

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Conducted by Ella Fleishman

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

'Tis not by wishing that we gain the prize, Nor yet by ruing, But from our fallings learn how to rise, And tireless doing.

Please Page Hoover!

We Would a Word With Him On the "Very" Quiet

How glorified the humble lump of sugar has become! How closely we watch the sparkling particles as they are poured into our coffee cup by the guardian of the sugar bowl, to see that we receive our allotted share of one teaspoonful. Sugar, by the exigencies of war, is now in the luxurious class and its price will soon exceed that of rubies and pearls.

Herbert has well night Hooverized all the joy out of life, but he did not reckon with the ingenuity of Omaha women. The food criterion may say, "one lump," but it takes a feminine mind to devise a scheme whereby she may exceed her quota. Unpatriotic? No, indeed, simply thrifty, that's all.

A delicious dinner was served at Happy Hollow club the other evening, which was followed, as usual, by a demi tasse. Each tiny cup of the aromatic drink was accompanied by a war-time allotment of sugar. A mere man who was a member of one gay little party, suddenly noticed suspicious movements on the part of some of the women. They seemed to be wrapping things in their handkerchiefs, while others were handling their bags in the same manner. His curiosity was aroused and, glancing at the coffee cups about the table, he discovered that those belonging to the feminine members of the party were untouched. He could stand the strain no longer and he inquired just what was the reason of the abstinence.

Imagine the poor man's horror when the guests informed him that they were taking the allotment of sugar home! Please page Mr Hoover, we would have a word with him.

Scott-Crawford Engagement.

Judge and Mrs. Byrce Crawford announce the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth Love, to Mr. Wardner Gibson Scott, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Scott of Lincoln. The wedding will not take place until after the war.

The announcement does not come as a surprise to the friends of the young couple, for pretty little Miss Crawford has been wearing a lovely engagement ring for some time. She graduated this June from the University of Nebraska and is a member of the Pi Beta Phi sorority.

Mr. Scott also attended the university and is a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity. Mr. Scott has been a member of the Interstate Commerce commission for some time, but has resigned and is now endeavoring to enter a more attractive branch of the service.

Secret Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Frances Coleman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Coleman, to Mr. Walter McGill, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. McGill of this city, took place in Papillion, July 13. The young couple have not told of their marriage, but their friends have discovered their secret. Mr. and Mrs. McGill are occupying a cottage at the Dietz club, where they will remain for the rest of the summer.

K. and L. of S. Picnic.

About 100 members and friends of Omaha council No. 415, Knights and Ladies of Security, enjoyed a picnic at Carter Lake park Sunday, taking basket dinner and supper there. Pitching horseshoes and other diversions occupied the rest of the afternoon and evening.

PERSONALS

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Eck this morning at the Ford hospital.

Miss Elizabeth McDonald is spending the summer at Camp Michigamme.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Fry and daughters, Elizabeth and Ann, motored to Excelsior Springs and have spent the last two weeks at the Elms hotel.

Miss Ethel Anderson is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Holtand.

Mrs. James Allen has recovered from her recent illness and is occupying her cottage at Seymour lake.

Miss Lucile Hyde Robinson has passed successfully the examination for overseas duty, and will leave soon for France, to take a secretarial position. Miss Robinson is now in New York City, where she has spent the past year studying. She is the daughter of Mrs. Roberta Hyde of this city.

Dr. R. S. Anglin, who has been in the east for the last six weeks, taking a policlinic course, returned to Omaha today.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rushton returned Saturday from Columbus, O., where they were called by the illness and death of Mrs. Rushton's father, Mr. W. C. Taylor.

Mrs. Harry Jordan is at Prior Lake, where she will remain until the first of August.

Canning Don'ts.

