

Man is greater than condition. And where man himself bestows. He bestows and gives position. To the greatest that he knows.—Anon.

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Nothing useless is or low. Each thing in its place is best. And what seems but idle show Strengthens and supports the rest.—Longfellow.

NOTICE Please confine your letters to not more than 200 words if you wish to see them in print. This becomes necessary because of the great number of letters arriving on every mail.

Miss Bergman Is Bride of C. J. Simon

The Palm room at the Blackstone was completely transformed Monday afternoon when the marriage of Miss Henrietta Bergman to Mr. Charles Jerome Simon was solemnized, for a long aisle and improvised altar was formed of masses of feathery ferns and tall standards holding baskets of roses.

Preceding the ceremony Miss Celia Feiler sang, accompanied by the West sisters' quartet. Mrs. Meyer Fridstein of Chicago, who was matron of honor, entered first, a charming figure in her beautiful gown of ivory satin made with a long court train. She carried a shower bouquet of delicate pink sweet peas and orchids.

The bride entered on the arm of her father, Mr. Sol Bergman, who gave her in marriage. The bridal party were met at the altar by Rabbi Frederick Cohn, who read the marriage lines. Of gleaming satin was the bridal gown, made with a long court train, studded with pearls. The filmy loveliness of the long veil was caught with tiny pink rosebuds and the same delicate shade was seen in the shower bouquet, as it was formed of white sweet peas with the orchids in the center.

Mr. Louis Simon, brother of the bridegroom, was best man.

Following the ceremony a wedding supper was served in the Oriental room, when the members of the two families were guests. Pink roses and carnations were used in profusion on the table and the huge wedding cake was wreathed with the same flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon left Monday.

Fashionable Nancy



"They shall not pass," says Nancy's hat. And stops a lot of folks at that. It keeps most people at a distance. And puts up quite a stiff resistance. It can be kind—or very cruel. This thin—but staunch—barrier of tulle.

"Too soon for tulle," I hear you say. Well, Nancy doesn't feel that way. Besides, the hat itself is made of satin, in a dark brown shade. Beneath the brim two bright eyes peek. Exereme, perhaps, but very chic. (Copyright Applied for.)

day for Florida and Cuba, where they will spend a month, returning to Chicago to make their home.

Marriage Announcement.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lincoln Jockel of Philadelphia announce the marriage of their daughter, Dorothy R. to Mr. Cyril Edward Sheely, United States naval aviator on Tuesday, November 19, 1918, at Boston, Mass.

Mr. Sheely received his honorable discharge from the navy Wednesday, February 12, and at present is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. Sheely, South Side.

The young couple will make their future home at Chicago after March 1, 1919.

University Club Dance.

The University club is to dispel the war time gloom and to renew social activities which were discontinued through regard for our men in khaki while they were fighting in foreign lands. The first social affair to be given at the club since war was declared will be the informal dancing party Saturday evening. This will be a Washington's birthday dance and the guests will include club members and their friends.

She

A misty mass of lace and such. Ethereal things you dare not touch; A crown of wavy, filmy hair. (One strand of which you'd like to wear Upon your coat); two dancing eyes; Whose glance your love-lorn look delects; A nose that has a saucy air, And mouth—"Why, kiss me if you dare!"

HE:

A conscious clump of taffor clothes; A longish head; a Roman nose; Chameleon eyes of blue and green And gray—eyes seldom seen; A mouth that talks a steady stream In reverie or idle dream, But scarce can utter or express One single thought, if but her dress Touch but his foot as she goes by— Blushing, I pause—you wonder why? Why, he is I and I am he, And you, my darling—you are she! L. T. E.

Olga Samaroff is From the Sunny Gulf Coast

From the sunny south comes the noted pianist, Mme. Olga Samaroff, for she is a member of a distinguished Galveston family and is devoted to her southern home. Mrs. Charles O'Neill Rich, who formerly resided in Galveston, was privileged to hear Mme. Samaroff at her first public appearance in America. Mrs. Rich, with all Omaha music lovers, are eagerly awaiting Mme. Samaroff's concert Friday evening when she will be presented by the Tuesday Musical club at the Brandeis. Accompanied by her grandnephew, herself a musician of note, the gifted pianist went abroad to study when a very young girl, residing in European capitals during her girlhood. Upon her return to America she spent the winter in Galveston and it was at that time when she appeared before the Ladies' Musical, a large musical organization of which Mrs. Rich was a member that she first heard Mme. Samaroff. She made her debut later in New York City, appearing as soloist with the New York Symphony orchestra with Walter Damrosch director.

