

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Conducted by Ella Fleishman

"Dreamland Adventures"

By DADDY.
The Lost Bride.
A complete, new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER VI

The Wedding Feast.
(The wedding of General Swallow and Miss Purple Swallow is delayed because Miss Jay steals the bride. Peggy and Billy Bell swim and in rescuing her from the tree dungeon where she nearly perishes.)

"O Wedding Day be fair;
O Wedding Day be bright!
All joy bring to this pair,
And endless heart's delight!"

THUS sang the Birds as they gaily escorted General Swallow and his bride to the beautiful glen beside the bay, which they had chosen for their wedding place. And as if in response the rising sun colored the eastern sky with radiant hues, streamers of pink, silver, green, gold and orange shot up high, the tints changing constantly. Their splendor was reflected in the rippling waters so that sky and bay seemed alive with flashing colors.

The glen itself was a regular wedding bower. From the trees hung a tapestry of vines. At either side were banks of shrubbery and masses of ferns. All about were wild flowers—Violets, Brown-Eyed Susans, Marguerites, Daisies and Columbies. Leading from the edge of the water to a mossy mound beneath a canopy of wild Honeyuckles and Roses was a carpet of velvet grass. The whole scene was like a wonderful outdoor cathedral.

Judge Owl, looking very dignified and solemn, took up his station on the mound. The Birds grouped themselves at either side of the glen, leaving an aisle down the center for the bridal party. Up in the trees was the choir—Canaries, Mocking Birds, Orioles and other songsters.

Miss Purple Swallow, refreshed by her swift ride through the air, seemed neatly recovered. She jumped from the hammock as sprightly as if she had forgotten her terrifying experience in the tree dungeon.

Motherly Birds led her to a dell at one side, and when she came out Peggy gave a gasp of delight. She wore a bridal veil of spider lace, in which sparkled dewdrop jewels. On her head was a wreath of white daisies and hung from her neck like a muff was a dainty bride's bouquet of rare wild flowers. She looked very charming, indeed, and her appearance was greeted by a chorus of pleased "ahs" and "ohs."

Two tiny Humming Birds as flower girls led the bridal party up the aisle. Then came the bridesmaids—Misses Scarlet Tanager, Thrush, Blue Bird, Robin, Yellow Warbler and Meadow Lark. Ahead of the bride walked Miss Rose Breasted Grosbeak as maid of honor, Miss Purple Swallow was on her father's wing. At the mound waited General Swallow with his best man, Reddy Woodpecker.

From the choir burst forth a melodious chant:
"Joy to thee, sweet bride!
Joy to thee, brave groom!
Through life side by side,
Roam in youth's fair bloom!"

General Swallow met his bride at the foot of the mound and mounted it with her. Judge Owl began the ceremony.

Peggy and the animals, to get a better view, jumped on what seemed to be a log half concealed in the shrubbery. The log gave a great shake and they tumbled off head over heels. As they picked themselves up, out of the shrubbery rolled a ragged, rough-looking tramp. The log was his leg.

The tramp sat up and blinked at the wedding crowd. The Birds, stunned by this new addition to the excitement of the night, sat and looked at him.

The tramp let out a roar and jumped to his feet.
"What do you mean by disturbing my sleep?" he shouted, reaching for a club. "Get out of here!"

Peggy was the only one to move. She drew a blade of fairy ring grass from her pocket and popped it into the ready jaws of Johnny Bull. Instantly Johnny Bull seemed to leap out of the ground, a full-sized, powerful, hungry bulldog.

The tramp stopped short. His eyes bulged out.
"Great Caesar's ghost!" he exclaimed. Johnny Bull leaped for him. The tramp leaped the other way. But he didn't leap quick enough. Johnny Bull grabbed his coattail and hung on. With a howl of fear the tramp dashed madly off through the woods dragging Johnny Bull behind. The tail tore out of the coat and the tramp put on such a burst of speed that Johnny Bull had to give up the chase. So he came back to see the wedding, while the tramp kept up his wild flight.

