Adelaide Kennerly, EDITOR

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Ella Fleishman, ASS'T EDITOR

Home Economics

Edited by IRMA H. GROSS
HOUSEHOLD ARTS DEP'T CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

War-Time Pastry.

The great American dessert has been threatened since food conservation first made its appearance. The old-fashioned pie takes wheat, takes fat (lots of it) and takes sugar—three counts against it. Is it possible to make a pie without the three staples? Unfortunately it is not, but it is very possible to decrease the quantity of each considerably.

Since the filling is usually of materials that are plentiful, one can choose a deep pan and increase the quantity of filling. Then the upper crust can be omitted entirely or changed into lattice work strips—a big saving of pie crust immediately.

Saving the Sugar.

Corn syrup is an excellent sugar substitute for sweetening the filling, but unfortunately it is more expensive than sugar. If naturally sweet fillings are selected the amount of sugar is cut down. Sliced banana with a few cranberries makes a good filling that requires very little sugar. Canned fruits can be used frequently without extra sweetening.

Saving the Fat.

As to the fat. We can get away from our old favorites, butter and lard, and still produce excellent results. Meat drippings that have a mild flavor may be used or any of the new vegetable fats. Probably oleomargarine gives a result nearest like butter and there are now excellent vegetabl or nut margarines to be had. Even cooking oils produce good pastry if one is careful to work in enough water to develop the gluten of the flour. The gluten forms the framework of any dough and it is only present when water is mixed with the flour. It is interesting to know that a group of my high school students could scarcely tell the difference in pastry made with several kinds of fats. All the pies were pleasant in flavor. No matter what kind of fat is used, it is possible and patriotic to use less than the usual amount. At first the pies may not suit as well, but one soon becomes accustomed to the different texture.

So far as I have discovered, it is not possible to make real pie crust without some wheat flour; but the amount of wheat flour can be reduced to one-half with very satisfactory results. Barley flour pastry looks almost like ordinary pastry, and tastes almost like it. Rye flour pastry, or whole wheat pastry is good also, tough neither of those kinds are really conservation pastry, according to the latest rulings. Still either is more in line with conservation than white flour pastry. The whole wheat flour, in particular, made a good flavored crust, though the dough was harder to work with than ordinary pie dough. These facts were worked out by my advance cooking students at the high school. In substituting any kind of flour, one-third of the substitute makes excellent crust; and one-half is possible to use with just a little experience. A government publication recently suggests a cornmeal crust for pumpkin pie. This crust is nothing more than a thin layer of cornmeal on the pie tin. The filling is poured onto this layer. To distribute the cornmeal evenly over the pie tin, work the tin with a rotary motion.

War Time Pastry.

(Sufficient for two crusts in a medium sized pie tin).

½ c. white flour. ¼ c. fat.
½ c. substitute flour. 3 T. (?) cold water.
1 t. salt.

Sift salt and flour, and cut in fat till mixture looks like cornmeal. Add water to make a stiff dough. Roll out, using the minimum of flour on the board.

Potato Pastry.

½ t. baking powder. 1 c. cold riced potatoes.
1 c. flour.
1 t. salt. 3 T. milk.
4 T. fat. 3 T. water.

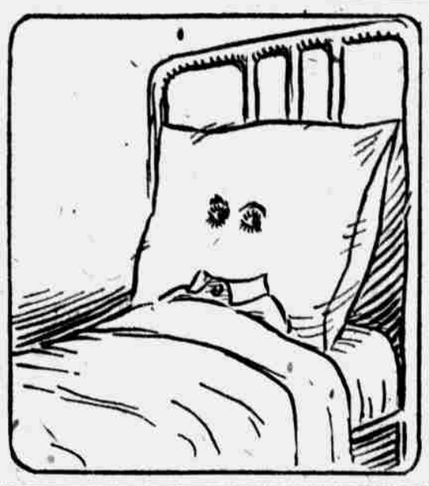
Sift salt, flour and baking powder. Cut in fat, then add potatoes. Add milk and water to make pie dough of the usual consistency.

Co-Operation

Miss Gross will be very glad to receive suggestions for the home economics column or to answer, as far as she is able, any questions that her readers may ask.

Ned's Face

In this blank and open place
Draw a husky boyish face.
For our romping little Ned
Who is wide awake in bed.



