

Woman's Work -:- Fashions -:- Health Hints -:- Household Topics

Hope

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
 A crimson rift that streaks the gray,
 A deathless scent that still will stray
 Athwart the years, the living strain
 Of music heard through depths of pain.
 A star abreast a stormy sky,
 A smile where tears are scarcely dry,
 And eyes that grief has rendered blind,
 Reflecting light unquenched and kind.
 A word that lingers in the still,
 The strength of never conquered will.
 The joy that in faith's own heart lies—
 That life is sweet and nothing dies.

Marriage in England After the War

BY A HOPEFUL BRITISH HUSBAND.

One of the few redeeming aspects of the great war is that it will entirely reform the status and labor bondage of husbands.

Pessimists often ask what scrap of ultimate good will come out of this upheaval. Sociologists and statisticians picture a variety of perhaps two women of marriageable age to one man of marriageable age. Optimists, of whom I am one, look impatiently into the husband's goods.

The war has finally unmasked the greatest of woman's age-long deceptions of man. Ever since the first cave woman sent the first cave man out into the cold wind to hunt the woolly rhinoceros while she nudged by the fire woman has deceived man that she is his inferior in strength, courage, endurance and achievement. For her own ease she has flattered him that his is the dominating sex (mockery of the manacled wretch) and the directing sex (mockery of the laden beast). Her cave ancestress said, "Go out and hunt the skin, and I'll wear it," and woman has said it ever since.

And then came this mighty upheaval. Woman, forgetting in its stress all the secret she is giving away, has buckled up in her millions and shown that there is hardly any work of man that she cannot do. She is driving motor-lorries, she is twirling milk-cans into guards' vans while ancient porters mop their faces in amazement at new records in bang and speed, she is doing the post-man's round, the liftman's gate clanging, the ploughman's furrow, the lamp lighter's circuit, the sweep's chimney, the window cleaner's mountainous pile of windows, the deliveryman's bank clerk's lightning arithmetic. She is standing long hours at the mechanic's lathe.

The women insurance agent trips in all weather down miles of mean streets, the woman dentist is following the woman doctor, the janitors of all the learned and lucrative professions are trembling at her nearing footsteps. She is perhaps nearer the House of Commons than ever. Mrs. Pankhurst could have brought her. It can envisage even the wool-sack in her future—albeit that she will want it recovered daily to match her change of robes.

Shall man, then, looking forward to the new world after the war, be anxious and pessimistic? Not he. Shall he be fearful that woman, the worker, will henceforth take the bread out of his mouth, when woman the worker will go forth to earn the bread while he, the peaceless and rare one, sits at home? Woman has given away her secret and sold her ancient bright of ease. It is for us, the real tender sex, to see now that she does not regain it.

At last there is promise of man coming into his real kingdom. The curtains are drawing aside of that repose which is his by right, but has always been usurped by woman. Woman has always been credited with being the tender sex, the imaginative sex, the romantic sex. Woman has been shielded from the world because of her sensitive delicacy. Woman has not gone out into the hurlyburly because the dust and clamor of the market were thought unfit for her. But she has disproved all that in the days. She is as good as the best of us. It is my own belief that she is far more competent than most of us. She has more determination, less sentiment, more energy, more truth.

Man is the romantic sex, the sensitive sex, the imaginative. There is no woman in whose body there is as much romance as in man's little finger. Woman is the directing sex, the hard, practical sex, the sex that cannot be "blarneyed" or deceived. George Meredith, (who knew more about woman than any man who ever wrote on that difficult and thorny problem), and that "the friendship of most men is purchasable with an air of good-fellowship and a cigar."

But woman is immovable, for hers is the practical sex, the sex with tenacious common sense that we weak men possess not. It is the strongest of paradoxes that man has always ridiculously attributed to her all those softnesses and sensibilities to his beloved that, in truth, his beloved would scorn to possess.

What married woman would not contend that her husband is less worldly-wise than herself? What husband has not suffered this intolerable wrong of being treated like an infant by his wife and yet compelled to go forth and work for her?

