

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Conducted by Ella Fleishman

SOCIETY

By MELLIFICIA

Omahans Who Will Celebrate the Fourth Across the Sea

The Fourth will be a gala day at home and abroad. Our allied countries will celebrate this great liberty day and the streets of Paris will be gay with the flags of America and France intermingled. There will be people marching and bursts of patriotic music, and then "hats off, the flag is passing by."

The thoughts of many Omahans will turn to relatives and friends who are serving Uncle Sam abroad. In far-away Belgium in a Red Cross hospital Miss Louise Dinning is working early and late for the cause to alleviate the suffering of the wounded, and we are wondering if a stray breeze will not carry some echo of the stirring music and cheering crowds to this patriotic nurse. Miss Elizabeth Stewart, another Omahian who is now at Aix-les-Bains, will no doubt write a chatty letter home before many weeks have passed telling of the Fourth of July celebrations at this famous town.

Omaha men are scattered far and wide and every day new names are added to the list of those in overseas service. Among the young men who think of our town as "home" now in England or France are Lieutenants Drexel Sibbensen, Jarvis Offutt, Allen Tukey and Robert Connell, Charles Hall, who is now at an officers' training camp in England, and Clifford and Dudley Wolfe, who have been abroad for many months in the ambulance service.

At the Country Clubs

Country. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Forgan will have in their party at the club this evening:

Messrs. and Mesdames—
Louis Clarke, Paul Gallagher,
Walter Roberts, Herbert French,
Lieutenants—
Richard Eaton, Crofoot,
Norton.

Miss Josephine Congdon.

Field. Small parties will rule at the club this evening, most of the dinner tables being gayly decorated with small flags and dainty flowers. D. L. Kemper will have five guests, and foursores will be given by F. L. Tubbs, C. C. Pickrell, H. Moeller, G. E. Rogers, W. H. Downey, W. H. Nicholson and A. J. Vierling.

Seymour Lake. W. R. Overmyer will have 16 guests at the club this evening. J. R. McPhail will have 10, parties of seven will be given by Jake Parsons, J. O. Phillips, J. W. Skoglund, while parties of six will be given by Dr. R. F. Johnston, J. B. Wadkins, Victor Reynolds, A. W. Sydney, H. G. Windheim, J. B. Smiley, Dr. R. F. Johnston and W. A. Truelson. Parties of five will be entertained by C. F. Cox and J. B. Wadkins.

Man and Wife Problems

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Recently a correspondent wrote me of a wife who was neglecting her husband and children and going about with other men, and of a husband who took it all patiently and quietly. In reply I suggested that, while the woman was silly and wayward, perhaps the husband's gentleness and endurance were the best means of bringing her to her senses. That elicited a letter signed M. H. P., which I shall quote in part:

"There is no doubt of the wife's unfaithfulness, both to her husband and children. What else could night rampages with young men lead to than the woman's downfall? Men who carouse with women of this sort are of the lowest character. If he were to interfere with his beloved darling's good time it would, according to you, be a terrible thing. What would you think if your husband went out with women a few nights a week? He would be the biggest scoundrel and the most shameful creature on earth. I know if I were to take a married woman out secretly I would be tempted. Nature is nature, and no one, however good, can resist temptation. Maybe this husband is really trusting her common sense, if she has any, but I am afraid that he will come to his senses soon, and act like a man, only to find it too late."

A truly remarkable letter, and one seriously in need of a serious answer. So "there is no doubt of the wife's unfaithfulness." In other words, folly has to be evil; the love of trivial pleasures must lead to immorality, and the desire for light and gaiety and color, when it exists in a wife whose days are devoted to keeping her home and children in order, necessarily means that the woman is bad, through and through.

Human Nature. Well, I may be hopelessly optimistic about human nature, but no one can ever convince me that when a poor little \$6-a-week shop girl looks longingly at a pair of \$3.50 silk stockings, she is absolutely ready to steal them if she gets the chance, or to sell her soul to possess them.