Strawberries, Luscious
Big Fellows, 75c a Quart

Spring is here. The early sign of spring arrived on the Omaha markets this week. Strawberries! Yes, sir, great big fellows, apparently well ripened. They come from the far south, of course in these early days of February. But they're here. The price is 75 cents a quart box.

Apples, the variety is great and the price surprisingly low for the high quality of the fruit. One store is offering excellent Winesaps as low as $1.50 per bushel box. From that price they go up to as high as $4.50 per bushel box for the Delicious brand, a big apple weighing sometimes as much as a pound each.

Grapefruit, is especially fine, big and juicy at present. The prices vary according to size from 7½ cents to 20 cents each. Oranges in many sizes are here, prices running from 30 to 60 cents a dozen.

Potatoes still hold to their former price. Some stores have them as low as 30 cents a peck for the home-grown kind. For western potatoes 45 cents a peck is being asked.

Figs and dates are plentiful. Black figs, pulled figs, stuffed figs, and the ordinary layer figs, all are on hand and are excellent and economical foods.

Green vegetables like onions, radishes and lettuce are plentiful and fresh every day from southern gardens. Cauliflower and cabbage have never been finer. Cucumbers at 25 cents each, artichokes at 20 cents each, endive at 65 cents a pound are some of the "luxury" vegetables.

Chocolate Bar Days in Oregon

"Chocolate Bar Days," when contributions are taken to buy chocolate bars for the Oregon boys in the service, is the latest plan of college girls at the Oregon State Agricultural college. Women of the home economics department of this school are also supplying boxes of food to the college boys who have gone, at a remarkably small price. They have sent 200 boxes filled with war cake, fruit, confections, nuts, popcorn balls, oatmeal cookies, and salted peanuts, to the Oregon men at the cost of 20 cents a box. The candies were all made of sugar substitutes, such as honey and corn syrup.

A card index of the 1,000 University of Washington men now in the army and navy is being compiled by girls at the University of Washington in Seattle, so that the former students may be supplied with the college daily paper. This file of college boys in service is in working order at many of the colleges. Promotions, changes of addresses from camp to camp, etc., are noted in order that weekly letters, in addition to personal mail, will be sure to reach them.

Doughnuts Must Go!

The memory of living man runs not back to the time when doughnuts were not only considered fashionable, but likewise a necessity. And now comes the word that doughnuts are to be frowned on. They are to be placed on the unfair list because it is felt that the making of doughnuts, whether the real thing or the widespread counterfeit, takes too much fats that should be conserved or otherwise used.

Doughnuts form an essential part of every lunch counter display. Thousands there are who hop off trains merely for the purpose of dashing into some station restaurant to invest in sinkers and a cup of coffee. The shortage in sugar has forced some of them to take their coffee without sweetening. This was bad enough. But when the time comes that they must look in vain and call without any chance of being answered, for the time honored doughnut, then things certainly have come to a pretty pass.

One and a quarter million women in England are now doing work formerly done by men.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Note: The sincerity and honesty of our Bachelor-Farmer's letter printed under the "Advice to the Lovelorn" has brought many answers. They are printed just as they were received and we regret our inability to use them all—space is limited.

Miss Fairfax, Omaha, Neb.—Dear Madam: Have read of the advice of the Bachelor-Farmer. You can send me his address, but do not put my name and address in print, as I am too well known. Yours truly,
MRS. I. O.

"Gets Her Goat."

Somewhere in Burt County—Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: In regard to the letter of Mr. A Reader must say that I too, have been much interested in the "Advice to the Lovelorn," and have had many hearty laughs, over the questions and answers, but this particular letter of February 2, expressed in American slang, "Gets my goat."

It interests and surprises me and I can not compel myself to still the impulse to express my comments.

What can this man mean? Is he bent on stirring a commotion among the unlucky maids, from whom the war is stealing a "hubby," just to see how many he can induce to nibble at his bait (a section and wealth). If so the situation becomes amusing. I'll wager that if he's expecting amusement he'll get it. So many women are so stupidly silly! (undoubtedly I'm one of them and don't know it). Perhaps he just means to furnish the common mass of Bee readers a little amusement.

Surely, "Mr. Man," you are not in earnest—you can't be without cheating yourself as well as all to whom your entreaties are hurled.

