

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

Motherhood Greatest Career for Women

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Copyright, 1916, Star Company. Here is an interesting letter that comes all the way from New Brunswick, N. J. It is from a woman, and she says: "Through the wrong-headed ideas inculcated in my youth I have made a awful mess of my life and nearly ruined my husband's life, but at last we have won back our Eden. When I was a little girl I used to dream of my children. I planned that my first little girl was to be named Allison, and I passed many happy hours thinking how I would dress her and care for her. "I married at 17. I was then studying at an art school and my parents objected to my marrying, as they desired me to have a 'career', but as my health broke down in the school they finally gave consent to have me leave and I was married. "I was ignorant and innocent and my parents were so unwise in their ideas of life that they considered it improper for me to visit a young married friend who nourished her baby in nature's way. They thought it an 'indecent' thing for me to see. "When I was expecting my first child I was in a state of rapture. But as soon as my condition became known my friends regarded me as a calamity; my mother was angry and my mother-in-law said it was a pity. I tried to speak of my happiness, but no one would listen. But I found a number who were anxious to discuss morbid, unwholesome and distressing conditions with me. "When my second child came there was a great uproar. My husband and myself had to make apologies. The opinions of my friends pressed upon me, embittering and spoiling my joy. My husband grew to dislike the atmosphere of our home and I was far too nervous to make a good wife. "We lived in sorrow for many years, but gradually came to a simpler, truer understanding of life. In my heart I am so happy in my new-found womanliness, and I am writing to tell you that many things I have seen in this column have helped to strengthen me. I have found it very hard to be a real woman in these days. I get very angry when I see how I wasted my energies and vitality at the art school. "My relatives talked of my 'gift' and allowed me to waste my inheritance of health before I knew its value. Then when I wanted to be happy with the real gift of motherhood they made it so difficult for me. My little dream-child, Allison, instead of being my first child, was my fifth. She bears that name. "I would like to know why a girl of 17 is not old enough to decide for herself whether she will train for a career in which she has little chance for real success, or for the career of wifehood and motherhood toward which her whole nature turns. "It seems to me the tendency of the day is away from nature's method, don't you think so?" The writer of the letter explains also that she was allowed to marry without proper knowledge of what wifehood and motherhood mean. The world is full of wrecks which have resulted from this kind of wrong education by stupid or selfish parents. It cannot be laid to the fault of the modern idea of progress that girls are not taught more on the subject of wifehood and maternity, because in the days of our grandmothers the same conditions prevailed. Girls were, to be sure, taught to be good housekeepers, cooks and seamstresses, but the vital problems relating to marriage and maternity were kept from them until they faced them. Children were, perhaps, more "fashionable" in those days than they are now, but an understanding of the care, the feeding, the dressing of new-born children, or an understanding of prenatal influences are more familiar to young women today than they were in the days of our grandmothers. "All the progressive ideas of all the centuries can never change the laws of life and substitute any career for women which is so wonderful, so beautiful, so great as motherhood, when it is understood and appreciated and desired.

Household Suggestions To renovate a shabby serge skirt sponge it over with hot vinegar until all the stains and grease marks disappear. Then thoroughly press on the wrong side with a fairly hot iron. It is a great mistake to believe that the higher the gas is turned on the greater the heat. GOOD WORK FOR SICK WOMEN The Woman's Medicine Has Proved Its Worth. When Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies were first introduced, their curative powers were doubted and had to be proved. But the proof came, and gradually the use of them spread over the whole country. Now that hundreds of thousands of women have experienced the most beneficial effects from the use of these medicines, their value has become generally recognized, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard medicine for women. The following letter is only one of the thousands on file in the Pinkham office, at Lynn, Mass., proving that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an article of great merit as shown by the results it produces. Anamosa, Iowa.—"When I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I suffered with a displacement, and my system was in a general run-down condition. I would have the headaches for a week and my back would ache so bad when I would bend down I could hardly straighten up. My sister was sick in bed for two months and doctored, but did not get any relief. She saw an advertisement of your medicine and tried it and got better. She told me what it had done for her, and when I had taken only two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my head began to feel better. I continued its use and now I don't have any of those troubles."—Mrs. L. J. HANNAN, R.F.D. 1, Anamosa, Iowa.

Decidedly Smart Are the New Sport Suits

Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar.



Pink broadcloth faces the collar of this suit of twin navy blue gabardine; \$39.75. Hemp, turban with faille silk crown, \$9.50.

Heralding summer is a blue linen frock with white hair cord collar and cuffs embroidered in blue; \$18.50.

Quite demure is this spring suit of navy gabardine with gray broadcloth collar; \$39.75.

