

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Conducted by Ella Fleishman

Love and Home Making

Part of the Duty of the Modern Girl to Know About Cooking and Housekeeping.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.  
A curious case occurred the other day in Chicago, and as the details recorded in the daily papers might be called "Why men come back after leaving home," the story will bear another telling.  
It seems that a Mr. John Franz used to board with a lady by the name of Mrs. Geraldine Cade, who was an excellent housekeeper. Her cooking was such that not once was Mr. Franz driven to tender retrospection concerning his mother's pies or coffee. The pies and coffee of Mrs. Cade were so excellent as to create new standards of their own.  
Mrs. Cade was soon treading the old reliable, well-worn footpath to a man's heart—the stomach. And Mr. Franz was going the way of all men—he was falling deeply in love with his comforts. They became engaged and everything seemed as happy as the final act of an anti-problem play when something went wrong.  
Perhaps Mr. Franz took a meal downtown and contracted dyspepsia; perhaps he wanted to go to France and become a soldier; perhaps as the day approached he got a plain case of church fright—the details are vague—what he did was to flee Mrs. Cade's house.

Mrs. Cade was a sensitive woman and feeling keenly the aspersions cast on her chicken à la king, Irish stew and biscuit Tortoni, she sought heart balm to the tune of \$25,000.

The Old Reliable Route.  
In the meantime, Nemesis caught up with Mr. Franz, who had taken to "eating round lunch rooms." How different everything was, now a grimy bus-boy slammed down cutlery, and a waitress, with the piercing note of a calloppe, called for "beans and —." There was no pie to be had, but the less said of that pie the better. Mr. Franz began to realize how blessings brighter as they take their flight.  
He called up Mrs. Cade's lawyer and said he wanted to go home. He married the lady, and they are presumably enjoying those final chapters of romance, which in the fairy stories of childhood, are summed up in: "They lived happily ever after."

There is a whole library—several libraries, in fact—on the subject of domestic happiness bound up in this story from the daily news. Where good meals abound, there the heart of man lingers. Something may drive him away, temporarily, but, like the cat, he always comes back.

Keeping House Well.  
In the face of this truism, why are not all girls—irrespective of position or prospects—taught to keep house well? If they can't be taught at home because their mothers unfortunately belong to the great school of delicatessen and "ready-to-serve" housekeepers, why can't schools of domestic economics be established in every town, city and community of the United States?

I know some attempts in this direction have been made in the public schools, and it is well enough in its way, but it doesn't go far enough. Domestic science courses should include marketing and a thorough knowledge of meat cuts, and how to get the best results from each in the way of nourishment and flavor. But so many women are lambs—or rather sheep—led to slaughter, in the hands of the butcher.  
Girls should be taught to market systematically, and taught to buy

everything—meat, fish, vegetables—and then keep cash accounts afterward. It is the telephone, and that fatal "line of least resistance," that are at the bottom of so much of "the high cost of living."  
The war has brought American women fact to face with their shortcomings as housekeepers as nothing else could have done. They want to save, but they don't know how. In the back part of their brains there has always been a little contempt for this quality; now they discover it to be a fine art.

For it is a fine art as understood by the French that intelligence that gets a full price for every penny expended, and at the same time produces results so excellent as never to suggest the sordid. American women—I am speaking of the traveled class—have always admired this quality in the French, but they have also felt that it was not for them to emulate. They were too busy with large affairs—which they were always a bit vague about, when pinned down for details.

Now with husbands, sons and sweethearts "over there," they are confronted with a problem that finds them a little awkward and inept. I am not thinking of the women on farms or in rural communities, but the city woman who skims through her housekeeping and gives the finest flower of her energies to some philanthropic project away from home. For, like the poor, we always have our Mrs. Jellybys among us.

Something Lacking.  
A woman who can't make a home has some vital ingredient lacking; she is as defective as if she were color-blind, tone-deaf or like the heroine of that lovely parody on the Blessed Damozel who "had three fingers on one hand."

Home-making is far more necessary than much she acquires at school. Doubtless she will be taught the name of the capital of Persia, and in the time of Caesar, "all Gaul was divided into three parts"—useful information, certainly, but hardly as valuable as how to make a cup of good coffee, or the best method of preparing a pot roast.  
Let the girls knit, by all means, and dance and play the piano, and study Greek if they want to, but do not neglect to teach them the difference between a rib and a chuck roast, and that the best way of cooking one would mean the destruction of the other.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

He Should Inform Her.

