

Naught is so grand
As beautiful living!
God's own hand
The pattern giving!

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Live the beautiful life,
Mellowing with the years,
What matters the burden and strife,
To the heart that smiles through tears!

Another Love Affair of the Beautiful Kathleen Clifford

Second of a Series of True Stories.
By NELLIE M. S. CAPRON.

THE eternal woman, otherwise the Eve, within the dainty, debonnaire personality of Kathleen Clifford, the little artist of musical comedy, stage and screen, knew instantly she could make this man love her.

The man was Winstanley Page. He stood across the hall from her, the night of the brilliant French carnival, tall, erect, grave and with folded arms.

How is it that every woman knows her own?

Is it seen in the lift of an eyebrow, or discovered in the upturn of the face, the curve of the lips, or a quite unconscious look in the eyes?

A flutter of pride passed over the exquisitely clad figure of the girl in her coral colored silken frock, this small wizard who had but so recently issued from the ritz of musical comedy to the great white way of picture satellites.

"Men have always gone to battle," she reminded Page at last, after having studied the pattern of the Persian rug under her feet.

"You mean—that you could?" she insisted, sternly.

"I mean—I won't!" she declared willfully, and laughed in three little staccato notes in the upper key of C, a trick she had improvised with happy effect when she did "Little Boy Blue."

Page studied her demure expression a moment.

Before them in review were now passing the dancers in the grand march. Opposite was the stately figure of the tall Arabian seer in his flowing white robe, and Page had a sudden inspiration.

"Suppose we consult the stars!" "The very thing!"

They fell in with the rear guard

in the marching throng. Page felt the thrust of her little arm through his. She was laughing gaily and injecting into the solemn, measured step of the march a bit of her own comedy.

"When I go into battle," he was saying as he stooped low that she might catch his words above the music, "when I go into battle and the sound of shot and shell is in my ears, I hope I may hear that merry, merry laugh of yours, Kathleen, urging me on, over the top!"

Kathleen suddenly ceased the comedy. The music stopped and the marchers paused. Page and his companion found themselves standing in front of the fortune-telling booth of the white robed seer. Said he: "Shall we go in and see what the fates have in store for us?"

"Do you dare?" she answered, archly.

Holding his hand underneath the palmist's crystal, Winstanley and Kathleen listened, as he read:

"A long, far trail, with a white moon shining—a field of broken, twisted poppies—a thousand men in carriage-shafts of light exploding, plunge through the air—craters filled with men, dead men—others forging ahead. The field is cleared, the air is quiet. All are gone over the ridge. Nothing dawning and a meadow lark lifts his song—a wounded man raises his head to listen—he smiles for he imagines vainly he hears the laughter of his sweetheart—I see him—"

But Winstanley had thrust a silver dollar into the seer's hand and, brushing roughly aside, he said: "Come on! Do let's get out of this, for heaven's sake. Let's get out into the cool, fresh air, Kathleen!"

A paleness enveloped him and the perspiration stood on his forehead. "Let's get out into the air."

"And consult more stars?" she bantered, as they moved slowly through the crowd, now in the maze of a waltz. "What would you have, Winnie, a soldier's fortune, or be a soldier of fortune?"

But the following day, as she stood on the very edge of the pavement and waved a flag while Winstanley Page and his regiment marched away, the little star and the comedy artist experienced an altogether new and a somewhat singular pang of regret that hitherto had been a stranger. For she loved laughter and youth and believed that tears were for the old, the loveless, the forsaken, and never were they meant to be her portion.

Every homeward bound ship carried a letter from its soldier man and how good their chocolate tasted. She wrote of the new-est songs on Broadway and described minutely the latest dancing steps, but always, in between the line she breathed a prayer for his safety. Page in turn wrote of the bravery of the Salvation Army ladies and how good their chocolate tasted and assured Kathleen that he was not returning until he and his fellows had smashed Berlin.

And so a year and a half passed away. Then came the late afternoon when her telephone bell rang and she listened to a strange, deep voice announcing the arrival of a soldier from France with a message from the front for her, which must be delivered in person.

The little Clifford dressed very carefully for the arrival of the soldier from France with the message from the front which must be delivered in person. From the very farthest recesses of her wardrobe, she dragged forth a frock of coral silk, and at the last moment bethought herself of a certain gorgeous fan of scarlet feathers.

It was so that she received the soldier, standing very erect and very proudly and with a smile, as he clanked into her drawing room and bowed stiffly as he saluted her.

A little cry of fear escaped the daintily rouged lips: "Oh! Why, I was sure—so sure it was Captain Winstanley Page—he—tell me—quickly, what is it?"

"—I—yes, ma'am—I saw 'im die, ma'am. I 'eld 'im in me arm so, ma'am! We was together 'in. No Man's Land, 'I'd a shot 'ere in me leg and 'e 'ad one in 'is 'ed, ma'am, but 'e said 'ow I was to find you, and tell you a French medder lark sang a song as 'e passed out, and I was to be sure and give you this, ma'am!"

