

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Conducted by Ella Fleishman

SOCIETY

By MELLIFICIA

Thriller Staged Before Culmination of Pretty Romance

When a war bridegroom drops right out of a clear sky and a training camp that he may play a co-star part at his own wedding many times he has as many worries and tribulations as the bride herself.

The young officer didn't know definitely until Tuesday that he could obtain his leave of absence, and as the great day fell on Saturday you can imagine that his mind was not entirely on "squads right and squads left" all of the time.

But Uncle Sam is really a kind-hearted soul under his fierce military exterior and as a wedding gift he granted a seven days' leave of absence to the captain. You probably think that the rest was clear sailing and all that was necessary was to pin the bride's veil in place and pull out the stops in the organ for the ever famous wedding march, but not so.

Capt. Malcolm Baldrige, who was to be the best man, is the "possession" not of a beautiful soprano voice but of a beautiful packard car, and in high spirits the two friends left Des Moines one lovely June day, anticipating a glorious ride with Captain Baldrige at the wheel.

Only a few miles had been covered when one tire collapsed entirely, but the damage was soon repaired and they rolled merrily on. But, we must hurry on, too, and tell you that before they reached the metropolis of Council Bluffs the two captains had had the pleasure of repairing five punctures. In desperation they phoned Mrs. Charles T. Kountze, who hurried to the rescue in her car.

The bridegroom's troubles were not over, however, for he had not yet purchased all the necessary little details for the wedding. And according to hot weather schedule the stores close at 6. But the feat was accomplished and had you seen the stalwart captain on Saturday evening standing with military uprightness at the residence of Rev. Arthur J. Morris, Rev. Morris performing the ceremony.

Rodstrom-Mackay Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mollie Mackay to Mr. Warren Rodstrom took place Sunday afternoon at the residence of Rev. Arthur J. Morris, Rev. Morris performing the ceremony.

Enters Business World.

Miss Virginia Pixley is devoting her vacation to serving Uncle Sam and is to be found at her desk in the office of the Nebraska Telephone company every morning on the stroke of 8. Mrs. Earle Kipliner and Miss Marion Coad are also employed there.

Card Party.

The Columbian club will entertain Wednesday afternoon at its hall, Twenty-second and Locust streets. Mesdames E. J. O'Hern and Frank Fogarty will be hostesses.

Four Nebraska Women Enter Order of Poor Sisters of St. Francis

Lafayette, Ind., June 28.—(Special Telegram)—The reception of novices and sisters into the Poor Sisters of Saint Francis of Perpetual Adoration will take place at St. Elizabeth hospital this morning with elaborate ceremonies at which Right Rev. Herman Joseph Alerdinger, bishop of Fort Wayne diocese, will invest the new sisters with the vows of the order.

Before mass 13 sisters will take perpetual vows. The young women who will receive the habit are Anna Bischoff, Evanston, Ill.; Cecilia Many, Indianapolis, Ind.; Dorothea Hoffman, Cincinnati, O.; Gertrude Hau, St. Bernard, O.; Francisca Merz, Cincinnati, O.; Elizabeth Bach, Indianapolis, Ind.; Frances Cetta Shimek, Tarno, Neb.; Thresa Groeger and Antonette Schmidt, Humphreys, Neb.; Lucia Whitbold, Lincoln, Neb.; Margaret Reinhardt, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Carolina Strinkorb, Cincinnati, O. and Clara Kopp, St. Paul, Minn.

Recreation Drive for the Children

As part of its children's year work the woman's committee, Council of National Defense, is starting a recreation drive for the purpose of providing healthful, constructive amusement for children.

"War changes family life and social life," says a circular just issued. More particularly it increases the chances that children will play to their own undoing. To the other risks of juvenile delinquency and physical deterioration war brings a new group of malevolent influences.

Because the circumstances of the present summer make watchfulness in vacation time especially important the woman's committee and the children's bureau, co-operating with the playground association of America, will plan a special program for July and August. Chairmen of recreation will be appointed in communities, and, working through its state divisions, the woman's committee will aid in enlisting persons interested in vacation schools, athletics, drama leagues, community singing, and folk dancing.

