

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Conducted by Ella Fleishman

Will Women Return to Their Homes After the War? Yeas and Nays
 Divergent views were expressed recently in two public speeches on the question. "Will women return to their homes from the factories and the fields after the war?"

retary to the munitions ministry, said "Women have come to stay. They have come to increase the wealth of the country. The ministry of munitions has recognized their worth and has acted accordingly in the arrangement of wages. That arrangement forms the charter for women in the future. It has put women on an assured basis."
 Lieutenant General Sir Edward

Hutton, speaking at Chertsey, said: "Women understand their sphere of work far too well to interfere with men-folk, when the men return from the front. Men will find their jobs all available and women will return to their homes and womanly duties in the social world quite naturally but much better for having shown what they can do in a time of great national emergency."

"Dreamland Adventures"
 By Daddy—The Beautiful Stranger

CHAPTER VI
The King Wins His Bride

(Peggy and the King of the Wild Geese seeking to save the Beautiful Stranger from the Blue Geese, are captured and threatened with death. Hunters tre upon the flock from below and the Beautiful Stranger plunges helplessly toward the ground.)

THE guns of the Indian hunters banged away viciously as the fleeing Geese. Peggy thought she could hear shots whistle menacingly past her. Yet the King of the Wild Geese dived desperately to catch the Beautiful Stranger. She was fluttering weakly as she tumbled toward the earth and seemed desperately wounded. Peggy wondered how they could prevent her falling into the hands of the Indians.

As the King's plunge carried him down to the side of the Beautiful Stranger, he seized her apparently helpless wing in his beak and held it out. It caught the air, chattering her fall. Aided by the King, she sailed swiftly but safely toward a wooded hill behind the Indian camp whence the hunters were shooting.

The Indians, seeing the Geese fall and thinking they were sure prey, had turned their attention toward the rapidly disappearing flock. They did not notice the attempt at rescue until the Beautiful Stranger and the King were almost in the shelter of the trees. Then they turned their guns, but it was too late as far as the Geese were concerned. The two fluttered down among the trees as the Indians fired, but Peggy, following close behind, felt the shot catch her airplane and spin it around.

"Goodness, I'm lost," she thought. She herself had not been hit, but the machine whirled around and around. She could not stop it, though she tugged frantically at the rudder. She was almost among the trees now, and in another minute expected to be dashed to the ground far beneath. But just as the topmost leaves grazed the whirling airplane some one caught the rudder and the machine grew steady. Then it glided safely to the earth.

There she found the King jumping up and down almost distracted. Look-

"We will have to hide," said Peggy.
 "Here's a hollow tree," said the Beautiful Stranger, running to it.
 "Wait," cried Peggy. "There's a spider web across the opening."
 "I'm not afraid of spiders. I'll eat any that appear," declared the King.
 "But the Indians will notice that the web has been disturbed. Let's try camouflage," answered Peggy, using the big word with a little difficulty.
 "What's that?" asked the King.
 "Fooling 'em," explained Peggy, unfastening one side of the web and swinging it back like a door. "Hop in."
 They hopped in and she after them. Then she swung the web carefully into place again and crouched down out of sight.
 The Indians rushed up and looked all about.
 "They must be here," said one in a deep, guttural voice.
 "Look in that hole," answered another.
 One came right up to the tree and Peggy held her breath.
 "They are not here. There's a spider web across the opening," the Indian said, and turned away. Soon all of them were gone.
 It was getting dark when the Geese and Peggy crept from the tree.
 "Why, it looks like night," cried Peggy.
 "Yes, the sun is going to take his little nap," replied the King. "We can start back to the feeding grounds of my flock."
 "But if it's night I must go to bed," cried Peggy. "Mother wouldn't like me to stay out. I wish I were back."
 "Whist-t! A dizzy feeling! A little bump! and there was Peggy in her porch swing. The sun was down and it was dark.
 "My goodness! I rescued the Beautiful Stranger just in time," she exclaimed, as she jumped from the swing and ran into the house to go to bed.
 (In next week's story Peggy again meets the Giant of the Woods in a singular adventure, much different from her other encounters with him.)

