

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Conducted by Ella Fleishman

SOCIETY

By MELLIFICIA.

War Takes Circus Performers—Women Knit for Soldiers

What has become of Signor Antonio Rosini and Diavolo, the daredevil, familiar to our youth and known to their personal friends as Terry Finnegan and Heinie Schmidt? They are gone with the days of peace—gone like other friends of our youth. In their place are dainty girls, peerless in skill and courage on the trapeze and the wild horse, but girls nevertheless. Men are getting scarce even in the circus ring.

Watching the parade Wednesday, who could fail to be impressed by the overpowering numbers of the women performers? Still the man sits on the box, holding the reins over the big gray draft horses that draw the heavy wagons; still the clowns, much dwindled in number, it is true, uphold the traditions, and occasionally one sees a man performer sitting on his horse among the crowd of women.

Once Uncle Sam and his sons tilted a float. Now our good uncle sits among a group of daughters. The sailor boys are now sailor girls. The cowboys are much mixed with cowgirls. Of the three performers on the steam piano, two were women. There were some Arabs, several Japanese and a few Mexicans, but the American man was noticeably lacking in the big parade on Wednesday.

And did you see what the women were doing? Did you count the socks that were being knitted for the soldier boys? Even on top of the big wagons the boys "over there" are not forgotten, and many a stitch was taken as the cumbersome vans jolted over the pavements.

Women are rising to the occasion again. Let them take our boys if they will, the women will see to it that the kiddies are not deprived of their circus.

Unique Movie Star Party.

Misses Ruth and Margaret Powell entertained the Queen Esther club Tuesday evening at a movie star party. Each guest was asked to impersonate one of the well known screen divinites. Theda Bara, Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clarke and others were so well represented, that the girls recognized the actress in many cases before they did the girl who took the part.

Farewells for Soldiers.

Mrs. Jack Driscoll will give a large evening party at her home, honoring her son, Jack and his friends, Ray Lindberg and Charles Peterson, who leave Friday for Fort Logan. Patriotic decorations and garden flowers will be used throughout the rooms. Wednesday evening the Misses Margaret and Ellen Peterson entertained in their honor and Tuesday evening, Miss Clea Keller was hostess at another such farewell party.

Extension Society.

Mrs. G. H. Koewler will be hostess Friday at 2:30 o'clock for the meeting of the Extension society, at her home 1802 Corby.

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Clark will motor to Spirit Lake and Minneapolis, leaving Friday.

Mrs. Guy D. Thomas and daughter, Margaret, have returned from three weeks' visit with relatives at Clear Lake, Ia.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Morris have returned home after a month's visit in Minneapolis with their daughters.

Miss Anna Windmiller of Chicago is the guest of the Misses Pauline Davis and Elizabeth Hart, classmates at the University of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Baird of Omaha have taken apartments at the new Broadmoor hotel in Colorado Springs, Colo.

Mrs. William Archibald Smith is sojourning in Colorado, having taken the Pikes Peak trip during the week.

Mrs. E. W. Nash and Mrs. James I. Woodard are spending the week with the George Meyers family in Dubuque, Ia.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Bradford and family are summering in Rockland, Me.

Judge and Mrs. J. W. Woodrugh

Splendid Spirit of Omaha Boys in France

The spirit of Omaha boys in France and the comforting messages they send to the folks back home is illustrated in a letter from Bert F. Krelle of the 42nd truck company, at the motor reception park of the American expeditionary forces in France.

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Krelle, 1813 Center Street.

"The breaking of home ties is a sorrowful event. I know that you don't like it at all but just be brave as you always have been and then some day we will come marching back to you, and then just think how proud you can be of having sent two boys to help along in the great cause," he writes.

"I am not so lonesome any more as I have found another good pal. It sure is the only way to enjoy the army. But the trouble is that every time I make a 'buddie' I lose him. I never forget for a minute all of you back home.

"We had a telegram from General Pershing congratulating us on the way work was handled here. I met those Pershing veterans who they are making so much fuss about over in the states.