The soldier opened his coat and took from its pocket which he gravely handed to the wide-eyed little figure in the pink silk frock behind the wavering scarlet fan.

It was a handful of faded, broken-stemmed poppies.



My Dears: With all the talk, and reality of increased manufacturing costs, the merchant is bending every effort to maintain fair prices. Merchandising has become a feat where only knowledge and foresightedness will win. Almost over night, so to speak, the old traditions of buying have been discarded. Today the merchant is the seeker, not the manufacturer. Buyers months ago laid their plans to meet today's unprecedented situation, spending more time this summer in the markets, working harder, looking further, and making use of every resource at their command.

In many instances they content themselves with less profits on merchandise this year than ever before. Efficiency experts have cut retail selling costs. The immense new fall showing, of millinery, suits, coats, dresses, blouses, is priced in accordance with this plan. Not a garment has been skimped in style, quality or workmanship. You may be sure you'll receive excellent value for every dollar spent.

The Lafayette Stock Frivolously Frilly.
IN CONJUNCTION with the severely tailored suit, or coat, the frills of the Lafayette stock shown at Thompson-Belden's lends an altogether alluring and distinctly feminine effect. A veritable cascade of sheer lace fluffs down from a high collar. Some of these show black dots, brodered here and there, with smart clipped bow of crisp black satin. Adorably dainty as a bridging for the awkward space 'tween chin and coat collar!

When Bronze Brown Gage Tailleur Hats
OF hatter's plush, velvet and ribbon distinctive in outline are worn with trotteur of subtle charm there's nothing left for which one's heart might yearn. The Nebraska Clothing company's millinery department are offering distinctive models in these chapeaux charmant in brown and black. Exceptionally beautiful in design are the silver ribbon hats, fancifully modeled, in jewel color suggestions. One, an amethyst tint over purple foundation, has rose pearl pin to emphasize its chic. Enchanting as a hat of ferning is a richly colored little velvet turban over which are strewn ribbon faced leaves of velvet, each turned back on pointed edge, in effect alluring.

There's an Idea
BACK of every wall, the Sam Newman Paper Shop, Eighth and Farnam streets, paper. They do not merely paper it, they decorate it. The artistic possibilities of paper are so nearly limitless and its versatility so great, that there is no reason why a papered wall should not express perfection of harmony with the spirit of the room. "Woody" browns merged in tapestry designs showing a tinge of rose or blue or soft green, are these papers for the artistic home. You'll find most delightful decorative color suggestions in the booklet which Mr. Newman will gladly send you free of charge.

Only in a Fairy Garden
WOULD one expect to find such a butterfly of color and evanescent loveliness, sheer, dainty, exquisite, as the new blouse models now shown at Orkin Bros., Sixteenth and Harney. Of double net in cream or white, it's a blouse of fascinating hand stitchery, witching in pointed frills on sleeves, and captivating lace pockets just below a ribbon girdle which confines the fullness of embroidered double panels. Dreams of beauty in pink or blue, they're treasures of lace loveliness at \$15.00.

More Than A Little Better
SAYS so right on the quaintly shaped little jar of Cresca Orange Marmalade in the Sommers Specialty Shop, just south of the Brandeis theater, Seventh and Douglas. Made of Bitter Valencia oranges, it's really the most delectable dainty I've ever tasted. Scotch and English people are wholly captivated, for they're noted for the serving of their marmalades, as you know, and simply must have those of exquisite flavor. You'll find this a shop of delightful goodies, everything you can find in any shop, and at prices to compare most favorably, while there are rare eatables (many of them imported) which can be found only in this shop.

For People Who Like Things Different
This little column is devoted to unusual things. It is especially for people who have personality and who like the little things that get away from the commonplace, vogueish expressions of individual modes. Don't hesitate to write for information on styles, prices, anything pertaining to shops and shopping, fads and fashions. Purchases sent out C. O. D. if order is not accompanied by check, draft or money order, payable to Polly the Shopper, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Nebraska.

Let's Go Shopping with Polly

The gypsy trail is a path of dreams;
Ho, for the day we take it!
Afar it winds o'er hills and streams;
Oh, for the joys that make it.

And the gypsy trail is the road from here;
Lord, how it daily calls us!
Where winds are sweet and skies are clear
And only the good befall us!

Away it leads from the things that irk
And that hateful thing called duty!
Afar from trouble and strife and work
It winds, to the haunts of beauty.

Oh, we love the trail, for we're gypsies all,
And ever till life is ended
We think it were wiser to heed the call
From the joyless road we've wended.

The Gypsy Trail—Mary Hester Force.