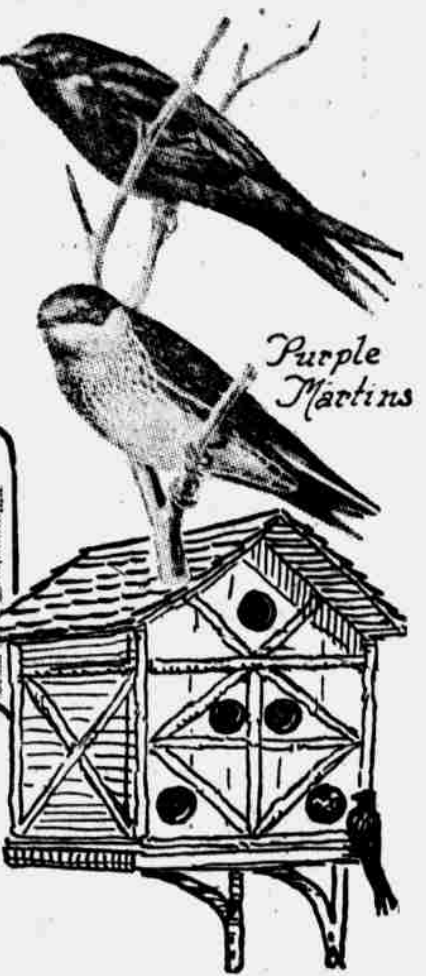
Don't use soap on blanching cloths. Wash and rinse in hot water and boil the cloths. Get a free canning manual by writing to the National War Garden Commission of Washington for one.

Don't assume that the water surrounding jars will keep boiling without attention to fuel. The right temperature must be maintained for success. Write to the National War Garden Commission of Washington and obtain a free canning manual.

Faithful Summertime Tenants Are These Families of Martins



Belle Ryan



Purple Martins

By RUTH B. WHITNEY.

ACTING as assistant superintendent of public instruction of Omaha might be supposed to be enough of a job to keep one woman busy, but the discovery has been made that Miss Belle Ryan, in addition to holding this important position, is also sole proprietor and manager of an apartment house. Not an ordinary apartment house, but a way-up affair.

This building contains eight separate apartments in which there is seldom a vacancy. The tenants have made it a custom to winter in the south, at which time the apartments are empty, but they return each spring, and if there is a vacancy through death or other cause, these loyal apartment house dwellers promptly notify friends and relatives, who take possession of the vacant suite.

All Miss Ryan's tenants are related, belonging to the family of Purple Martins, a branch of the great and justly famous Swallow family. The apartment house is a frame structure, securely fastened to the sill of a window in Miss Ryan's office on the fifth floor of the city hall.

Every day Miss Ryan places food and water for drinking and bathing in front of the house. Occasionally a pigeon makes the mistake of thinking these attentions are meant for him, but he soon finds out his error, as the Purple Martin tribe pounce on him and drive him away with a

Quaker Gray Makes Quaint Gown



By GERTRUDE BERESFORD

QUAKER women have always had a "say-so" in and out of meeting. Who knows but what a wise little Quaker maiden influenced the choice of gray as their garb. What is lovelier after all than the simplicity of gray? Gray voile develops this model, which is recommended for both utility and charm. This frock is sure to be becoming to the girl of any coloring, blue eyes, brown eyes or gray. This model is easy to make, requires no trimming except knife pleating, and possibly a gray satin girdle. Voile in a very good quality can be bought for 35 cents the yard. The drop skirt may be accented with pleats or plaids. This gown will not soil or muss easily, and is altogether an economic war time garment.

great fluttering of wings and flashing of sharp claws and bright eyes.

"I consider it a great honor to have these birds make their home in my bird house," said Miss Ryan. "They are very particular as to where they locate their homes, though I do not know just what are the requisites. A friend of mine placed a martin house on her lawn, with trees and fountain near it and everything else a bird could want, and introduced a martin family into it, but they refused to stay, yet here they remain year after year in this alley."

Their Babies. There is now a family of little ones just learning to fly. They creep out of the door and timidly perch on the sill until their parents, flying anxiously around them, finally persuade them to try their wings, when, to the apparent surprise of the youngsters, these untired wings bear them safely up and they swoop down to the pavement below in long, graceful curves. There is another little family just hatched, and one can see their shiny eyes peering out at the strange world into which they have not yet ventured.

Miss Ryan's tenants are a beautiful rich purple in color, shading to black at wing points and tail. The females wear a white apron and are a little duller in color than their husbands. Like the other members of the swallow family, martins catch their food on the wing and live entirely upon insects.