Before going further, let me say that I'm one of a large fatherless family. Being only 20, I haven't seen much of life or this wonderful old world of ours. But I, like many others, have worked for what little I have gained in his world, namely, high school education, one year college and two years of teaching. Would like to ask "Mr. Man," have you toiled your way through this world, do you know the meaning of that bitter word "defeat"?

From your letter I conclude that you have had almost everything of what you have wanted in life, just for the asking, and have lived your life just as you preferred. And now when the question of a wife arises, you want one—made to order. What kind of a reply do you expect—one of this type? I'm your girl; take me; I'm just what you want. No, my dear man—you won't—not from a respectable woman, the kind you want for the mother of your children.

Not through advertising will you get a girl worth the price you will pay. Because only cheap girls will fall for such things. A true, good girl, seeking happiness in her home, wants to know the man she is to marry, socially, personally, physically, mentally, religiously, etc. You state that you'll be married within a year, I will say, any girl who wants to know her husband, (you and a stranger) in that length of time, will have to do some "wideawake" research work.

Why are you so bent on informing us that you will be married before 31. Don't be so sure, if it's your fate you will, if not you won't. Let me sincerely advise you, young man—watch your step, you have started something ! ! ! Don't take the first nibble at your bait. "She" may be worse than yourself (what do you think of that?) or even make your life, section, and home a perfect hell! Hoping Mr. Reader will take my criticisms in the truly sincere mood in which they are meant.

A HAPPY SCHOOLMA'AM.

P. S. Please Miss Fairfax, publish if you see fit and thereby let me know whether I am the dunce I really feel this morning, when mailing this. E. M. S.

Wild and Daring.

Mr Stranger—Dear Friend: Please don't think this wrong. I'm not the kind that does this kind of thing, but you aroused my curiosity when I read your letter in the paper, though I can't tell you why.

I'm 18, rather tall, dark hair and eyes. I'm of a "butterfly" disposition, and marrying is far from my mind just now, but I just wanted to see what kind of a man you are.

I cannot send you my real name, as it would never do for my people to know that I would do such a thing. I've always been beyond such things and I can't help but wonder where I get my nerve to do this. I'll send you the name of one of my many chums.

I'm captain of our "basket ball team" and president of my class. You probably won't want to make the acquaintance of what you call a popular girl, as most girls of 18 never lack beaus, as you already know. Don't take this wrong. I'm not bragging, but I wanted you to know before you wrote me.

I want your picture before I write any more. I am popular, because I'm at the head of all our good times and I'm daring. This is a dare that the bunch made me before I wrote you. They've never dared me anything and I'll not back out this time.

I do not hate farm life, but I'm not thinking of marriage. I write to six soldier boys, but care for no one. I'll not sign my own name, it can be sent to my chum. I will be to you as "Miss Somebody."

Please don't think I'm bold, as I'm of an aristocratic family and I'd never have this known. MISS SOMEBODY.

Do Not Advertise.

Dear Miss Fairfax: In accordance to the long letter in your column I would say to the writer: "Do not put an ad in the paper. Somewhere, some time, you will find the only girl and then you will be thankful that you didn't.

I, too, believe there is no really, truly love before marriage, but that a wonderful love develops when the couple's interests become common or as one and they learn to be companionable to each other.

The writer of that letter is certainly different from any man I ever was acquainted with. I believe "Dorothy Dix" would term him as "The new Adam," and he would certainly make a worthy friend.

Really I believe it would be a wee bit of heaven on earth to be a companion through life with a person like this one. Sounds like I might be a grandmother giving advice, don't it, but I'm ONLY 19.

To a Lonely Bachelor.

Your letter interested me greatly for I, too, am a lonely soul. Life! life! particularly night life, is what I crave! I would enjoy living on a farm I feel sure, but, don't you think after the cows were in bed we could seek the white lights? My nature demands excitement and I have always been forced to do the conventional things while I longed for a Bohemian existence. I feel sure that your nature and mine would blend perfectly, I can see that you are really wasting away from a consuming loneliness but you do not realize it. Some jazz music, an occasional Martini cocktail and a pretty girl would do more toward curing that all-alone-in-the-world feeling than any amount of husking corn. Every cloud has its flannel lining and here awaits one to take you by the hand and lead you away from your dreary monotony into the great world where happiness awaits you!

A SOLITARY ONE.

To Bachelor-Farmer.

