

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

A man may not be the creator of circumstances, but neither is he wholly their creature.

No power on earth or in hell can make a lie mortal.

Home Economics

Table Manners

While table manners may be largely convention, they have a basis of common sense in many cases, and they are arbitrarily taken as an indication of good breeding. Hence woe be to the person who through ignorance or carelessness steps aside from the prescribed way. The reason why carelessness gets the upper hand is that many of us keep one set of manners for home use and another for "company" and at times the two get confused. It goes without saying that the two should be one and the same.

Pointers to Remember.
 Sit down and get up from the left of the chair.
 Place a woman guest at the right of the man who brings her in to dinner.
 Be careful in the handling of silver. Hold a spoon or fork as a pen. Keep the fingers far up on the handles of the cutlery.
 Keep bread and butter on the bread and butter plate, or on the dinner plate if no bread and butter plate is used. Break off a small piece of bread, roll or biscuit and butter it after it is broken. Do not break bread or crackers into soup, though it is good form to drop oyster crackers or croutons into soup.
 Place the knife and fork crossing each other when not in use during a course. Place them parallel and at one side at the end of a course or when passing the plate for a second helping.
 Fold the napkin if one expects to have a second meal at the same table. Otherwise place it compactly on the table without folding.

Do not stack the dishes even at a home table. That is much better done after the dishes are removed from the table.

Remember people never can have good table manners, especially children, unless those manners are exercised every day, three times a day.

Mineral Matter In the Diet

(Dora L. East in the Journal of Home Economics.)

The time is here for me to have the juice from off the greens, For herein lies the best there is In spinach and string beans.

Without the mineral in my food I could not life retain, And so I'll save the part of it That oft goes down the drain.

I'll eat the beet and turnip tops, The dook and dandelion, And all the fruits and vegetables That I can get my eye on.

Then, too, I'll have both milk and eggs, For they are rich and rare, And then to save the mineral, My potatoes I'll not pare.

But all the breads and breakfast foods I must not here omit, For when from the unshelled grains they're made They're mineral quite a bit.

The all important point is this, I must have mineral matter, And I'll eat anything that has it, From purslane to hard water.

Gertrude McNally, an employee of United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing has been elected as vice-president of the Maryland State and District of Columbia Federation of Labor.

Salaries of women teachers in the Oklahoma public schools have increased 26 per cent in the past two years.

The Easiest Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. This destroys it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips. By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be soft, lustrous, glossy, silky and fluffy, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive, and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.—Adv.

Virginia Still Lives and Is Happy



Virginia has not been injured in an automobile accident. The story was all wrong. When a reporter called to inquire about the report being circulated that Miss Pearson had been seriously injured and that something like 10,000 letters of sympathy had been received, she answered sweetly but hurriedly: "You can see for yourself that I am not ill; there must have been something like the number you state (referring to letters), but I never had more pep in my life." Then she rushed off to do some war work between "takes."

Advice to the Lovelorn

Love Comes Unbidden and, "To Love or Not We Are No More Free Than the Ripple to Rise and Leave the Sea."

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A Problem.
 Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: My friend has written you for advice, and seemed to be successful, so I've decided to come to you also.

I had been going pretty steady with a soldier at Fort Omaha, but last evening I just all of a sudden realized I didn't care for him. I went with him merely because he was lonesome. I'm not insinuating that he couldn't go with other girls here in Omaha; but he got in some sor of a quarrel with his girl in his home town, and, naturally, felt sort of down-hearted. He put all his confidence in me and told me everything, and as I understand he is engaged, I feel that I am helping to deceive this other girl, and I most certainly wouldn't want to do that, as I would want to be treated square if I were in her place. At times it seems to me that he doesn't care a bit for her, then again he simply raves about her. Sometimes I'm his "little sister," then again—"sweet heart." Miss Fairfax, I've just about given up this idea of being a good pal to him for I feel guilty, not knowing whether this other girl cares for him. He gets peeved if I go out with other fellows (he doesn't go with any one else in Omaha that I know of) and that's what has got me guessing, what DOES he mean? He said he had something to tell me, but didn't think he had the right to, but would some day.

I had gone with him for about a month before he told me of this other girl—in the meantime he talked to me though he were as free as I am. I won't make any engagements with him till I hear what you have to say, for whatever you say goes. Remember, I am only playing "sister" to him—that's what I call it, or in other words good "pal." I've just about decided that all men are alike. They lie right to your face, and pretend that they are just as square with you as you are with them. I am positively disgusted with men; are they all alike, Miss Fairfax? Sincerely yours, MARY.

You must have an understanding with your soldier friend. If you really do not care for him, it would be better for you to dismiss him entirely, but if you like him and believe he does not care for the other girl, then it is best for you to ask him not to call on you again until he has made his position clear to the girl at home.

