her filmy gown of organdy tied with bows of white tulle. In her hand she carried a graceful basket of marguerites, the handle tied with a fluffy bow of white tulle.

The bride's sister, Mrs. G. LeRoy Ericson, was next in the procession, her gown of blue satin made on

Our New Puzzle Feature



Complete the letters of Simon's sign—they will spell the name of a noted composer. (Answer tomorrow)

simple lines and a corsage of pink sweet peas completing her costume.

The bride entered on the arm of her father, who gave her in marriage. She was charming in her wedding gown of blue, the golden shades of the Mrs. Ward rose, the predominating color in her corsage bouquet.

An informal reception was given for the wedding guests, who were the immediate relatives and a few close friends. Miss Ethel Brown, Miss Verna Sage and Mrs. E. P. Braden assisted in the dining room.

After a short honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Stice will be at home at Lincoln, Neb., where Mr. Stice is taking special work at the State University.

Mrs. Learned's Masque a Success.

The production of Mrs. Myron Learned's masque, "The Spirit of the Dunes," Sunday, in the dunes on the shore of Lake Michigan, outside Chicago, was a great success, according to telegrams received by the author, who was unable to attend.

Great regret was expressed that Mrs. Learned was not there to witness the production.

Miss Lillian Fitch, former Omaha woman, directed the masque.

D. A. R. War Work.

Mrs. E. E. Stanfield was re-elected regent of Major Isaac Sadler chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at the meeting Saturday in the public library.

Almost all the other officers were re-elected. Miss Ida M. Crowell is vice regent; Miss Minnie Eldridge, recording secretary; Miss Mildred Foster, corresponding secretary; Mrs. G. N. Mechem, registrar; Mrs. J. P. Weir, chaplain; Miss Maude Roys, treasurer; Mrs. E. B. Gibbs, historian; Mrs. William Archibald Smith, honorary member of the board.

A benefit dance to reimburse the

treasury for war work will be given at the Prettiest Mile club.

The tentative date is set for June 11. Mrs. Ralph Newell is chairman of arrangements. She will be assisted by Messdames J. P. Weir, S. K. Hanford, Joseph Lawrence and L. F. Overpeck.

No refreshments will be served at any meeting until after the war. The money saved will be devoted to buying Liberty bonds and war savings stamps.

Military Wedding.

Under the crossed flags of our country, Miss Ovella Squires, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Squires, became the bride of Lieutenant Herbert Hoffman at the Sacred Heart church, Monday morning. Heart Judge performed the ceremony.

A profusion of palms and ferns decorated the church, while baskets of bride's roses added a bit of color with the green.

Preceding the ceremony Mrs. Leo Hoffman sang, accompanied by Miss Winifred Traynor.

The bride's only attendant was her sister, Miss Regina Squires, who looked like a rose herself, in her soft pink gown and picture hat of pink. She carried a shower of bouquet of Killarney roses.

The bride was all in white, from the hand of pearls about her tulle veil to the tip of her white satin slippers. Her gown was of white crepe de chine, made on simple lines, and her bouquet, the typical bride's flower, white roses combined with swansonia, tied with white satin ribbons. This war-time bride had the patriotic touch about her costume, though, for buried deep in the roses of her bouquet were the tiny silk flags of the allies.

The bridegroom's attendant and the ushers were all army officers, their well fitting khaki and silver bars giving the final war-time touch to this effective wedding. Captain Herbert Landolt of the Forty-first infantry, now stationed at Fort Crook, was best man, while the wedding guests were being escorted to their seats by Captain Fred Freytag of 352d regiment of Camp Dodge and Lieutenant Harris of the Forty-first infantry at Fort Crook.

Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents and at the rose-laden table covers were laid for forty guests.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Hoffman will make their home in Des Moines for the present, as the young officer is stationed at Camp Dodge.

Plans were made to have Chaplain F. M. Hoffman, brother of the bridegroom, perform the ceremony, but as he is stationed at San Antonio, Tex., the chaplain was unable to attend. Captain Martin Hoffman, another brother of the bridegroom, now at Fort Sheridan, was also unable to attend and an ocean separated the

bride's brother from her wedding, for Lieutenant Frank Squires is now serving in France.

The out-of-town guests at the wedding were Mr. M. M. Hoffman, father of the bridegroom; Miss Ann Glasgow of Iowa City, and Dr. Alfred Hoffman of Waterloo, Ia.

Girls Furnish Room in Post Hut.