Staying in College a Problem for Youngsters

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. President of Brown University. "Thousands of young people are asking: 'Can I get into college?' It would be well for them to ask: 'Will I be able to stay in college after I get there?' About 25 per cent of those who enter each year drop out before they are graduated. In some small, compact colleges only 10 per cent drop out. In large, loosely knit institutions sometimes 50 per cent disappear before the coveted diploma is reached. They enter college full of life and hope, and they fall out baffled and dejected. Why is this? It may be for excellent or avoidable causes. It may be because of ill-health or financial disaster or the pressure of home obligations. It may also be because of pernicious friendships or false ideals formed in the freshman year. It may be because the college itself neglects the individual student and leaves him to sink or swim alone. But the chief trouble is that the average boy is not 'prepared' for college. He does not stay in college because he has no staying power, no capacity for attention, no ability to concentrate. I met in the college library a student from one of our best New England families, bending over a book, weary and bored. "How are you getting on?" I asked. He answered: "How in the world does a man spend a whole hour looking at one book? After ten minutes I find myself looking out of the window!" "How old are you?" "Nineteen." "Nineteen and cannot concentrate for one hour?" You ought to have learned that," I said, "when you were 12 years of age." Soon after he "dropped out" and is now wandering over New England looking for a job where success can be won without attention—and there is no such job. The trouble with many boys when they enter college is not that they have bad habits, but that they have no habits at all. Not that they are going wrong, but that they are not going anywhere. They are versatile, attractive and simple. They are distracted minds, bundles of scattered energies. They know a hundred things on the surface, nothing down to the roots. They have ten times as much information as their father had at the same age, and yet do not know the meaning of work. They can tell the name of every automobile that whizzes past the front door, but cannot solve any problem that demands twenty minutes of honest thinking. They are charming young fellows to know, but nearly useless in any college or any business office.

Velveteen sports suits in lovely pastel shades are among the smartest and newest sporting togs shown for the Palm Beach season, says Harper's Bazar. Imagine such a suit built of pale yellow velveteen, with the collar and cuffs of a brilliant shade of glazed blue kid, and you have a mental picture of the costume of this page. As the coat is unlined it may be worn throughout the summer. This costume also comes in pale blue, pale pink, Copenhagen blue and old rose. In each instance the collar and cuffs are of leather in a contrasting color. Many sportswomen, although liking the eager outdoors who are longing for a chance to study—but who is wise enough to select the men that are not worth while? We shall have to depend on the clumsy examination system for a long time to come. But two things we can do. We can remind every one who wants to enter college that "preparedness" is vastly more than cramming down the languages and mathematics. To be prepared means to have acquired a real ambition. It means the power to say "no" to foolish things and "yes" to the big things of life. It means to possess a backbone that is more than a "chocolate éclair." It means getting done with "kiddishness" and resolving to play the man. He who is still a child—in fickle purpose and flabby will—should stay out of the college which will treat him as a man. The other thing we can do is to insist that the college itself shall take better care of the freshmen. All the colleges are now waking up to the waste and wreckage of the freshman year. In different ways we are all attacking the same problem. At Harvard the remedy is offered through freshman dormitories, practically segregating the freshman class. At Princeton the remedy is found in a system of preceptors, each one having a squad of five or six students under his personal guidance. At Amherst it is proposed to open to the freshmen courses in economics, which will lead them out of the "prep school studies" into the discussion of the fundamental problems of modern society. At Brown we shall require all new students this year to take a course of one hour a week in what we call the "orientation of freshmen"—instruction in the origin and purpose of the American college, the meaning and value of the different departments and studies, and the standards of honor, the use and abuse of fraternities, student activities, etc. Thus we are all trying in different ways to save students from blind groping, stumbling and dropping out. But we can not save them unless they want to be saved. Perhaps 30,000 young people entered our colleges in September, to write after their names the magic figures, "1916." Some of them will be out of college again in January. "Can I get in?" That is not the real question. The question to be asked now is: "Can I stay?" Can I survive the sifting process and prove that I was worth educating?" Lanvin has designed a suit of navy blue serge, the jacket, trimmed with blue silk braid, being short, as all the new spring jackets promise to be. The narrow belt was formed of links of gold braid held together with bits of black patent leather. The collar and fronts of the jacket were faced with pink broadcloth, and a corresponding facing of pink broadcloth made a smart, wide, giraffe-like belt on the skirt. This model can be copied in the materials and colors of the original in white serge with facings of cherry-red broadcloth, and in the new fine gabardine known as Poiret twill. The white serge, with its cherry facings and belt of black patent leather and gold links, is striking. The hat worn with the model shown here is a turban of blue silk with a flaring bow at the side. The tallier, copied from a Bernard model, is made of the new gabardine in navy blue. The over-collar of dove-gray broadcloth is an excellent feature. For morning a charming little frock of blue linen is shown. The collar and cuffs are of white hair cord embroidered in blue. The tie is of black satin. Straps of white kid trimmed with black buttons are effectively introduced in the belt. This frock may be had in linen of any color with collar and cuffs embroidered in corresponding tone.