"One day," said Miss Ryan, "one of the birds came to feed the little ones, bringing an immense devil's darning needle, but the babies ate it in a short time. They must travel far for their food, as this is a water insect."

Martins Pay Rent.

In payment for their apartments the martins furnish not only amusement but floods of beautiful and cheerful song. They have voices much like pleasant laughter, and their mellow notes may be heard at almost any time of day, echoing between the gray walls of city hall and Bee building.

The purple martin is one of the best fighters in the bird tribe, not hesitating before he attacks a hawk or crow, but he has one enemy that has made him almost unknown among the birds of the east, that enemy is the little sparrow. The sparrow steals the martin's home and generally annoys him, and usually where sparrows increase the martins will leave. For some reason or other the sparrows have not stolen the apartments in Miss Ryan's bird house.

Possibly the many visitors the martins have frightened the sparrows away, but the martins do not mind them. Many of the bird lovers of Omaha visit Miss Ryan's office and sit for hours near the window watching the comedies and tragedies of bird life that are played out before them. The martins do not mind these visitors at all, but go on with their home keeping and baby raising affairs as calmly as if no one were present.

Red Cross

A campaign for the enrollment of graduate nurses began Monday morning. These nurses are enlisting for the period of the war with the Red Cross.

Gould Dietz announces that the second war drive money for the Red Cross is now due and payable at Red Cross headquarters in the court house.

Soldiers and Marriage Is Topic for Numerous Discussions In War Time

Much discussion is going on as to whether marriages should be encouraged with men about to enter military service, and whether such marriages should be contracted by women, who know that these men will shortly depart for the battle front.

We believe that no woman has a right to contract a marriage unless she is fully capable of earning her livelihood and providing for offspring, in case the husband does not return. It is far from patriotic for a woman to assume marriage obligations when she knows that not only will she not have the money to provide for her offspring, but may at the same time be unable to make ends meet in caring for herself.

What sort of children can one bring up under such conditions? It is much more desirable to have fewer people than to have them living in want, which forces them to crime and makes them susceptible to disease.

Assuming that the woman will be able to discharge her obligations to her children and herself, it then becomes a question of whether the marriage is based upon a beautiful attachment and sincere friendship, or whether it is simply the lure of the uniform. Let the woman honestly decide whether she loves the man sufficiently to nurse and comfort him should he return maimed or wounded. If she can, then by all means let the marriage take place. If not, she is simply one more of those who assume the marriage bond without the right understanding of its sacredness and obligations, and later on make life miserable for themselves and those nearest and dearest to them.—Editorial in July Humanitarian.

Red Cross Makes Letter Writing Possible Between U. S. and Central Powers

Anybody in good standing in this country may write to relatives or friends in Germany, Austria, Belgium, Poland and the countries allied with the central powers, or occupied by them, through a new bureau of communication of the American Red Cross.

The message to be sent should be taken to any Red Cross chapter and certain formalities complied with. The Red Cross will send it via Washington and neutral countries, but naturally cannot guarantee the delivery of any message in present war conditions. However, the service is being conducted generally without interruption.

Only purely personal family messages should be offered to the Red Cross for transmission. Messages relating to financial or political matters, or public affairs cannot be forwarded. The person using this service should present a letter, signed by a reputable citizen, who vouches for his faith, unless the person is known personally to the chapter officials.

The Red Cross will endeavor to deliver all proper messages without cost to the applicant for this service. Answers will be received by the same procedure, that is, through Washington and then to the individual. No money can be sent and no letters will be delivered to persons in the military or naval forces of the enemy.

Mrs. Gavin Will Drive Ambulance at the Front



MRS. W. A. GAVIN.

Mrs. W. A. Gavin, the English golfer who has been playing exhibition games in this country for the benefit of the ambulance fund, will soon leave for France to drive an ambulance at the front. Mrs. Gavin's brother, Capt. Dudley Ryder, is a prisoner in Germany.

The shortage of men has led the authorities of Columbus, Ind., to seriously consider a proposal to install a night force of policewomen.