Light-Hearted In Its Tilting Loveliness.
IS a hat of black satiny finished velvet, seen in the F. M. Schadel & Co. shop, 1522 Douglas street. Dashing charm of line, borrowed

Objects D'Art of Rare Distinctiveness.
ARE offered in the picture department of the Brandeis Stores. Mirrors of Italian beauty, whose depths might hold the reflections of a century, so exquisite the reproduction of that art period when decorative fancies were allowed to hold full sway, carrying the commonplace into the realm of art. Relying on nature as the truest expression of art in its finest forms, the craftsmen of Italy delight to reproduce the fruits and flowers native to their beloved country, which we see depicted in polychrome tinted carving on these mirror frames of exquisite loveliness. Swirling lily buds serve as lights on either side of an exquisite mirror, showing the Italian crest and crown. Bronze richly decorative forms the frame of another. Antique blue is a narrow blue frame with insets of carved fruit in the corners, fruits which are repeated in a classic urn held in decorative gold piercings. Adorable cherubs, top garlands of dainty blossoms, on a set of oval mirrors, with vanity shelvings. There's a showing of extensive beauty in the long-handled mirrors with heavy rings to hang them upon a tapestried wall, also of silk and velvet-laced beauty reflectors. Graceful loveliness, ingenious art is expressed in every color combination of these mirrors of supreme artistry.

Brilliantly Qualifying as Gifts for the Fall Bride
ARE enchanting offerings in glass and silver at the Henrickson Jewel Shop, Sixteenth and Capitol avenue. Such standard makes of glass as the Libbey and Hawkes, need no introduction, for their beauty and quality are known and recognized the world over. Happy accompaniments to these exquisite charms, as artfully simple, or splendidly elaborate as one could wish. All of these gifts at special prices made possible by an "out-of-the-high-rent" location.

To Give an Added Touch of Interest.
MRS. D. A. Hill, the corset specialist, 205 Neville block, Sixteenth and Harney, announces that she has ready for the fall showing new models particularly adapted to individual types to lend lines of grace and beauty to midday of fashion. Fitted scientifically, as Mrs. Hill's years of experience in conjunction with doctors of prominence enables her, there's an assurance of comfort and health most gratifying. Send for a complete measure blank and corset literature. You'll find it of great interest.



A Showing Especially Comprehensive
EXCEPTIONALLY beautiful in design is offered at the Nelson Electric company, 406 South Sixteenth street, the new art lighting fixtures for the home. Of quiet charm is the new silver finished fixture, with its exquisite engraving and carved designs. Dainty tassels hang from a slender vase standard, round which are grouped candles with round frosted globes atop. To give an added touch of interest to the room are side wall brackets, also in silver, which may choose to wear soft silken shades of artful coloring. Gifts for any bride are to be found among the delightful appliances shown.

Dyers Get Colors From Futurists
The futurist, however crude to many minds, taught us much about highly keyed color. It was to this school of brilliancy that the dyers went for their fabrics. Magenta, that vibrates dually with red and purple; green with a strong note of sulphur yellow or green that suggests a peacock blue; blues that fade to the turquoise matrix; yellows that range from tangerine to citron—these are the colors seen in the new evening gowns. If a dress is to be made of a pastelle shade the girdle will be a rainbow brilliancy, three, four or more lines of color that bring joy with their clash or their contrast. A whole page might be written about girdles. Geranium pink is run alongside of vivid turquoise. A gown of neutral gray is made insistently noticeable by a girdle of old gold, vivid blue and rose that refuse to be overlooked.

The Distinction of Tricollette and Paulette Frocks
IS expressed in the supple silhouette attained. The Lamond Shop, second floor, Securities building, Sixteenth and Farnam streets, are



showing these frocks of distinctive fabrics in a comprehensive color range of brown, taupe, blue and black. Yarn embroidery of exceeding modishness adorns the vest and pockets of a taupe Paulette, while one of the new cut braids is most appealing on a midnight blue model. Brilliant blue satin gleams under the veiling afforded by an accordion pleated black georgette tunic, with leather fringe finish. This on a lustrously lovely black satin. The same fringing forms the fluff at the round neckline and on cuffs of flaring fullness. An adroit combination of old times and new are the adorable little satin frocks whose distinguishing style notes are to be found in the new Queen Anne frills (wide lace of exquisite daintiness at the neck, falling half way to the waist line), accompanied in every case by lace of the same width in slashed sleeves of daring coquetry.

What a Purposeful Life.
FLOWERS lead, don't they? No important occasion of life is complete without them. The John Bath Flower Shop, Eighteenth and Farnam, is offering exquisite suggestions for the fall wedding. Flowers not only for the home decoration, but for the church as well. Unique arrangements for the bridesmaids, richly elaborate conceptions for the bride's bouquet, perhaps the most impressive of all the flowers at the wedding. You'll find Mr. Bath a "florist friend," for he rises most artistically and satisfyingly to every occasion with flowers that are "right."