You ask if all men are alike. In some respects, yes; but all are not good—or bad. Plenty of samples of each variety in graduated degrees may be found anywhere.

Flirting.
 Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: We are three girls, 14 and 15, and are in the eighth grade. We live in a town with a population of 1,800. We have been accused of flirting, and really, we don't know what flirting is. What is flirting?
 Is it proper for girls of our age to go to picture shows, dances, etc., when our parents don't object, but other people talk? We are all very popular among the boys, and is it him, then, to show that he "has the goods?"

Dear Miss Fairfax, Omaha Bee: My friend has written you for advice, and seemed to be successful, so I've decided to come to you also. I had been going pretty steady with a soldier at Fort Omaha, but last evening I just all of a sudden realized I didn't care for him. I went with him merely because he was lonesome. I'm not insinuating that he couldn't go with other girls here in Omaha; but he got in some sor of a quarrel with his girl in his home town, and, naturally, felt sort of down-hearted. He put all his confidence in me and told me everything, and as I understand he is engaged, I feel that I am helping to deceive this other girl, and I most certainly wouldn't want to do that, as I would want to be treated square if I were in her place. At times it seems to me that he doesn't care a bit for her, then again he simply raves about her. Sometimes I'm his "little sister," then again—"sweet heart." Miss Fairfax, I've just about given up this idea of being a good pal to him for I feel guilty, not knowing whether this other girl cares for him. He gets peeved if I go out with other fellows (he doesn't go with any one else in Omaha that I know of) and that's what has got me guessing, what DOES he mean? He said he had something to tell me, but didn't think he had the right to, but would some day.

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Special!

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The Mitchell Manito Board will tell you what is going to happen and when. Get one at our special price of—

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Save ice and keep food sweet and wholesome many hours longer than the average refrigerator.

Dry refrigeration is attained in these three refrigerators.

All interior parts are removable, making them easy to clean and sanitary.

Constructed of seasoned wood, specially treated; ordinary dampness cannot rot them.

Every home should have its Refrigerator, and at the Bowen Store prices, you should buy the early this spring; in fact buy it now. Prices range from—

\$9.50, \$12.50, \$15, \$17.75, \$29.50 and up

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17 Black Detectives and 3 Copying

The largest selling quality pencil in the world

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Good Standard Corn, per can	10¢
Per dozen	\$1.15
Fancy Selected Eggs, in carton, per dozen	45¢
Extra Fancy Lemons, per dozen	15¢
Pig Pork Loin Chops, per lb.	32¢
Extra Fancy Home Made Hamburger, per lb.	20¢

"My Heart and My Husband"

ADELE GARRISON'S New Phase of "REVELATIONS OF A WIFE"

What Happened at the Stockbridge Home.

Mrs. Stockbridge herself met us at the door, in appearance and manner quite transformed from the stiff, sulky woman I had first met, and with no trace whatever of the mad-crept creature who had shrieked at me from the side of the road a few weeks before. Evidently, as Bess Dean had predicted, she was "on her best behavior," and it was a cordial, smiling welcome which she extended to us as we came up the steps.

"My dear," her husband spoke the words with the deferential intonation he almost always uses toward her, "this is Lieutenant Graham. You have met Mrs. Graham and Alice, of course."

"I am so glad you could come to us, Lieutenant Graham," his wife said brightly, shaking Dicky's outstretched hand with effusion. "And now, Kenneth, if you'll take Lieutenant Graham up to your room, I'll bring the girls out to the sun parlor. We'll have tea there in a few moments. I know you must all be tired and thirsty."

"We're so tired, Milly," Alice Holcombe spoke promptly, "that I for one would like to go upstairs and get some of this dust off before tea."

I wondered if it were my fancy or did a flicker of alarm show in Milly Stockbridge's eyes for a moment? The next moment she had answered calmly:

"No need to climb the stairs, Alice. Here's a lavatory and towels and a mirror right here, as you know." She threw open a door from the hall. "Just freshen up all you wish while I see to the tea. Bring Mrs. Graham out when you're ready. Alice knows this house," she turned to me, "as if it were her own."

She slipped away and Miss Holcombe alighted on her hats and coats, not daring to speak until she was safely out of earshot.

"She's been up to something," Miss Holcombe muttered in my ear when we felt that we were safe. "I'd give a cookie to be upstairs this minute, but she has effectively put that out of our power without rudeness until after this cup of tea. She'll try to keep us down here as long as she can till very near the dinner hour. You see, she happens to be one of those absolutely perfect housekeepers that nothing ever hurries her. All arrangements for her dinner and reception are proceeding smoothly, her mother's cook always comes in to help her when she gives an affair, and she has ample time for mischief."

"What do you think she's done?" I asked.