Complete the letters of Simon's sign—they will spell the name of an animal (cat tribe). Answer to previous puzzle, KIPLING

"Dreamland Adventures"

By Daddy—Peggy's Bird Circus

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

CHAPTER II. Peggy Meets Balky Sam.

Peggy is surprised by the birds, who come to call on her. While they are visiting their attention is attracted by an army music, driven by Peggy's soldier friends. Ben and Bill Dalton, which sits down in the street and refuses to budge.

BEN AND BILL stared at Peggy as if their eyes would jump out of their heads.

"Well," said Bill finally, "you're just as sweet as we thought you'd be."

"And I'm glad you've got freckles," added Ben, after giving her a long look.

"I have only a few," protested Peggy.

"That's enough," responded Ben. "They prove you're a real person."

"What's the matter with your mule?" asked Peggy, changing the subject, for, like a modest little girl, she didn't like to talk about herself.

"Oh, Balky Sam is all the time sitting down to rest," exclaimed Bill. "And he always does it just when we are in a hurry. He's the—"

Peggy interrupted quickly. She'd heard that soldiers sometimes used strong language when arguing with their mules. She didn't want Bill to say anything he shouldn't.

"Remember there is a lady present," she warned him. "The Giant of the Woods says the best way to keep from swearing is to fill your mouth so full of big words there isn't any room for swears."

"Thank you, Miss Good Fairy," answered Bill. "Hereafter I'll just call him a cantankerous cudgermudgeon and let it go at that."

Balky Sam looked around at Peggy and gave her a sly wink. It was so funny she had to giggle.

"Seems as though we are always meeting you when we need help," said Ben to Peggy.

"Are you in trouble?"

"Not exactly trouble," answered Ben. "It's just a matter of disappointing a lot of the soldier boys who are about to start to France. We wanted to send them off with a laugh and now we can't do it."

"How were you going to make them laugh?" asked Peggy, a bit puzzled.

"The recreation director had engaged an animal circus to come and amuse 'em," explained Ben. "You know what I mean—one of those vaudeville shows with ponies, dogs, monkeys and the like. Bill and I were sent to town with the mule team to get the baggage. At the depot we found that the train carrying the circus had been wrecked, smashing up the outfit so it will be a week before it will be ready to show here. By that time thousands of the boys will be on the way to France."

"Isn't that a pity!" exclaimed Peggy. "I wish there were something I could do."

"Princess Peggy, aren't you coming back to us?" chorused the birds. Peggy looked up. They were perched on the roof of the house, looking anxiously down.

"What a funny looking lot of birds!" laughed Bill. "Have you a menagerie of your own, Miss Good Fairy?"

That question gave Peggy an idea. The birds certainly did look comical, particularly Blue Heron, with his long legs, and Judge Owl, solemnly blinking down at her. Why couldn't they give a show? They knew more than any birds she had ever seen on the stage. And in making the departing soldiers laugh they would be doing a service for Uncle Sam.

"My birds," she cried, stretching up her arms to them, "how would you like to be in a show?"

"No, thank you, we don't want to be prisoners!" chorused the birds.

"I don't mean that way," Peggy quickly reassured them. "I mean give a show of your own free will for the soldiers. It will be lots of fun."

"Fun! That's what we are here for," hooted Judge Owl.

Fun is the spice of life. It drives out pain and strife. It cuts care like a knife. And makes men brave and blithe.

"Will you be in it, Princess Peggy?" asked General Swallow.

"Yes, I'll be your trainer and tell you what to do," promised Peggy enthusiastically.

"Then we'll all be in your show," chorused the birds.

Ben and Bill had been watching Peggy and the birds with keen interest. They didn't know what was being said, but they did know that Peggy was able to talk to the birds, and it was amusing to see the way they answered.

"My birds will take the place of your animal circus," Peggy told the soldiers.

"Fine!" cried Bill. "I felt in my bones that you would come to the rescue. Miss Good Fairy."

"Where's your baggage?" added Ben. "We'll load it aboard and hike for the cap in a hurry. It's near time to begin."

Peggy thought rapidly. She would need costumes for the birds and some apparatus on which they could perform. Her doll's trunk would supply the costumes and she had toys that would serve as apparatus. She ran quickly into the house and gathered up the toys and the trunk. For her own stage costume she selected a pretty tinselled frock she had worn at a fancy dress dancing party.