My Dear Miss Fairfax: In reply to the "bachelor-farmer" whose letter appeared in the Saturday Bee would like almost to say "ditto." At present I am considered a successful and popular woman, but as I near the end of the "twenties," I wonder if I am. As a child my fairy tale books always told how "the knight" appeared and so I have wended my happy way studying and traveling and waiting for my one ideal to appear. Today I think perhaps some of my many gentleman friends might have made me happy.

Success can never take the place of home and children. And enough of my life has been spent on the farm to convince me that I will always prefer rural life to the city.

But supposing this bachelor and myself should ever care to meet. How could we do it according to conventions? I am acquainted practically all over the state. Perhaps we have mutual friends.

However, this seems so absurd for a conventional prosperous "old maid" to write that I feel tempted not to mail it and it certainly causes me to "grin."

If the bachelor cares to answer, however, he can put a notice to that effect to the POLK COUNTY GIRL.

Wonderful Opportunity.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Would any young affectionate, home loving girl undertake to make an ideal young man happy?

What a wonderful opportunity to love, live and think.

It will be too bad if our bachelor friend will be obliged to advertise for a woman to undertake a life position as he has to offer.

You say you have gone over your list of girl friends and cannot find "the" girl. Maybe you have not looked at the right place for her. Maybe she is a business girl you have met and not a school friend. So look again. ESTHER.

An Answer.

In answer to the "bachelor's tragedy," which is no "grinning" affair, I would say:

Love is fed by chivalry and chivalry is—sleeping, not in this man's mind or those of his makeup, but in our world at large We lack the courage of our best convictions; we fear to stand alone.

I, myself, am more of a hermit than I have any desire to be, because death and other circumstances decreed that I be homeless, and because a woman cannot "seek" without being misunderstood by perhaps the very one that is most worthy.

"There is no place in the world for an honest woman," I heard a girl say lately. There is one place, I said, where all honest women deserve to be and that is in some good man's home. But how a good woman alone in the world, is to find her right place is my tragedy. JESSY.

A Solution.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been reading the lovelorn letters. I like to read them, but really I think some boys and girls ask silly questions. I read the farmer-bachelor letter. I think some things he says are real sensible, but I am afraid he likes his self better than anyone else. I think if he will only forget his self he will be married before the year is out. Miss Fairfax, I don't know what you will think about my letter. I never wrote one like this before. I will put my name and address, but please don't put it in the paper, will you? I am writing to some of my friends and I thought I would write to you. MAYME.

Mr. Farmer: Can you imagine the snows lightly shadowing the earth without and our hero toasting his tootsies beside the hearth within; feeling sentimental, too; all alone—and no one to love him? Pathetic! Why didn't you 'phone me, Ralph?

Seriously, though, your story appeals to me and I should just love to have you write me. Won't you, please?

I am a terribly nice little plump girl of 27 summers, and so many of the boys like me, but "Resolved," never, if I remain in single blessedness 'till 80 shall I marry for aught but love.

Here's hoping I am lucky enough to at least receive a little answer. Bye. CECIL.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Until we have to believe it is so, for it carries far and near.
Some prices that we quote are really extremely low:
In fact, all get a bargain and at small profits they go,
Now, in this week's exceptional bargains, are goods of every brand,
Earnestly we ask you to read them, your attention it will command,
Select your goods, then come to us, for we will treat you well,
Show that by your early trading your colors we can tell.

Interested housewives, please do not fail to come,
Soon to the Washington Market, and your shopping is quickly done.

Get the habit of carrying your packages home, and you will be doing your bit,
Or visit our branch at McCrory's, it sure is making a hit.
Our motto is high quality, low prices and honest weight,
Don't forget we are sanitary and very much up-to-date.

Choice Sirloin Steak, lb.	20c	Extra Fancy Skinned Hams, half or whole, per lb.	25¼c
Choice Porterhouse Steak, lb.	22½c	Good Oleomargarine, per lb.	25c
Choice Pot Roast, lb.	17½c and 20c	All Brands Creamery Butter	50c
Choice Rump Roast, lb.	20c	Bulk Oatmeal, 4 lbs.	25c
Boiling Beef, per lb.	12½c	Rolled Oats, per pkg.	10c
Lean Pork Chops, per lb.	24½c	Extra Fancy Head Rice, lb.	9½c
Lamb [illegible], per lb.	25c	Hand Picked Navy Beans, lb.	15c
Lamb Legs, per lb.	22½c	Extra Fancy Dried Peaches	15c
Ground Bones, for chickens, 6 lbs.	25c	Extra Fancy Oregon Prunes	15c
Winchester Sugar Cured Breakfast Bacon, per lb., at	32½c	Seedless Raisins, per lb.	15c
		Fresh Pork Tenderloin	32½c

