

"Dreamland Adventures"

By DADDY—"The Five Tramps"

A Complete, New Adventure Each Week, Beginning Monday and Ending Saturday

CHAPTER VI. The Dwarf That Wasn't.

(Peggy, while trying to help Lonesome Bear, is captured by the tramps. With the aid of Billy Belgium and the birds she escapes. They are attacked by four of the tramps. When the Giant of the Woods appears on the scene.)



SHE WAS BACK HOME IN HER HAMMOCK.

"We'll thrash you all right," boasted Tags. "This fight is going to be short and snappy, four burly tramps against a girl, a boy, a circus freak and a man. I'll finish the dwarf first."

"I surrender!" wailed Tags. "I know when I've got enough." Judge Owl, again enjoying a front seat, hooted his glee at the tramps' discomfiture.

His "Paramount Right as Father" Did Not Work in One Instance

By Beatrice Fairfax.

The war has given women their big chance. It has disproved most of the libels that the reactionaries have been repeating about them.

And now that women have grasped their tremendous responsibilities—tilling the soil, working in munition plants, handling traffic on street railroads—it is almost incredible that only two years have elapsed since Justice Shearn handed down his momentous decision regarding the rights of women to their children.

He said that "the right of a mother to the custody of her children is at least equal to that of a father."

The occasion of this decision was a suit of a clergyman who sought to take the last remaining child from his wife on the grounds of "his paramount right as a father."

The reverend gentleman had based his claim on a decision of Blackstone's, rendered in 1842, that "the very being and legal existence of a woman is suspended during marriage, is consolidated in that of her husband."

In handing down his decision, two years ago, Justice Shearn said that the world had moved since 1842. And moved it had. But during the past year, or since we have declared war, it has torn along with breathless speed, leaving outworn prejudices to flutter in space like dead leaves.

Justice Shearn, in disposing of the "paramount right" claim, said that: "The only basis for the father's alleged superior right is his obligation to support his children." The basis "disappears when one considers what the mother gives to her children in suffering, self-sacrifice and devotion."

Since then the war has compelled women to be both father and mother to their children. In their heroic efforts to release their husbands for war service, and at the same time to keep the home going for their children, the women of to-day have shown unprecedented fortitude.

Looking back over the first year of the war, the new fields of industry for women lie in the munition factories, street cars and subways, elevator operatives, farming in all its branches, messenger service, and in some parts of the country as teamsters, chauffeurs and lumberjacks.

This would seem to dispose of that venerable fallacy that all women were more or less invalids, and if they should happen to walk a couple of blocks to a ballot box on election day to deposit a ballot due results to their health were apt to follow.

No More Sacred Sphere. We hear no more from the reactionaries of woman's sacred sphere being the home. On the contrary, we are urged "if you have a spark of conscience or patriotism, get to work; go out and do your bit."

A recent investigation as to conditions, wages, etc., of women employed on the surface railroads in New York City brought out the fact that a number of them had asked for "night runs," as it left the day free for other occupations, and women conductors with children pleaded that they preferred the "night runs," so that they might look after their children, cook and wash for them during the day.

It is to be hoped that the enthusiasm of the woman recruit, in these new fields of endeavor, and her desire not to be found wanting, may not carry her too far on the road to martyrdom. That she may learn to temper industry with prudence and work with rest.

And what of our heroic sisters in France, working in munition factories all day and taking fifteen minutes off at regular intervals to nurse their babies?

For, curiously enough, the creche or day nursery, seems to be part of every munition plant in France. The French woman, formerly the symbol of everything that was dainty, finished, feminine, has become a grimy demon of work, as she labors 10 and 11 hours daily, forging shells for the destruction of the boche.

Without the unflinching industry of the French women, our armies could never have stopped the headlong rush of the Hun. All honor to their endurance and skill!

A friend of mine who lately made a tour of inspection of the various French munition plants told me some thrilling things of these daughters of France, who perform their tasks with an all-in-the-day's-work efficiency that is beautiful to see.

They are from all grades of society—women of the nobility, who have lost fathers, brothers, and husbands and who have a preference for this herculean work that demands so much it leaves no time for headache or thinking.

A Trying Ordeal. There they work, shoulder to shoulder with strapping peasant men or the shopkeeping women of