The dancing party given in the Knights of Columbus hall at Fort Omaha Saturday evening, May 25, by the Columbian club, was a most enjoyable event. There were 120 young women present. This is a club of fifty young women who have organized for service as well as recreation; one of the requisites for membership being that they devote some time to Red Cross or other "war work." They have assumed the responsibility of furnishing the "mothers' room" at the Knights of Columbus hut at Fort Omaha. The chapters for the club were Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Knowles, Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Dwyer, Miss Mayme Riley, Mr. T. Riley and Mr. and Mrs. Dan Creeden. A number of the mothers were also present.

Omahan to Wed Boston Girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Hunting of 47 West Cedar street, Boston, announce the engagement of their daughter, Lillian Frances, to Fred Colburn Fernald, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Fernald, of Omaha, Neb. Miss Hunting is a graduate of Miss Wheelock's Training school, class of '16, and since graduating she has devoted her time to teaching and to social service work. Mr. Fernald is a graduate of Harvard, class of '15, and a member of this year's graduating class of the Harvard Law school. He is in service at Camp Fremont, Cal.

For Miss Fleming.

Miss Eileen Fleming of Kansas City is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Art A. Dailey. A number of affairs have been planned for Miss Fleming. A luncheon will be given Tuesday by Mrs. W. S. Klausmire in Miss Fleming's honor.

Governor's Sister to Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McDonald Reynolds of Maxwell, Neb., are planning to move to Omaha very soon to make their home. Mrs. Reynolds, who was formerly Miss Irene Neville, is a sister of Governor Keith Neville, and the young couple will be a welcome addition to Omaha society.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. William Callahan, who have been living in Cleveland for the past six months, have returned to Omaha to make their home.

A son was born Friday to Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Langdon in Jennie Edmundson hospital in Council Bluffs.

Mrs. Clara A. Scott left Saturday morning for an extended visit in California. En route she will visit with friends in Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Delvan P. Becker and small son of Mitchell, S. D., are the guests of Mrs. Becker's mother, Mrs. H. Rosenstock.

Mr. Harry O. Palmer, who is now at Chattanooga, Tenn., on government business, expects to be in Atlanta shortly, reaching Washington June 8.

Mrs. C. L. Cory and small daughter, Marion, of Berkeley, Cal., who have been spending the past week with Mrs. Cory's brother, Mr. H. R. Prichard and Mrs. Prichard, will leave this evening for New York for six weeks.

"Dreamland Adventures"

By Daddy—"The Giant of the Woods"

"O H, if only I could fly!" sighed Princess Peggy, stretching back comfortably on a warm sand hillock and gazing up dreamily into the blue summer sky. There, high above the dunes, a swallow was gracefully sailing back and forth in long, undulating loops that sometimes carried him out over Lake Michigan and then far back inland. Flying seemed so easy for him, and such a joy—far better fun for a hot June afternoon than chasing a toy airplane up and down the sandy slopes.

"Perhaps," mused Peggy, "if I were a real princess instead of just a princess of dreams, as father calls me, I might have a truly airplane that would carry me high, high, high up there. Or, if I had a fairy godmother she might give me a pair of wings and I'd fly, fly, fly."

"If you want to fly, I'll help you," tinkled a sweet, tiny voice behind her. Peggy sat up straight and whirled around in surprise. Not a person was in sight. The hillock was bare save for her little airplane resting at her feet and a pretty rosebush growing against the bank.

"Am I so beneath notice that you cannot see me?" went on the tinkling voice with a merry little laugh. It seemed to come straight from the rosebush. Amazed, Peggy leaned forward. Yes, a rose, the most beautiful she had ever seen, with a bud like the face of a blushing girl, was nodding brightly at her and shaking its long stem gayly over her bewilderment.

"Why, who are you?" gasped Peggy in astonishment.

"Mel! Why, I'm the Wishing Rose. I bloom every June and if, while I am in bloom, a little girl comes along on her birthday and makes a wish, I can grant it—provided she has some time done a favor for me. This is your birthday, isn't it?"

"Yes, I'm 9 years old today," replied the wondering little girl.

"Then I'll give you a wish."

"But what favor have I done for you?" asked Peggy.

"You saved my life!" was the surprising answer of the rose. "Last week, before I bloomed, you kept your brother Tom from tearing my bush up by the roots. For that I give you four wishes. There are four leaves on my stem. Each is a wish. Pick them off. When you want a wish, just eat one of the leaves. But be sure that you make the last wish before sundown today, for at that hour the power of the leaves comes to an end."

Half in doubt, Peggy picked the leaves from the stem. Three of them she stored away in the knitting bag in which she carried her lunch. The fourth she held in her hand, looking uncertainly at it.