A topsy-turvy creed, this belief in woman's soulfulness and tenderness. There have been millions of love-sick Romeos and never a love-sick Juliet; and in all history there has never been one woman who has looked at the moon and sighed (as we, the awful sex, so often do), when no one is watching her.

But now comes man's emancipation, his halcyon era. He can settle down now to his romances, his visions, his arts. He can cultivate his tender emotions, abstracted from the rough world and unspotted from its traffic. He can dream dreams—a futility that has ever been repugnant to the common sense of women.

In-Shoots

The lath-string of misery is always out.
The wages of sin are always promptly paid.
Bluff seldom wins a victory over a formidable foe.
Good manners sometimes put a veneer over bad morals.

Prize Model of Black Tulle



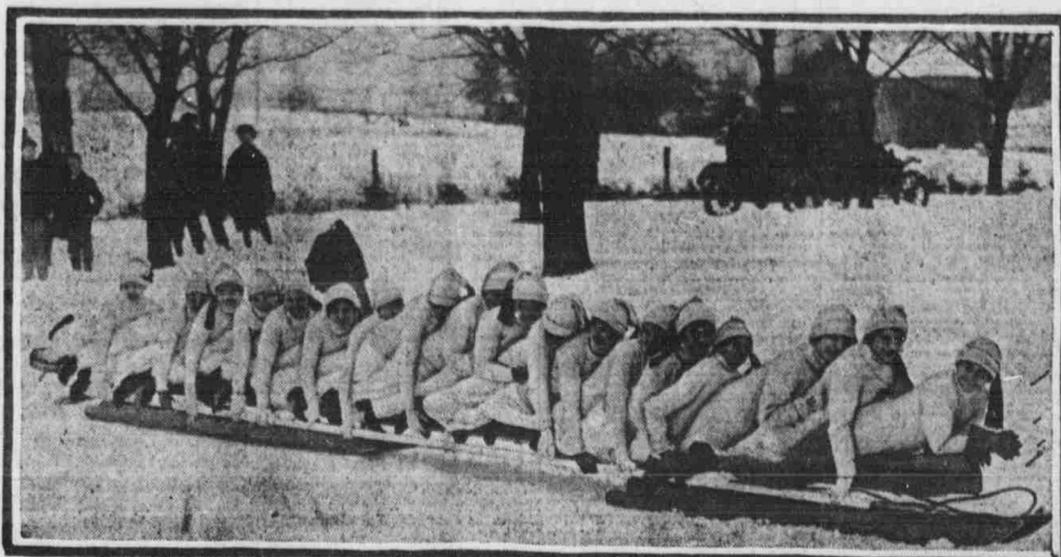
The Winter Garden prize model, made of black tulle, black satin and gold embroidery.

Again has the supremacy of exquisite fabrics and simplicity of line been demonstrated in the world of fashion. At the Fashion show, in which Fifth Avenue houses participated, held at the Winter Garden in New York last Sunday evening, the prize was awarded to a model made of black tulle combined with black satin and gold thread embroideries. It represented the essence of refinement in an American evening gown made for American women.

As the sketch indicates, the tulle is draped over a Velasquez red, which holds the material well out from the figure and supplies a picturesque feature. The panel of satin is weighted with a fringe of gold, and the tulle of the bodice is mounted over cloth of gold at one side, the other side being composed of the gold embroidered satin. One shoulder strap is of black velvet, making an excellent foil for the opposite strap, which is of rhinestones.

The model was worn by a modern daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair, whose blonde beauty enhanced the charm of the black frock.

BEAUTY WINS—Right to Left: Mrs. Gibson, the Misses Rock, Gibson, Smith, Herman, Beckwith, Teather, Wilson, Boyd, Johnson, Davis, Thomas, Herman, Germaine, Klos, Wright, Allen and Watt. In the annual Long Island bobsled race, a classic in winter sports, the winners are picked, not alone for the speed of their sleds, but for the beauty of the fair contestants. The accompanying picture shows the prize crew.