"Played hob with your dress in some way, I'm afraid, she's a spiteful and irresponsible as an ugly spoiled child, but she's not going to get away with anything this trip. Her mouth set in grim unbecoming lines. "Now you follow my lead. I'm not going to linger long over that tea drinking, so please be prepared to second whatever I have to say."

A Trick Disclosed.

I followed her out to the sun parlor, fighting a strong impulse to snatch my hat and coat, run out of the front door and away from both dinner party and Bayview forever. And it was with a sense of some impalpable mesh enclosing me that I greeted the appearance first of Dicky and Mr. Stockbridge, then of Mrs. Stockbridge and the tea wagon.

"I am my own maid today," she said smilingly, "for I do not wish to take Christine away from the kitchen."

Dicky and her husband sprang to assist her, and in another moment we were drinking tea as cozily as if all the possibilities of ugly human passions were not on the leash very near the surface of our lives.

It was after the second cup that Alice Holcombe roared to her feet decidedly.

"I know you men want to smoke," she said, "and as for me, I simply shall have to lie down a little before this evening or I won't be able to keep my eyes open."

"But, Mrs. Graham will keep poor little me company, won't you?" Mrs. Stockbridge turned to me appealingly.

"I am so sorry," I said mendaciously, "but I was just going to ask the same boon as Miss Holcombe. I have been afraid that one of my nervous headaches was coming on."

"Then you must lie down at once," Dicky spoke with loving authority. "Mrs. Graham has always been subject to nervous headaches," she explained courteously, "but since her accident they seem to be more frequent. I am quite worried about them."

"Very well, I will go upstairs with you," Mrs. Stockbridge, said a bit stiffly, and we were soon in the large, pleasant room assigned to Alice Holcombe and me.

"Oh, by the way, Mrs. Graham," Miss Holcombe exclaimed guilelessly, "you know you promised to let me see your gown as soon as I got here. Where is it, Milly?"

"I told Christine to hang it up in that closet," her hostess replied, and I noticed that her nostrils looked pinched and her lips were drawn apart.

Miss Holcombe opened the closet door, took down the gown and its hanger, turned it around, and uttered a dismayed exclamation. One of the side panel draperies was covered with a dirty green substance!

My Ideal Leading Man

By Ruth Clifford

Clothes may not exactly "make the man," but they do help wonderfully!

My leading man must be well groomed, lithe, tall, graceful, I prefer a blonde in the beginning, well cooked under, a slow sun until he becomes almost brunette. His clothes should not list him as though they were built by a sail-maker on spec. He must dance smoothly, look like an Apollo.

Well, then, find me one with as many of these attributes as possible. I don't want a leading man who sees things through rose-colored glasses and walks on clouds of conceit. I don't want him "beautiful" nor do I want him unattractive. His charm, however, must be obvious—if it isn't it may make him all right for social intercourse—but not for the screen.

To "get over" a man must have a polish and gloss that makes an impression for him. It is up to him, then, to show that he "has the goods."

Celebrated Onyx Hosiery

On Sale Next Saturday at Union Outfitting Company

10,000 Pairs of Ladies' Silk and Fibre Hosiery Purchased Ridiculously Low From Overstocked Manufacturer.

Every New Spring Color and Style Represented in All Sizes.

Big Money-Saving Event—Two Pairs for Price of One—Sale Takes Place in Enlarged Cloak and Suit Department.

See Friday Evening's Paper.

Next Saturday two thousand women will be offered the greatest money-saving opportunity of a lifetime in beautiful fibre silk hose and pure thread silk hosiery, full fashioned. The Union Outfitting Company was very fortunate in securing at exceptionally low prices, thousands of pairs of Ladies' Onyx Hosiery. Every pair absolutely perfect and latest Spring style. Beautiful colors are represented; shades for every garment; sizes for every woman, and every pair for sale at half price. It is another evidence of the big buying power of the Union Outfitting Company, outside the high rent district, and their ability to make lower prices. And remember, the Union Outfitting Company considers no transaction complete until the customer is thoroughly satisfied.

HEINZ BAKED BEANS WITH PORK AND TOMATO SAUCE

One of the 57

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS

TRY Heinz Baked Beans in place of those expensive steaks and chops you have too often anyway. You will save money. You will benefit your health. But better than all, you will like the beans—like them so well you will never miss the taste of meat. That is because Heinz Baked Beans are oven-baked, and have that delicious, satisfying taste that only oven-baked beans have.

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
 Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston style
 Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without meat (Vegetarian)
 Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

Bitter or Better Baking

A letter makes a great difference in a word. A word makes a great difference in baking powders.

If the little word "alum" appears on the label it may mean *bitter* baking.

If the word ROYAL stands out bold and strong, it surely means *BETTER* baking.

This is only one reason why it pays to use

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

Made from Cream of Tartar derived from grapes

Royal Contains No Alum—Leaves No Bitter Taste

(Continued Tomorrow.)