

# WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

Conducted by Ella Fleishman

## Home Economics

Edited by IRMA H. GROSS  
HOUSEHOLD ARTS DEPT. CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

### Sweet Sandwiches

There is a whole realm of sandwiches unguessed by the majority of people who limit themselves to a few familiar kinds. A sweet sandwich lends itself to a variety of uses. It is delicious with a beverage or with a fruit salad; it is equally good on a picnic.

One special point in favor of sweet sandwiches now is that the kinds of bread that are especially adapted may be entirely wheatless. Nut bread may be used merely with a little butter or a thin spread of tart jelly; brown bread, plain or with a few nuts or raisins is good for sweet sandwiches—as is gingerbread.

#### Gingerbread.

1 c. molasses  
2 T. fat  
1 t. soda  
2-3 sour milk  
1 egg, beaten  
1/2 t. salt

Heat molasses and fat to boiling point. Remove from fire, add milk, egg and other ingredients sifted together. Bake in a moderate oven 40 minutes—in a loaf.

#### Nut Bread.

1 egg  
1/2 c. milk  
1/2 c. sugar  
2 c. barley flour  
1 c. corn flour  
1 t. baking powder  
1 c. nuts chopped  
1 t. salt

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar, and add milk, egg and nut meats. Place in a well-greased pan and let rise one hour. Bake three-fourths of an hour in a moderate oven. Will cut better the second day.

#### Suggested Fillings.

Figs, dates and nuts run through a food chopper. Mix to a paste with lemon or orange juice. Raisins may be used in place of the other fruit. Cream cheese and shredded pineapple (drained) cream cheese moistened with tart jelly or marmalade.

Caution ginger thinly sliced. Shredded or grated coconut moistened with honey.

Grated or mashed banana, flavored with a few drops of lemon or orange

### Co-Operation

Mrs. 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.

juice. Nuts, coconut or candied cherries may be added.

#### Cream Filling.

(Good between oatmeal crackers.)  
1/2 c. butter or butter substitute  
1/2 c. powdered sugar  
1/2 egg white, unbeaten  
1/2 t. vanilla

Cream butter and sugar, add egg white and vanilla, beat together thoroughly.

### Nurses' Corps in Field

The woman's committee of the Council of National Defense, Nebraska division, whose nurses' bureau, under the management of Miss Mary T. Cogil, is making such a fine campaign for recruits for the training school hospitals, is in receipt of the following new ruling on nurses:

For the first time in the history of the army nurse corps of the United States, women are sent into the field with the same equipment as the officers, according to Captain J. P. Yoder, of the army medical department at Washington, D. C. They will be subject to the same living conditions as the men, being housed in tents and eating at a mess furnished from a field kitchen.

These women are the nurses assigned to travel with the United States mobile hospital units. Each section of the unit contains a complete operating room outfit on motor trucks and will be accompanied by 10 army nurses. Five of these sections form a unit.

The purpose of a mobile hospital unit is to carry the operating room to the injured man to insure the minimum loss of life which might be incurred by a tedious transportation of severely injured soldiers. The

### Our New Puzzle Feature



Complete the Letters of Simon's Sign—they will spell the name of an American river. (Answer tomorrow).

Answer to yesterday's puzzle—MOZART.

### Right Off the Reel

Grace Cunard has come back. She's just beginning the ninth year since she flashed across the silver screen. In the meantime she married Joe Moore and retired to private life.

"The Purple Dress," by O. Henry, the beloved short story writer, will be released in the near future. This two-reel feature of pictured literature is a thoroughly American story.

Now that Theda Bara has had her promised rest after filming "Salome," she has begun on another big picture. The scenes are laid in the Philippines. There is much of the justly popular military to lend a background.

English women have become expert in making guns and gun carriages, including the fine fitting work on the breech mechanism and the screw cuttings of large threads up to a shoulder.



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### Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, says:

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## "Dreamland Adventures"

By Daddy—"The Giant of the Woods"

### CHAPTER II.

#### Hail to the Princess.

Yesterday we told how Peggy, made tiny through the favor of the Wishing Rose, went sailing through the air on her toy airplane and how a strange feathered creature had so frightened her that she had lost control of the plane and it had plunged, somersaulting toward the earth.

PEGGY held her breath as the airplane whirled dizzily downward. Desperately she leaned back. That is just what she should have done, for the machine promptly righted itself and soared safely upward again away from the threatening ground.

"What are you trying to do?" shrieked the shrill voice again. Peggy ducked and the airplane, obedient to her every move, ducked too. The feathery something wheeled about her curiously.

"Why, it's the swallow!" cried Peggy, astonished to find that the bird, which had seemed so small from down below, was now as big as she. For a moment she had forgotten about eating the leaf of the Wishing Rose.

"Of course I'm the swallow—Mr. Swallow, if you please," responded the bird, ranging alongside, "but what are you?"