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Steer Porterhouse Steak, lb.	23½c	Young Veal Stew, lb.	12½c
Steer Round Steak, lb.	23½c	No. 1 Mutton Legs, lb.	23½c
Steer Sirloin Steak, lb.	22½c	Fancy Mutton Chops, lb.	22½c
Steer Pot Roast, lb.	17½c and 19½c	Fancy Mutton Roast, lb.	16½c
Steer Boiling Beef, lb.	14½c	Skinned Hams, lb.	28½c
Steer Shoulder Steak, lb.	19½c	Cudahy Puritan Regular Hams, lb.	29¾c
Steer Rib Roast, lb.	17½c	Sugar Cured Picnic Hams, lb.	23¾c
Pig Pork Butts, lb.	26½c	Swift's Winchester Bacon, lb.	41½c
Pig Pork Roast, lb.	24½c	Cudahy Puritan Bacon, lb.	41½c
Young Veal Chops, lb.	19½c	Sugar Cured Bacon, lb.	36½c
Young Veal Roast, lb.	18½c and 20½c	3 lbs. Mutton Stew for	25c

Money-Saving Grocery Department.

Graham Flour, 24-lb. sack	$1.35	Skinner's Macaroni, Spaghetti or Noodles—3 pkgs., for	25c
Rye Flour, 24-lb. sack	$1.30	Large Queen Olives, 35c quality, jar	27c
California Sardines, 7-oz. cans	7c	Preserved bottle Pears, 32c quality	27c
15c quality cans Peas or Tomatoes	12c	Fancy Comb Honey, frame	24c
Fancy Dry Lima Beans, lb.	15c	Sultana Raisins, per lb.	15c
Hand Picked White Navy Beans, lb.	15c	Fancy Head Rice, 3 lbs.	25c
Beat 'Em All Soap, 6 bars for	25c	Tall Pink Salmon, per can	20c
Diamond C Soap, 6 bars for	25c	Burnam & Morrell's No. 2 cans Pork and Beans, per can	17c
4 lbs. Rolled Oats	25c	Sunshine Chocolate Fingers, 2 lbs.	25c
White or Yellow Corn Meal, lb.	5c	Perfecto Sugar Wafers, 2 pkgs.	25c
Farm House Apple Butter, regular 35c quality, per jar	29c	Large pkgs. Sunshine Crackers, regular 35c quality, per pkg	29c
Oil Sardines, 4 cans for	25c		

Butter, Eggs and Cheese Department.

Fancy Elgin Butternut Butter, lb.	49c	Best Peanut Butter, lb.	19½c
Fresh Country Butter, in 2-lb. rolls, per lb., at	45½c and 48½c	Fresh Cottage Cheese, 2 lbs.	25c
Fresh Country Butter, in tubs, per lb., at	47c and 49c	We have a complete stock of sweet, sour and dill pickles; also milk, cream and whipping cream.	
Full Cream Brick Cheese, lb.	32½c		

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables.

Best White Spuds, 15 lbs. to the peck—per peck, at	32½c	Carrots, per bunch	5c
Extra Large Head Lettuce, each, 7c, 8c		Green Onions, per bunch	5c
Leaf Lettuce, 3 for	10c	Extra Fancy Celery	10c
		Fancy Radishes, 3 bunches for	10c

COFFEE DEPARTMENT

Morning Hour, per lb.	19c
Fancy Santos, per lb.	23c
Purity Blend, per lb.	40c
Hotel Blend, per lb., 35c—3 lbs. for	$1.00

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Steer Porterhouse Steak, lb.	22½c	Young Veal Stew, lb.	12½c
Steer Round Steak, lb.	23½c	3 lbs. Mutton Stew for	25c
Steer Sirloin Steak, lb.	22½c	No. 1 Mutton Legs, lb.	23½c
Steer Pot Roast, lb.	17½c and 19½c	No. 1 Mutton Chops, lb.	22½c
Steer Boiling Beef, lb.	14½c	Fancy Mutton Roast, lb.	16½c
Steer Shoulder Steak, lb.	19½c	Skinned Hams, lb.	28½c
Steer Rib Roast, lb.	17½c	Cudahy Puritan Regular Hams, lb.	29¾c
Pig Pork Roast, lb.	23½c	Sugar Cured Picnic Hams, lb.	23¾c
Pig Pork Butts, lb.	25½c	Swift's Winchester Bacon, lb.	41½c
Young Veal Chops, lb.	19½c	Cudahy Puritan Bacon, lb.	41½c
Young Veal Roast, lb.	17½c and 19½c	Sugar Cured Bacon, lb.	36½c

Special Prices In Our New Grocery Department.