Mrs. Bernard E. Pollak of New York City, the new president of the National League of Women Workers, is a native of Cincinnati and a graduate of Vassar, and has long been identified with sociological movements of national scope.

Personals

Mrs. Herbert T. Rockefeller and granddaughter, Miss Elva Thompson, left Omaha Sunday to spend the summer in Chicago and New York.

Miss Vernelle Head has as her guest Miss Elizabeth Varnell of Knoxville, Tenn., who is her roommate at Rosemary Hall, New York. They leave Tuesday, accompanied by Miss Head's mother, Mrs. W. W. Head, for St. Joseph, Mo., to spend some time at the Head country home.

Later in the season Mrs. and Miss Head will go to Lake Placid, New York, where they will remain until the opening of school in the fall.

Capt. Malcolm Baldrige has returned to Camp Dodge after spending the week-end in Omaha.

Picnic Supper.

A picnic dance will be given the members of the Friendship club, Thursday evening at Hanscom park. Supper will be served at 7 o'clock.

Casualty Searchers Are Wanted By Red Cross

An unusual opportunity for war service has come to clergymen and to Christian laymen, according to Rev. Clyde F. Arnitage of the federal council of the churches. The American Red Cross has sent out a call for 35 men, who must be above draft age, American citizens of undoubted loyalty, and not born in any country with which we are at war.

These volunteers will be known as "casualty searchers." They are to secure information that will supplement the meager details concerning wounded and missing men who are recorded by the War department. These "casualty searchers" will visit the sick and wounded, gathering information concerning their condition, their service, and their unfinished business at home, and conveying this information through the War department's bureau of communication to the men's relatives in America.

When a man is missing the searcher does all that he can to find out from the soldier's comrades where he was last seen, what condition he was in, and what messages he left. "This is a most merciful and helpful work and will mean in thousands of instances more than can ever be estimated to the wounded man and to his friends," said a representative of the federal council. "The value of this work has already been proved in the British army."

"Woman's Day"

Tune: "Red, White and Blue." America, Queen of all Nations, Thy daughters bring homage to thee! We offer our lives as libations. To four to thy shrine, Liberty! As shoulder to shoulder advancing. We march with a song and a cheer Toward our goal, every eye forward glancing. The triumph of woman is near!

CHORUS: Three cheers, woman's day dawn anew! Three cheers for our cause just and true! As shoulder to shoulder advancing. We march 'neath the Red, White and Blue! Down the ages there comes softly stealing The echo of voices in prayer; We, too, for our victory appealing. Pray justice may reign everywhere. For woman her bondage has broken, As with man in life's battles she fights; Her work and her winnings betoken That woman is gaining her rights.

CHORUS: Three cheers, woman's day dawn anew! Three cheers for our cause just and true! For woman her bondage has broken, To march 'neath the Red, White and Blue! To march 'neath the Red, White and Blue! —MARY A. STERN.

Wise Woman's Choice



By GERTRUDE BERESFORD WHEN a wise woman wants to look her loveliest she wears pink georgette crepe. Elaborate beadwork gives a stunning effect to this otherwise simple frock of that material. The bib line of the bodice is most becoming to the well-developed figure, and nothing is more graceful than the bias tunic, weighted with bead embroidery. The scant under-skirt of georgette is only wide enough to step comfortably. This gown will develop beautifully in any shade of georgette, dark purple, navy, orchid or blue. For the dressy summer frock few models have more style.