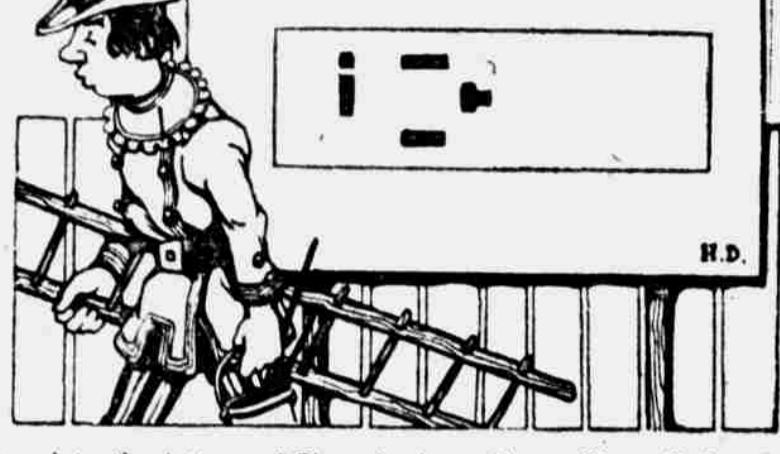
larger towns. And they work elegant purling and knitting in the grateful out-of-doors, but the veritable laborers of the Cyclops. They handle the great ingots of molten steel that come belching out of incandescent furnaces. Streaming with sweat, burn, ed, grimy, these French women toil in the breath of roaring blast furnaces. Slaves never worked harder. Only in shirt and trousers, wearing steel caps on motor trucks to the furnaces, where the metal is for shells.

Many of these women are married and many are widows. For such as have babies there is a creche where the little ones are beautifully cared for while their mothers are working for France. There are doctors and nurses—everything possible to give the future Gallic citizen his chance in the world.

When the mother drops out from the roaring hell of the munition plant, to nurse her baby, she rests for a little while, has some light refreshment—then goes back. In spite of everything, I am assured that the children look surprisingly healthy. The older babies and those whose mothers are unable to nurse them are bottle fed, and the larger ones have a most carefully balanced ration for their diet.

"The woman's right to the child is at least equal to that of the father." We are all grateful to Justice Shearn for this decision. And the judgment of Blackstone, "That the very being and legal existence of a woman is suspended during marriage, is consolidated in that of her husband," seems very far off indeed. In the meantime, we are all proud of being women.

Simple Simon's Signs.



Complete the letters of Simon's sign—they will spell the name of a civil war general. Answer to previous puzzle—Baseball

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

Live in Today, nor count the Future's sorrow; Live in Today, nor dream the Future's pain; Live in Today—there may be no Tomorrow; Today's delights thou mayst not know again.



Lillian Russell Made Sergeant in Marines



LILLIAN RUSSELL.

Lillian Russell, the actress, who is Mrs. Alexander Moore, wife of a Pittsburgh newspaper publisher, has been given the rank of sergeant in the United States marines. Mrs. Moore was honored as a special recognition of her work in recruiting for the marine corps. She is the first woman to receive the honor.

Peggy. "You can't reason with them."

"No, but there's one thing they can understand—that's force," said the Giant. "It's fight or work in this country now, and we have a nice work farm down the road for just such chaps as you. They've made me an officer to take in all loafers, so you'll have to help save the country whether you want to or not." And away he marched them to the work farm.

"Can't I help save it, too?" asked Lonesome Bear.

"You can act as watchdog on the farm," suggested Billy Belgium.

"That's a dandy idea," declared Lonesome Bear. "Now that I know how to handle tramps, I'll never be afraid of them again. I'll earn a real home and I'll dance with Princess Peggy for the Red Cross, too, because I want to—want to—want to—"

Everything had gone blurry before Peggy's eyes. She felt dizzy and confused. Then, suddenly her vision cleared and she sat up straight. She was back home in the hammock, and in the house the supper bell was tinkling.

"My, we got Lonesome Bear fixed up just in time!" she cried, as she ran in to join the waiting family. "And, I'm glad those five tramps are settled where they'll do no more harm!"

(In her next adventure Peggy has a strange and delightful experience behind the scenes in a circus.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Vocational Schools.

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: I have been a reader of your letters and answers for some time and thought I'd write you for the name of the Girls' Industrial school at Kansas City, the street number and any particulars you may know.—V. F.

Wants to Join Red Cross.

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: Will you turn over my application to Mrs. W. E. Martin, as I would like to join the Red Cross motor corps. I am a soldier's wife, have no children and am 28 years old. As I know a little about driving cars, I would like to go, so please let me know at once.—Mrs. Pearl Van Ness, Bloomfield, Neb.

Lots of Questions.

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: What kind of a girl does the average boy like? What will be the styles in winter coats and shoes this year? How much should girls 14 or 15 weigh? What does it signify when someone winks at you? Will you please tell us the addresses of two soldier boys?—Chums.

The average boy likes a jolly girl who is not silly; a girl who is always ready for a good time, but uses common sense and discretion in having it. He also likes a girl who wears neat clothes and looks nice. A girl with some "class to her," as he says. Read our Polly the Shopper's column to keep up with the styles. The coats will be long, preferably full length, either loose or belted, with large collars and many buttons. Shoes will not be as high as the last few years. Brown will be the best color, though black and gray are good. Cloth tops will be much worn. Louis and Cuban heels are both good. The weight depends on height, not on age. When a man winks at you it signifies that he is ill bred and should be disregarded entirely. I cannot give you the addresses of soldier boys. Girls as young as you should not correspond with soldier boys unless you know them personally. However, if you want to write nice, sisterly little letters, the

Young Men's Christian association could probably give you names of boys who would be glad to receive them.

