

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Conducted by Ella Fleishman

"Meet Her Majesty, the Dairy Cow"

Let us introduce the prime food producer, the standby of American agriculture who feeds us, fattens us, shoes us and provides a round hundred necessities of life not the least of which— heaven bless her—is Ice Cream.

FRESH STRAWBERRY

Vanilla Ice Cream with Fresh Jersey Berries, Our Special Dessert, at Dinner Sunday, Give Praise to Her Majesty, the Dairy Cow.



You can always find a Harding Dealer near by.

Boys of America! We must say, Well done! A gainst big odds you defeated the Hun.

Over the tops, boys, again and again, Freedom for ever among us hold reign.

CANTING CAPTURED! By our own Yankee Sons, A and five times defended against the onslaughts of Huns.

Trade at the Washington Market where all goods are sold as represented.

- Fancy Sirloin or Round Steak, lb. 30c
Choice Steer Rump Roast, per lb. 25c
Extra Fancy Veal Roast, per lb. 25c-28c

Visit Our Branch Market at McCrory 5c and 10c Store, in Basement. SAME GOODS—SAME PRICES—SAME HONEST WEIGHT

The Washington Market

1407 DOUGLAS STREET.

The New Management of The Empress Market Co.

Offer some exceptional specials for Saturday. All goods will be sold at the prices advertised. Everything new and the highest quality obtainable.

- Fancy Dressed Chickens, lb. 25 1/2c
Hind Quarter Spring Lamb, lb. 25c
Fore Quarter Spring Lamb 22 1/2c

SPECIALS IN GROCERIES.

- Strictly Fresh No. 1 Eggs, doz. 33c
Carnation or Wilson Evaporated Milk, tall cans. 10c

Empress Market

113 South 16th St. D. 2307.

"Dreamland Adventures"

By Daddy—"The Giant of the Woods"

CHAPTER V.

Peggy Rescues the Captives. (Peggy's trip to Birdland aboard her toy airplane has been described in previous chapters, and also how the birds, after making her their Princess, have besought her to rescue their loved ones from the dungeons of the Giant of the Woods.)

PEGGY darted among the treetops, where she found the birds hiding. Through the leaves they watched the Giant turn again to the snared Woodpecker and thrust it roughly into one of his cages.

"Poor Mr. Woodpecker! What will the Giant do to him?" whispered Peggy.

"Lock him up in his dungeons. Perhaps he'll kill him," answered Canary.

"Isn't that awful! Peggy was filled with horror at the thought. 'Can't we save him?'"

"We can't, but you can, our Princess," cried the birds.

"I have a baby son in the dungeons of that castle, wailed a Canary. 'And I a father,' sobbed a Finch.

"Then I'm going to have a look inside that castle," declared Peggy, turning her airplane toward the clearing.

Peggy found the door-knob far above her reach. So, too, were the



PEGGY RELEASED THE GIANT'S PRISONERS

windows. She was sorry now that she was so tiny. Her size made her as helpless as the birds.

Mrs. Canary, perched on a window-sill and looking through the dirty glass, was sobbing. "My baby! Oh my baby!" Other birds also perched along the windows, and instantly there was a hubbub within, shrieks being mingled with moanings and sobbings.

The noise was hushed by Mrs. Robin, who cried out loudly to the captives: "Weep no more! Princess Peggy has come to save you!"

"Save us quickly!" came a pleading chorus from within. "The cruel Giant is going to carry us away to-night."

"What is he going to do with you?" asked Mrs. Robin.

"Some he is going to stuff for museums. Some he is going to tear to pieces to trim hats. Some he is going to sell into slavery," replied the unhappy captives.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" wailed the birds outside. "Save them, our Princess. Peggy grew desperate. She must save the captives. But how? Suddenly she thought of the leaves of the Wishing Rose. She dug down into her knitting bag, found a leaf and wove it into her mouth.

"I wish I were as big as ever," she said. Instantly she shot upward. The birds scattered in fresh terror. "Don't be scared. I'm still your Princess," explained Peggy.

"Oh, our Princess can make herself

as big as the Giant," chorused the birds, their alarm turning to joy.

By standing on a chunk of wood, Peggy could look through the window. As her eyes became accustomed to the gloom within, she could see rows of cages along the walls.