Tall Hebe Milk, per can	11c	35c Bulk Coffee, per lb.	25c
15c quality Tomatoes, per can	11c	25c Bulk Coffee, per lb.	17½c
15c quality Corn, per can	10c	$1.00 gallon Catsup, per gallon	99c
15c quality Peas, per can	12c	10-lb. can Calumet Baking Powder	99c
3-lb. can Sauer Kraut, per can	14c	10-lb. can Karo Syrup, per can	69c
Tea Siftings, per pkg.	15c	Meadow Gold or Wedgewood Butter, per lb., at	50c
15c quality Corn Flakes, pkg.	9c	Best Potatoes, 15 lbs. to the peck	33c
Huco Pork and Beans, in tomato sauce, per can, at	9c	Best Gano Apples, bushel basket, $1.69	
4 lbs. Bulk Rolled Oats	25c	Regular 45c Sweet Oranges, per doz., 35c	
25c can Pears for	14c	Large Grapefruit, each	7c
20c can Peaches or Pineapples, 2 cans for	25c	Dried Peaches or Prunes, 2 lbs.	25c
25c can Salmon, per can	17½c	Pine Tree Matches, per pack	5c
Hand Picked Navy Beans or Lima Beans, per lb., at	15c	6 pkgs., for	25c

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Milk-Fed Chickens, per lb.	22½c	Young Pork Roast, per lb.	19¾c
Choice Steer Beefsteak, per lb.	19c	Round, Sirloin or Porterhouse Steak, lb.	22½c
Young Veal Roasts, per lb.	16½c	Veal Stews, per lb., at	13½c
Young Veal Chops, per lb.	17½c	Fancy Steer Rib Roast, lb.	17½c
Fancy Mutton Chops, per lb.	15c	Salt Pork, per lb., at	25c
Hamburger Steak, per lb., at	17½c	Sugar Cured Bacon, per lb.	29c
Home Made Sausage, per lb.	15c	S. C. Bacon Squares, per lb.	32½c
Neck Bones, per lb., at	7½c	S. C. No. 1 Lean Bacon, per lb.	39½c
Liver, on sale, per lb., at	10c	S. C. No. 1 Skinned Hams, per lb.	27c

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Shop Early, As We Close at 7 P. M.
SATURDAY PRICES GOOD ALL WEEK

Fancy Can Corn or Tomatoes	10c	Quart Jars Olives	17½c
Fancy Can Pears or Peaches	7½c	Quart Jars Jams or Apple Butter	25c
No. 3 can Sweet Potatoes or Hominy,	10c	California Plums or Peaches, can	11c
Large can Mustard Sardines	10c	No. 3 Large Can Pears, Plums, Peaches, per can, at	15c
No. 2 can Kidney or Lima Beans	10c	Macaroni or Spaghetti, pkg	7½c
No. 2 can Hominy or Kraut	7½c	Tall Can Salmon	15c
10c Glass Mustard or Olives	7c	2-lb. 5-oz. can Sawtay	49c
Quaker Oats or Pancake Flour	10c	4-lb. sack Pancake Flour	25c
4 lbs. Oatmeal or Cracked Rice	25c	6 pkgs. Matches or Toilet Paper	25c
3 lbs. Barley or Choice Rice	25c	Home Made Bread, per loaf	8c
3 lbs. Fancy Brown Beans	25c	Creamery Butter, per lb.	47c
		Choice Eggs, per dozen	53c
		1-lb. can Calumet Baking Powder	19c
		Swift's Cleanser, per pkg.	4c
		Kamo Soups, per can	9c

Mail orders filled at same prices. Largest cut price mail order grocery and meat market in the state. Write for price list. U. S. Food Administration License No. G-13105.

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