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: My fiance before he met me, used to know a girl in his school. Last June she invited him to her graduation, in a letter, which showed she still hoped to win him back. I forced him to go, as I felt sorry for the girl. Even now she shows she would like to have him back.  
Once I felt sorry for her, but now I am beginning to think that she must be very foolish. Ought I to write her a note, saying we are engaged? (Our engagement has not been announced.) JOY

In mercy to this silly girl, your fiance should write her a little note telling her that as an old friend he wants her to be one of the first to know of his great happiness in his engagement. Perhaps she does not deserve this consideration, but I am sure you are generous enough to want to save her from hurt and putting herself in absurd and humiliating positions. You are not the one to tell her, he is.

Nothing to Talk About.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I expect to become engaged to a girl I have known for some time and am about to visit her people, but

Red Cross Chairman No. 21



MRS. E. C. TWAMLEY

Mrs. E. C. Twamley is chairman of the Happy Hollow auxiliary, which worked at the summer club last summer and will take up its work again this year.

A meeting has been called for June 5, at which time plans for the summer will be formulated. At the close of last season's work, a sum of money remained in the treasury to the credit of the women. Decision will be made as to the manner in which the money will be spent and whether the workers will take up surgical dressings or hospital garments.

Mrs. Twamley spent a great many hours doing Red Cross work with the Nebraska base hospital and First Presbyterian church auxiliaries during the winter. She returned recently from a two months' trip to California and the south, where she visited all the army posts and cantonments.

Conservation Couplets

By MRS. L. C. HEATH, Brayton, Ia.

When you clear the dinner table  
Don't forget the egg light as a feather.  
If you're well and strong and able  
Don't throw away the scraps of bread and meat.

Save the bits of canned tomato,  
And the boiled or fried potato.  
Anything that may be used as food to eat.  
Soften these and mix together.  
Beat an egg light as a feather.  
Place a half a pint of cornmeal in a pan.  
And a spoon of baking powder.  
In this soil the oats of cheer,  
Brown in grease, and make it better, if you can.

There's no wonder that we mutter  
When we pay such sums for butter  
And there's substitutes that answer just as well.  
Buy some Oleo and try it,  
And I'm sure you'll not deny it,  
That the difference 'twixt the two, you cannot tell.

In the cornmeal mush you're making,  
Stir in meat scraps from the baking.  
From the boiling and the frying  
All the lean and all the fat.  
How surprised you'll be in trying  
When the mush so brown is frying,  
Not a small morsel left to feed the dog or cat.

In the fall when kraut you're making  
Don't regret the time you're baking,  
Just to can and seal it tight;  
When at last it's good and sour.  
In the winter time of tossing  
And lean sauerkraut and sauerkraut  
There's sauerkraut and sauerkraut  
Ready at the dinner hour.

Other things we might be saving  
While the people now are raving  
Am at a loss as to what is proper for me to do.  
Her mother has no objection to sheltering me for the night, but the girl would rather have me stay at a hotel. The reason she gives is that women might talk, and that would put her in an embarrassing position. C. A. M.  
With her mother's consent it will be perfectly proper for you to accept the hospitality of the young lady's family. There is absolutely nothing in the situation that could cause the most "gossipy" women to make any comment.

Women in Wartime

Delta Gammas Collect One Mile of Dimes for The Belgian Children

A mile of dimes to save the Belgian children is the slogan of the Delta Gamma sorority, whose members are beginning a nation-wide campaign to raise \$10,000—a mile of dimes to give to the refugee children who have been brought into France since the allies have gained the parts of Belgium occupied by the enemy since the beginning of the war.

Local sorority sisters have up to the present secured \$194, which they have gotten from their friends, asking each one to give a dime for each of the children in the family.

Mrs. A. D. Peters had the affair in charge. Each member took a yard of card board on which were placed for dimes amounting to \$1.70.

Children Will Give Benefit for Red Star

Children of Holyoke-Dox school will present an operetta, "The Rose and the Pearl," at the close of the school year for the benefit of the Red Star animal relief. The date and place have not been decided upon.