Through the bars of each cage a bird was peering out despairingly. "You poor thing!" exclaimed Peggy. "I'll have you out of that in a jiffy!"

She tried the windows and the door. They were all locked fast. Peggy had to think quickly. The Giant might be back any minute.

A long pole leaned against the castle. It gave Peggy an idea. She picked it up and, then—crash!—she smashed a window to smithereens. Mounting the chunk, she crawled

up to the window. She was sorry now that she was so tiny. Her size made her as helpless as the birds.

Mrs. Canary, perched on a window-sill and looking through the dirty glass, was sobbing. "My baby! Oh my baby!" Other birds also perched along the windows, and instantly there was a hubbub within, shrieks being mingled with moanings and sobbings.

The noise was hushed by Mrs. Robin, who cried out loudly to the captives: "Weep no more! Princess Peggy has come to save you!"

"Save us quickly!" came a pleading chorus from within. "The cruel Giant is going to carry us away to-night."

"What is he going to do with you?" asked Mrs. Robin.

"Some he is going to stuff for museums. Some he is going to tear to pieces to trim hats. Some he is going to sell into slavery," replied the unhappy captives.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" wailed the birds outside. "Save them, our Princess. Peggy grew desperate. She must save the captives. But how? Suddenly she thought of the leaves of the Wishing Rose. She dug down into her knitting bag, found a leaf and wove it into her mouth.

"I wish I were as big as ever," she said. Instantly she shot upward. The birds scattered in fresh terror. "Don't be scared. I'm still your Princess," explained Peggy.

"Oh, our Princess can make herself

through the broken pane, and dropped to the floor inside. Instantly there was a loud clamor among the imprisoned birds. "Let me out! Let me out!" they all shrieked.

"That's just what I'm going to do as fast as I can," declared Peggy. Not wasting a moment, she began opening the cages. Out flew the captives, making straight for the smashed window and the liberty beyond.

Then a joyful confusion arose as parents greeted children, husbands greeted wives, brothers greeted sisters, and friends greeted friends. It was as though the prisoners had come back from the dead.

Peggy worked desperately opening the cages. There were so many of them it seemed she couldn't possibly get all the birds free before the Giant returned. If he caught her there, or any of the birds, he would be sure to wreak his vengeance upon them.

"From cage to cage she rushed until she was tired and dizzy. Finally she thought the last one had been opened, and she ran to the window, preparing to climb out. A snore caused her to whirl about. There in a dark corner was an owl fast asleep. He was so used to sleeping in the daytime that the din hadn't aroused him.

Peggy rushed to the cage, pulled the owl out and gave him a sharp shaking. He opened his eyes, blinked, and went blundering around the room until Peggy steered him to the window and pushed him through. She was about to follow when a creaky voice droned mournfully:

"Aren't you going to let me out?" Back in a corner a large Blue Heron was standing patiently in a cage. Peggy ran to him and swung back the door. At that instant there was a loud shriek outside and Mr. Swallow appeared at the window.

"Fly for your life!" he cried. "The Giant is coming!" Peggy dashed toward the window. The Heron was there before her. He spread his broad wings and tried to fly through the opening. His wings stuck out on either side and he couldn't get through. Peggy pushed desperately from behind. It was no use.

"Close your wings, you simpleton!" urged Peggy. The Heron gave a final flutter, then obeyed. Peggy boosted and boosted, and finally, with the strength of despair, sent him tumbling through.

The lock of the door rattled. It was too late to try to escape by the window. Peggy dropped behind the table, just as the door swung open and the Giant strode in.

(What happened next will be told tomorrow when the story of the Giant of the Woods will be ended.)

The Young Women's Christian association, out of its \$4,000,000 budget, has appropriated \$200,000 for war work among colored women.

The employment of women as railway postal clerks is said to be among the possibilities of the near future.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Apprehensive.

Beatrice Fairfax, Omaha Bee: In order to keep peace in the family, I am writing you in the hope that you can furnish me advice as to how successfully to handle the following:

My wife and I have for more than a quarter of a century been dwelling together in a fairly orderly manner, and up to a week ago neither has thought of suspecting the other of acts which might not be according to Hoyle. However, after 25 years I am accused of talking in my sleep and referring to one "Mary." The accusation is made in a jesting way, yet it has a tinge of suspicion that leaves me rather uncomfortable.

I can truthfully confide to you that I have no lady acquaintance by the name of Mary with whom I am on intimate enough terms to call by her first name, and I am at a loss to account for my unconscious reference to said "Mary" in my sleeping hours.

As a matter of fact, I cannot recall any one just now by the name of Mary, unless it is Mary Pickford, or Mary Miles Minter. Do you suppose they have anything to do with it? I admit being a movie fan.

The only thing I can do is to "laugh it off," but you know that is not a satisfactory explanation for a woman, although the Mrs. apparently accepts it. INNOCENT.

I sympathize with you deeply in your matrimonial trouble, for, though I belong to the gentler sex, I can understand how the golden curls of our adorable Mary Pickford could enmesh themselves around your masculine heart, married though the wearer of the heart may be. As for the talking in your sleep, that is a serious matter. My advice is to keep away from those glittering palaces where the lovely screen stars flash their smiles for a slim dime—and the war tax, please!

For the Best.

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: I am 17 years old and live with my mother. I am very fond of my mother and my oldest brother has left for France and, therefore, the girls in the house keep up the home.

I belong to a club, and the leader, a young man of 22 years, fell in love with me. He is refined and makes a good salary. Some time ago he received his card, stating that he is in the first class of the draft. Since that time he has neglected me. He called me up and asked me to meet him at the club, but we must part. He is very well known in several circles and has introduced me to everyone as his future wife. Everybody in my club will know, and I don't know what to do, as I am really heartbroken. S. B.

My dear child, of course, everything looks black to you now. You are young and you had a beautiful dream from which you have been suddenly and roughly awakened. But you are awake! This boy's family objects to you, and he, being young and under their sway, does not make a firm stand against them. Surely, you do not want to hold him when he is unwilling and to feel that he is slipping away from you slowly, but steadily. Probably he will be called in the draft soon and then there will be months of training in camp and a long period in France even if the war ends soon. You are very young, so this quick break is a merciful solution of your problem. You are not called on to make the sacrifice of waiting and believing and wondering about the safety of the man you love. You simply know that the man for whom you thought you cared is a young boy not sure of himself and not worthy of real devotion. And so a period of the happiest life has something better in store for you.

Soldier Friends.

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: I have read your advice for some time and hope you can help me out now. I have met two very nice young men who are in the army and my father won't let them come near the Army because they are soldiers. He refuses to allow any soldier near the house. He insists they are all tough and judges all from some he knew. I am almost 18 and my mother has tried to make him see that nearly all young men are in the army, but he won't reason. He has never seen either of these men and I am so lonely as I have no brothers or sisters. Can you tell me how I can talk him out of it? I have an aunt in California who wants me to come and live with her. Should I leave home and go as I am so unhappy? LONELY DOROTHY.

Your father evidently has some "before the war" ideas about soldiers. It is true that our army is made up, in most cases, of inferior men, that is in the ranks. But, now, when all the young men in the country are being made up, in most cases, a fine chap is in a private's uniform. Does your mother sympathize with you in your dilemma? Perhaps she could arrange a meeting at your home between your father and your soldier friends and he could judge for himself. I feel sure that your father is thinking only of your good, but if these boys are nice companionship fellows,

At the Country Clubs. Carter Lake. Mr. W. R. Fulton will entertain a foursome at the dinner-dance Saturday evening at the club. Carter Lake Kensington club will have luncheon at the club Wednesday, when covers will be laid for 45 guests.

Happy Hollow. Mrs. Lee Huff and Mrs. Frank Ellick will entertain 20 guests at luncheon at the club Saturday when the honor guest will be Mrs. Frank Carmichael. Covers will be laid for 20 guests.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Ellick will have 12 guests at the dinner dance Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. C. Aldrich will have 10 and R. L. Brown will entertain six.

Country.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kelley will have 12 guests at the dinner-dance Saturday evening.

Nature's Remedy. B-TABLETS-B. Better than Pills. GET A For Liver Ills. 25c Box. Beaton Drug Co., Omaha, Neb.

Our New Puzzle Feature. Simple Simon's Signs. Complete the letters of Simon's sign—they will spell the name of a movie star. (Answer given tomorrow). Answer to yesterday's puzzle—THAMES.