To his brother, Walter, of The Bee composing staff, who has enlisted in the service, the young soldier writes to supply himself with a fountain pen, pocket knife, bill fold, calendar pad, nail clipper and face towels, all necessities to men in the service.

Patriotic Woman Tries for Knitting Honors



Mrs. Jacob Fisher.

No one can challenge Mrs. Jacob Fisher's patriotism, even if her name does sound German and her parents were indeed born in Germany. Mrs. Fisher, who does laundry work for her living, has, in her spare moments, already knitted nine sweaters and five pairs of socks for the Red Cross. To receive the honor medal for 500 hours of knitting is the little lady's ambition. Mrs. Fisher lives at 825 South Twentieth street.

and family are home from a motor trip to Camp Funston.

Frank W. Baker has recovered from an attack of scarlet fever and the quarantine has been lifted from the Baker home.

Mrs. W. B. Tagg has as her guest a sister, Miss Jennie Leonard of Louisville, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bowen entertained at a family dinner party Tuesday evening.

WOMEN IN WARTIME

Defense Council Heads Emphasize War's Need for Student Nurses

Though large numbers of women from Omaha and Douglas county are enrolling in the United States Student Nurses' Reserve, an appeal for more enlistments is made by Mrs. A. L. Fernald and Mrs. C. S. Elgutter.

"The nation is relying upon the patriotism of its women to more than fill the quota of the Student Nurse reserve. With this unprecedented demand for graduate nurses, who are called for service elsewhere, you are urged to enroll at once in order to release those already trained and prepared to answer the call of the surgeon general.

"Since the days of Florence Nightingale the nursing profession has been one of especial honor and was never so honorable as it is today. The best women of England and France are devoting their lives to hospital work. American women will be equal in their devotion and sacrifice. There is no nobler service today than to care for the sick and wounded. This call for nurses means the same to women as the call to arms means to our men. An enrollment in the United States Nurse Reserve will help the nation supply the greatest demand for skilled nursing the world has ever known. Now is the opportunity to do work that counts. No matter what the task the cause exalts the effort. No longer should there be women of leisure, while the government so sorely needs their services. Women cannot help our country through fighting, they must through other service.

"Help make the closing days of this drive for the Student Nurse Reserve memorable by enrolling your name at the court house.

IMMEDIATE ENROLLMENT SECURES EARLIER APPOINTMENT.

MRS. A. L. FERNALD, Chairman Women's Committee Douglas County Council of Defense.

MRS. CHAS. S. ELGUTTER, Chairman Nurses Bureau Douglas County Council of Defense.

Y. W. C. A. Worker at Epworth Assembly.

Mrs. C. H. Dietrich, of Hastings, was speaker for the Young Women's Christian association at the Nebraska Epworth assembly in Lincoln Wednesday.

Mrs. Dietrich's talk was both inspirational and explanatory. She has personally visited a good many of the

war work stations of the association, and her stories of individual happenings, illustrating the scope of the work, were listened to sometimes with tears and sometimes with laughter.

The program opened with an address by Fred Aden, camp director for the Y. M. C. A. at the Military Training camp. He told a great many stories throwing light upon the life and minds of the men in camp, paid his "respects" to some of the errors of the past in the type of work we have all attempted to do for the men and failed in, and gave it as his opinion, resulting from his experience, that even the church would have to greatly reconstruct its program of social service before the men came home from their little jaunt across the water, or lose out when they do come back.

A good many Omaha people were in the audience, among them Mrs. Grace E. Cholsen, state director for the Y. W. C. A., who presided during the Y. W. C. A. period.



Mrs. Frank Adams, of the Salvage department, emphasizes the difference between salvage and garbage or junk. "Please do not send broken-down furniture, broken dishes, medicine bottles, useless kitchen utensils, shoes without soles, family portraits and photographs, tin cans and jugs," she asks.

George Green, employe of the city dump, has found a new way to help the Red Cross. Mr. Green collects all articles of salvage from the dump, sells them and donates the proceeds to the Red Cross. Already he has turned in \$5.