My Hat Diary

By Carita Herzog



Hats, hats, hats! I never saw so many hats in my life! If Yvonne Chapin has as many hats all her life she has for her "honeymoon trousseau" I pity that very good-looking captain that married her. I'm sure that buying hats for Mrs. Yvonne Chapin Brooks would soon become very monotonous. She said absolutely that a bride's wardrobe is incomplete without at least one golf hat. This was a khaki-colored straw tam, made very simply, but at the same time very attractive. The tam was high on the right side and the fullness pulled to the left side and tacked securely. A tassel hung from a button (at the top of the tam) to below it. The tassel was of gold thread and made the whole thing look very military. I'm sure Yvonne will look extremely charming on the golf links and that she will not have a bit difficult time to find a willing caddy.

Red Cross

Frank Judson will return Wednesday from Washington, where he has been on Red Cross business.

L. F. Trester is attending a Junior Red Cross meeting in Washington. He will return July 8.

The plan to install shower baths for the use of passing troop trains, made by the canteen division of the Red Cross, has been realized through the aid of W. M. Jeffers, general manager of the Union Pacific. The latter has built 12 showers east of the Union station. The Red Cross will be in charge of them when the men on the trains remain in the city long enough to enjoy the refreshment of a cool shower.

Market Columns for Women

The market column in the newspapers of eight cities in the United States has become a woman's column, owing to a new plan of the bureau of markets, Department of Agriculture. Henceforth in these cities and in other large centers of population, where plans are being made for the department to co-operate with editors, market conditions and prices will be presented in a way every housewife will understand. It has been the custom to quote wholesale prices, when the average woman bought in small quantities, and, therefore, there was no way of determining when retailers were charging unfair prices.

In Providence, R. I.; Boston, Mass.; Chicago, Ill.; Springfield, Mass.; Cleveland, O.; St. Paul, Minn.; Grand Rapids, Mich., and Denver, Colo., the housewife can become as "market-wise" as the huckster or the grocer, because local market reporting service, conducted by the bureau of markets, in co-operation with local agencies, is making public in nontechnical form information about current food supplies and prices for the benefit of producers, consumers and dealers. The reports include shipped-in fruits and vegetables, as well as those brought in by local grocers, dairy, poultry, and meat products and certain dry groceries, such as flour, meals, dry beans, rice, etc. These reports carry headlines such as "Market Index for Boston Consumers," followed by a few paragraphs of comment on daily market conditions that affect the housewife. In most cases the "abundant," "normal," and "scarce" foods are listed under these headings.

"This sort of publicity has the double effect of helping the housewife to set her table more economically and also of preventing gluts of products, or at least greatly lessening their duration," said G. V. Branch of the Bureau of Markets, United States Department of Agriculture. "Our local agents are constantly watching the market, and when a glut is expected in a certain fruit, for instance, he begins to tell the housewife to get jars and sugar ready for canning. Sometimes he gives recipes. In this way the demand is increased and considerable spoilage is avoided."

Briefly, the situation works out along the following lines: The housewife is informed through the local press reports the tomatoes are plentiful and that the retailer is paying 75 cents a bushel, or about 9 1/2 cents a half peck. The consumer compares this information with the price that the retail dealer is charging, and if the price is unreasonably high the retailer is soon forced by the demands of his patrons to make a fair charge. Consumers then buy so freely, when the price is lowered, that the glut is consumed, to the advantage of all, even the retailer, for he finds that he makes as good or better net profit by selling a large quantity quickly at a low price than he did by selling a few at a higher price with much loss through spoilage.

"In communities where the reporting service has operated representatives of all classes concerned with marketing problems feel that the service has become a distinct benefit. Growers report that prices have been stabilized and losses greatly reduced.

Right Off the Reel

Who wouldn't have the mumps if he could catch 'em from Marguerite Clark? Charles C. Ayres got a kiss and the mumps from the little Paramount star when she was in Chicago selling Liberty bonds. Charles is 11 years old. He was so proud of those mumps that after his recovery when they were making four-minute speeches in the Lincoln school he told about them and was awarded the certificate for the best speech.

Benjamin Chester Chapin, famous for his impersonations of Abraham Lincoln on the stage and in motion pictures, died at the Loomis sanatorium at Liberty, N. Y., on Sunday evening, June 1.