Striking a Dominant Note of Color.
PARIS wears embroideries of oriental richness, rarely beautiful. "The new heavy satiny materials lend themselves so gracefully to embroidering of all kinds," said Mr. Ver Merhen of the Ideal Button and Pleating company, 305 Brown block, Sixteenth and Douglas streets. In a capricious mood Dame Fashion invents such combinations as the vivid new "poison green" and "mustard gold," "cocca," a soft brown, whose name suggests its color warmth; "chardon," a new taupe-tan, which combines charmingly with beaver; "hegonia," a rich, glorious, glowing hue; Egyptian and Pompeian reds, dulled tones like autumn leaves; copper, bronze and morocco, glowing browns with golden glints; "periwinkle blue," deep, handsome, wonderful with moleskin, "dragon fly" and Liberty, other lovely tones of blue, Faison, beaver, deer, aristocrats in the realm of tan tones, exquisite in combination with the new browns. You'll find this company's illustrated booklet replete with inspiration for the trimming of your new season's wardrobe. Send for it today; it's free of charge.

To Fully Express Its Very Chic Soul
MANY a suit or wrap requires just such shoes of grace and distinction as the black suede boots at the F. & M. Boot Shop, Sixteenth and Farnam. High, graceful as to heels, turned as to soles, with added daintiness in blind eyelets for slitted laces. These boots at \$17.50 are dainty as one could wish, yet practical withal. The new gored foxing of which you may have heard is to be seen on boots at \$16.00, of beaver brown, gray and black. There's a gore on the inside of the instep to insure a perfectly fitting boot. Polly's been keeping an eye on shoe prices, and my dears, there'll never be a time so good for buying shoes, for prices are certainly soaring.

Announcement!
THE Flatiron Cafe, Seventeenth and St. Mary's avenue, place of delightfully delectable dishes, proficient service, announces to its exclusive clientele that it will be closed until October 1 when we'll be most pleased to again enjoy its meals of wholesome daintiness.

Sumptuous Materials
OF extreme richness, in garments too good to be cast aside have caused hundreds of out-of-town women readers of this department to send their cleaning and dyeing to the Pantorium, 1515 Jones street, by parcel post. The manager tells me their parcel post business is double that of a year ago. They are dyeing a great many suits and coats in the new shades of brown, blue, plum, burgundy and black. If you'll have your old suit or coat dyed, newly lined, freshly "buttoned," you could never tell it had been dyed. Send them a trial order, and I am sure you will find their work exceptionally fine.

Beautiful Eyes

The eyes respond more readily to consistent care than does the skin. All society women and actresses bathe the eyes as regularly as they brush the teeth. For keeping the eyes bright and giving them that sparkle and brilliancy which is so desirable, high class beauty parlors and drug stores recommend simple witch hazel, camphor, hydrastis, etc., as mixed in Lavoptik eye wash. The witch hazel and camphor cleanse and soothe; and the hydrastis and other ingredients have remarkable tonic and beautifying properties. Many use Lavoptik to relieve dark rings and bloodshot eyes. Dainty eye cup FREE with each package. Sherman & McConnell Drug Stores.



Dr. Todd's Anti-Pyre Chewing Gum

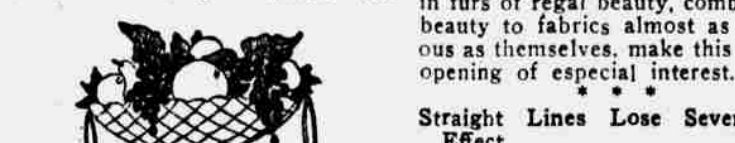
This marvelous chewing gum is taking so well we will continue the advertising. Next Thursday and Friday, 18th and 19th, come to this office and you can receive advertising samples of Pyorrhea Gum. Some are chewing it for pleasure, some for sore throat, tonsillitis, bronchitis and pyorrhea.

G. W. TODD
Fourth Floor Barker Building, 18th and Farnam Sts., Omaha, Nebraska.

If Thorns Wound Me

By AMADO NERVO

If a thorn wounds me, I draw back from the thorn, But I do not hate the thorn! If so baseless Filled with envy, thrusts me with its darts of malice. My feet in silence turn aside and make their way To an air of purer love and charity. Rancor? To what end? Did good e'er spring from rancor? Did good nor does it stanch wounds, either, nor set aught evil right. Hardly has my rose-tree time to bear its flowers; It wastes no precious sap on pricking spines. If my enemy passes near my rose-tree, He shall pluck from it the buds of sweetest perfume; And if he spies in them some vivid red. It will be the red of blood that his malevolence Of yesterday drew by wounding me with hatred and assault. And which the rose-tree, changed into a flower of peace, returns.



Polly