Judge Owl was a bit flustered as he went on with the ceremony.
"Do you take me for your lawfully wedded mate?" he asked General Swallow.

"Not by a jugful!" declared General Swallow indignantly.
"Oh, I beg your pardon!" Judge Owl apologized. "I mean do you take Miss Purple Swallow to be your awfully wedded mate?"

"I do," chirped General Swallow, firmly, and Judge Owl quickly got the ceremony over.

The choir burst into a stirring wedding march and the Birds formed in line behind the bride and groom. It was just like a grand march at dancing school. Peggy found herself walking along with Bally Sam, who strutted along on his hind legs in polite circus style.

WOMAN'S COUNCIL NATIONAL DEFENSE

Nurses' Training Schools.

There are 1,579 nurses' training schools in this country. Their need is as great and imperative as that of the army school of nursing. Those who enroll for these schools will be assigned as vacancies occur.

The enrollment card will indicate two classes of registrants, preferred and deferred. The preferred class will be those who are ready to accept assignment to whatever hospital the government directs them, although they may state what training school they prefer to be sent to. Those who register in the preferred class will be assigned first, and all possible consideration will be given to their preference as stated. The deferred class is composed of those who limit their pledges of service—that is, who will not engage to go except to certain hospitals.

This class is intended largely for those who for family reasons cannot accept training at a distance from their homes. Those who register in the deferred class will be assigned only after the preferred class is exhausted.

Term of training: The term of training varies from two to three years, according to the requirements of the particular school to which the student nurse may be sent. No course is less than two nor more than three years.

What the training course prepares for: At present every woman who completes satisfactorily her training in any accredited school is eligible for service as an army nurse at the front and stands a chance of being assigned to duty abroad. At the same time she will be qualified to earn her living in one of the noblest professions open to women.

Finances: The student nurse gets her board, lodging and tuition free at practically every training school and in most cases receives a small remuneration to cover the cost of books and uniforms. After graduation she has an earning capacity of from \$100 to \$300 a month, together with board, lodging and laundry while on duty.

Soldier Boys Like Her—So Will Everyone Who Hears Her

Miss Helen Rahm, who is to be the soloist at the patriotic program of the War Camp Community Service league is preparing to give at River-view park Saturday evening, is an artist of real merit. She was a drawing card on the Orpheum circuit for several seasons and when she sang at Fort Crook Wednesday night she was greeted by a storm of applause. "That is the kind of music we like," one of the soldiers said voicing the opinion of his companions.

Miss Juliet McCune who has charge of the music has trained a chorus of several hundred girl voices. The girls rehearsed Wednesday evening on the high school campus. Other girls who wish to join the chorus may do so by coming to the pavilion in the park at 7 o'clock Saturday evening.

The dancing will be in charge of Miss Mildred Mekeel who has trained a group of little girls in some beautiful numbers.

A patriotic pageant will be given by the drama section of the Association of Intercollegiate Alumnae under the direction of Miss May Sommers.

Everybody is invited to Riverview park at 7:30 Saturday evening, when the program will begin. All are invited to join in the singing. When the girls' chorus was rehearsing Wednesday evening, the people of the community gathered to listen, and the enthusiasm of their clean young voices was so contagious that one by one they joined in the music, until the entire crowd was singing and singing the "Star Spangled Banner"—all but one man. He continued to sit until a very little boy, who noticed him, walked over and spoke to him quietly. Then the man rose and removed his hat. No lack of patriotism in Young America.

didn't steal them. They are wild berries picked in the woods."
Never had berries tasted sweeter to Peggy. But they reminded her of a task that awaited her at home.
"Oh, I promised mother to help her with her canning today," she cried. "I must hurry home."
"When duty calls a true patriot promptly obeys," hooted Judge Owl. Peggy heard no more for she was flying through the air with a rush. An instant later she was sitting up in her own bed listening to her mother's voice calling from downstairs.
"Awaken! Awaken! Awaken! The canning army is going into action. Awaken! Awaken! The bugle calls you, Soldier Peggy!"