Ben and Bill laughed at her baggage, but loaded it on the big army wagon, where it seemed almost lost. They invited the Birds to ride, but all declined except Judge Owl and Blue Heron, for whom flying was not all fun.

Soon they were ready to start. But there was Balky Sam, still sitting in the middle of the street as comfortable as you please, and not showing a sign of moving.

"Well, what do you think of that cantankerous cudgermudgeon?" exclaimed Bill.

"Maybe I can start him," volunteered Peggy. She jumped off the wagon, ran to the backyard where there was a particularly nice patch of long grass, and pulled two big handfuls. She gave one handful to Balky Sam's mate, who started to eat it with great relish. Balky Sam opened his mouth for the other handful which Peggy frisked in front of

his nose. But Peggy teasingly snatched it away. She laughed at his eagerness and gave him a wink. Balky Sam slyly winked back and quickly jumped to his feet. Just as quickly Peggy rewarded him by shoving the grass into his hungry mouth. Then she climbed into the wagon, Bill said "Geddap," and away they went for camp, Balky Sam munching contentedly as he trotted along.

(Tomorrow it will be told how Peggy enlists Balky Sam in her show.)



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The Saint Paul in Saint Paul is a complete hotel; 300 rooms, 300 baths. Make it your communication point on tour. Send mail and telegrams in our care.



Their Medicine Chest For 20 Years

IT is characteristic of folks after they pass the allotted "three score years and ten," to look back over the days that are gone and thoughtfully live them over.

I find myself, at seventy-one, frequently drifting back a quarter of a century, when I see myself in the little drug store I owned at Bolivar, Mo., making and selling a vegetable compound to my friends and customers—that was then known only as Dr. Lewis' Medicine for Stomach, Liver and Bowel Complaints.

For many years while I was perfecting my formula I studied and investigated the laxatives and cathartics on the market and became convinced that their main fault was not that they did not act on the bowels, but that their action was too violent and drastic, and upset the system of the user; which was due to the fact that they were not thorough enough in their action, some simply acting on the upper or small intestine, while others would act only on the lower or large intestine, and that they almost invariably produced a habit requiring augmented doses.

I believed that a preparation to produce the best effect must first tone the liver, then act on the stomach and entire alimentary system. If this was accomplished, the medicine would produce a mild, but thorough elimination of the waste without the usual sickening sensations, and make the user feel better at once.

After experimenting with hundreds of different compounds, I at last perfected the formula that is now known as EATONIC Remedy, which I truly believe goes further

Beaton Drug Co., Omaha, Neb.



MR. TONIGHT—Tomorrow Feel Right Get a 25¢ Box

Woman's Morning Sickness—

POOR WOMAN, she is called upon to suffer and carry MORE than her share of human ills, but the one that seems to be most trying and unfair of all is the sickness that comes to her at the time of life when she should be at her best—when every ounce of her strength should be for the carrying out of that act of Nature that makes her bring a new life into the world.

MANY WOMEN SUFFER—awfully—terribly during this time with a stomach sickness. It is the kind that never can be told in words—the morning sickness of a woman.

Before Baby Comes—

It is one of the most trying tests of human endurance, and all the more so because it is so hard to control.

Few remedies can be depended upon to give more or less temporary relief. So many favorable reports have come to us from those who have used EATONIC during this time that it is with the greatest satisfaction we say to ALL SUFFERERS from this peculiar woman's sickness of the stomach, "DO TRY EATONIC—give it a fair trial, and GET THE HELP we so confidently see, sure you will get.

The results have been so uniformly good—wonderful in many cases—that we say to you and gladly do we say it that any poor woman sufferer who obtains a package of EATONIC from any drugist in this city or drug stores anywhere and uses it according to the simple directions if it fails to do the good and give the help that it should—all she has to do is to return it to the drugist whom you know and can trust and the money will be cheerfully refunded. Remember! A copy costs a penny or two a day to use EATONIC.

50 WE SAY

Do not ever suffer again



EATONIC FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE