

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Who with a little cannot be content Endures an everlasting punishment. —Herick.

Yet still there whispers the small voice within Heard through gain's silence, and o'er glory's din. Whatever creed be taught or land be trod, Man's conscience is the oracle of God!—Byron.

Smart Spring Styles

Fry Shoes achieve their greatest popularity among women who demand individuality in their footwear. No matter how critical a woman may be, she can find no faults in Fry Shoes.



This announcement of the completion of our Spring displays is sure to meet with an enthusiastic response from women who discriminate in the selection of footwear.

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DR. MABEL WESSON OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON 614 Brandeis Bldg. Office Hours: 9 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. Evening by Appointment.

ADVO COFFEE—FAMOUS BREW

The Merchants all dress up this week; Their windows shine without a streak, With stacks of coffee cans in view—Bright Advo Coffee—Famous Brew.



Call up your grocer right away; "Send Advo Coffee—no delay;" Tell him your pep you must renew

With ADVO COFFEE—FAMOUS BREW

TO IMPROVE YOUR BUSINESS, OR TO GET IN OR OUT OF BUSINESS, TRY THE BEE WANT AD COLUMNS.

Young Couple are Enjoying Honeymoon

The Edwards Have Left Honolulu and Are Now at Sidney Australia.

Life in foreign lands is being greatly enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Edwards and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edwards, who are now in Sidney, Australia. The party are at one of the large hotels in Sidney and are enjoying many motor rides through the city.

While in Honolulu the Omahans had a most enjoyable time for the exotic beauty of the flowers and foliage delighted them. Motoring over the country they were able to admire its beauties and found it a veritable garden spot.

Silver Wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Sandberg, 2912 Charles street, celebrated their silver anniversary on Sunday afternoon.

Among those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames—Alfred Sandberg, Emil Peterson and family, Harry McNamara, Alfred Hedlund and Gustaf Sandberg family, O. Bluffs and family, Henry Sandberg and V. B. Mungrove family, O. Bluffs and family, Ernest Lundquist, Sgt. Elmer Hedlund, E. T. Peterson, of Council Bluffs.

Luncheon for Victory Speakers. Mrs. L. M. Lord entertained the Speakers' committee of the Victory Loan drive at luncheon at the University club, Tuesday. The guests included: Messdames—A. W. Bowman, Grant Williams, W. J. Jones, O. V. Kring, Frank Johnson, O. R. Johnson, H. C. Sumney, J. M. Malha, M. D. Cameron, Joseph Duffy, Effie Kittling, R. J. Johnson, Joseph Laurence, J. R. Hughes.

Mr. and Mrs. Engel Entertain. Mr. and Mrs. John Engel entertained at a dinner on Thursday at their home, 2705 Cumming street, in honor of Corp. Henry Honack and Private Henry Honack, who have recently returned from France. Both boys served in the first gas regiment. Covers were laid for 18 guests.

Last Day for Donations of Clothing for the European Refugees

A last appeal is made for refugee clothing as the drive will close Wednesday evening and only half the quota has been filled. All who have bundles which have not been collected may call Tyler 2721 and the motor corps will collect the clothing.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed Entertain. Mr. and Mrs. David T. Reed entertained at their home, Saturday evening. The event was to celebrate the 15th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Reed, and the birthdays of Mr. Albert Falconer and Miss Mary Reed. The evening was spent with music and dancing and the guests included: Messrs. and Mesdames—John Syme, Robert Galt, George Dunn, James Henderson, R. G. Watson, Clarence Cone, Alex. McKie, Albert Falconer, Misses—Mary Reed, Jessie Reed, Margaret Reed, J. Falconer, Robert Mattoon.

Mrs. Maenner Entertains. A delightfully informal tea was given by Mrs. Theodore Maenner at her home Tuesday afternoon in honor of her house guest, Mrs. Frank Gerould of Kenilworth, Ill. The fragile spring flowers were used through the rooms and the tea table was very attractive with its basket of delicate blossoms.

Banquet for Nurses. The juniors of the Wise Memorial Training school entertained the seniors at a banquet on Saturday at the Loyal hotel.

Red Cross. An overseas Christmas package has been returned to the Omaha postoffice addressed to No. 1435, 163, Arthur Nickels, Company C, K-7 F. A.

The home service section, A. R. C., is desirous of obtaining the address of Charles H. Anderson, a discharged soldier. Please telephone Tyler 2721 or call at headquarters in the court house.

Apple Pudding. Sweeten and stew quartered apples; put in buttered baking dish one tablespoon fat, one-half cup sugar, one egg, one-half cup sweet milk, one cup flour, one and one-half teaspoon baking powder. Put in moderate oven and bake 20 to 30 minutes. Serve with cream and sugar or a lemon sauce.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. McShane returned Monday from California.

Hat and Collar Chic



The hat with the short back, in fringed straws and raffias, at times with scarcely any back brim, is the favorite for spring wear. Many hats are of the short left side brim and the long right variety, making a medium-sized hat. Milan and Lisere straws are popular. This hat of shiny black straw is faced with blue and trimmed with blue silk fruit. And here is something new in collars—of organdie made up of tucks and ruffles.

Personals

Mrs. Charles T. Kountze returned from Excelsior Springs, Saturday evening and with Mr. Kountze left Monday evening for New York, where they will meet Mr. Deann Kountze, who has returned from overseas service with the tank corps.

A son was born Monday to Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Hayworth at the Stewart hospital.

Judge and Mrs. George A. Day are now at the Conant hotel.

Mrs. Samuel Katz will leave shortly for a southern trip. Miss Fay Herzog, who has been spending the winter with Mrs. Katz, has returned to her home in Lincoln. Miss Carita Herzog will spend a few days here next week.

The following Omahans are the guests at the Hotel Clark in Los Angeles: R. R. Vaughn, Mr. and Mrs. J. Klein, Mrs. Robert Dempster, Mrs. B. G. Allen, H. T. McCormick and Mrs. E. F. Sauthorn.

Mrs. E. E. Hart and Miss Clara Hart left the Blackstone Monday and have opened their home in Council Bluffs.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Meyer have returned from an extended southern trip and are at the Blackstone.

Fires of Spring Madness are Flaming

We Begin to Realize Our General State of Boredom and Rest It.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. This is the time of year when the cherished parlor portieres appear to be dust-collecting abominations, and velvet hats strike us as magnificent "burnt offerings" for the furnace. The fur coat we could not resist last autumn has taken a place in our affections second only to the same possession, and the fur coat and the velvet hat have been welcomed back the first cool day in autumn. So we invest in moth balls and a tarpaper sack, and we put them away—in the full triumph of an acquired philosophy.

We realize our general boredom with things that have to do with winter and the prosaic, and the past is just a bit of spring sorcery—that the witchery is tempting, delightful—but not wholly to be trusted. Omar, the tent-maker, put it very well a couple of thousand years ago, when he sang: "Come, and in the fire of Spring, You Winter-garment of Repentance fling; The Bird of Time has but a little wing; To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing."

Let us suppose the "tired business man" or the "tired business woman" reads this delightfully irresponsible creed in one of these well-gotten up editions of Omar Keyyam—the kind with the limp back and the Vedder illustrations. The "T. B. M." or "T. B. W." is all for abandoning the typewriter, the office desk, the stool in the dainty room where the middy pie is eaten—it all becomes an amputation and a weariness to the flesh. But—common sense urges, if you do this thing, what is going to become of you?

The respectable background of office and flat, where the moving picture of your daily life turns out its reels of respectable dullness, may be inspiring. And the picturesque vagrancy that this fellow Omar sings about sounds mighty well—but, on the whole, it will probably lead to a park bench, ninety days and a nasty writup in the daily papers. The flat is a bore, the office is a soulless, brain picking machine, the typewriter is a clattering, chattering horror, yet—they are all better than their picturesque vagrancy equivalents.

This fellow Omar is better company on a cold night, over the open fire, than he is on a day when the crocuses are peeping through the grass. Then he's a positive danger, a menace, a disturber of public morals—so back you put Omar, in his limp cover, and the Vedder illustrations on the book shelf.

It is this eternal weariness with life's daily bill of fare that explains why so many estimable men—and women too—succumb to strange sex fancies that no one can explain. When you see a delightful lady investing in violent ties for a youth young enough to be her son; when you hear her quoting that youth's

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half-baked deductions on life and letters with reverence—it's only a symptom which means the lady is weary of her treadmill. She has done her duty long and faithfully; she has saved, bought Liberty bonds, read so many books that were good for her, heard so many improving talks, engaged in so much uplift work and rolled so many bandages that young Mr. Verdant Green represents nature's protest; she is just weary of well-doing for the moment. And the fledgling represents all sorts of madness that she has been repressing for years.

