

Health Hints :- Fashions :- Woman's Work :- Household Topics

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Chances for Working Girls to Get Husbands

Bread-winning girls may be divided into nine classes with respect to their chance to get husbands. These are nurses, stenographers, servants, shop-girls, factory girls, school teachers, telephone operators, dressmakers and stay-at-home girls, says a statistician with whose conclusions, however, you may not agree.

For chances to marry the trained nurse heads the list. It is a standing joke among authors to have the young man go to war and distinguish himself as a hero. He is seriously wounded and taken to a hospital. After weeks of lingering illness he regains consciousness. He dreams that an angel is ministering to him and opens his eyes. There, at his side, a red cross on her arm, is a trained nurse, the girl with whom he had a trifling quarrel before he marched off. The close of the romance is plain.

There is an indefinable charm about the nurse that cannot be gainsaid. She is dressed neatly, with her little white cap and starched apron. She breathes softly and her touch is gentle. To a man just coming out of a siege of fever, when he has to lie for days at a time merely gaining his strength, the coming of the nurse to smooth the pillow is something to be looked forward to for hours.

Second on the list is the stenographer. The stenographer is a girl of some education, refinement and culture. Her dress is neat, she has easy hours, and she holds her age well. In the average office she sees and comes to know many men a week. The employer himself often falls in love with her.

The servant comes third on the list. There is an old, old saying that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. This is verified every day by the number of cooks who tell their employer that they are going to be mistress of a private table for two. Like the nurse the servant has the additional charm of a neat costume.

The salesgirl comes next. She meets a reasonable number of marriageable men. She has many chances to pick up a certain degree of culture. By watching women of refinement their grammar, pronunciation and manners, she is the gainer. Just these little things put her in a class above girls who seldom come in contact with persons of better education.

The factory girl comes next, and as a hard worker, she is seized upon by the single young artisan.

Strange as it may seem, the school teacher comes sixth in the list of nine. She has many comforts and privileges that are denied other working girls. She has a better education, has shorter hours, can improve herself in general reading and in culture. She has more time to devote to her dress. She can hold her age better, travel more, but with all that she has fewer opportunities for marriage than many another girl.

The telephone girl has not the easy sailing that she is often said to have. She, too, is separated from the men, few of whom she ever meets face to face. When the telephone was new there was an additional charm to the girl who sent her voice over hundreds of miles, but since they are so common, all the romance has gone.

There is only one small chance, and that is with the class of men who fall in love with a voice.

No Welcome Here



Drawn for The Bee by Batchelor : : :

Death in The Pot

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

When Hamlet remarked in the ghost scene "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," he scarcely had hotel kitchens and hamburger steak in mind. Nor, when Sir Lucius Fauntleroy Brown of the Pure Thought bureau of the health department, pricked forth on his joyous quest of inspection among the hotels and restaurants in New York, could he have dreamed of the legion of ghosts of the mighty—and too long—dead which would rise to confront him from soup and goulashes and stews?

Nothing could have been more innocent, more sweetly reasonable, more praiseworthy, than his scheme! Simply to visit with his inspectors all the public eating places in two of the main hotel and restaurant districts of the city, bless the good and condemn the bad, grading them on a scale of purity by an ingenious color scheme, ranging from white for purity down to black for dirtiness; then to present each proprietor with a Sunday school card or blue ribbon of a color corresponding to his rank in the abyss, which he could pin on himself or exhibit above his cash register.

The restaurants were simply charmed to hear of his coming visit. Purity was their hobby, their pet weakness, and their middle name was Spottless. They welcomed the chance of winning an official decoration, which they could proudly display to their patrons, as official proof that their establishments were as immaculate and hygienic as the back as their white enamel and spotless table linen and waiters' duck jackets were in front.

But, what a language of the day, "Oh, what a difference in the morning!" The inspectors have come and gone, hundreds of restaurants and eating houses have been gladdened by the light of their presence, but that is about all the gladness they got out of it. Not a sign of gray color, not a scrap of bunting, not a bright placard of any sort lightens and illuminates their scheme of interior decoration.

Their modesty seemed to be something positively abnormal, until the records were published and an alarmed and astonished public discovered, with many internal qualms and perturbations, that out of the first 265 restaurants inspected, 256 were presented with the Order of the Wooden Spoon, the booby prize—in the lingo of piracy, "tipped the Black Spot"—eight were entitled to sport the red ribbon of "fair," and one, only one, was granted the white badge of purity—"good." Really, in future, the inspectors ought to carry a lantern after the classic manner of Diogenes, hunting for an honest man.

