

# WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Conducted by Ella Fleishman

## Kept Lovelight Burning Fifty Years for Civil War Soldier

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

I clipped the following from a newspaper recently:  
Danville, Ill.—Mrs. E. Wolgamott, 80 years old, whose husband was among those reported "missing" during the civil war, and who had kept a lighted lamp in the window of her cottage for more than 48 years, hoping that some day he would return, and the light might guide him home, is dead at the hospital at Kankakee.

Her husband was a member of the 126th Illinois Infantry, which was organized in Danville.

I am old-fashioned enough to believe these two found each other at last, and the war bride of 50 years ago feels repaid for lighting the lamp in her window all those years.

I've had so many letters from girls who want to know whether it would be advisable to marry their soldier sweethearts before the boys sail for "over there" that I am going to attempt something in the way of a collective answer.

In the first place, the wisdom of a war marriage depends on the type of girl about to become a "war bride." The question cannot be answered by "yes" or "no" circumstances and the individual must decide the case.

The girl's position will be hard enough, in any event, and unless she has the love "many waters cannot quench" and the grim ability to live from day to day in suspense and to face anything the future may bring, she would better defer her wedding.

It would be absurd for a susceptible little butterfly, always interested in the last man she meets, to marry a soldier. She would probably cry her eyes out at parting, then feel sorry for herself when she saw other girls going to dances and picnics and realized as a married woman she was not getting as much attention as formerly.

She'd Imagine a Tragedy.  
Then probably someone else would come along and she would imagine she had a regular three-set tragedy on her hands. Therefore to the pretty, susceptible butterfly let me say, and say as emphatically as I am capable of, The lot of a "war bride" is not for you.

It takes sterner stuff than butterflies are made of to stand the strain and suspense and the stealing of heart and hand every time one picks up a newspaper with its dread casualty list.

It takes something of the heroic spirit that sent our Pilgrim women across an unknown sea into an unknown land and steadied them to face the waiting hardships, because they loved the men who loved freedom. They would not consent to wait for their men in comfort, by an English fireside, till the wilderness had been subdued.

The chances of being a heroic "war bride" are good, if any of my girl correspondents who have written on this subject has in her veins the blood of some pioneer woman who helped to settle our great west.

Have you ever thought of the colonizing of our western states? Day after day they travelled in the big covered wagons, cooking, washing, keeping house as they made their way across the wilderness. The sun rose behind them in the morning, overtook them, dropped below the horizon at night—month after month, year after year, sometimes—as they plodded along in the lumbering, creaking wagon.

Sometimes children were born on these journeys, and again children died, and the mother would put up a cross in the wilderness and pray she might come back to the little grave some day.

The Something That Makes Empires.  
And again they would push on, not knowing what the next day would bring forth—an Indian massacre, perhaps, an attack by wild beasts, or the loss of all their possessions, in crossing some swollen stream. But dogged, resolute, they kept on, building up day by day, that something of which empires are made.

And giving to their descendants, even to the third and fourth generation, that grit, fiber, backbone—call it what you will—that has been the saving grace of the American people.

Sometimes we seem to lose this quality, and grow soft, when luxury overtakes us, but in the long run it may be depended on when the clinch comes, to land us—"over the top."

To girls who have some of the stoicism of the pioneer women in their make-up, I would say, by all means, marry your soldier boy and—God bless you. But to the butterfly, don't take your feelings too seriously—there will be other soldier boys and other civilians, too, for that matter.

In some parts of Central Africa a woman is entitled to a divorce if her husband does not provide her with a garden and a hoe.

### COLD PACK METHOD IN 12 SHORT STEPS

No. 2



After paring and coring, all vegetables and some fruits should be blanched by plunging them into boiling water for a short time. This picture shows blanching with a wire basket, as suggested by the National War Garden Commission, at Washington, which will send readers of this paper a free canning book for a two-cent stamp for postage. Watch for No. 3.

## Dainty Girl

By GERTRUDE BORERFORD.



A CHARMING frock for a flower girl, or indeed any little girl, is shown on this small maiden. Sheerest white voile and Irish crochet are the materials employed; though "Val" lace will be less expensively effective. The frock is cut in a straight length from shoulder to hem. Small tucks are used front and back, between the straps of lace, which end

## "Dreamland Adventures"

By Daddy—"War of the Frogs." A complete, new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### The Trap is Set.

PEGGY, as Princess of Birdland, is asked to aid the Frogs, allies of the Birds, in their war against Snakes. After General Hopper, leader of the Frogs shows his ignorance, Peggy takes command and enlists the help of the Giant of the Woods and Billy Belgium. They plan to trap the Snake army.

THE Giant of the Woods loaded his boat with his tent, some lumber, and a box of tools. Then with Billy Belgium he set off by water for Rattler Glen.

Peggy went by air, riding Mr. Swallow, who proved a fine flying war-horse. She rode directly to Frog Island. There the Frog army was busily drilling, but Peggy could see General Hopper no place in sight.

"He's got all the war he wants," said Blue Jay, who had acted as the general's horse. "He is hiding under a mud bank; I'll show you."

Sure enough, General Hopper, all the bravado taken out of him, was shivering and shaking with his nose just sticking out of a scummy pool.

"Oh, I'm so sick, so sick!" he croaked, as Peggy flew down beside him.

"I guess you have cold feet," said Peggy severely.

"That's it, I've got cold feet, awful cold feet," chattered the general.

"Then you must turn over the command of your army to me," said Peggy.

"You can have it," croaked the under an Irish crochet rose and dangling balls. Wider tucks give fullness from the shoulders. A sash of blue satin ribbon runs under the lace and ends in a huge bow at the back. Puffed sleeves are finished with a cuff of lace insertion. A strip of lace completes the neck. Rows of lace and tucks trim the skirt. Very lovely is this frock and very serviceable, because it is especially designed for tubbing and may be used for many parties. The lingerie hat is made of net and lace. A blue ribbon and a small bunch of pastel flowers are the final touches on this attractive tout en semble.

general eagerly. "My feet are too cold to fight any more today."

"Or any other day," added Peggy disgustedly, as Mr. Swallow bore her back to Frog Island.

"I never yet knew a boaster who wasn't a coward," agreed Mr. Swallow.

At Frog Island Peggy addressed the Frog army. "General Hopper is sick—" she began.

"Of his job," added Mr. Swallow. "Please remember you're only a horse and don't interrupt," said Peggy. Then she continued her talk.

"The general is sick of his job." The last three words slipped out before she knew it and she was very much confused when Mr. Swallow snickered. "He has cold feet." Again Mr. Swallow snickered. Peggy was so upset now that she finished her speech in a hurry. "Well, anyway, I've taken command of the Frog army and we're going to win by strategy if you do as I say."

"Hurrah for General Peggy!" cried an alert looking young Frog.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" croaked the army. "And hurrah for Colonel Croaker."

"Is your name Colonel Croaker?" Peggy asked the young Frog.

"Yes, general," he answered.

"Well, you are General Croaker now," declared Peggy. "You look as if you had more sense than General Hopper."

"Hurrah for General Croaker!" croaked the army.

Peggy now gave orders rapidly. "General Croaker," she said, "I want you to pick out a flying squadron of your bravest and best jumpers, quick!" General Croaker saluted and hopped away to carry out the order.

Peggy turned to her Birds. "I want dozens of flocks of strong birds here in five minutes to carry the Frogs into battle. I saw a flock of Blackbirds in the marshes as I came past. They can help."

"We'll be messengers," cried Homer and Carrie Pigeon.

While the leaping Frogs were being assembled and the Birds were swarming to the island, Peggy flew to Rattler Glen.

There she found that the Giant of the Woods had already set up his big canvas trap. Billy Belgium had worked hard at helping him. The Giant had the trap so arranged that a snake wriggling over the edge of

the cliff would be caught in the upside-down tent. Once inside, no snake could climb the straight canvas walls.

The Giant of the Woods and Billy Belgium climbed to the top of the cliff and Peggy explained her plan.

"You see the Snakes will expect an attack from the land side. They know the Frogs can't climb the cliff, and they'll never think of their coming by air. We'll surprise them with a rear attack and that will upset them. When they come after us we'll run away. We will have another Frog army ready for march from Marshland over the sides of the Glen to threaten the Snakes who try to escape the trap."

"This is going to be a lot of fun," said the Giant. "I want a front seat. Come on, Billy Belgium, we'll climb that big tree back there and watch the battle."

"Be careful of the Snakes," warned Peggy.

"We will go up the side of the Glen," said the Giant, as he and Billy Belgium started off.

Homer Pigeon rushed up eagerly. "I've got your flying horses," he cried. "And the Frogs are ready."

"Please tell General Croaker to fly his mounted army here," ordered Peggy. "And have him send a strong force by water to the Marshland entrance to the Glen. This force will advance over the top when I send the word. You and Carrie Pigeon return to act as my messengers."

Peggy's orders were quickly carried out. Birds, acting as flying horses, rose from Frog Island in clouds, and on the back of each bird was a Frog soldier. They landed at the top of the cliff. The Birds then flew away, leaving the Frog to fight on foot.

Peggy told General Croaker what the Frogs were to do, and he explained to the soldiers. When all was ready, Peggy flew up the Glen to see if she could find the Snake army.

It was not difficult. The Snakes were massed at the end of the Glen awaiting to be attacked by Frogs coming over the sides of Marshland.

Even as Peggy looked at the creeping army a quiver of excitement ran through it. A swift Blue Racer had darted in with a report. He had discovered the Frog army at the top of the cliff. Peggy, waving her hand from high in the air, gave the Frogs the signal to advance. In reply came the croaking war chant:

"Cro-a-ki! Cro-a-ki! Cro-a-ki! To

## Simple Simon's Signs.



Complete the letters of Simon's sign—they will spell the name of a U. S. general. Answer to previous puzzle—MOORE

war, for peace and liberty!" There was wild excitement in the Snake army. For a moment all was confusion. Then the Snakes twisted about, and with an appalling hissing and rattling, darted down the Glen to meet the attack of the Frogs.