The Red Cross Spirit Has Been Awakened In the Philippines

This extract has been taken from a letter in the June Red Cross Magazine written by a traveler interested in Red Cross Work. The Red Cross organization has penetrated into the Philippines and has been most enthusiastically received by the natives.

"As a ship approaches the city of Manila one sees almost first of all, near the Lunetta, the new Red Cross tower, striking in daylight and very beautiful at night with its outline of electric lights. It dominates the Carnival grounds, which on February 2 welcomed from 30,000 to 40,000 visitors a day and spread the name of the American Red Cross far and wide over these islands.

"Let us take our places on the grandstand and view the Red Cross procession, which begins at 4 in the afternoon and ends long after dark. Everybody in holiday mood. The governor-general and all the officials are present; the army and navy in full white uniform are in the front row, for Manila even in February is very warm, and white costumes are almost universal. Near us sits a Chinaman in a gorgeous robe, his family attending; we are introduced to the Sultan of Sulu, a visitor from his island 600 miles south; near him is a company of Moros, and other tribesmen dressed in native costumes of many colors, to make up, perhaps, for the lack of dress one notes when visiting them at home."

No English Is Heard In New French House

French is so popular a study at the University of Wisconsin during the present summer session that the new French house, which was recently opened to provide informal practice in French conversation, is filled to its capacity and has overflowed. Twenty-four women students are living in the house and eight are rooming in a nearby house under the same direction. About 42 men and women students board in the French house.

All conversation in the house is carried on in French and teachers live at the house to assist the students in speaking French correctly. Instructors are present at the table to assist the conversation during meals. Fluency in speaking the language is thus acquired to supplement the instruction received in the university French classes.

The German house, which was founded several years ago to aid students of German, was closed some time ago, and the Germanistische Gesellschaft, discussion society of students of German, disbanded about the same time, because of the decrease in interest in the study of the German language.

Nebraska Has Bread

Crumbs 21 Years Fresh

Here is a story from Nebraska which will surprise a good many bakers who are very familiar with bread and its keeping quality: W. R. Furman of York has in his bakery store a jar of bread crumbs which he considers a curiosity, for the crumbs are 21 years old, and are still as good as ever. On the 24th of March, 1897, a wedding feast was given and Mr. Furman made several loaves of bread for the occasion. When the feast was over the mother of the bride found several extra loaves on hand. She proceeded to crumble the bread up and pack it in glass jars, preserving it for future use in puddings, etc. She thought she had used it all up many years ago, but a few days ago she found a jar of crumbs stuck far back in a dark corner. She mentioned the fact to Mr. Furman and he prevailed upon her to bring the jar to his store.

feminine fascination, according to novelists of the period.

But after reading some of the memoirs of that date one is inclined to think that despite the formula of "I don't care," etc., our great-grandmothers might not have been entirely guileless of helping our great-grandfathers to "come to the point."

May Show Her Preference.
 Without loss of dignity or self-respect, a woman may show her preference for the man of her choice in dozens of little ways.

In fact, she has been doing this for countless ages, though there has always been a sort of decorous conspiracy on the part of the powers that be to make the man believe he is managing the entire affair.

At the present time we are franker than we were in those early Victorian times. We "put more on our did," there may be fewer "downcast eyes," but there are also a corresponding number of frank, truthful ones.

I am sufficiently old-fashioned to object to a woman's taking such matters into her hands with a challenging "watch me" attitude. Nothing could be more offensive or in worse taste, but there are ways and means like Priscilla's: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" that are nothing more than innocent coquetry.

Is He Too Young?

In regard to our second consideration, is a woman justified in choosing a man so much younger than herself? One can only consider the question from observation—and past history.

That marriages of this type are generally happy, we've only to look about us to see. While, of course, there are the well-known historical cases of Disraeli and his wife, George Eliot and Cross, and the case of the late Bishop Pinkney of Maryland, whose wife is said to have embowered his christening robe.

The reason for the success of such marriages seems to be that they blend companionship on equal terms with the protective quality of the maternal instinct.

In the present case my correspondent would not be taking the fortunate young man away from some one else. Nor marrying him for his money, since they are both bread-winners, working shoulder to shoulder.

I think if she decides to "overcome her old-fashioned prejudices," there is every chance of their being happy. A woman so honest and intelligent could not fail to make a good wife.

