

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Conducted by Ella Fleishman

"Dreamland Adventures"

By Daddy—"The Giant of the Woods"

CHAPTER IV. The Giant's Castle.

Former chapters told how Peggy rode to Dreamland on her toy airplane, thanks to the gift of the Wishing Rose, and how there she was crowned Princess of the Birds. Chapter Three ended with the Birds being alarmed by cries of distress.

THE commotion was so great, that at first Peggy could not make out what it was all about. The birds were flying in a panic from the spot whence the shrieks were coming. As they scattered, Peggy could see a handsome Oriole thrashing about frantically in a bush. The bird seemed held fast by something from which it was trying desperately to free itself.

"She's caught in a trap! She's lost!" wailed the other birds, not making a movement toward helping the Oriole.

"My babies! What will become of my babies?" screamed the poor Oriole.

"Why don't you set her loose?" cried Peggy.

"We can't," shrieked the birds. "The Giant of the Woods has got her! He will lock her up and kill her!"

"Indeed he will not!" declared Peggy, indignant at the way the birds were abandoning the Oriole to its fate. She ran to the unfortunate bird and began tugging at the knots that held it.

"The Princess will save her, save her!" chanted the birds, their chorus turning promptly from despair to rejoicing.

But Peggy herself wasn't so confident. Had she been her usual size she could have untied the cord easily. But now she was as tiny as a doll and the cord appeared to her as heavy as a ship's cable. Peggy puzzled over it a minute. Then she saw the solution of the problem. The Oriole was caught in a slip noose, which pulled tighter with every movement of the frantic bird. By stopping the pull on the noose the cord could be loosened.

Desperate Struggle.

"Stop jerking," she ordered, and the Oriole, after another desperate struggle to free itself, quieted down. Peggy then began working on the noose. She had Mr. Woodpecker take hold of the cord on one side of the noose and Mr. Bluejay take hold on the other side, and soon with their help she worked the noose loose.

With a glad cry Mrs. Oriole leaped high in the air and made straight for her babies. The other birds sent up a joyful chorus.

"Hail, Princess Peggy!" they sang. "Our princess is more powerful than the Giant of the Woods."

"Oh, that was nothing—just plain common sense," answered Peggy modestly.

"Nothing to you who are so powerful and wise, but everything to us," rumbled Judge Owl. "You can rescue our beloved one from the Giant's dungeons."

"Will you, O Princess Peggy? Will you?" besought all the birds.

Peggy's heart sank a bit. She was really afraid of the Giant of the Woods. She had no desire to encounter him. But she remembered that a princess must be brave in facing danger for her subjects. She must do her duty as Princess of Birdland.

"Where is the Giant's castle?" she asked, her voice trembling a bit.

"We'll show you! Come!" cried the birds eagerly taking flight—all except Judge Owl, who had gone fast asleep. Peggy, on her airplane, easily kept pace with the swiftest of the fliers.

After they had flown a mile or more, they approached a clearing beside a broad river. Here the birds, giving caution signals, dropped down among the trees, where they hid themselves among branches, advancing covertly from tree to tree. Peggy felt her courage oozing as bird after bird fell back in evident fear of what was ahead. At the edge of the clearing they peeped out into the open from

behind a screen of vines. Peggy looked about fearfully for the Giant's castle.

"Where is it?" she whispered to Mr. Woodpecker.

"There at the other side," he whispered back.

Pierce Giant.

Peggy saw a great, rough wooden building, monstrous in size to her tiny eyes, but nothing like the giant castles pictured in her story books. It must be a very fierce giant, indeed, to live in such an ugly unkempt home.

Suddenly a message of alarm ran among the birds.

"The Giant! He's coming!" they whispered. Shivery thrills ran up and down Peggy's back. She hoped the airplane would fly fast if the Giant came that way.

The door of the castle opened. Out into the sunlight stepped the tallest, fiercest looking being Peggy had ever seen. To a midget only six inches high—which Peggy was now—he looked truly a terrifying monster. An unkempt beard covered his entire face, his cruel eyes flashing through. Tangled hair hung down from beneath an odd-shaped hat of skins. His clothes were old and ragged. Over one arm was slung a gun. From the other hung several wire cages. Peggy shuddered. It would be an awful fate to fall into the clutches of such a repulsive creature. Poor, poor birds that became caught in his snares!

The Giant of the Woods apparently

was setting out to visit his traps. Locking the door of his castle he turned toward the forest. With a thrill of alarm Peggy saw that he was heading straight toward her. The birds shrieked in terror and darted away panic-stricken. Peggy grasped the steering handles of the airplane and shot up to the tops of the trees.