"You said you wanted to fly," spoke up the rose. "Eat the leaf, then wish that you were tiny and that your airplane would carry you where you want to go."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!" cried Peggy. She popped the leaf into her mouth and chewed it. It tasted like perfumed candy. The effects came at once. Peggy grew dizzy. The ground seemed to rush up as if she were going down in a swift elevator. Everything around her suddenly grew to huge size. The hillock was now as big as a dune; the dune looked like a mountain; blades of grass were like stalks of corn; the rosebush shot up to the height of a tree; the airplane was as large and powerful appearing as a battleship. Peggy had seen at an army training camp the week before.



"Hurry, climb aboard!" twinkled the Rose, smiling down at her. Peggy obeyed, climbing into the seat of the airplane. Instantly there was a loud whirr-r-r and the airplane shot forward. Before Peggy could say good-bye to the Rose she found herself away up in the air and climbing higher every second.

Half frightened, Peggy grasped the levers beside the seat. The airplane obeyed at once. Instead of going higher it skimmed along in a straight line below the town where Peggy lived, looking now like a toy village. Beyond it was a small lake and the river winding down from the distant hills. Peggy bent forward to get a better look. Instantly the airplane dived toward the earth. In quick fear she straightened back. Promptly the airplane righted itself and then soared upward. She chanced to lean to one side and the plane wheeled about. She leaned the other way and the plane circled back. Peggy quickly realized that the machine was obeying her every movement, riding easily, gracefully and smoothly. At once full confidence came back to her.

"My goodness," she thought. "I am really flying. I can make this airplane do anything I like."

With that she began to find the little-in-the-air sensation delightful. Little thrills of joy ran through her. She felt as light as a thistle-down, and in her heart was an uncontrollable desire to sing. Involuntarily she began to trill a happy little song that she made up without thinking:

"Oh, what joy to be a bird;
If I should fall 'twould be absurd"
"I should say it would be absurd!"

Lift Off Corns!

"Freezone" is Magic! Lift any Corn or Callus right off with fingers—No pain!



Drop a little Freezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. It doesn't hurt one bit. Yes, magic!

Why wait? Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without soreness or irritation. Freezone is the much talked of other discovery of a Cincinnati genius.

Here's The Secret!
DRIVES the Gas out of your body and the Bloat goes with it. Take ONE

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You can fairly feel it working. RELIEF COMES QUICK. You know you are helped. Tens of thousands use EATONIC and get this RESULT.

Removes Quickly—Indigestion, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, etc.
Get EATONIC from your Druggist with the DOUBLE GUARANTEE

Costs a Cent or Two a Day

Flicks of Fashion

Your beads and your bag must match your gown these days, and one could linger for an hour or two in the jeweler's shops looking at the lovely new necklaces. Yellow seems to be the smart thing in beads, and combined with the smaller cut-steel ones, one of these strands gives just the finishing touch to midday's gown. The war-time spirit has crept into our jewelry, too, and service rings of silver settings with the red star on a blue ground are being worn by many proud sisters.

A feeling of sadness comes over us as we see the stars of onyx to be worn in honor of those who have sacrificed their lives on the altar of freedom, but even these little symbols may bring some small bit of comfort.

Speaking of bags, they are very gay just now. In bright oriental colors, with their fittings of gold and silver, they are a handsome accessory, and for those who like the quieter shades the old blues, grays and browns make beautiful bags, with their long silk tassels.

Your serge dress will not be complete without one of the collars with smart little colored flutings on the edge. They come in cool-looking pinks, blues and yellows and some of them have bits of embroidery here and there.

One of the most noticeable features

of the underwear world is the growing popularity of glove-silk garments. Some of the new models of Philippine garments show unusually elaborate treatment, drawwork and lace insertions being especially prominent. Valenciennes and narrow cushion lace have already been introduced on this style garment.

Crepe de chine continues to be the favorite material. A new garment of this material which recently made its appearance is called a "jupon-culotte." This is a combination model which includes a utility drawer, chemise and petticoat.

Polly

Over the Hill
By JAMES P. SINNOTT.
Over the hill is happiness.
Over the hill:
But the way is steep and I can but creep.
Until,
I wonder if I'll reach the goal,
And still the craving of my soul—
Over the hill.

Over the hill the flowers bloom.
Over the hill:
Roses fair for my lady's hair,
By brook and hill,
Hopefully I toil on the dusty road,
With only my faith to lighten the load
To over the hill.

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\$6.00 Gingham Frocks, \$4.85	\$8.50 Sport Skirts, at \$6.95
\$10.00 Gingham Frocks, \$8.75	\$12.00 Sport Skirts, at \$9.75
\$3.00 Wash Skirts, at \$2.45	\$15.00 Sport Skirts, at \$11.75
\$5.00 Wash Skirts, at \$3.95	\$20.00 Sport Skirts, at \$15.50

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