A wife's place is, of course, in the home. Her pleasures ought to come through her husband; she ought to end them with him. But the fact that a woman has a weak and foolish and rillful longing for gaiety and recreation after a day confined to the home and housework is never going to prove to me that that woman is morally bad.

A man's work is out in the world. It brings him in contact with people and events. He comes home at night physically exhausted from the things he has done and mentally worn out from the kaleidoscope of things he has seen. He may find his recreation in the quiet of his home—and naturally, too, for he hasn't been there all day!

By reverse process, the wife needs for her recreation the very change and color, the very contact with people and things, the very whirling and merry-go-round her husband is avoiding.

The ideal couple manage the situation by compromise. Friend husband

Personals

Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Woodward will leave for a trip to the northern lakes of Minnesota, returning August 1.

Mr. Harry O. Palmer leaves the latter part of the week for American Lakes, Wash., as he will be stationed at Camp Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Mann and Miss Onnolee Mann left this morning by auto for northern Wisconsin to be gone several weeks.

Born—To Lieutenant and Mrs. H. K. Owen, a daughter, on Wednesday, July 3, 1918.

Soda Fountain Benefit.

If anyone means to buy a "chocolate down" or a "maple nut sundae" at the opening of the soda fountain at the Sherman-McConnell drug store on Monday and thereby help the National League for Woman's Service buy instruments for a permanent band to be established at Fort Omaha, then buy tickets on Friday from the booths to be established in office buildings and stores.

The work will be in charge of Mesdames Milton Barlow, T. G. Travis, L. G. Henley, Luther Kountze, E. S. Westbrook, Victor Rosewater and William Archibald Smith.

Miss Helene Bixby will be in charge of the booth at the Fontenelle; Mrs. Allan Parmer, Paxton; Mrs. George W. Smith, Rome; Mrs. Victor Rosewater, Castle, and Mrs. H. C. Miller, Henshaw.

Burgess-Nash store booth will be conducted by Mrs. D. M. Vinson-haler, Thompson-Belden's by Mesdames T. J. Mackay and George Wooley; Thomas Kilpatrick's, Mesdames Walter Page and A. V. Kinsler; Hayden Bros., T. P. McGrath; Brandeis, Mrs. Carl Lininger.

Charles J. Jordan will be in charge of the Grain exchange building; Saunders-Kennedy, Mrs. E. L. Burke; Bee building, Mrs. William Fraser; United States National bank, Miss Blanch Deuel; City National bank, Mrs. D. T. Quigley; First National bank, Miss Ethel Eldridge; Mrs. W. E. Rhoades will direct the sales at the Sun, Strand, Emery and Muse theaters.

Texas Policewomen

Texas gave policewomen a trial by appointing one as an experiment and the result was so satisfactory that now six additional have been appointed in San Antonio. One of them is a colored woman. The women were chosen from candidates which the heads of all the women's organizations selected at the request of the mayor. San Antonio also has matrons at the jails and at the railway stations.

Man and Wife Problems

takes his wife out two or three nights a week—for a walk, to the movies, or perhaps to a theater and cabaret, or even a concert or dance. It is a matter of pocketbook and inclination. And the other four or five nights friend wife spends amiably at home, reading, talking or playing cards as the tired wage earner prefers.

Way It Should be. That's the way it ought to be, and I hope M. H. P., who, in a letter quite long enough to constitute this article, insists that I see only the woman's side of it, will notice that isn't even a "fifty-fifty" arrangement. Friend wife stays at home with her husband four nights a week and I ask him to go out with her but twice!

Yes, "nature is nature." But that doesn't mean that we can't resist temptation. The way we grow is by resisting temptation. And resisting it becomes no easier when we do so because some one threatens us with dire penalty if we don't. The way that resisting it becomes worth while is through a feeling of loyalty to everything that is decent in ourselves, and of super-loyalty to the person who trusts in and believes in that decency.

As long as human nature remains human nature, people will like to outwit suspicious and tyrannical guardians. Who hasn't cheated in school with a certain joy in outwitting watchful monitors and teachers? Who ever yet cheated in a room where the honor system was used? I remember a very important English examination in college. Said the professor: "It is now 3. Your papers are due here at 5. If you want to work in this room, do so. If you feel that you would like the quiet of your own room, or prefer to be down in the back campus working out of doors, I am quite willing you should go to the place where you can work best. If you go away, please have your papers in by 5:15."