Mabel Normand is barely five feet tall. One of those "little but O my's!"

Marguerite Clark is quite the whole thing in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for she plays the two roles of Little Eva and Topsy. In filming the picture she was compelled to change from one make-up to another at least 100 times.

Motion picture patrons throughout the country will chalk up another score against the kaiser when they learn that he is responsible for separating that popular screen duo, Jack Pickford and Louise Huff. Jack has given up his profession and joined the navy because the Hun decided to make the world unsafe for democracy.

The screen will show what a semi-tropical hurricane looks like when Metro releases "A King in Khaki," a picturized version of Henry Kitchell Webster's romantic tale starring Harold Lockwood. The hurricane scenes of the picture have just been made and they show an entire village being razed to the ground.

One of the most effective scenes in Dorothy Dalton's new picture, "Green Eyes," is a negro camp meeting in which hundreds of colored "brothers and sisters" were employed to make it realistic. They worked themselves into such a fine frenzy of religious fervor that it was all Director Neill could do to bring them out of it at the finish.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

At Her Home? Yes. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: Do you think a girl 16 should have boy friends her own age? She is older in a way and more sensible than most girls of her age, but her parents object to her having any boy friends at her home. They are all very gentlemanly and her parents know them.

ANNA. The forbidden has a dangerous charm. A young girl who has boy friends and is brought up to take a simple, unselfconscious attitude toward the companionship of boys and men is safeguarded from morbid curiosity and longings better than a girl who has a cloistered upbringing and is forced to stifle her desire for masculine society. The wise mother lets her girl see boy friends at home; they are invited in groups. The home becomes the center of "good times," and so the good times are of a simple, honest, homey sort.

Newspapers, Magazines.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am a young man and do not have much time for reading, as I want to be able to keep up with and be able to talk on current events intelligently. Will you kindly suggest what I shall read? SAM.

One look at the newstand nowadays, and the question becomes, not what shall you read, but what dare you omit reading? The editorials in the newspapers are an education in themselves, and if you add a monthly magazine of the "review" type and one or two of the good weeklies you will get plenty of material for conversation. Read as you travel to and from work, give an hour before you go to bed at night and two hours or so every Sunday to your pursuit of information, and you will discover that your lack of time is a myth.

Too Much Effort. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: Are all men enigmas? I have, on different occasions, met several who, at first sight, have taken a fancy to me. From them I have accepted several invitations, and always when leaving

COLD PACK METHOD IN 12 SHORT STEPS



To fill jars with vegetables or fruits, after blanching and cold dipping, a fruit funnel is useful, says the National War Garden Commission. The process is shown above. Watch for step No. 6. Send a two-cent stamp to Commission at Washington for a free primer.

Thorne's at 1812 Farnam street, show all sorts of beautiful sweaters, some sleeveless, some collarless, some skirtless, some belted, buttonless, etc. All of the high sports colors are shown as well as the more conservative shades, from \$5.00 to \$19.75.

"Dreamland Adventures"

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

(In previous adventures Peggy has been made Princess of Birdland and has helped to convert the farm of the Woods into a patriotic farm worker.)

CHAPTER I. The Food Destroyers.

"AMERICA, to win the war, must raise great crops of food for its army and its allies."

Thus Peggy read in the newspaper. The item started her thinking.

"Wasn't it a good thing I tamed the Giant and made him a grower of food," she mused. "Instead of being just an eater, he is now a feeder. I wonder how his crops are getting along."

Just then a farm truck drew up next door to deliver butter and eggs. It was the same farmer who had carried Peggy into the country the time she had reformed the Giant.

"If I only had some Camouflage Perfume—" Peggy stopped short in the midst of her thought. Something had dropped out of the oak tree above her head and struck her on the nose. She looked down. It was an acorn—the same kind of an acorn Judge Owl had sent her with the message:

A sniff and a whiff of this acorn Will make you as fit as you had never been born.

A splash and a dash as you'll agree Will hide you in air as none can see.