How to Meet Lady.

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: It appears to me you are the center of attraction for the lovelorn. Well, I am in a sad predicament. My love affairs may seem foolish to you, but you are there to answer all inquiries I presume. I am a stranger in your city. I admit there are some fine-looking ladies in your town and I love almost every one I meet. I am asking you what are the respectable laws in your city to meet the refined ladies? It seems as if money is concerned in all meetings. I mean, if you have the money you can meet the lady. My experience teaches me that. Last Saturday night I chanced to meet a lady that I have often seen. I was determined to form her acquaintance, but how should I proceed? Saturday evening, she being alone, I picked up courage and asked her for her company. I meant no harm, but for answer she slapped me in the face. I jokingly told my friends about it and it happened that one of my friends knew the lady, she having told him about it, not knowing he knew me. Now, as fate would have it, she wants to meet me with a smile. I draw royalties from an oil field of from \$300 to \$600 a week. From all appearances money would form our acquaintance, but I refuse to meet her now. Have I anything to apologize for? Please do not use my full name, as I have relatives here.—W. J. B.

If you have relatives and friends, you should have no difficulty in meeting their friends if you are the kind of man they are willing to have their friends know. There would be no excuse for your accosting people on the street when you could easily meet them in a proper manner. I fear your letter is not sincere, but merely written to see what we will say to you.

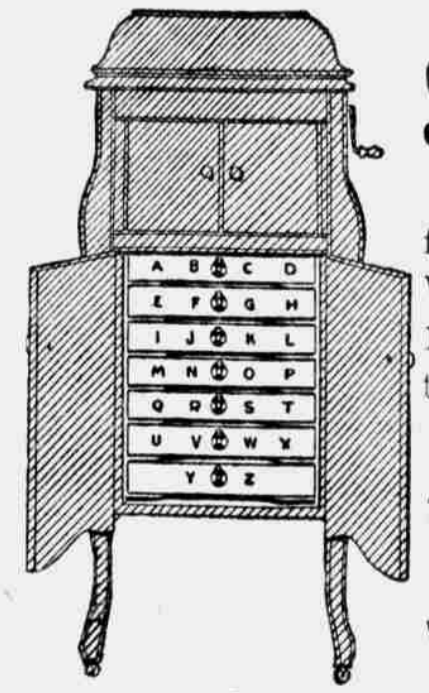
The Municipal Service Commission of New York City announces that among the steps being taken to fill the vacancies in the police, fire and street-sweeping department is the employment of women street sweepers in the outlying districts.

Sister Cecilia, a Sister of Charity, of Greensburg, Pa., is a sister of Charles M. Schwab, the head of the United States Emergency Fleet Corporation.

Nature's Remedy K-R TABLETS—Better than Pills—GET A 25c BOX For Liver Ills.—Heaton Drug Co., Omaha, Neb.

HAY FEVER ASTHMA Averted—Relieved ASTHMADOR Begin Treatment NOW—Money-Back Guarantee

See This Beautiful Victor Victrola Saturday at Mickel's \$12250



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15th and Harney. D. 1973.

Advertisement for Berg Clothing Co. featuring illustrations of women in various styles of suits and blouses. Text includes: Rich, New Effects in Fall SUITS. There is a wealth of beauty in the new suit fabrics—Color, Trimming, Style—in every detail you'll find richness in the highest degree. Coats are finger-tip length and draped beautifully. Skirts are a bit tighter and longer than last season. Throughout the new slim silhouette is evidenced. Many suits are skilfully trimmed with fur—others have no trimming. There is a suit here to thoroughly satisfy you in style and price. Trioclines, Silvertones, Velours, Oxfords, Novelty Worsteds, Duvet de Laine, Broadcloths, Serges. \$2750-\$3250-\$3500-\$3950-\$4500 and up. Silk Skirts, Blouse Sale. Closing Sale of Silk Skirts—Plain Taffetas, Crepe de Chine, Baronette Satins and fancy stripe Taffetas, that sold to \$18.50. Saturday, your choice at \$8.50. Georgette Blouses—Specially priced for Saturday selling—\$4.75. Berg Clothing Co. 1621—Farnam Street—1621

Advertisement for Puritan Hams and Bacon. Text includes: Puritan Hams and Bacon. Prudent Housewives. Now make purchases of foods for the home with scrupulous attention to economy and with especial care respecting nutritive values. Yet, too, the food must be appetizing. They represent our highest achievement. —in maximum of food energy —in minimum of waste —in a superior quality bearing our guarantee —in flavor delicious and inviting. "The Taste Tells" THE CUDAHY PACKING COMPANY. If your dealer doesn't handle Puritan telephons F. W. CONRON, Mgr., 1321 Jones St., Omaha, Neb. Telephone Douglas 2401. PURITAN HAMS and BACON are smoked daily in our Omaha Plant, insuring freshness and highly smoked meats at all times. "Government Inspection for Your Protection"