Laid in Faith. Most of us went to the campus or our rooms, and do you think one of us would have stooped to look up a date or verify a quotation or ask for help? To fail the complete faith which that professor showed in us would have been unthinkable. No one could have done it.

Well, M. H. P. and your brother doubting Thomases, I tell you this from the depths of a very real faith. Temptation may be stupendous, but it doesn't conquer any one who fights it with a spark of decency in his own soul, and with the knowledge that some one really loves him and trusts him to do the right thing.

In both men and women there is likely to be a mixture of good and bad. And I firmly believe that the way to help the good grow is to believe in it, to pin your absolute faith in it, to give it a chance to prove itself, and never to sneer at the good because a flicker of something else has shown itself.

The way to hold love and loyalty is to believe in them, and that will always be true no matter how great an army of cynics and scoffers and doubting Thomases may question it.

As long as human nature remains human nature, so long will many a weak sister or brother say to him-

When the Weather is Warm

By GERTRUDE BERESFORD



THIS frock of checked gingham shows an unusual vest and collar of white pique. The distinctive idea lies in the jumper bodice of gingham, which fastens to the collar with white pearl buttons. The jumper is bound with pique and ends in a tie sash, tipped with pique, which also fastens the cuffs and skirt hem, held by pearl buttons. Such a frock is easy to make at home, and will be a "joy forever" on warm summer days when the mercury gets ambitious.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Proper Name.

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: Will you kindly tell me how to spell the boy's given name, Allen. Allen is a last name. T. G.

The boy's given name is usually spelled Allen. Allen may be a last name or a given name, either one, but it is usually a last name.

Service Flag.

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: I have read your advice to others and I wish that you would please answer these questions for me.

I have a friend, who is in the army and is expected to be called to France soon, would it be all right for me to have a service flag in my window. Is it all right to kiss him goodbye?

I will thank you in Tuesday evening's paper. Yours truly, ANOTHER READER.

It is customary to use a service flag only for near relatives and if you are merely a friend of the young man, I hardly think it would be in good taste.

Affectionate farewells are usually reserved for engaged couples and as this soldier is merely a friend, I hardly think I would indulge in any goodbye kisses, even though he is going so far away.

Unfaithful Man.

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: I am engaged to a young man two years my senior. I am 20 years of age. I have been engaged to him for two months. He is now working for the government. Has been in service, but received a disability discharge several months ago. His work is several hundred miles from here, so I do not get to see him often.

When we became engaged it was understood that we were to have our opposite sex friends, but that we must keep our word while in another's company. Now he writes me about being out with a girl who is some "loving little chick," as he expresses it, and I am greatly troubled. If he kept his place, how does he know she is "loving"? He goes out with this girl several times a week. Then until the last two letters he started my letters with "Dear Little Sweetheart," and now it is "Dear Peg"—and they are so dry, they read as if he did not care. Should I write him and ask him what his intentions are toward this girl and also toward me? It would break my heart to give him up to another, but I would rather do it now than let things continue like this. Should I send the ring back?

Awaiting your prompt reply through The Advice column of The Omaha Daily Bee. I remain a very blue little girl. PEG.

Write to the young man and remind him of his promise to you, and ask for an explanation. If he no longer cares for you it would be far better to have him tell you now than to allow the affair to go further. If this is the case do not grieve over him, for, truly, he is not worth your sorrow. You are so young, all your life is yet before you, and I predict that in a few years you will wonder just why this particular man attracted you.

self: "I may as well have the name as the game." And while we humans remain human and not angelic super-humans, so long will suspicion give us an implicit joy in outwitting a would-be jailer, and faith bind us to good even while it leaves us free to choose the bad.

Complete the letters of Simon's sign—they will spell the name of a state. Answer to previous puzzle—DENVER

"Dreamland Adventures"

By Daddy—"Foes of the Farmer"

A complete, new adventure each week. Beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER III.