(In the next story Blue Jay is placed on trial for his life in Judge Owl's queer court.)

Now, Mary Sunshine is polite. Perhaps she'd like to take the biggest slice of ice cream. The biggest slice of cake? But greediness, she's very sure, is something to avoid. She helps herself quite as she should. And no one is annoyed. (Unselfish children are the ones to make the home life happy!)

The Passing of "Clinging Vines" Gives Room for the New Woman

I have always pitied the man whose womanly ideals are of the "Clinging-Vine" type. He is out of harmony with universal law. His instincts have been perverted. Helplessness in a child appeals to all that is noblest in our natures. The love of mother and father goes out more strongly to the weaker offspring. This is a natural instinct implanted in the human heart, no doubt for the definite purpose of protecting the young during their period of helplessness.

But when a man seeks frailty and helplessness in his life partner, it is an evidence that the parental instinct has been perverted.

In past generations our novels reeked—I use the word advisedly—with the frail, delicate type of heroine. The hero's heart swelled in a masterful way at the thought of protecting such a frail creature throughout life. Shielding such an ethereal being from all difficulties and discomforts appeared to him an extraordinary privilege. The mysterious pain and languor of his heroine only added to her charm. They were another indication of her need for the support of his strong arms. Up to very recent times practically all our literature was tainted with this sort of rot, and its influence demoralized many generations of men and women.

I have frequently, in years gone by, picked up a book that deeply interested me until I read the descrip-

tion of the heroine, and then I would throw it aside in disgust. The idea of a miserable makeshift of a girl, tall and willowy, with a waist that could be easily spanned by the hands, being a flesh and blood specimen of femininity of any importance was ridiculous to me. They were invalids in disguise, these heroines. The very first difficulties they encountered would make them helpless and hopeless. They were the product in every instance of too much coddling. Their girlhood days were spent in dreamy idleness. They were strangers to vigorous effort of any sort. They missed the opportunity to develop in to real women through the proper use of their bodily structure.

Not so long ago, the conventional method of training girls for the marriage market was along a similar line. The arts of fascination were cultivated with a view to catching a prize. Little or no thought was given to the necessity of keeping this prize after one had caught it. And not one moment was wasted in preparing for the duties of motherhood which necessarily followed from prize-winning of this sort.

A girl must be cultured; music, French, and the social arts must be mastered in all their intricacies. Can we wonder that in the process of training under false ideals of this character, a great many "Clinging Vines" were developed? With absolutely no attention given to health development, girls became ethereal, anemic, and not

far removed from a condition of invalidism.

The war has knocked all this nonsense "sky high."
The girls of today have begun to realize the necessity for developing womanly powers. They clearly understand the value of strength, endurance and vitality.

And they are going after the duties before them in a manner that is to be most highly commended.

Defective Draftees.
That is, some of them are: There are others who are still in the Clinging-Vine stage. And through adherence to habits of ease and idleness they are neglecting an important war-time duty.

Weaklings are in the way. And the Clinging-Vine sort of woman is in the weakling class.
The defective draftees have been maligned in every quarter. They have

been told to go to work, that they are a disgrace to the nation.

Absolutely the same statements can be made to the Clinging-Vine specimens of femininity.

If a man wants a wife, let him beware of the clinging variety! Such a match may be romantic, may appeal to the sentimental; but when the couple are brought face to face with the realities of married life, the results may be difficult to bear with serenity.

The frail anemic heroine has had her day. The race has sped toward degeneracy and oblivion because of her influence.

But a great light has come upon us. Her influence has gone. And with strong resolute womanhood as a basis for future progress, we can face whatever may come, with equanimity.—Bernard Macfadden in July Physical Culture.