(Tomorrow's installment of the story will describe the battle of the Frogs and the Snakes.)

### Modish Bathing Suits

With nothing to hamper active movement in the water, yet smart and attractive when the swimmer steps out on shore, a wool jersey bathing costume looks ever so much better than a silk one when it is sopping wet.

One pretty little suit is of black jersey with trimmings of deep maroon jersey. The skirt is in modest length and the small sleeves partly cover the upper arm. A kerchief of maroon silk figured in white is bound over a rubber diving cap.

Quaker gray in color are some smart and extremely fetching bathing costumes of this year. One little gray jersey model has dainty white stripes by the way of trimming—very simple trimming, for the chief distinction of the garment is in its graceful lines over a slender figure. A purple rubber cap with a coquettish tassel (also of rubber) and a beach parasol in shades of violet and purple, accompany this gray suit.

For women who favor the comfortable jersey cloth for bathing wear, yet do not fancy the close-fitting tunics that only slender, youthful figures can stand, there is an attractive bathing frock, made of blue jersey and trimmed with jersey in a lighter shade of blue. The facing of light blue under the skirt is a pretty idea, for a

bathing skirt often reveals its facing and here is an excellent opportunity for trimming. The short sleeves are faced also, and collar and sash show the lighter blue shade. The cap of blue rubber has white discs.

Lady Dalmeny, a daughter-in-law of Lord Rosebery, the former British premier, spends the greater part of each day in the fields, loading and unloading carts and doing all sorts of other farm labor.

### BARBER GIVES RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR

Tells How To Make a Home-Made Gray Hair Remedy.

Mr. A. E. O'Brien, who has been a barber in New York City for many years, made the following statement: "Gray, streaked or faded hair can be immediately made black, brown or light brown, whichever shade you desire, by the use of the following remedy that you can make at home:

"Merely get a small box of Orlex powder at any drug store. It costs only 25 cents, and no extras to buy. Dissolve it in one ounce of water and comb it through the hair. Full directions for use come in each box.

"You need not hesitate to use Orlex, as a \$100.00 gold bond comes in each box guaranteeing the user that Orlex powder does not contain silver, lead, zinc, sulphur, mercury, antine, coal-tar products or their derivatives.

"It does not rub off, is not sticky or gummy and leaves the hair fluffy. It will make a gray haired person look twenty years younger."—Adv.

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## A Curbstone Conversion

BILLY PIERSON: "Well, Bob! I haven't seen you for months—where've you been?"

BOB CURRIER: "Oh, I've been laid up for several weeks—it's pretty good to get out again too, I can tell you."

BILLY: "For heaven's sake—not hospital?"

BOB: "Yes sir, and I just dodged an operation."

— "What was the trouble?"

— "Why, Billy, the doctors called it some awful name, but it was nothing more or less than a "clog" in my intestines; waste that wouldn't move—poisoning me—breeding a fine line of serious diseases."

— "What did they do to you up at St. John's?"

— "They were all ready to operate for appendicitis. That food waste had accumulated in the large intestine, where the appendix is. I had had pains, and I always tried to cure them with pills or salts.

That only shook up my system—flushed it hard—and left that poisonous waste right there, dryer and harder than ever. Taking a pill for that condition is like driving your car up Ten Mile Hill to get the carbon out of the cylinders."

— "That's right."

— "Well, the doctor said 'We'll see if we can't move that obstruction naturally before we try to operate.' He put me on my back, and I watched the clock, counted my fingers, ate a diet and took Nujol. The Nujol softened that dry mass, moved it on, and after a while I began to be regular—my system is my clock now. I take a little Nujol morning and night just before tooth-brushing and I really don't know what it is to feel low. Pleasant to take too."

— "What does the Nujol do?"

— "Simply softens the contents of the bowels—without in any way interfering with digestion—and lubricates the sabs easily along the intestines. It's not absorbed. You get rid of every drop you take. For a man who doesn't exercise much, or who works so hard that he hasn't time to keep his insides as clean as his collar, it just helps nature out, see?"

— "Sure (he twists the self-starter) I'll bet there are thousands of men right now in the same shape you were in. Only one of them knows it and he just found it out. Hop in!"

— "Where you bound, Billy?"

— "I'm going to take you down to the drug store, and then if you're real good and you help me buy one bottle of Nujol, we'll go out and shoot about nine holes before supper. How about it?"

For your own protection insist that the druggist give you the genuine Nujol in a sealed and capped bottle, bearing the Nujol trademark in red—never otherwise. Nujol is absolutely pure and harmless. Inferior substitutes may give unpleasant results. Genuine Nujol sold by all druggists in the U. S. and Canada.

Send 50 cents and we will ship new kit size bottle to U. S. soldiers and sailors anywhere. Write for attractive free booklet on the Nujol treatment. Section 5, Nujol Dept., Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Bayonne, N. J.

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