The Giant on Strike.

(Peggy, hidden by camouflage perfume, goes to see how the war crops of the Giant of the Woods are getting on. She finds they are being attacked by hordes of insect Huns. She appeals to the Birds for help, but finds them unwilling because of enmity shown by Farmer Dalton.)

FARMER DALTON was working desperately among his cabbage and tomato plants when Peggy ran up to him. He was digging around the roots, and every once in a while he would pull out a round fat worm, which he would crush viciously under his heel.

"I don't know what I'll do with these cutworms," Peggy heard him say. "They are destroying all my garden truck."

"If you make peace with the birds and show them you are not their enemy, maybe they will help you," suggested Peggy, forgetting she was hidden by camouflage perfume.

Farmer Dalton looked up quickly to see the speaker. His face went blank when he found only seemingly empty air.

"Is my conscience accusing me?" he murmured. Peggy wanted to laugh, but he seemed worried and unwell, so she grew quickly sympathetic instead.

"No, but maybe your conscience ought to accuse you if you are treating the birds badly," Peggy continued. "Why don't you make friends with them?"

A wild look came into Farmer Dalton's eyes. He stood perfectly still a moment, then staggered toward the house.

"My worries are upsetting my mind," he muttered. "I've been afraid of this—afraid of it."

The Giant of the Woods met him. "What's the matter?" called out the Giant, seeing how ill he looked.

"Something is going wrong with my brain. I'm hearing a strange voice," declared Farmer Dalton.

"Tell him not to be scared. It's me," cried Peggy to the Giant. The Giant broke into a laugh.

"Don't be afraid, Mr. Dalton," he said. "That's my invisible good luck fairy. I've told you about her. She has come to help us get rid of the pests."

"You actually hear her voice, too?" Mr. Dalton asked anxiously.

"Yes, and I feel her hand," replied the Giant as Peggy slipped her fingers into his fist. Peggy stretched out the other and placed it in that of Mr. Dalton. He was astonished at first, then a look of great relief came over his face.

"She's real! She's real!" he said. "And I need a good luck fairy so much," he added, squeezing Peggy's fingers.

At this moment Billy Belgium came running up to them. His eyes opened big and to Peggy's surprise, he seemed to be looking right at her in spite of the camouflage perfume.

"Why, it's the invisible fairy grown up," he shouted.

"You can see her?" asked the Giant.

"Sure I can see her—right between you and Mr. Dalton, holding your hand."

"You have eyes like the birds. They can also see me," exclaimed Peggy, holding out both hands to Billy Belgium, who seized them eagerly.

"And I have ears like them, too," said Billy Belgium. "I can understand what they say, although I can't speak their language yet. I love the birds."

"So do I," responded Peggy enthusiastically. "And I wish Mr. Dalton did, for then he wouldn't get rid of the crop Huns."

"I do like some birds," admitted Mr. Dalton a bit uncertainly. "But I have to protect my orchards and my fields against feathered thieves. There are some birds that are robbers and pirates. They would ruin me if I didn't fight them."

"Then you really was fighting them!" said Peggy accusingly. "That's why they have deserted your farm and why the pests have become so thick!"

"That's just what I told him," Billy Belgium broke in eagerly. "The birds are the friends of the farmer."

"I've thought that, too, since I got reformed," agreed the Giant. "I don't approve of those newfangled scarecrows you've put out."

"What are those things, anyway?" asked Peggy. "One gave me an awful fright. No wonder the birds keep away from them."

"That's what they are intended for," said Farmer Dalton. "They work by clockwork, by electricity, and by wind power. The agent who put them up guaranteed that they would free the farm of all thieving birds. They've done exactly as he said they would. He put them in on trial, but I think I'll buy them."

"Are the birds worse than the crop Huns?" asked Peggy.

"No," admitted Farmer Dalton. "The pests are ruining my whole farm."

"The birds eat the pests," argued Peggy.

"The agent says they don't eat enough to make up for the damage they do themselves," persisted Farmer Dalton.