Prices Are Going Up Steadily. Despite an Abundance of Food

There is a great abundance of fruit and vegetables on the local markets now and everything has gone up in price "because of the war." Watermelons sell at 3 to 3 1/2 cents a pound and it doesn't take a very big one to cost \$1. This is probably due to the cutting off of the aniline dye supply which formerly came from Germany. It costs more to color the rinds, you see!

Peaches cost 30 cents and more a dozen, which is probably due to the shortage of wood to make peach crates, all the wood being used now to make wooden ships. The high price in no instance is due to any

shortage in the crop, for nature has done her part admirably. But the food administration has, so far, done nothing to stop the vegetable and fruit profiteers. The trouble is "at the source," local marketmen declaring that their profits are smaller than ever.

Cantaloupes sell from 10 to 20 cents each. Honeydew melons are on hand at 45 to 65 cents each. Raspberries cost 25 cents for a pint box and blackberries 15 cents for a pint box.

Potatoes have broken through and are flooding the market in abundant supply. You can get a whole market basket full for 40 or 50 cents. They are home-grown.

Apples are beginning to be plentiful and the crop around this part of the country will be extremely abundant. This does not prevent them from selling at 5 to 7 cents a pound at present.

Some very fine plums, both the blue ones and those of lighter shades, are on hand.

The dry weather has again interfered with the quality and price of such fresh vegetables as head lettuce, string beans, green peas, cabbage, squash and green corn. They are all on hand but not as fine as they have been and the prices are high.

Potatoes still hold up to a price that is pronounced too high by the marketmen themselves.

EDWARD A. RUMELY

Man Who Bought the New York Mail for the Kaiser
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(A series of articles sketching the career of Dr. Edward A. Rumely, who has been arrested on a charge of having bought the New York Evening Mail with money furnished by the German government and of having used it for German propaganda.)

By FRANK STOCKBRIDGE.
(Former Managing Editor of the Evening Mail.)
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Very early in the game Dr. Rumely attempted to assume exclusive control of the Washington correspondence of the paper. It was not long before the Mail's Washington representative was spoken of as the one man who could always get to Von Bernstorff, even when the German ambassador was not receiving other newspaper men. Not that there was anything necessarily illegitimate in that; it was often possible for the Mail, through this close connection with the German embassy, to obtain an advance tip on what the German attitude would be in regard to whichever one of the various controversies between that government and our own was pending at the time, and so score a decided "beat" at a time when such matters were legitimate news.

When relations were finally broken off and Von Bernstorff sent back to Germany, Dr. Rumely professed to believe that the difficulties would still be patched up and that there would be no war. He sent the Mail's Washington man along with the dismissed ambassador and he remained in Berlin until after war was actually declared.

Fomenting Trouble With Mexico.
The interest of Germany in fomenting trouble between the United States and Mexico was not clearly apparent to many persons or newspapers in the early days of the European war. It was apparent from the day the control of the Mail passed into Dr. Rumely's hands, however, that he was greatly interested in Mexican matters, and this interest never waned so long as I remained on the paper.

One of the earliest visitors to the offices of the Mail under the new regime was Eduardo Iturbide, a descendant of the man who had been emperor of Mexico under the title of Augustin I. Iturbide wanted to head the Mexican government. Dr. Rumely in the Mail endorsed his efforts to obtain backing for a coup d'etat that would put him at the head of the Mexican people.

Later Iturbide was dropped by those who had originally backed him and Felix Diaz was picked as the man to lead a successful counter revolution. All through the months when the Carranzistas and the Villistas were having it out with each other and our troops were watchfully waiting on the border, Dr. Rumely was sure that Felix Diaz would be the man who finally would bring order out of chaos.

Diaz Pushed to the Front.
The news dispatch seldom, if ever, mentioned Felix Diaz, but Dr. Rumely mentioned him so frequently that I wondered where he was getting his information. He would come to my desk and tell me that he had trustworthy information that Felix Diaz was gaining strength rapidly, and suggest that we ought to print something about it. He had it from confidential sources that he could not reveal. I would tell him that there were some very competent American newspaper men in Mexico for the

press associations and that whenever Felix Diaz became a real factor they would likely mention it; I begged to be excused from printing "news" of which I did not know the source.