A voting contest was held among the little pupils to see how the money made by the entertainment should be spent. Out of the list of patriotic organizations, the Red Star appealed most to the children.

The school is 100 per cent in the Junior Red Cross. Novel ways have been discovered by the children to bring in extra pennies for war relief. All have small gardens at their homes.

Little Miss Helen Meister has already brought in 40 cents from the sale of radishes, and small Natalie Dale proudly donated \$1.40 which she earned by picking dandelions from the lawns of her neighbors.

CONSERVATION MEETINGS POSTPONED.

Conservation programs which were to have been given at the Dundee and Lake schools on Thursday will be postponed for a week because the schools will be closed for Decoration Day.

RED CROSS NEEDLEWORK

After three months of close application, Mrs. F. A. Henninger has donated an exquisite piece of Hardinger work to the salvage department of the Red Cross at 1409 Harney street. The work on the piece is a triumph of needlework and it is estimated the piece is worth \$50. It is to be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross.

NEW OFFICERS.

The Carter Lake Kensington club met Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. C. G. Scott. Officers for the coming year were elected as follows: President, Miss Terra Tierney, secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Arthur Schwartz.

THE MORE PARTICULAR your palate, the more pronounced your preference for

# GUND'S BEVERAGE

THE GREAT DAY SOFT DRINK

All the goodness nature tucked away in the ingredients from which it is made has been developed to the highest form of tastefulness, a full delicacy of flavor.

To be had wherever soft drinks are sold and that is everywhere.

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HELD IN HIGH FAVOR BY FOLKS WHO ARE FOND OF GOOD THINGS TO DRINK

Bee Want Ads Are Business Boosters.

"John, I'm ashamed of these"

Of course she is, and so are you every time your wife speaks about that old-fashioned bathroom equipment in your home.

Many a time you've looked them over and almost decided to rip out those antiquities. But you haven't done it.

Why? Probably because you've thought of it only from the standpoint of pride and comfort and concluded that those reasons were insufficient.

But there's a bigger reason—for your HEALTH'S sake and the health of your family. No consideration on earth would delay the removal of those old eyesores if you knew that tomorrow their unsanitary features would strike down some member of your household.

Then why wait until it happens? The installation of modern, sanitary, Thomas Maddock bathroom equipment costs so much less than you think, that it will be worth your while to have us tell you about it.

Ask us to tell you about the Maddock way.

See Your Plumber or  
UNITED STATES SUPPLY CO.  
Ninth & Farnam Streets

Madbury GMB

# Ho! All Ye Women, Attention Please!

Kilpatrick's wants a word or two with you  
Announcing for Friday at 8:30 A. M.  
A sale of the first magnitude--

## The Blouse Sale Par Excellence of All the Year

We have made great preparations to make this the star event, so you may have great expectations. Utterly impossible to give you detailed information or adequate description of Qualities, Styles or Values. A few inklings, however, may be helpful and here they are.

**At \$1.98** is the lowest price. These are Sheer and Summery and daintily trimmed with lace or embroidery.

**At \$2.98** This lot contains Blouses which you will find hard to match for less than \$5.00. Many are colored.

**At \$3.98** Exquisite is the term applied to these; additional adjectives could very properly be added. Many in the lot well worth \$6.50. All who buy will fare well. First comers will have the advantage which comes from First Choice.

**At \$4.95** A wonderful lot. Made of the finest fabrics such as Georgette, Batiste, Voile, Organdy and Crepe de Chine. Linger a while when you gaze on these.

**At \$6.95** If we asked you \$10.00 for these you'd pay it without a murmur. Indeed if you are a buyer of Blouses, you must have paid ten dollars for Blouses of less merit and not nearly so attractive.

**At \$7.95** About the last word in beauty, the acme of style, superb in quality, silky fabrics, with no camouflage, no libeling of the silk worm here. Real silks and beautiful Voiles with appropriate trimming. We might mark them \$12.50 and even \$15.00 and get away with it, were it not that we desire to make this Blouse Sale Town Talk. Read ad again please—let it seep in, and then be prompt in attendance. THAT'S ALL.

# Thos. Kilpatrick & Company