From below there came a frenzied cry for help. Looking back, Peggy saw that it came from Mr. Woodpecker. In his haste to get away he had blundered right into a snare and had been caught fast.

"Princess! Princess!" he screamed in deadly fear. Peggy, trying to conquer her own dread, turned back and swooped down to rescue him.

She was too late. The Giant of the Woods had also heard the Woodpecker's screams. He ran forward and grasped the struggling bird. Peggy, rushing to the rescue, had just time to save herself by tilting the airplane upward as it threatened to smash into the Giant. Even as it was, the wing of the machine gave the Giant a bang in the ear and he let out a roar of rage. Peggy shivered with fear as she looked down from the rapidly climbing airplane and saw him dancing around below, one hand clutching his battered ear and the other, clenched into a huge fist, waving threateningly in her direction.

(Tomorrow it will be told how Princess Peggy bravely frees the Giant's castle and sets the captives free, only to find herself in the gravest danger.)

Our New Puzzle Feature Simple Simon's Signs.



Complete the letters of Simon's sign—they will spell the name of a European river. (Answer tomorrow).
Answer to yesterday's puzzle—SEATTLE.

Suggested Gifts for The June Bride

- Dictagraph for recording sleep mutterings of groom.
- Patent snore silencer and romance preserver.
- Electric searchlight for use in pocket larceny.
- Steel-tipped rolling pin or family regulator.
- Box of chalk for line drawing.
- Breath detector and fume analyzer.
- Patent leg puller or ever-ready coin provider.
- "Baseball-English and English-Baseball Pronouncing Dictionary."
- Husband alarm with automatic time recorder.
- "One Thousand and One Examination Questions for Midnight Stragglers."
- "Three Hundred and Sixty-five Meals in a la Mother; or How to Feed the Animal Man."

Flicks of Fashion

Vogues of the Moment in Omaha Shops

There's a new fabric to welcome the oncoming of summer days. This is checked organdy, and no one can deny that it is very attractive and embodies a deal of summer atmosphere. One has visions of vine-clad piazzas, pretty country homes and lawns and summer resorts when they see the gay little frocks which are fashioned of this crisp, cool material.

In one of our shops there is an ensemble of checked organdy dresses of bewitching coquetry. One model noted in tiny checks, formed of blue lines on a white ground, has that demurely, quaint, round neck which is so charmingly youthful. This, as well as the cuffs of the short kimono-cut sleeves and the small patch pockets on the skirt, are finished with wee double ruffles of the self material and white organdy. A long, narrow sash of blue and gold changeable ribbon adds an artistic touch. A noteworthy feature of this frock is the wide hem, which measures fully 25 inches in depth.

Many, Many Buttons.

Another pretty frock has threads of red intermingled with lines of blue, so that at first glance your eye is deceived into calling it lavender. It is obvious that special care was given to the construction, as well as the designing of this frock, for it possesses so many exquisite details. The game of "rich man, poor man, beggar man" might become quite a fascinating one to whomsoever is fortunate enough to own this dress, for it actually boasts as many as 162 ball-shaped Irish crochet buttons. The collar of this dress is of white georgette embroidered in Sutherland floss.

Flirty little sashes have a way of fascinating you on some of these frocks, while fresh white collars and dainty vestes make you long to call one your very own.

Checked organdy may be bought by the yard in shades of pink, blue, lavender, yellow and green. It is a yard in width and sells for a dollar. It is very lovely made up into collar and cuff sets.

Juniors Give Red Star Benefit

Because Miss Margaret Lee Burgess and Miss Dorothy Higgins love their pet ponies so much, they want to do something for the poor wounded horses in base hospitals "over there," so they are joining forces with their small classmates at the Holyoke-Dox school to give a benefit operetta, "The Rose and Pearl," for the Red Star Animal Relief, at 2:30 o'clock Saturday at the Young Women's Christian association. Miss Gertrude Kountze, who also takes a leading part, is arranging for a pony parade to advertise the affair.



MARGARET LEE BURGESS AND DOROTHY HIGGINS.

My Hat Diary

—BY—
Carita Herzog



Ho hum! It's almost 10 o'clock and I just awakened. Isn't that awful? I know mother will forgive me because I came in so late last eve. I went out to the beach with Charles Hipple and his sister. I had never met her before. She really is quite fascinating and very stunning. I just dote on the clever hat she wore yesterday. It was gray Milan straw with a high dented crown. The brim turned down all the way around. Black rubber ribbon was placed around the crown to form two stripes. A large feather pom-pom was put right in the center. It surely was a fetching little chapeau.

