

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

For the present reigns our monarch... With an added weight of hours; Honor her for she is right; Honor her for she is ours.

Ideals are like stars; you will succeed in reaching them with your hands. But like our farthest moon, desert waters, you can chase them for your souls, and following them you reach your destiny.—Carl Schurz

Advice to the Lovelorn

I have one big, deep regret—that I cannot print all the letters received. Today we take up rouge and powder. Watch every issue for the final discussion.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Love and Paint. Dear Miss Fairfax: We are two high school girls who have been reading your column constantly and think that your advice is excellent and now we come to you for help. We are not foolish or "boy crazy," but instead are very much interested in our school work, for we realize the importance of getting all we can out of high school. We go with our boy friends frequently, but never allow any privileges. One afternoon a number of us girls were out on a hike and met a car in which we saw two of our high school teachers with two gentlemen friends. One of them was acting perfectly proper, while the other, who was in the back seat had allowed her friend to put his arms around her. Now, Miss Fairfax we are sure she is not engaged to him for she goes with a number of the young men in this city. Is this proper? We have always been taught not to allow such actions as this, but on the other hand we have been told to follow the example of our high school teachers. What shall we do? We have been reading the discus-

NOTICE. One of these days I will write a long letter on the subject of rouge and powder and fallen women which will bring my readers nearer together—that is, their opinions. But in the meantime I shall print their discussions, for, after all, isn't it public opinion that moves the world in this, or that, direction? Your letters on this subject are welcome—and I enjoy them—and so do other readers. B. F.

Two High School Girls. Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: I would like to say that if some of the men would look at their own habits, such as cigarette smoking, they would be better off, although we do not agree that girls should paint.

Reverend speaks. Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: Kindly allow Everett True, the infant, an opportunity to speak of

rouge and paint. I am a mechanic, and strange to say one of the kind which cannot be fooled with paint or camouflage. Girls, who are you trying to attract? Wouldn't you rather run after a rabbit and be natural and not catch it than to rouge and paint and run after a skunk and catch it? In other words why don't you play the role of frankness and purity and be your own sweet selves? At least this paint and rouge is temporary, is questionable and places many a pure sweet girl in the class with the automobile—a "runabout." Get away from deceit, girls, be yourself, and let your Prince Charming win you for yourself alone, then you will have no deceptions to continue after the winning's done. Of course no reasonable person would object to the use of powder or other substance used upon a chapped or otherwise unnaturally colored face, but you had better leave nature alone. Now to be honest, including the painted and rouged, the girl is a better girl than the average man is a man.—ROVER.

Satisfied With Her Looks. Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: I also have a word to put in the discussion. Have very thin, pale lips, as one of your readers wrote. As soon as I saw the paper and read what she said about it, I decided I would try her advice, so I borrowed my sister's lip rouge and, having light eyebrows, she also darkened them, but when my boy friend called he refused to go with me if I did it again. Although I do not believe in criticizing people, I do think that girls should be satisfied with their looks and not try to look better to

love with you. Don't marry to be accommodating. Marry because you've learned what love is and because you have substantial reason for believing that the man you're in love with is worthy of love.

It's the matter of all others that your own heart and your own conscience must decide. But because you must decide it alone, you must on that account be all the more careful not to decide it hastily. If you mustn't marry just to be polite or obedient, you must also certainly not marry from wishfulness or perversity. Don't slope at 17 with the youth who made love to you so charmingly last week, even though he seems to you at present the divinest creature on earth. Wait and consider. Be very careful not only that you love, but that you love wisely. And under those conditions I think constancy will take care of itself.

If you make up your mind not to become engaged to a man because he wants you to do so much, or because other people want you to, you are not likely to find yourself in that condition of agonized uncertainty where anxious onlookers will threaten you with the club of constancy. But if you have made the mistake which so many women make—of drifting into a listless compact love with a man they are half indifferent to, merely because at the moment there's no other man in sight—have the courage to repair your mistake before it is too late. Constancy to a man you don't love is a meaningless virtue. Acknowledge your mistake, accept all the blame for it and reserve the treasure of your heart for the man whom you will some day really love.

The Only Reason for Marriage. Don't marry a man because you have known him all your life or because your family think well of him or because he has been kind to you, or because you think he is in

their boy friends and other people by using paint. Yours respectfully, C. L. O.