Mrs. Rich greatly enjoyed meeting Mme. Samaroff when she played in Omaha a few years ago and will renew her acquaintance with this charming and gracious artist, when she arrives Thursday.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weller are now at St. Augustine, Fla.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Potts, Sunday at the Stewart hospital.

A daughter was born Sunday to Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Weller, at the Stewart hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred McGee announce the birth of a daughter, Saturday at Stewart hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen McQuillen of Ponca, Neb., were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Muldoon.

A daughter was born to Mrs. J. Cogan, Sunday, at the Stewart hospital, posthumous heir to J. Cogan.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hill, Miss Ella M. Reynolds, Charles Woods and William Jeffers are stopping at the Elms hotel at Excelsior Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Fridstein of Chicago, who are the guests of Mrs. Fridstein's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Bergman, will remain for about ten days.

Lieut. and Mrs. H. K. Owen and daughter, Alice Patricia, left Monday evening for Pasa, Tables, Cal., where they will make their home on a recently acquired ranch.

Lieut. Winfield O. Shrum and Dr. J. M. Patton recently met at Nice, according to word received by friends here. Dr. Patton was completing his arrangements to sail for the United States at the time of his meeting with Lieutenant Shrum.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reasoner are planning to make their home on a large ranch near Butte, Mont. Mr. Reasoner expects to leave very shortly, but Mrs. Reasoner will be with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson B. Updike, until March.

Omahans who have been spending some time at the Hotel Clark in Los Angeles, include: Mrs. A. C. Stokes, Mrs. M. S. Shackelford, Mrs. W. H. Butts, A. A. De Larme, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Woodard, W. W. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. J. Patterson and W. W. Butts.

Luncheon Parties.

Mrs. A. C. Adams entertained a large party at luncheon at the Prettiest Mile club, Tuesday, when covers were laid for 10 guests. Mrs. C. F. Sorenson was hostess for a party of six, and others entertaining included Mrs. J. C. Cunniff, ham and Mrs. A. L. Schantz.

Heart Beats

By A. K.

It's easy to cook Oh yes, indeed! For it only requires The "right spirit" My dears, And a good stove, And a reliable Cook book with Recipes that take A dozen eggs and A pound of butter For one cake And a bungalow Apron And the genius of Edison And the science of Lodge And the patience of Job The agility of Charlie Chaplin Or Annette Kellerman The judgment of Solomon The skill of Ariel Imagination of Harold McGrath Persistence of Delilah Versatility of Beatrice Fairfax Sure aim of Christy Mathewson The coolness and Composure of "Central" The batting average of Ty Cobb The bluff of The (once) Kaiser The faith of Joan of Arc The nerve of "Baron" de Orgler And the meekness of A worm— Why anybody ought to Be able to COOK! Selah!

Omaha Club Parties.

Many parties are being planned for the dinner dance at the Omaha club, Saturday evening, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Dixon will have a party of 16 guests and Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Brogan, a party of 12. Parties of eight will be given by W. Farnam Smith and Luther Drake. Mrs. Markel will have 10 guests, and parties of six will be given by E. M. Moran, jr., and E. M. Martin and Everett Buckingham will entertain a foursome.

Mrs. Frank J. Ketchmark will entertain the Original St. James Orphanage Sewing club at her home, 2592 Evans street, Wednesday.

To brighten the rug or carpet, sprinkle with coarse, wet cornmeal before sweeping. This will also avoid dust in the rooms. Another good way to freshen a carpet is to put half a glass of spirits of turpentine into a basin of water and dip the broom into this while sweeping.

Beatrice Fairfax's Lovelorn Advice

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: I am a daily reader of your "advice" and come to you now for your help. I am going with a young man who says and appears to love me very much. It is "one-sided," however. I do not care for him—only as a friend. He will not be a friend!

I do not wish to hurt his feelings, but I do not wish to be considered "his girl," as the other boys consider me. One reason that I do not like him in the way that he wants me to is because he is jealous of me. Please tell some way of telling him that I do not love him in such a manner that he would not be offended.

I realize in a way that I am at fault, for I encouraged him to believe that I cared for him, flattered him, in fact. Whenever I tell him that I do not love him he laughs and says: "Quit your kidding me." What shall I do?

I would like to see this in print, soon, please omit the name of my city and my last name. Sincerely, "BEE" O'B.

You are in deep water. Filtrating is dangerous. Read the story on this page about the woman whose lives have been wrecked by love.