"Some one is wrong and some one is right," declared Peggy. "I told the

birds we'd arbitrate this thing. Are you willing?"

"I'll not stand for any thieving birds destroying my property," said Farmer Dalton obstinately.

Then the Giant spoke up. "The invisible fairy has brought me good fortune. I'm willing to listen to her. I've worked hard for you, Farmer Dalton, and you know that. Now, I'm seeing all my hard work go for nothing just because of these pests. And what bothers me most of all is they are doing just what Germany wants them to do and we can't stop them. I tell you it is a patriotic duty to do anything we can to beat them and save the crops. If arbitration is the way, we'll arbitrate. And I'll not do another stroke of work until we do."

"Well, if you feel that way about it, all right," reluctantly consented Farmer Dalton. "But let's do it in a hurry. We can't let the pests get any more of a start on us."

"Come on, then, to the woods," cried Peggy hopefully. "I know we'll find the right way out of this trouble."

"For right is right, and right will win the day," quoted Billy Belgium, following them.

CHAPTER IV.

Blue Jay Proves a Rascal.

(Peggy goes to Mr. Dalton's farm to find how the war crops of the Giant of the Woods are coming along. She finds them in danger of being ruined by insect pests. She discovers that Mr. Dalton has driven away the birds, the natural enemies of these pests.)

THE Birds were gathered in the council hall which Peggy first visited on the day she was crowned princess of Birdland. There Peggy guided Mr. Dalton, the Giant of the Woods, and Billy Belgium.

Mr. Dalton was puzzled and uneasy as he looked over the great crowd of Birds assembled there—some sitting on the sloping grassy floor, some perched on the surrounding bushes, some high above in the trees. The Giant knew the Birds better than the farmer, but even he was nervous, as he remembered how he had waged war upon them before Peggy tamed him. Billy Belgium's eyes were glowing.

"He was fairly bubbling over with delight at being so close to the feathered creatures he had so long loved at a distance."

Peggy's throne was waiting for her—a much larger throne than she had occupied upon former visits when she had been reduced to the size of an elf. As she mounted it and turned to face the Birds the scene suddenly struck her as being like a theatre. She and the other humans, with Mr. Swallow, Judge Owl and the leading Birds were the actors, while the remaining Birds were the audience. And it was a very important drama which they were acting, a drama in which food for the American soldier boys was at stake. She had to play her part well if victory were to be gained. Peace must be patched up between the farmer and the Birds or the cause of the United States would suffer.

She held out her arms to the Birds. "My dear subjects," she pleaded, "please get that cross look off your faces. You're sour and I want you sweet."

The Birds who had been frowning at Farmer Dalton with high disfavor, looked shamefacedly at each other and then broke into a tittering giggle. Judge Owl, whose frown had been the most severe of all, chuckled and gurgled as he began to hoot a poem:

"When Peggy smiles, who can resist?"

It hath a charm, I must insist; Before it grouches can't persist, While rancors fade away like mist, When Peggy smiles."

"Oh, thank you," said good Peggy. "Now, if you'll only stay good-natured we'll easily get this matter right. Father says it is always better to argue with a cheerful grin than with a chip on the shoulder. Mr. Dalton, will you tell the Birds why you haven't made them welcome to your farm?"

"This seems foolishness," declared the farmer. "They can't understand me any more than I can understand them."

"Why, don't you know what they are saying?" asked Peggy in surprise. "Blow in his ear, Princess Peggy. That will let our talk in." This was the advice of Mr. Swallow. It seemed silly, but Peggy did as he said and blew vigorously. Mr. Dalton jerked his head away and shook it angrily. Then a look of astonishment came over his face.

"Why, I can understand what they say," he exclaimed.

"Now will you present your case? and smile, please," Peggy urged. Mr. Dalton hesitated, then he did smile, and it made a wonderful difference in the conference. Every one seemed suddenly willing to be reasonable.

"Well, I like Birds," he said, "but the government is urging us to grow every bit of food we can this year, and I'm trying to do it. The Birds eat so much fruit and berries and grain and green stuffs that I thought it would be unpatriotic to let them waste it. That's why I had the agent put up those new-fangled Scarecrows, and that's why I shot at the Birds that wouldn't stay away. It was to protect food so our soldiers could have it."