You'll Save Money Attending
The Walk-Over
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Semi-Annual Clearance Sale

Women's Classy Oxfords and Pumps in all leathers, also our entire stock of Women's High Shoes, in White Kid, Nu-Buck and Nile Cloth. July Clearing Sale prices range from **\$8.95** down to **\$1.95**

Oxfords for Men in all the popular colors and leathers are included in this clearance. Regular Walk-Over quality at these extremely low prices. From **\$7.95** down to **\$2.95**

Phoenix and Onyx Hosiery in All Colors for Men and Women.

WALK-OVER BOOT SHOP
 317 South 16th Street.



We will try not to Waste Words in this Ad

At 9 o'clock on Saturday morning, at our Silk Section, a sale of Beautiful Silks, odds and ends from our stock. When we consider the times in which we live—the great demand for silk—the difficulty of procuring it—it is not strange that silk fabrics should be high in price. Measured, however, by other fabrics, the advance in wool, linen, cotton, etc., and by the conditions mentioned—not since war's alarms sounded have we offered such desirable Silks at such little prices.

Makes are various—weaves the latest—including crepes, satins, taffetas, plaids, stripes, etc.

Two Prices, 59c and 98c

This store has had exciting silk sales—and unless all signs fail there will be nothing slow about this.

The hour remember is 9 a. m. Let nothing interfere with your attendance.

Prices will be met on all Toilet Preparations which may be foolishly made in this newspaper—providing we have the article in stock.

Read the ads—bring them with you—and you'll be right welcome.

We are having wonderful business in the Ready-to-Wear Section. The marked reductions are much appreciated. Some indeed are buying for future needs. We cannot and do not endorse this policy but we have to give the customer what she wants. A reasonable provision is warranted, and justified by conditions. Most articles for autumn show decided advances. Many articles we cannot get at all.

Nurses and war workers will find in our stock official uniforms as described in government bulletins. Garments have convertible collars, pleated back and are made of white cotton cloth—the price is **\$3.50**.

Saturday will offer a very special lot of House Dresses. Materials: Ginghams and Percaloes. Many sold up to **\$4.50—Price \$1.98**. For house and porch wear—par excellence.

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| Cobb's for Candy!
There is not a judge of Good Candy in this neck of the woods but will say Amen to that. | Every Saturday is peculiarly Glove Day —you'll pay more later. | The Cooler Weather caused business to hum—in Candy—Cobb has Hot Weather Candy which you should get acquainted with. | The army has called several of our Shoe Men , won't you come in the morning for shoes—Saturday afternoon it is impossible to give you Prop- "Kilpatrick" Service. |
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ADDENDA—After advertisement as above had been prepared—from the Men's Section came the following. We are passing it on to you with the positive assurance that it merits more than passing thought or notice. Saturday when the store opens, will place on sale:

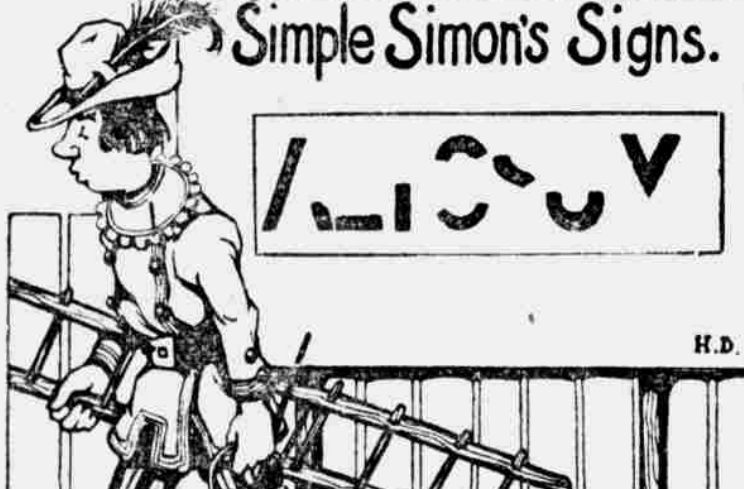
FOR MEN—A big lot of Fine Madras, Crepe and Mercerized Shirts. Soft or laundered cuffs. Shirts which have sold in the regular way in our own stock up as high as **\$3.00 each.**

\$1.59 Each

Men's Underwear—Union Suits, Athletic style, 65c, 79c, 95c and \$1.29 each.
 50c Neckwear, bats or four-in-hands, for 35 cents each.