He Does Not Love You.

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: I read your columns in The Bee every day and wish to come to you for advice.

I had been going with a young man here until a short time ago, who is very nice and well respected. We loved each other dearly. One night as we were coming home I felt as though he acted different toward me. I asked him what was wrong with him and he said outright he did not care to go with me any more. In fact, he "stung me" flat. I was very much surprised, for it came so suddenly. I asked him the reason and he said he would tell me some time, but he still loves me as much as he ever did. But, Miss Fairfax, if he loves me why did he do this?

Now, would it be proper for me to go to him and plead with him to tell me, for I am heartbroken. I cannot understand why, for I am considered a good sport, fairly good looking and am respected by everyone. I am 20.

Please do not think me fickle and un sincere, for I am neither. Hoping to see this in print soon without the city and my last name printed, I am, very sincerely, "P.P.S."

Lucky Girl.

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: I am a young girl, 25 years old, and am deeply in love with a soldier. I have a number of other admirers, but I care only for the soldier boy.

I have tried to tell my other friends that I do not care for their company, but they still insist on sending me flowers and candy. Is it right for me to accept them?

Now, Miss Fairfax, can you tell me how I can make it plain to them that I do not care for their company? I do not like to hurt their feelings and yet I just simply can't tolerate it any longer.

Thanking you for advice, I am, BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

Be a lady and accept their flowers.

Daily We Discuss Our Affairs and Bring the Sad and Gay Together for Sifting, Assorting and Untangling.

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: I wish I could learn the address of the girl who related her situation, the way she goes to the Central High school, earning her living at the switchboard of a hotel, in your columns on last Monday, for I should like to send her some clothing and my favorite book.

My life in the past has always been with such miseries and sadness. Some one knows, perhaps the distant twinkling stars in the dead night, that I was once leaning over the railing of a bridge looking down into the water, that was running fast with a fearful sullen sound. It was not my cowardliness nor fear that I did not jump right in, but a thought of Longfellow's poem, "The Rainy Day," which stopped me, and read:

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining; Behind the clouds is the sun still shining; Thy fate is the common fate of all; Into each life some rain must fall; Some days must be dark and dreary.

It is true, my poor girl, and I now feel ashamed for ever attempting suicide. I am working in a packing house here in South Omaha and, of course, am not rich. Yet I am contented and able to control my blues on me and feel sorry for those who can't beat them away.

I do hope the girl could finish her course in the school and do wish she would not pay any attention to boys, as most of the girls in these packing houses do. W. K. D.

All of life is before this splendid little girl, whose aims are high above the ordinary. She has a wonderful home now and we are glad, indeed, she wrote us.

Those Other Guys.

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: I am a reader of your columns and I am writing to you for a little advice. I am going with a girl and I love her very much, but she runs around with the other guys. How can I keep her from it? and how can I tell if she loves me or not? Shall I quit her or keep on going with her? I would like to see your answer in The Bee.

A WORRIED BOY.

It's a bad habit, this running around with other "guys," and girls who do it should be excused. Stay away from her for two weeks. If she loves you she will turn green—if not, she will remain neutral.

Peroxide Blonde.

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: I am a girl 16 years of age and I am coming to you for advice. Several months ago I went and put peroxide on my hair to make it lighter, but it only set light at the top and looks awfully bad. What do you advise me to do to bring it back to the

Deep Water.

same shade? Other people tell me to wet it all the time. SWEET 16.

Peroxide takes the color out of hair and fabrics. If your hair is streaked I see nothing for you to do but have it dyed by a professional or else have it peroxidized all over. This must be done by a professional if you wish your hair to look well.

A Silly Woman.

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: As I have been reading the "Lovelorn," I thought I would write to you. I am a woman 42 years old. I use a little powder and a little rouge on my cheeks and people think that I am about 25 instead of 42 years old. I have many admirers, both men and women. I am very popular in my town. Now, the trouble is my husband, who is 52 years old, is very jealous of me. If anyone pays a compliment to me it makes him mad. He will be mad for several days and is awful cruel to my two daughters and me. He will stay up all night and then be awful angry the next day. I am a good cook, an considered the best in my town. I can sew and keep my house just "sparkle and spank" all the time. We have a car and he takes other people, but when my girls, 13-15 years old, and myself, want to go, he is mad and won't go. Now, what is a good cure, as I am almost a nervous wreck. I most certainly admire Mrs. Harris No. 1 and Mrs. Harris No. 2 for letting Mr. Harris go to jail. It's good enough for him. If you hear of any god doctor who wants lots of practice send him here, as we certainly need one. We have three (3), but no one likes them. They are too old. My daughter, who is 15 years old, hasn't much hair; she is a brunette and in the high school. How would you suggest her to put it up. Please answer this. Respectfully, MRS. NEBRASKA.