It is the same thing when staid pater familias takes up with a "vamp"; it is nature's protest at the daily grind. To everyone else the "vamp" seems a sorry enough proposition—distinctly made-up, cheap, a bit vulgar—but to poor, dear father she is just an escape from all the estimable things he has been doing for years.

We are all more or less squirrels running around and around the wheels of our cages and anything—or anybody—that means stopping for a moment, is welcome. It isn't that you fall in love with this stimulating and at the time being fearfully interesting person. But you want to be near him or her as much as possible because he or she helps you forget the wheel that is waiting there for you to tread. You want to escape your drudgery and the gray "faintness" of your life.

There is nothing special to worry about in this state of affairs, and the wise husband or wife does not lay too much stress upon it. After a while plodding pater familias wakes up to a realization that the lady with the long carapace is rather tiresome and Mary has been a dear not to have noticed his nonsense. So he invites Mary to the theater, as a sort of an act of reparation, and he notices how quiet and peaceful home is, after all, and that, really, the children are quite the most promising on the block.

And the lady, approaching the



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dangerous age, begins to find out that while young Mr. Verdant Green's point of view has a certain amount of freshness, it is distinctly raw. His immaturity is beginning to get on her nerves; an evening without his insistent egoism begins to appear in the light of an asset. She gets back to her conscientious round no worse for her little fling. That's all very well, you will say; but how are you going to keep this more difficult matter, because it can't be stopped at the psychological moment, and prevent the little domestic comedy from becoming a tragedy?

And the only answer is "brains." The hand on the domestic throttle has got to have intelligence behind it; if it is a feminine hand, it has got to know when not to nag, when to be blind and when to see, and if it is a masculine hand, it will be a more difficult matter, because it hasn't that God-given gift of intuition; but patience accomplishes wonders.



Don't You Ever Get Tired?

tired of paying out money for plumbing repairs, of having some fixture out of use; of trying to make old-fashioned equipment look clean.

But you'll always have to face such things as long as you keep those out-of-date, unsanitary fixtures in your home. What's more—they're an ever present menace to the health of your entire household.

The next time you have to call in a plumber ask him to tell you about Thomas Maddock's modern, sanitary, first-cost-last-cost plumbing fixtures.

Better still; don't wait until something goes wrong. Visit our model Maddock's bathroom display and find out how much less it costs than you think to have these new fixtures in your home.

United States Supply Co. Ninth and Farnam Sts. OMAHA, NEB. or Consult Your Plumber



Armour and Company NOT in the Retail Grocery Business

CERTAIN jobbing salesmen are circulating reports to the effect that Armour and Company control certain retail grocery stores or are planning to enter into the retail grocery business.

These reports are utterly and absolutely false. We desire to brand them as such once and for all. Armour and Company do not control any retail grocery stores wholly or in part. Neither have we any affiliation or connection in any way whatsoever with any owners of any retail grocery stores. Armour and Company have no intention of engaging in the retail grocery business.

Armour and Company distribute and sell a very limited number of food lines not directly produced from livestock. This is only the result of natural evolution. Our system of distribution and marketing must be maintained with the greatest possible efficiency. It is necessary, for reasons of economy, that it handle as great a volume at all seasons as possible.

This same distributive system enables us to carry staple foods to the people of this country with greater efficiency and at a cost that is low commensurate with the service. If our facilities are such that we have been able to serve the public more economically and efficiently than our competitors, then it is the retailer and consumer who benefit.

Armour and Company are more than packers. They are food purveyors. But, our participation in grocery lines represents only 4.6 per cent of our total business. Yet, wholesale grocery houses whose representatives spread these false reports are, themselves, engaged in numerous side-lines far removed from edible products. A recent bill of goods which we purchased from a wholesale grocer, contained more than forty items, not one of which could be used for food—except by an ostrich.

Reports of our engaging, or intending to engage, in the retail grocery business are, without exception, untrue. In the words of Mr. J. Ogden Armour, "We have no intention of adding the woes of retailing to the burdens of manufacturing and distributing."

Armour and Company will continue to regard all retailers as our co-workers. By means of our refrigerator cars and our branch houses it will be our effort to continue to provide them with the finest foods of all kinds that we can select and prepare—under the quality mark of the OVAL LABEL.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY OMAHA General Manager

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