Snug Ankle Fit. Walk-Over women's oxfords fit the ankle so snugly that shoe and hosiery seem to melt into one another. The oxford above, with the long wing tip and military heel, is designed for street service and for the prosperous business woman. Walk-Over SHOES. All the daintiness of a pump in this high heel oxford with its daylight arch. The flat sole, exquisite turn of the instep, and Louis heel complete a shoe that is dress itself and the Style of the Hour for all occasions that call for smart attire. Phoenix and Onyx Hosiery for Men and Women. WALK-OVER BOOT SHOP. 317 South 16th Street.

Red Cross Work in The Virgin Islands. The people of the Virgin Islands, the most recently acquired possession of the United States, have organized for Red Cross work, according to a report received at Red Cross headquarters in Washington from the chapter in Frederiksted, St. Croix. The work progressed with such intensity that materials gave out and it was necessary to borrow from Porto Rican neighbors.

EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI. SATURDAY SPECIALS at the PUBLIC MARKET. Tall Carnation, Pet, Elkhorn or Wilson's Milk, per can. 10c. Baby Carnation, Pet, Elkhorn or Wilson's Milk, per can. 8c. Strictly Fresh Eggs, guaranteed, dozen. 28c. Fancy Elgin's Butter, per pound. 41c. Wisconsin Full Cream, Brick, or American Cheese, per lb. 12 1/2c. Large Cucumbers, each. 4c. Fancy New Home Grown Potatoes, 8 pounds for. 25c. Fancy Pineapples, each. 10c. Fancy Large Bushes Asparagus, per bunch. 5c. Special for Saturday only for Sunday diners. Fresh Roasted Ducks with dressings. Don't forget. We deliver all orders of \$5 or over. Remember, our delicatessen and kosher department, the largest and most wholesome department of its kind to be found in the city. Our roast meats and salads are the most delicious to be found. Try our salads and roast chickens for your Sunday dinner and you will be convinced and discontinue home cooking during the hot weather. Purchased a carload of fresh Chickens and Ducks, killed and dressed for our Saturday trade.

At the Country Clubs. Carter Lake. Mr. W. R. Fulton will entertain a foursome at the dinner-dance Saturday evening at the club. Carter Lake Kensington club will have luncheon at the club Wednesday, when covers will be laid for 45 guests.

Happy Hollow. Mrs. Lee Huff and Mrs. Frank Ellick will entertain 20 guests at luncheon at the club Saturday when the honor guest will be Mrs. Frank Carmichael. Covers will be laid for 20 guests.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Ellick will have 12 guests at the dinner dance Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. C. Aldrich will have 10 and R. L. Brown will entertain six.

Country. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kelley will have 12 guests at the dinner-dance Saturday evening.

Our Standards. Rigorous as the old Puritan standards is the inspection through which every one of our hams must go before it is passed for the Puritan brand. That is why only one ham in ten is considered good enough to bear the Puritan label. Ask for Puritan. THE CUDAHY PACKING COMPANY. F. W. CONNOR, Manager, 1521 Jones Street, Omaha, Neb. Telephone Douglas 2401. Puritan Hams and Bacon are smoked daily in our Omaha plant, insuring fresh, brightly smoked meats at all times. Puritan Hams and Bacon

SATURDAY SPECIALS at the PUBLIC MARKET. Tall Carnation, Pet, Elkhorn or Wilson's Milk, per can. 10c. Baby Carnation, Pet, Elkhorn or Wilson's Milk, per can. 8c. Strictly Fresh Eggs, guaranteed, dozen. 28c. Fancy Elgin's Butter, per pound. 41c. Wisconsin Full Cream, Brick, or American Cheese, per lb. 12 1/2c. Large Cucumbers, each. 4c. Fancy New Home Grown Potatoes, 8 pounds for. 25c. Fancy Pineapples, each. 10c. Fancy Large Bushes Asparagus, per bunch. 5c. Special for Saturday only for Sunday diners. Fresh Roasted Ducks with dressings. Don't forget. We deliver all orders of \$5 or over. Remember, our delicatessen and kosher department, the largest and most wholesome department of its kind to be found in the city. Our roast meats and salads are the most delicious to be found. Try our salads and roast chickens for your Sunday dinner and you will be convinced and discontinue home cooking during the hot weather. Purchased a carload of fresh Chickens and Ducks, killed and dressed for our Saturday trade. THE NEW PUBLIC MARKET. PHONE DOUG. 2795. 310-12 S. 16th St.