PRIZE WINNING BOB.

Parasols for Spring Wear

Parasols have blossomed out into new shapes this spring. It had seemed that, while materials would change, the general outlines would remain the same, but two decidedly new shapes have appeared in the shops. One that has sixteen ribs, each tipped with a tortoise shell, is almost flat, with only a slight curve from the ferule point in the center to the edge. The carved handle of golden-tinted wood and the intensely green silk of the covering were distinctly Chinese in effect. Some of these flat shapes have borders of fringe, of the same tone, thus increasing the oriental effect.

The other new parasol is decidedly paragon shaped, and, while a few have been carried heretofore, it is only this season that they have become numerous. A model in inch-wide black and white stripe is so planned that a black stripe is in the center of each section, while the black stripe on either side disappears into the rib as it curves from the top. The mountings are all of black, and the white handle is tipped with black for six inches.

Another dainty parasol of half-inch black and white striped taffeta, with soft changeable effect, not so flat as the first one described, but still rather less curved than those of last season, has the stripes running crosswise; and the dainty floral effect so noticeable everywhere is seen in the tiny blue and green motif which appears at intervals in the black stripe.

Spiced Crullers

One cupful butter or three-quarters cupful manufactured shortening, one-half cupful sugar, one-half cupful corn syrup, one cupful sweet milk, two eggs, four cupfuls flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful nutmeg, three teaspoonfuls baking powder. Cream butter and sugar. Add corn syrup and mix well. Add well-beaten eggs, then the milk and the sifted dry ingredients alternately. Toss on floured board and roll out one-half inch in thickness. Cut and fry in hot fat. When done sprinkle with sugar.

The First Steps

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

Oho! Here comes a pioneer; content to creep no more Within the narrow limits of the dreary nursery floor. He clambers to his untried feet and, with prodigious care, He makes the journey all alone to yonder distant chair. No more for him the laggard gait that hampered all his past, What perils can deter him now? He's learned to walk at last!



Yet many a painful fall there lies upon the long, long way Upon which, with a brave young heart, he has set out today. Pull many a traitor stumbling block shall trip his tiny toes, While mother runs for arnica to mend a small, blue nose. For young ambition seldom thinks to keep upon his guard, And all the trails to all our goals are perilous and hard.



Aha! One ill considered step; a little startled cry, A bump—and all those hopeful plans have swiftly gone awry! But try once more, and presently no frowning nursery door Shall bar those sturdy footsteps from the path that lies before. And heaven grant he never knows a harder fall than these That make him so distrustful of those little wabby knees.

The Deadly Bichloride

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

A certain amount of risk is inseparable from even the most prudent conduct of life. The great game involves the taking of fairly frequent chances, which we can meet in a cheerful, sportsmanlike spirit; indeed, take a sort of hardy joy and exhilaration in living dangerously. But there is one class of risks in which there is neither exhilaration nor profit nor sense in running, and that is the danger of taking poisons by mistake.

Too often the public mind is shocked and pained by the serious endangering of valuable human lives through the innocent looking but deadly bichloride of mercury tablet.

This is a peculiarly dangerous and treacherous poison, because it is colorless, odorless, and unless held in the mouth for several seconds before swallowing, practically tasteless; even if dissolved in water, scarcely stronger than might be caused by water from an unused metal pipe.

In fact, when made up into its usual tablets for making antiseptic solutions, there is absolutely nothing to distinguish these either by sight, smell, touch or the amount of taste that would be got from them in swallowing them whole or washing them down with a drink of water from tablets of soda or soda mint or digestive tablets containing pepsin or pancreatin, or the ordinary five or ten-grain tablets in which a great many of our drugs, such as the salicylates, aspirin, phenacetin, formalin, etc., are now commonly administered. Worse yet, when the fatal mistake has happened, it is slow in warning the victim of his danger, partly because the compact tablet is slow in dissolving and partly on account of its trick of coagulating or clotting albumina and other animal substances.