Her Chum Paints. Emerson, Ia.—Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: On this subject of painted dolls, I myself have a brunette's hair and eyes and a blonde's complexion, and am considered very pretty, but this is not the subject. Men do not like the rouge dolls. As I know from experience, my chum paints constantly and she does not take with the men as I do. A little loose powder is all that is needed—just to take the shine off the face. But girls that want to be popular always must not be a rouge doll, but must be natural. As I have been in company for about two years I know what kind of girl goes in the eyes of men. So, girls, don't blame the fellows if you use rouge and powder so freely, because they won't stay long. Hoping to see more on this subject, I am, MISS SIXTEEN.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am an interested reader of your "Advice to Lovelorn," and would like to say just a few things about "Should women use rouge or powder?" Has anybody stopped to think much on the subject? I am 22 years old and have been married nearly three years. I should think if women were to have red lips and cheeks nature would furnish them. I myself would rather have a girl who does not use it. Thank goodness I got one. I also have a brother who feels the same as I do. His name is Robert. Rouge, to me, looks like a kind of a darling way to make men take more of a fancy to the user. I also think it is about 50-50 on the men and women criticizing each other. L. A. M.

Another Side Presented. Miss Fairfax: May I write a few words in regard to Tony's protest. I did not read C. O. A.'s remarks. His remarks were meant for all girls who paint but surely Tony's protest was in behalf of the girls of the underworld. And my remarks are meant for them. First, what is the toll in human life taken yearly by these girls. Second, how many homes are wrecked yearly by these

Painted Dolls. My Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: Just a few words on "Painted Dolls." I think Mr. C. O. A. looks

girls? Here is the story, a beautiful home and church weddings, a happy honeymoon. A few years later, what do we see? Our hearts are filled with pity. Up on the knob of the door hangs a bunch of crepe. What do we see inside? Blinds drawn, and in a farther room a casket. What do we hear, hushed footsteps, whispers, and in another part of the house a baby crying for the mother who never again will clasp her darling to her heart. And where is the father? The weakling who so soon grew tired of the lovely girl he led to the altar, where nightly he may be seen with the girls with the reddest of hearts. The long night through spent in the wildest of orgies. Yes, indeed, the redder of hearts dripping with the blood of the innocents. At- tentive wives, appreciative mothers. Stop, look, listen! A fallen girl for a mother, a moral weakling for a father, what would the child of such a union be? I am endeavoring to point out to these girls some of the terrible things they are directly responsible for. I do not suppose these girls care or know where all the mer- they see nightly go or come from. One thing more girls, remember. Some day you and I shall meet Him face to face. MRS. W. E.

One for Clean Faces. Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: I am just a boy of 18. The topic "Should Girls Paint" has caught my eye several times.

I don't see why a girl must paint. Clean thoughts and a clean mind is all she needs to attract a good boy. Give me the plain girl every time. But if C. O. A. has been out with girls that paint he should keep it to himself. It is hard enough for girls as a whole to keep a good name in this world.

If I were a girl I'd like to write C. O. A. a personal letter. I think he would change his ideas of good and bad girls. I don't think C. O. A. had any grounds to start this argument. Let the girls do as they please about painting or powdering that is none of the men's business. Let's ask the girls what they think of a boy that gambles. It is just as bad either way. They have just as much right to paint as we have to gamble. EIGHTEEN.

Painted Dolls. My Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: Just a few words on "Painted Dolls." I think Mr. C. O. A. looks

on the wrong side of this matter entirely. Of course, I agree that many, many women and girls go to extremes. But how much a little powder and paint adds to one's looks at times. Show me the man that likes to go about with a young lady who is always pale and her face is always shiny, etc. That's about what they'd all look like if it wasn't for the paints and rouge. There is absolutely no excuse for carrying it too far.

I could then—why do people persist in kicking a woman when she's down, instead of giving her a helping hand? There would be much less evil in the world if everyone attended to his own business. The Bible says, "Go ye, and sin no more." It seems that if a woman or girl does try to do better, someone is continually reminding her of her downfall. If she really wants to do better, help her, and try to make her feel as if she were your equal. (And in a good many cases she is.) I could talk and talk on this subject but as space is limited I will quit. Please do not print address or name. (SHORTY.)

The Painted Girls. My Dear Miss Fairfax: Not only religious but the welfare of society demands encouragement and real help be extended to every class of human society. Scorn for those we

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feel or think are below us in social or moral life is not only not Christian it is unpatriotic. For scorn is promotion of class and race hatred. It breeds social and industrial unrest and strife. The fact that these painted girls are hard to reach and that comparatively few are reformed to a virtuous life is not a reason for neglecting to do what we may to befriend and help all we can to save some to a life of virtue and honor. I think generally women are more uncharitable and unwilling to help the fallen girl than men. And if good women and girls would turn as cold a shoulder to the unvirtuous girl they would help a lot in solving the social evil. And if the law would punish the man who betrays a girl, a he should be punished it would help a lot, too. W. W. H.

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Who Can Tell How Long Love Will Last Though it Consumes Entirely

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Sometimes I wonder if too much hasn't been said about constancy. Constancy to the person one has promised to marry, for instance, is regarded not only as a virtue but as really inseparable from decency and honor. "Breath of promise suits" are seriously considered in the courts and litigation is pointed to as an abandonment.