There will be plenty of work for Omaha women to do when Red Cross activities are resumed September 1, according to Gould Dietz. Besides the large surgical dressings quota, 265 women's chemises are to be made by the hospital garments division.

Appreciation of the Omaha Red Cross canteen corps is expressed by soldiers who have passed through. A young lieutenant wrote Miss Eloise West: "We have been met by canteen workers in many places but none have treated us as splendidly and courteously as the Red Cross in Omaha." "Omaha is nearest our hearts," wrote another.

Mrs. W. R. Overmire returned Tuesday from a trip of two weeks to Minneapolis.

"Dreamland Adventures"

By Daddy—THE LAW OF BIRDLAND. A complete, new adventure each week. beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

(In Judge Owl's queer court, where the Jays are placed on trial for stealing Miss Purple Swallow, the jury consists of the witnesses including Peggy. Blue Jay is called on to tell his story.)

CHAPTER V

Blue Jay's Story

"I T WAS a howling, blizzardy night in June," began Blue Jay.

"Huh!" interrupted Judge Owl. "Who ever heard of a blizzardy night in June?"

"You have," answered Blue Jay. "I've just told you about it. Please do not interrupt me again. You spoil the dramatic effect of my story."

"It sounds like a story, all right," chuckled Judge Owl, much pleased over his pun.

"It was a howling, blizzardy night in June," repeated Blue Jay, "and I was soundly sleeping in the hollow tree in which I had been obliged to take refuge because of the cruelty of Princess Peggy."

"When was I ever cruel?" demanded Peggy indignantly.

"You taught the Birds to become patriotic crop protectors and to drive out the crop destroyers. You spoiled all the fun of us Jays and caused us to become outlaws," screamed Blue Jay.

"But she has saved the Nation enough food to feed hundreds of soldiers," spoke up Billy Belgium in warm defense of Peggy. "If you and the fool Huns hadn't been stopped you would have ruined the country's crops."

"That has nothing to do with this story," shrieked Blue Jay, much annoyed because his plea for sympathy had brought only a much-deserved rebuke. "If you want to hear about the ghosts you'd better keep still."

"Ghosts!" twittered the Birds, growing very much excited. "Oh, tell us about the ghosts."

"It was a howling, blizzardy night in June," said Blue Jay, swelling out his chest now that he had caught the interest of his audience. "Around me were snoring the five young Jays who shared my exile. The storm moaned dismally among the trees and shutters banged in the wind."

"What shutters?" asked Peggy.

"How should I know what shutters? I told you I was asleep," screamed Blue Jay testily. "Shutters always bang in ghost stories, and I wish we had some shutters-up banging on story spoilers right this minute." He glared indignantly at Peggy, then went on with his story. "Suddenly I was aroused by a hollow groan—a low, shuddering, scary groan. Oh-oo-oh-oo-oh-oo! What do you think it was?"

"We don't know. Tell us quick. What was it?" The Birds were all excitement.

"How should I know?" was Blue Jay's disapproving answer. "I was asking you."

"It was probably the hollow tree groaning because you had filled it up

with so many nuts," chuckled Judge Owl.

The Birds twittered nervously and Blue Jay glared peevishly at Judge Owl.

"But that hollow groan was nothing, to what I heard a minute later."

"What was it?" the Birds cried eagerly.

"A laugh! A horrible, gurgling, creepy laugh! A laugh that made my knees tremble—a laugh that froze the blood in my veins—a laugh that stilled all the night noises and made the forest as quiet as a tomb—a laugh that was like—

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" brayed Balty Sam.

"No, it wasn't 'hee-haw, hee-haw'!" screamed Blue Jay, while the Birds again twittered. "It was a ghost laugh—an awful ghost laugh. And right after it came another creepy noise, a howl—a wild, weird howl. And after that howl came the cry of a deep voice, a very, very deep voice, which said—

Blue Jay paused and looked around, enjoying the sensation he was causing among the Birds.

"What did it say?" they cried.

"It said: 'I want Miss Purple Swallow! I want Miss Purple Swallow for my bride!'"

"Oh-oh!" cried the former Miss Purple Swallow. "It was after me!"