But there is really little to be surprised at in these findings, except the naive and blissful confidence of the restaurant men that their ways of doing things would stand the acid test of actual expert sanitary inspection. In some cases it was merely a case where ignorance was bliss, for the managers or proprietors actually did not know what was going on in every hole and corner of the back part of their establishments.

But in most cases it was the result of that devil's code, known as "customs of the trade," dirty, careless, insanitary little ways of doing things, which save time, or trouble or expense, and which can't be much out of the way because everybody does them.

As anyone who has had official experience or been interested in food economics knows, scarcely a single sanitary inspection has been made of the actual conditions in basements and kitchens of hotels, restaurants and bake shops anywhere, without finding conditions which could only be described by the word "abominable." And one or more of these would frequently be found in successful, prominent, and supposedly first class establishments.

There is not the slightest need for the city of New York to resent these findings as a special aspersion upon her fair fame personally, nor for lesser cities or country towns to point the finger of scorn at the metropolis, for everything described in the inspectors' report could be duplicated without the slightest difficulty in every hamlet in the land big enough to have half a dozen public eating places.

The New York caterers are at least entitled to the consolation that, in the classic language of Dr. Johnson, "The invidiousness of their offense consisteth not in the singularity of it."

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SEE THE SEA SHORE

J. D. McDONALD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 112 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

The Needs of Every Woman

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

This is the day of woman. We are just beginning to stand off and look at ourselves and consider ourselves as a problem.

Once upon a time a home and its duties satisfied us. We spun and wove and baked and sewed and brought up the children and rather enjoyed what the woman of today would be inclined to call drudgery.

Modern efficiency plus modern machinery has taken most of our household tasks from us. And a great many women find themselves with leisure on their hands and a vast unrest in their hearts.

The world does a great deal of discussing as to what really is necessary for woman's life.

"Physical well-being," says the Materialist. "Exercise and fresh air and enough money to live on comfortably. A woman who has these is bound to be happy and have a full and rounded life."

The apostle of some new "ism" responds to him scornfully and says that woman must come out of the place where material things are and study her soul. She mustn't think of her body, but of beauty, all-compensating beauty.

The intellectual looks up over his thick goggles and says, "Nonsense! What woman needs is work."

The old-fashioned man shakes his head sadly and declares, "Oh, no; what woman needs is to give up all these new movements and the desire to make her own place in the world and to come back to the baking and cooking and satisfy herself in the

home as her mother did before her."

But woman herself shakes her head to all of this. She has looked out to the world and seen that it has need of her and she knows that she has need of it. Perhaps there is a vague unrest in her heart, but there are ideals, too. She knows that, however much she needs sunshine and fresh air and thoughts of beauty and enough domesticity to satisfy her, there is more needed. Woman needs a chance to do useful work and the joy of counting supremely to some one for whom she cares.

In an ideal state one might sum it up by saying that she needed happy occupation and home and love. But ours is not an ideal state. Not every woman can have an absolutely congenial occupation. Too many women have to forego the warmth and comfort of home. And husband and children don't seem quite numerous enough to go round.

So for practical purposes woman has to be satisfied with a chance at useful occupation in which she can express herself sanely and to which she can bring a certain vital energy which will make her gradually come to feel a real interest in it.

An adaptable woman who wanted to be a concert singer and who ended up by being a reader in a play broker's office would be able to make that work interesting and satisfying.

Without it human life could no more persist than could our world exist entirely without sunshine. But sunshine doesn't come just when we want it nor with the precise degree of warmth we might ask. Nor is woman always given "the love of a strong man." It isn't actually necessary, either.

What is necessary is to "matter supremely to some one." That some one may be a bedridden old mother, or a crippled little sister, or a worn and weary father, or a young brother who looks to one worshipfully for help and guidance.

Even the woman who has no kith nor kin may have splendid loyal friendships. And the woman who has that has not an empty life.

None of us can exist without work to interest us and love to warm and careen us. If we have that we have much. If we have more we are indeed blessed.

But what every woman needs, in its simplest terms, is the chance to be useful and the privilege of loving and being loved.