Changing one's mind—or one's heart—after one has promised to marry and to love forever is held to be simply one of the things that can't be done. This idea is so general, and so many sharply vigilant eyes are constantly on the lookout for violations of the good old rule of constancy, that I suspect a good many tender-hearted, self-distrustful young creatures are frightened into marriages that if they felt perfectly free they would unregretfully escape from.

My own belief is that constancy as a virtue has had too much emphasis. And I feel a most genuine sympathy with the entirely frank young writer of such a letter on this subject as recently came to me. "I am 19," the letter reads, "and am engaged to a man three years my senior. I have known him all my life and I think I really do love him at one time, but I know now that I do not love him. I have never let him see this change, because I have been afraid of breaking his heart, as I'm sure he loves me very much. I take no interest whatever in his letters or anything about him. I never even think of him when he is not with me. Now, Miss Fairfax, I think I would be doing him a great wrong were I to marry him with this feeling in my heart. Still I have not the nerve to tell him. I would be so grateful to you if you could advise me what to do." Now this is as far, doubtless, as 19 had the courage to go.

A False Position. This young girl has the sincerity and clear-sightedness to perceive that she is in a false position. She has the sense to know that she is headed in a fatally wrong direction—wrong for herself and for her lover. All she lacks is the "nerve," as she says, to act on her knowledge.

It is quite easy, of course, to see what she is afraid of. She is afraid of what people will

say. They will call her fickle or cruel. And it will hurt. And being only 19, she won't be entirely sure that people aren't right. And she is afraid of family pressure. Families are pretty formidable things when they're all agreed upon some one point that a single unruly member dissents from. They have a way of making it extremely unpleasant for the unruly member. And the publicity of a broken engagement, especially an engagement with a good, steady young man who had been a lover since childhood, is something that most families would be pretty certain to oppose.

And finally she is afraid, as she says, of "breaking his heart." Of course she is reluctant to cause the pain that a complete rupture with her faithful sweetheart is certain to bring him. It isn't easy by any means to watch an innocent person suffer and to know one is solely responsible. This is no doubt the hardest part of all. But while admitting the reality of the difficulties that are in her way, I want to encourage this young girl in what is beyond any doubt her duty to herself and to her sweetheart.

To marry a man who she not only doesn't love but is wholly indifferent to would be, as she puts it, a great wrong. Nothing justifies marriage but love. And this does not sound like a case where there is any chance of a tardy love developing. So what is there for her to do but be sincere and courageous and tell her lover the truth? Her family will readjust itself. What friends and neighbors may have to say is really beside the point. And the lover himself, however profoundly disappointed he may be, won't die of a broken heart. The hearts of normal, wholesome, steady going young men aren't nearly as brittle as that. Ultimate recovery is pretty certain. I wish that all lovers would realize how simple the matter really is. There's only one reason that justifies two people in marrying, namely, that they love each other so much that they cannot be happy apart.

The Only Reason for Marriage. Don't marry a man because you have known him all your life or because your family think well of him or because he has been kind to you, or because you think he is in

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Home Economics Edited by IRMA H. GROSS HOUSEHOLD ARTS DEPT. CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL Kitchenette Cookery Little Sunday Night Suppers. One of the easiest and pleasantest ways of entertaining a few friends is at a Sunday night supper. It is always cozy to gather around a table, and Sunday is the day devoted to leisure. In planning a little supper, it is well to remember that it is apt to be successful if the hostess does much of her preparation ahead of time, leaving herself unfurried and affable at the time of serving. This statement is particularly true of kitchenette cooking, for the kitchenette lends itself best to simple cooking, and only a few dishes at a time. MENU I. Club sandwiches, Perfection salad, Marshmallow cream, Coffee. The salad and cream are best made in the morning and set in the refrigerator. The club sandwiches may be prepared at table if one has an electric grill and an electric toaster. The coffee may also be made at table. Club Sandwiches. Mix cream cheese and peanut butter, and season with salt, red pepper and mustard. Spread on hot toast, lay lettuce leaf on top and on this a slice of grilled bacon; cover with a slice of toast. Perfection Salad. 3 pkg. lemon gelatine, 4 c. chopped celery, 1 c. sharp vinegar, 1 c. pimentos, 1 c. chopped cabbage. Prepare the gelatine with boiling water as directed on the package, using three tablespoons less water than called for; add the vinegar and let stand till it begins to set. Add other ingredients, turn into molds and chill. Serve on lettuce with salad dressing. Garnish with strips of pimento. Marshmallow Cream. 1/2 lb. marshmallows, 2 T. marshmallow, 1 c. whipping cream, cherries, 1/2 c. vanilla, 1/4 c. walnuts. Cut nuts, cherries and marshmallows in small pieces. Whip cream, add vanilla, fold in remaining in-