General Swallow, in spite of the sentence of Judge Owl that he should be separated from his bride, was quickly by her side consoling her. He glared at Blue Jay.

"I tell you right here, Blue Jay, if this isn't true, I'm going to give you a real thrashing for scaring my wife."

"How will you ever know if it's true or not?" taunted Blue Jay. "You weren't there."

"But I'm here and you're here. Don't forget that."

"I looked out of the tree to see where the voice was coming from," continued Blue Jay, "and there in the forest I saw a great dark shape, the worst, the most terrifying dark shape you can imagine."

"The hollow groan came again and then the deep, deep voice. 'I want Miss Purple Swallow. I want Miss Purple Swallow for my bride!'"

Mrs. Swallow shuddered. Even Peggy was under the spell of the story.

"There came another groan, and the voice said: 'Blue Jay, you must help me. You must steal Miss Purple Swallow on her way to marry that big nunny of a General Swallow, who

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RIGHT OFF THE REEL

Raymond Hatton, who has become the idol of his screen friends because of his wonderful work in "The Whispering Chorus," has returned from his vacation and is working in support of Wallace Reid in "The Firefly of France."

Charles Ray is becoming a fistic expert and has been in training for nearly six weeks. Every picture this star has to play in for Paramount during the next few months calls for him to have a scrap.

If Leah Baird ever loses her taste for acting in the movies, she can obtain a good job any old time as a designer of frocks and costumes. In "Moral Suicide" Miss Baird displays many very beautiful gowns, including three evening frocks that will make women—and maybe men, too—open their eyes. And every one of them was designed by their fair owner.

The dancing fever is again sweeping southern California. With thousands of motion picture actors living in the vicinity of Los Angeles the night life of the community is rapidly taking on the appearance of a miniature New York.

The taverns in the vicinity of Los Angeles are the scene of many popular entertainments. For the past few weeks a series of competitive dancing contests have been in progress.

Usually mistaken for anything but a screen star when she is away from the Goldwyn studios, Madge Kennedy was amused the other day when she visited a New York shop where she was not known.

"This is a model very popular with college girls," the saleswoman remarked in showing the little actress a simple dress. Madge Kennedy smiled and said, "But isn't it too youthful for me?"

"I'm sure your mother will like it," answered the clerk. "Why not let me send it on approval?"

When Miss Kennedy gave her name the secret was out, of course, and it caused a ripple of surprised comment.

thinks he is a great fighter, but who couldn't whip a flea."

General Swallow made a move toward Blue Jay, who retreated hastily and went on to explain.

"I'm just telling you what the ghost said. Don't blame me if he calls you names. The ghost said: 'Blue Jay, if you don't steal Miss Purple Swallow for me I'll kill you, and I'll kill the other Jays, and I'll kill Judge Owl, and I'll kill Princess Peggy, and I'll kill Balty Sam, and I'll kill all the Birds, the Orioles, the Robins, the Killdeers, oh, all of them.'"

The Birds were listening with open-mouthed awe. Blue Jay lowered his voice.

"And the next night the ghost came again. It said: 'If you don't steal Miss Purple Swallow I'll kill every one at the wedding! I'll kill all the Birds! What could I do? I had to be a hero. I had to steal Miss Purple Swallow for the ghost. I did it. And here I am. I am a prisoner, a martyr, instead of being rewarded for my heroism. Oh, you ungrateful Birds!'"

Tears fell from Blue Jay's eyes and from the eyes of the other Jays. The Birds were looking at each other in wonderment and some of them were quietly sobbing. Peggy was puzzled.

Could this story be true?

Then suddenly General Swallow darted forward. He nipped Blue Jay by the ear and hissed loudly: "Confess, confess, you rascal, that this is all a story!"

"Ouch! Ouch!" screamed Blue Jay. "Of course it's a story, but isn't it a good one?"

(Tomorrow will be told the results of the trial of the Jays.)

Simple Simon's Signs.



Complete the letters of Simon's Sign—they will spell the name of a sport. Answer to previous puzzle—WASHINGTON

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