WEDDING CAKE.

1 c. egg whites. 1 c. sugar.
1 c. white barley flour. 1 tsp. almond extract.
1/2 tsp. salt. 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar.

Add salt to the egg white and beat until light but not stiff. Add cream of tartar and beat until stiff. Add the sugar gradually continuing to beat. Sift the flour twice, then sift over the beaten eggs, cut and fold in. Place lightly in cake pan and bake in a moderate oven. The cake shrinks slightly from the pan, when done. Test with a straw.

Stop Corn Agony In Four Seconds

Use "Get-It"—See Corns Peel Off!

The relief that "Get-It" gives from corn-pains—the way it makes corns and calluses peel off painlessly in one piece—is one of the wonders of the world. The woman in the home, the shopper, the dancer, the foot



"Get Me 'Get-It' Quick! It Eases Corn Pains and Makes Corns Peel Right Off!"

traveler, the man in the office, the clerk in the store, the worker in the shop, have today, in this great discovery, "Get-It," the one sure, quick relief from all corn and callus pains—the one sure, painless remover that makes corns come off as easily as you would peel a banana. It takes 2 seconds to apply "Get-It"; it dries at once. Then walk painless, joy, even with tight shoes. You know your corn will loosen from your toe—peel it off with your fingers. Try it, corn sufferers, and you'll smile!

"Get-It," the guaranteed, money-back corn-remover, the only sure way, costs but a trifle at any drug store. MFD by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Sold in Omaha and recommended as the world's best corn remedy by Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.'s Stores.—Adv

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Conference On Food Preservation

A conference will be held at the university farm, Lincoln, June 13 to 15, inclusive, of trained demonstrators of modern methods in canning, drying and other means of food preservation. Government experts will assist the college of agriculture faculty in conducting the conference. County and district leaders in junior extension work and special women workers for the home demonstration section will attend the conference. Two weeks' demonstrations on food preservation will be conducted in every county in the state beginning about the middle of June and ending about the middle of July.

Join Total Abstiners!
"Are you a member of the Total Abstiners' club?"
If a woman can answer in the affirmative she is in the front battle

line of the food conservation army for to be a member of a Total Abstiners' club one must pledge one's self to abstain from the use of wheat until the next harvest.

The movement to form Total Abstiners' clubs stated in Morrow county, Ohio, following a meeting at which the pressing needs of the allies for wheat was set forth.



Every person who does not as yet own a Victor-Victrola, is at least THINKING of getting one. So, that being the case,

You Simply Cannot Sidestep this New Victrola Club

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Rooms

By JANE McLEAN

- A tiny room of misty white,
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Of youth's illusions, glowing bold
With nothing more that Life can hold,
For Love itself with knowing hands
Has wrought its dreams of magic strands.
- A breath of pain and brooding gloom
And voices hushed—this is the room
Where, undefined, the hours are gray
And, uneventful, drag away.
And, dim and silent, watchful Prayer
Sits by and combs her streaming hair.
- A room of space, where overhead
The fronded lace of branches spread;
Where prickly vines and frosted sod
Carpet the living room of God.
Where mountains frown and breakers roll
And winds blow through to man's wild soul.

CHAPLAIN'S SCHOOL SOON TO GRADUATE ITS SECOND CLASS

Louisville, Ky., June 1.—The only school for chaplains ever maintained by the United States army soon will graduate its second class at Camp Zachary Taylor. There are 90 students in the class, which is made up of ministers of many denominations, some of whom until recently served as pastors of big city churches. Some of the graduates already have been commissioned as chaplains, while others are "approved candidates for chaplain awaiting appointment."

No introduction on theological subjects is attempted at the school. The whole effort is centered upon fitting clergymen, fresh from civil life and the problems of civil life, into the military scheme of things.

If Private Bill Jones gets what he considers a "raw deal" from his captain, ten chances to one he will find

it convenient to talk the matter over with his chaplain, for it is to the chaplain the "buddy" goes in time of trouble. When Bill Jones appears with his tale of woe he must get a sympathetic hearing, and then if he has been wrong all the time and his injury is not fancied, the chaplain must know enough of military law and military regulations to tell him definitely just how and why what was done to Bill was the right thing. Therefore the school for chaplains

bears down hard on instruction in military law and the army regulations. In the words of one of the instructors at the school, this is not intended to make of the chaplain a "guard house lawyer," but merely to fit him to give intelligent advice to soldiers.

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