Peggy eagerly picked up the acorn and took a sniff of it. Sure enough it was Camouflage Perfume, and it worked, for her body instantly faded from view.

She had to hurry if she was going to catch a ride, for the farmer was starting his engine. She hopped on the motortruck and away they went.

When the neared Birdland Woods, the farmer grew nervous. He remembered the strange happenings on the trip when he carried Peggy before, thinking her a spirit. He put on all

power to hurry past the spooky place. Peggy knew now just what button to push to stop the motor. When they were opposite the Dalton farm, where the Giant was working, she leaned over and pressed the button. The engine stopped and the truck slowed down.

"Spirits again!" groaned the farmer, so scared that Peggy snickered out loud. It was funny for him to be afraid of a little girl, even if she was hidden by Camouflage Perfume. The farmer heard her snicker and whirled about. He was badly mystified.

"I'm going to take the other road, after this," he muttered. He started the engine again, and as the truck was still moving too fast for Peggy to jump off, she once more pushed the stopping button. The engine spluttered and quit. The farmer, much flustered, put out his hand to the starting button and it touched Peggy.

"Wow!" shouted the farmer. "A spirit has got me! Help! Help!"

Peggy snickered again, and the farmer covered his head with his arms as if fearing instant attack. Fortunately the truck had stopped by this time.

"What's the matter?" boomed a big voice, and there was the Giant of the Woods looking over the top of a hedge.

"Spirits!" yelled the farmer. "They've attacked me!"

The Giant of the Woods looked disgusted.

"I guess it's the kind of spirits you get in a rumshop," he retorted. Peggy jumped off the truck and ran to the Giant.

"It's only me!" she laughed. The Giant started in surprise, then his face lighted up.

"My invisible fairy," he shouted. "I've been wishing you'd come."

The farmer looked at the Giant in open-mouthed astonishment. "Gosh!" he exclaimed. "You're one

of them folks that talk to spirits. I'm going to get out of here." He started his engine in a hurry and flew down the road in a cloud of dust. The Giant laughed, for he remembered how upset he had been when he first heard Peggy talking out of the thin air.

Peggy looked at the broad fields with a glow of pleasure. Everything seemed to be growing splendidly.

"Your crops are looking fine. You'll be able to feed a lot of soldiers," she remarked.

The Giant's laugh died away. The joy in his face gave way to gloom. Then Peggy noticed he wasn't looking at all well. He seemed tired and worried.

"They look well now," he sighed, "but they will never feed our brave soldier boys, nor our Allies, nor our people at home?"

"Why not?" asked Peggy, much puzzled.

"They have been attacked by an enemy as ruthless as the Hun—an enemy that is destroying them in all their fresh vigor and beauty—an enemy that is making all our labor vain—an enemy that is ruining us—that may ruin America."

"Why, what enemy is that?" exclaimed Peggy.

"A plague of insects, of bugs, of all sorts of devouring things that are eating our crops as they grow."

"And can't you stop them?"

"Billy Belgium is fighting them in the potato patch; Farmer Dalton is battling them in the truck garden; I am trying to stop them here in the bean field. It is all in vain. They are too many for us."

Peggy's heart sank. It seemed a terrible thing to lose such splendid crops at a time when America needed food so badly.

"Hail, Princess Peggy," chanted a chorus, afar off. She looked toward Birdland. There in the trees rose hundreds of birds. "Hail, Princess!" they called again, waving their wings. "Come to us, we do not dare come to you!"

An idea flashed into Peggy's head. She turned to the giant.

"Don't feel so badly," she said. "I have an army of loyal subjects in Birdland. I'll bring them to your aid."

(Tomorrow it will be told how Peggy finds the birds in a rebellious mood and why.)

"La Beau Monde"

Delights in the exquisite blouses from the house of Flanders, so dainty, so different are they. Thorne's fashion shop, 1812 Farnam, has the exclusive sale of the Flanders line.

ASK FOR and GET Horlick's The Original Malted Milk For Infants and Invalids Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price

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