Thomas Kilpatrick & Co.

Simple Simon's Signs.



Complete the letters of Simon's sign—they will spell the names of flowers. (Answer to previous puzzle—JAGUAR.)

Love Affairs of a Woman of Thirty Years Squarely Faced

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a working woman in the early thirties. I have traveled considerably and have had my full share of experiences and have gained a fairly broad knowledge of the world. During the past half-dozen years I have become interested in an exceedingly attractive young man, who is now nearly 25.

My feeling for him could easily be called a devoted love if I were given encouragement, but he is a most unusually cold-hearted young person. He likes everybody, enjoys fun and a good time and I am sure will never marry anyone unless the woman does the courting.

It is useless for you to say that his youth explains his indifference, because my observation of young men shows that they are generally too ardent and too reckless. I cannot bring myself to make all the advances, so that there is a constant battle going on within me as to whether I should refuse the occasional opportunities I have to meet him and do drop his companionship altogether and forever, thus gradually banishing the heartaches that come in between, or

old-whether I should overcome my old-fashioned prejudices and go in to try to win him (as I know some woman will be bold enough to do eventually).

He is not now interested in any woman, and I am sure if he were found of me we should be able to get a great deal of happiness out of life. It is hard for me to give him up (what little there is to give up), for I am lonely. But I cannot be satisfied with half measures, and I am wondering if I should not try to make myself contented with some less congenial man who is more anxious for my love.

I realize this is a problem which all the philosophers of the ages have not solved, and it is a subject worthy of the contemplation of a Balzac, but another opinion than one's own is always interesting, so I should appreciate yours given in the columns of the Omaha Bee.

My correspondent has written me an interesting letter, dealing with an entirely modern situation. The remarkable feature of her case is that she is facing it so honestly and squarely. That she does not complicate the facts with emotion or self-deception.

And though the situation is typical of the modern business world and the relationship of older women to younger men, the clear thinking she has brought to bear on her case is unusual.

A great many women would have seen this affair in the terms of grand opera. The boy would probably have been held responsible for something, and they might readily have concluded the account with a wail of self-pity.

Such honesty is certainly deserving of happiness. It is a good keystone upon which to build the foundations of a home.

There would appear to be two questions to this case. Is a woman free to choose the man she wants for her husband? And granting that she has this right, is it fair for her to influence a man so much younger than herself?

Traditionally, the man has always had the privilege of selection. But has he, really? According to some of the clearest of modern thinkers, among them Darwin and Bernard Shaw, it would seem that he has had very little to do with the matter. He has invariably been selected when the lady really wanted him.

There have been, of course, many exceptions to the rule, but as the arithmetic, grammar and other instruments of childish torture have a way of asserting, it is the exception that proves the rule.

If there is any survivor of the early Victorian days now living, such a person would probably say that the highly intelligent woman who has written to me should regard the young man "with downcast eyes and averted shoulder."

For such was the prescription of

Phoenix Hosiery
 SILK and SILK LISLE, 55c to \$2.00
 Thirty Newest Shades to Select From.
 Out Sizes in Black and White.
WALK-OVER BOOT SHOP
 317 South 16th

CUTICURA HEALED PIMPLES ON FACE

Neck and Shoulders. Very Hard, Large and Red.

"Pimples broke out on one side of my face and they kept spreading until the whole of my face, neck, and shoulders were almost a mass. The pimples were very large, also hard and red, and would fester. They would itch and I got little sleep. The pimples soon were so thick that they disfigured my face.

"I saw a testimonial advertising Cuticura and sent for a free sample. I purchased more, and I had not used one box of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Soap when I was healed."
 (Signed) Miss Dolores Conon, 225 N. Adams St., Montpelier, Ind., Dec. 4, 17.
 Make Cuticura Soap and Ointment your every-day toilet preparations.
 Sample Each Free by Mail. Address post-card: Cuticura, Dept. M, Boston. Sold everywhere. Soap 5c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Tubing 50c.