Home-Made Pickles

Pickles are expensive to buy, but they can be made easily at home, and form a very pleasant addition to cold or hot dishes.

Pickled Beets—Wash very carefully, taking care not to break the skin, as all the color will come out if this happens. Boil for an hour, and let them stand until perfectly cold. Scrape and slice them, and pour over them vinegar in which a few peppercorns and some cloves have been previously boiled. Cover the jars closely, and see that the beets are thoroughly covered with vinegar.

Pickled Cauliflower—Trim the cauliflower and break it up into small pieces. Strew these with salt, and leave them from twelve to twenty-four hours between plates. Drain them well, pack them with salt, and cover with cold vinegar previously boiled up with spice. The cauliflower can be quickly parboiled in salt water before it is put in the jars, if you find the raw vegetable indigestible.

Pickled Cucumbers—Choose small and perfect cucumbers without any spots. Lay them in strong salt water until they turn quite yellow, stirring them twice a day to keep them from softening. When they are quite yellow, pour off the water and cover with grape-vine leaves. Boil the poured-off water and pour it boiling over the cucumbers. Leave them all in a warm corner near the fire. When the water is almost cold, boil it up again and pour it over the cucumbers again. Repeat this process until the cucumbers turn a good green, keeping them covered with the leaves, a clean cloth and a reversed soup plate to keep in the steam. When they are thoroughly green, drain them well, pour the following pickle over them and tie down with bladders or parchment.

For the Pickle—To each quart of white wine vinegar allow a quarter of an ounce of mace or half a dozen cloves, half an ounce of sliced ginger, half an ounce of black pepper and half a handful of salt; boil this all together for five minutes, then use hot.

String beans are excellent pickled in this way.

Pickled Walnuts—Gather the walnuts before the shells begin to firm. Wipe them, prick with a darning needle and put them in a large crock or basin. Make enough brine to cover them, allowing a quarter of a pound of salt to each quart of boiling water. When quite cold, pour the brine over the walnuts and leave them in it for about a fortnight. They ought to be stirred occasionally and the brine changed twice during this time. Now drain the walnuts and spread them out on trays in a single layer to dry in the sun until they turn black. Have ready some dry, wide-necked bottles, three-parts fill them with the walnuts, and fill up with vinegar which has been boiled previously with spices.

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TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH

COOKERY IS BECOMING A NOBLE SCIENCE

Planked Flounders

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

Planked flounders, seasoned simply with salt and pepper and served with mashed potatoes, are one of the best dishes the hostess can offer for Friday's fish course.

Cleanse the fish and two hours before they are wanted rub them inside and out with salt to render them firm, wash and wipe them dry; sprinkle with salt and pepper with a little butter rubbed over. Lay the fish on an oak plank, then set in oven for twenty-five to thirty minutes, being careful to baste the fish frequently with melted butter. Garnish with hot mashed potatoes, pressed through a pastry bag and tube, also slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley. Serve hot with cream sauce.

Sauce: Put three tablespoonsful of butter into a saucepan with one tablespoonful of flour, and keep stirring until the butter is melted; add salt and pepper to taste and half a cup of cream flavor with lemon or onion juice. Serve in a sauce boat.

(Tomorrow—Strawberry Tart.)

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

Keep to the Right.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have met a young man, 24, whom I love. One night something made me tell him of my love and he told me then that our feelings were mutual. The other night he mentioned taking a short trip and asked me to do something which I know is not right. Do you think he is testing my character or do you think that he deems it proper, as we both know of each other's love? HELEN.

Never, under any circumstances, do anything which your own sense of right makes you know is improper. A girl who clings to her own sane knowledge of what is right and does not allow herself to be persuaded to do the slightest thing which seems evil to her will save herself from suffering and regret. Also remember that no man who really loves a girl will ever ask her to do anything he would not have his sister do.

The Benefit of the Doubt.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been receiving attentions from a young man for three years and dearly love him. I also know my love is returned. While out walking I met him with a young lady; he spoke to me, but acted in a great hurry to get away. He has called on me since, but said no word about what occurred. Do you think I better speak to him about it, or what would you advise me to do? TROUBLED.

If you are a fine, broad-minded girl you will just dismiss this matter from your mind and believe that the man you love would explain the situation if it were possible. If you can do that all will be well. But if you are going to suffer from continual doubts and fears you had better ask him to clear up the situation.