P. S.—How is my writing, grammar, etc.?

I have no doubt that you are a good cook, a good housekeeper and a good mother, but from your letter I judge you a silly woman. Tell your daughter to keep her hair clean and dress it in some becoming fashion. I have no grudge at your grammar.

CENTRAL MARKET EVERYTHING for the TABLE 1608-10-12 Harney St. Phone Doug. 1796 Specials for Wednesday Selling Swift's Premium Bacon, whole or half strip, per lb. .47 1/2 c Cottage or Danish Pride Milk, tall cans, per can 12 1/2 c Wisconsin Full Cream Cheese, per lb. 33c Strictly Fresh Eggs in cartons, per dozen 42c

OVER BASKET STORES OVER 56 Wednesday, February 19th, at all our Omaha and Council Bluffs Stores we will sell Rumford Baking Powder 21c This is the 1-lb. can with the regular established retail price of 30c. ALSO Basko Butter, 1-lb. 48c Best grade we can buy, packed in pound cartons. The above items are for Wednesday, February 19th, only, and the supply at each store is limited. OVER BASKET STORES OVER 56 U. S. License No. G-28403, Headquarters, Omaha, Neb.

No Wrinkles at Forty WRINKLES tell others how old you are. They destroy a woman's youthful looks before she knows it. Those dreadful lines can be avoided and removed with little trouble and slight expense. Follow this simple formula— "A little CREME ELCAYA rubbed gently into the skin then if you need more, a very little good rouge spread carefully over the cheeks before the cream is quite dry and after that the film of lace powder over all." CREME ELCAYA is a delightful, non-greasy, disappearing toilet cream that makes the skin like velvet. Your dealer has ELCAYA and has sold it for years Ask him. James C. Crane, Sole Agent Creme Elcaya Elcaya Rouge Elcaya Face Powder 148 Madison Ave., New York

All Sorts of Things Have Been Said about all sorts of bread. The ONE thing that is said by the thousands of users of BUTTER-NUT BREAD is, that it is the best, most satisfactory and most economical bread, fulfilling the requirements of the consumer, who knows and cares. We have been making BUTTER-NUT BREAD (Registered—U. S. Pat. Office) for twenty-five years, with an unbroken success and a constantly increasing number of friends. There is no name like a good name— When you buy BUTTER-NUT BREAD you are sure of getting the most satisfactory and most economical bread made. Demand the Old Reliable, Economical Butter-Nut Bread and take no other. It is all that a truly good, wholesome bread should be. It can be bought from every dealer in the city. Dealers Like to Sell It—Consumers Like to Buy It Always Look for Our Boy on the Wrapper MADE ONLY BY THE SCHULZE BAKING CO.

Why Armour Cannot Fix Meat Prices IT is generally known that the livestock supply varies from day to day and that prices fluctuate in consequence. It is not so generally understood that the retail demand for fresh meat varies tremendously also, and that in consequence, the price obtained by Armour and Company fluctuates, too. When fresh meat is finished at the plants it is shipped to Armour branch houses located in more than 400 centers of consumption. And, this meat is shipped unsold. The branch house manager receives with it a memorandum of what it cost to produce the meat. It is a simple matter then for him to determine what he must seek to get for it if he is to show a profit. And, he must sell it in the open market, in direct competition with other packers' branch houses, local abattoirs, and so forth. Also, he must face the uncertainties of weather, heavy receipts of fish and fowl and, often, unexpected and unusual circumstances. A sudden wave of intense heat; a severe blizzard which blocks roads and makes transportation difficult; heavy receipts of fish or game; local-killed meats coming on the markets in small communities—all or any of these factors have a marked effect on the demand for fresh meats. Branch house managers must—because storage facilities demand it—dispose of their stock each week so far as possible. This often necessitates selling below cost. Thus, if statistics be consulted, it will be found that the selling price of Armour and Company's fresh meats parallels the price of livestock and is constantly further affected by the conditions mentioned. With these facts in view, fair-minded readers must comprehend that it is not possible for Armour and Company to fix the price of meats. ARMOUR AND COMPANY OMAHA R. L. Armour General Manager.