Later, when the Mexican situation grew more intense he would bring in letters from a friend who owned a large ranch in Mexico, quoting from a letter from his ranch foreman retelling gossip brought in by the peons. This, in the doctor's mind, was "news," no matter how contradictory the news dispatches might be.

Peace "News" From Germany.
And he got "news" from Germany about the war, in similar mysterious ways. It was always "news" that did not appear in the press dispatches. "Peace is at hand. It is in the air!" he would inform me—so frequently that I at last formulated a stock reply. He had it from confidential sources that Germany was ready to make peace—on its own terms, course. And frequently these confidential communications would, a few days later, be followed by another of the famous German "peace drives," which the German government used so effectively to keep public sentiment in America from focusing on war preparations. Sometimes he was sure the war would be over in six months; once he even fixed a date for its termination. That those of us who were handling the news would not take these private advices seriously and handle the war news in such a way as to reflect the peace propaganda annoyed him exceedingly.

I don't remember how many German "news agencies" there were sending propaganda "news" to the United States in the early days of the war. There must have been a dozen of them, calling themselves "Overseas" or "Transoceanic" or by some such other titles. They used the wireless direct from Germany to Sayville or Tuckerton, and their emanations were given to all of the American press associations on equal terms. Dr. Rumely, however, was continually complaining that no real news from Germany was getting to America.

Syndicate to Put Over "News."
"Real news" was what he wanted for the syndicate. It had been a very large and important part of the preliminary plans, the Evening Mail Syndicate. The project was to build up a clientele that would gladly accept whatever the syndicate might offer. It would have been a splendid way to disseminate German propaganda, with adequate camouflage.

But, as I have said before, there was no finesse or subtlety in the doctor's methods. He tried to syndicate the Babson articles. A few papers bought them on the strength of Mr. Babson's reputation, but when those same papers were immediately offered a dose of Von Schulze-Gaevernitz, most of them severed their connections with the syndicate then and there.

Newspaper readers will remember the German attempt to arouse sympathy and stifle war sentiment in America by depicting the sufferings of German babies. German babies were dying by thousands because the dreadful British blockade had cut off their milk supply—or if it wasn't the blockade it was something else. Funds were opened in the name of the German Red Cross to buy condensed milk and ship it to Germany to keep the babies from starving. It sounded plausible; it did not at first look like propaganda. It got a lot of publicity.

Milk for German Babies Public.
Dr. Rumely opened the columns of the Mail to subscriptions for this worthy and humanitarian purpose. Then Mr. McClure came back from Europe. He had penetrated as far as Constantinople after leaving the peace ship, and had met many old friends whom he had known in the piping times of peace. And somewhere along the lines the propagandists had got their wires crossed.

For in Berlin a high official whom Mr. McClure knew personally had pointed with pride to the fact that Germany was enduring war conditions remarkably well, and in proof had handed him voluminous statistics showing that the infant mortality rate in Berlin and other German cities had actually declined since the war began.

Mr. McClure returned just as the "milk for German babies" campaign was beginning to gain momentum. He took issue with its promoters at once. They protested and he smothered their protests with their own German statistics, that he had brought back with him! That ended one effective bit of propaganda. Nevertheless, Mr. McClure suffered the stigma of his Mail connection and many of his old friends, who ought to have known him better than they did, turned away for a time. There never was a more loyal American than S. S. McClure, nor one less capable of believing ill of those whom he regarded as his best friends.

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CENTRAL

Howard St. Between 15 and 16

A Column of Interesting Porch Values



Turned oak 4-foot swing—\$29.95
Brown fiber swings, like illustration—4 ft and 6 ft. lengths—\$9.75 and \$11.00



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