"That's Mr. Dalton's side of it," said Peggy to the Birds. "Now what have you to say?" At once a whole crowd of Birds fluttered to the front, each trying to tell his story. Peggy had to bring them to order.

"I had a home in the hedge," he sang sweetly, "and I paid for it by ridding the fields of myriads of insects and, besides that, I cleared away the thistles, burdocks and other weeds."

"And I kept the ants from spreading everywhere," said Mr. Thrush.

"I've killed just millions of bugs and caterpillars that were attacking my fruit trees," twittered Bob Olink.

"I've eaten spiders, worms and insects," declared Blue Bird.

"I've paid for the cherries I've eaten a hundred times over by digging up cutworms," boasted Robin Redbreast.

"Last year I saved him from the White Grubs. I eat grasshoppers and everything," cried Killdeer.

"The Night Birds work at night," hooted Judge Owl. "Field mice, grasshoppers and other destroyers are among our prey."

"I'm Bob White, Bob White!" whistled a Quail. "I kill beetles, bugs, weevils, moths, locusts and worms, besides eating the seeds of weeds."

"Maybe I've been hasty!" cried Farmer Dalton. "I didn't realize you Birds did so much for me. If I welcome you back to my farm will you promise not to touch the crops?"

"We will be too busy eating the food Huns touch the crops," shouted the Birds.

"Then we will make a treaty," said Farmer Dalton. "I'll throw open my farm to you and—"

Suddenly he was interrupted by a rough clamor. Blue Jay and a flock of boisterous young Jays, all rudely clattering, burst into the council hall.

"Where-e-e! We've been having a rip-roaring time in Farmer Dalton's orchard and garden," screamed Blue Jay, not noticing the presence of Peggy and the other humans. "We ate all we could and ripped to pieces

what we couldn't eat! Where-e-e. It was fun!" Peggy jumped to her feet in dismay. Farmer Dalton had gone white with anger. "There, you see!" he shouted. "They rob me and boast of it! They ruin the food of America's soldiers and laugh over it! Huns! Huns! Huns!" (Tomorrow it will be told how the Jays are punished.)

COLD PACK METHOD IN 12 SHORT STEPS

No. 7



After partially sealing jars place them in hot water bath, says the National War Garden Commission, Washington, D. C. The picture shows jars on wire rack being placed in ordinary household water boiler for sterilizing. Send the Commission a two-cent stamp for free book. Watch for step No. 8.

Of Interest to Women

A leading hotel of Memphis has installed negro women porters.

Bee raising to increase the stock of honey is one of the latest forms of war work for women.

Many large mercantile establishments in the east are employing women to fill positions as "credit men."

Women now operate the electric tractors used in freight handling on the big railroad piers in New York City.

Mrs. Hazen Drew McGreal of Allston, Mass., has the distinction of being the first woman since the establishment of the British and Canadian recruiting mission in the United States to pass the physical examination for service in the woman's royal air force.

Thorne's Clearance

Wool Coats from \$15.00, \$17.50, \$20.00 and \$22.50 Lines, \$10.90
Pretty Voile Waists, \$1.98 \$3.50 Wash Skirts, at \$1.98
one table, choice... \$5.00 Wash Skirts, at \$2.98
New Voile Waists, one counter
choice \$2.25 \$6.00 Wash Skirts, at \$3.98
choice \$7.00 Wash Skirts, at \$4.98

Wool Coats and Suits—Silk Coats and Silk Suits, from \$22.50, \$30.00 and \$35.00 values, at \$17.75

Middies More Middies

\$1.25 and \$1.75 Middies 98c \$2.00 and \$2.25 \$1.59
at, choice \$24.75
Coats and Suits of \$40.00 and \$45.00 values, at, choice

Fall Serge Dresses

Twenty-nine styles of Fall Serge Dresses are now ready—Delightful models.

\$19.75 to \$34.75

Seven New Georgette Blouse numbers, at