"I'm a little girl," answered Peggy. "Stuff and nonsense!" contradicted Mr. Swallow impudently. "Whoever heard of a girl flying? Why, girls don't even dare climb trees. You're some kind of a new bird, but I'll be blown if I know what kind."

"I'm not a bird. I'm a little girl riding an airplane."

"An airplane—that's the kind of a bird you are, one of those awkward things that make such a fuss about flying and then land with a foolish crash and a bump."

"I'm not an airplane. I'm just riding an airplane," explained Peggy indignantly.

Mr. Swallow looked her over critically. "Ah, I see. How funny! And who are you, anyway?"

"I am Princess Peggy," she answered tartly.

"What!" shrieked Mr. Swallow, so surprised that he stopped short in the air and took a long fall before he knew it. In another moment he was frantically chasing after Peggy.

"Oh, your Majesty, forgive me, forgive me!" he cried. "I didn't know it was you."

"You are very rude," answered Peggy severely.

"I humbly crave your pardon," begged Mr. Swallow. "We didn't know you were coming today. And I'd never seen a princess before."

"How should you know I was coming?" Peggy was now curious.

"Because all the birds have been waiting for a princess to deliver them from the Giant of the Woods. Come! Come, quickly!" cried Mr. Swallow, setting off at a terrific rate.

"Here, here, you've made a mistake!" called Peggy, but the swallow only flew the faster, shrieking back, "This way! Come, come!"

Here was an adventure Peggy hadn't been counting upon. An encounter with a giant! She didn't like the idea at all. But it did sound romantic, and—well, Peggy's curiosity was aroused and the airplane followed swiftly in the swallow's wake. Over the town, lake, fields and marshes they flew, beating even a fast train puffing along below. Finally they came to a large forest over which they skimmed until they reached an open glade. The swallow darted into the glade and Peggy followed, the airplane alighting softly on a cushion of moss.

Peggy looked around her delightedly. Never had she seen such a charming woodland spot. It looked like a fairy palace, with tall trees as stately pillars, heavy vines as tapestry and flowery mounds as furniture.

Mr. Swallow was out of sight, but Peggy could hear him shrilly announcing his strange news: "The princess has come! The princess has come!"

She started to follow him, but of

a sudden she stopped still. She had come upon a dainty, swaying cradle of twigs half hidden in a bush. Fast asleep in the cradle were three cute bird babies.

"Oh, aren't they dears!" she cried. Her voice awakened the birdies and their eyes popped wide open. So, too, did their beaks, which they spread so wide that they looked all mouths and nothing else.

"Mamma!" they chirped feebly. "We're so hungry."

"Why, you poor little mites, you look half starved," exclaimed Peggy, who now saw that while at first glance their fluffy down made them seem fairly sleek, they were really only skin and bones.

"Mamma, mamma," moaned the bird babies, sinking back in a hopeless, helpless sort of way that brought a lump to Peggy's throat. "Mamma, please come home!"

"There, there, perhaps she'll come soon," said Peggy soothingly. "I wish I had something for you to eat. Then Peggy remembered her lunch.

"Why, I have something. Here are my sandwiches."

Diving down into her knitting bag she brought out sandwiches daintily wrapped in paper. Each little beak opened wide. Peggy broke up the sandwiches and popped the morsels into the yawning mouths. My, how fast the bird babies gulped them down

—as if they hadn't eaten in a week! "Give us some, too!" chirped tiny voices nearby. Peggy glanced about. There were dozens of nest cradles hidden in the bushes and in each nest were hungry bird babies with their mouths appealingly open. A tiny Thrush spoke up: "Please, we haven't had any breakfast since day before yesterday, nor any dinner, nor supper either. We're awful hungry!"

"I should think you would be," answered Peggy, setting vigorously to work feeding her sandwiches into all the waiting mouths. "My gracious, I think your mothers are awful careless to leave you birdies starving like this. Have they gone to the club? They ought to have been home long ago."

"Their mothers will never come home," chirped a motherly Robin who at that moment alighted on a nearby perch to divide a juicy worm among a nestful of Goldfinches.

"Why, are they dead," asked Peggy in a hushed voice.

"Worse than dead," answered Mrs. Robin with a shudder. Creeping close to Peggy she cautiously whispered: "They are prisoners of the Giant of the Woods, doomed to an awful fate unless the princess comes quickly to rescue them!"

Tomorrow it will be told how Peggy is crowned Princess of the Birds, and is called upon to rescue the captives from the dungeons of the Giant of the Woods.

### My Hat Diary

—BY—

Carita Herzog



Well, honestly, yesterday, when I drove out with "Peggy" in her car and saw her cute costume I almost became jealous. It was darling. Her hat was black straw with checker-board satin crown and a satin band that came under her chin. The colors were white and blue and really she looked like a little doll in it.

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