So that if the stomach happens to contain even a moderate amount of food this will soak up and temporarily neutralize the poison as it dissolves, so that it will be half an hour or more before it actually reaches and attacks the walls of the stomach itself.

This may dilute and weaken the poison and in the smaller tablets make its action on the stomach lining so gradual that serious damage has been done before sufficient pain is caused to make the victim uneasy.

Even supposing that the victim has been alarmed in time and the stomach emptied either by emetic or a stomach pump before a sufficient amount of the poison has been absorbed into the blood to produce immediately fatal results, the danger is not yet over.

The poison may have passed into the blood in such amounts that, to put it very roughly, the system is quite able to resist it so long as it is diluted by and spread out through the whole mass of the fluids of the body. But when the poison comes to be excreted from the body, as it is chiefly by the kidneys, then a new danger develops, and that is that it may be strained out of the blood and accumulated in the kidneys to sufficient amount to become poisonous to their tissues.

Indeed, it is just at this point that the greatest danger from most cases of corrosive sublimated poisoning occurs, and unless sufficiently large amounts have been taken or the emptying of the stomach delayed so long that death occurs from the immediate effects of the poison within eighteen to thirty-six hours, the chief risk which the patient has to run is that of a fatal inflammation—indeed almost literal corrosion—of the kidneys as it is being filtered out of the blood from four to six days after it is swallowed.

To put it very roughly, if a patient who has swallowed bichloride of mercury lives a day, he will probably live a week; if he lives two weeks, he is practically safe.

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

Be as Charming as Possible.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young man, my senior. This young man tells everyone else of his liking for me, but when he is in my company he acts very coldly. What I want to know is whether I shall wait until he tells me of his affection? W. T. H.

There is no reason why you should not be as sweet and charming as possible to the man for whom you care, particularly since you have heard from various sources that he cares for you, too. But it seems to me that there is something almost too backward about a youth who dares to tell everybody but the object of his affection of his feeling for her.

When a Girl is of Age.

Dear Miss Fairfax: An acquaintance who has just passed her 18th birthday says she is no longer under parental restraint, while I say that she is not of age until she is twenty-one, and that until such time she is subject to all reasonable restrictions her parents may deem advisable for her own good. M. R.

Legally your friend is of age, but morally she owes her parents respectful attention and would do well to give it to them and rely on their superior judgment. In any case, while a girl lives under her father's roof and accepts from him support and shelter of a home she most surely owes him respect, and ought to honor both him and her mother without any elaborate claims of legal freedom from restraint.

You Were Courteous.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Recently I escorted a young lady to the subway, purchased a ticket for her and parted from her. Now I learn that she is highly offended at my having purchased the ticket for her. Do you consider this attitude justified? G. W. C. D.

What you did was courteous indeed, and I think the young woman was not only foolish but a little bit discourteous to discuss the matter. If you were no, in a position to escort the young lady home it was very kind of you to take her as far on her journey as possible.

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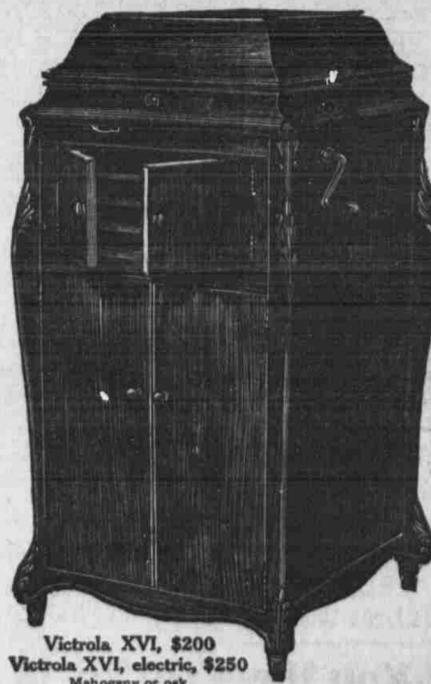
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