Change

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE. When Brother Tommy shines his shoes with very special care And stands before the glass to choose the tie that he shall wear, When he discards the little caps that perched above one ear, And says that all the other chaps are wearing hats this year, When he invests in scarfpins, made of imitation pearl— His mother's mortally afraid that Tommy's got a girl. No more he sneers at light gray spats or coats with swallow tails, Nor calls the fellow sissy-cats that clean their finger nails. He doesn't think it's wasting time to brush his touled locks, He doesn't hold that it's a crime for boys to wear silk socks. And viewing with extreme alarm his newborn fear of dirt, His mother seeks the magic charm, and finds it—it's a skirt. And though she bravely makes believe it brings her happiness That she no longer has to grieve because he hates to dress, And though she says that she is glad that he's so trim and neat— Far more indeed, than is his dad—when he goes on the street, Her eyes grow dim, for well she knows that nothing can restore Her little snudgy boy to her—the way he was before.

A Advice to Lovelorn By Beatrice Fairfax

Recover Your Health First. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and attending high school. Only last month I thought I was the happiest girl in the world, but was told by a physician I had a weak heart. I have an ambition to write and have been successful with four or five short stories and plays. I expected to attend college. Now I see I can't, because of my heart. I try not to worry. Can't you please tell me what to do? UNHAPPY GIRL. My dear child, there is no reason on earth why a slight affection of the heart, or even a very serious one for that matter, should prove fatal. For the present why not make your ambition center about strengthening yourself and regaining your health. Both overwork and worry are bad for you. With care you will probably be able to overcome whatever difficulty there may be, and in time you will undoubtedly be able to go on with the work. It is splendid that at your youthful age you have already made a start in writing. Now devote your common sense and talent to freeing yourself from worry and recovering health and mental poise.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR \$50

Let Me Prove Free That You Can Get Rid of It Positively, Without Pain or Injury. Free Coupon Brings You Quick Help. For years I was in despair because of a hideous growth of Superfluous Hair. I had a regular household and beard and a hairy covering on my arms. After seeking relief for years in vain, I secured through an Officer in the British Army, a closely guarded secret of the Hindoo Religion, which had made Superfluous Hair unknown among the native women of India, a fact which is well-known. It was so successful in my own case that I no longer have the slightest trace of Superfluous Hair, and I shall be glad to send free to you the full information and complete instructions so that you can follow my example and completely destroy all traces without having to resort to the dangerous electric needle. So stop wasting your money on worthless depilatory preparations and write me today giving your name and address and a 10c stamp. All I ask is that you send me a 10c stamp for return postage. Address Mrs. Frederic Hudson, 212 North Main Street, Attleboro, Mass. THIS FREE COUPON: If sent with a 10c stamp for return postage, entitles any person to Mrs. Hudson's Free Instructions to Destroy Superfluous Hair. Good for immediate use only. Cut out coupons and give to your letter. Address as before. IMPORTANT NOTE: Mrs. Hudson belongs to a titled family, high in English Society; she is connected with leading officials there and is the widow of a prominent Officer in the British Army, so you can write her with entire confidence. She has opened an office for America. For the benefit of sufferers from Superfluous Hair, her full address is, Mrs. Frederic Hudson, 212 North Main Street, Attleboro, Mass.

How the Grip Spreads

PART II. By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D. But cheer up. So long as the Pfeiffer bug is roaming at large and in the open all over your system, making you feel like a combination of a half-drowned kitten and last year's bird's nest, when every little muscle has an aching all its own, you are quite safe. It is only when he begins to "play favorites" and settles for keeps in some nook or corner of your nervous, cardiac or muscular system that you are in any serious danger. And he will seldom do this unless you put it into his head by working or chilling or overexerting or straining in some way that particular nook or corner before you have got him completely out of your system or well under control and handcuffed. Give up, "play dead," act just as limp and good-for-nothing as you feel, until life really begins to feel worth living again, and you will avoid three-fourths of the real danger of the grip. Submission is one of the least frequent duties of man, but this is one of the times when it is really life-saving and judicious. It is like the advice in the old Russian folk-story as to what to do when you meet a bear out in the forest—lie right down and pretend to be dead, and he may come up and sniff at you or poke at you curiously with his paw, but he won't eat you. The best and only medicine for the grip is to keep still and warm and as nearly comfortable as possible. As for the cure of the grip—there is none, but there are several things which can be done both to render your system less likely to catch the infection if exposed to it, and to enable it to throw it off quicker and more completely if it does gain a foothold. First and foremost, of course, is fresh air: cold or balmy, wet or dry, day or night; externally, internally, eternally. It is difficult to catch even the grip in a well ventilated room. Moreover, the fresh air should be cool—half its virtue depends on that; it tones up and hardens the skin; braces up the mucous membrane of the nose and throat, and keeps it perpetually flouting itself by a rhythmic flow of healthy mucus. Cold air, except in excessive and prolonged exposure, will do you no harm whatever, does not cause cold, and has nothing to do with colds, except in the sense of precipitating an explosion a little earlier. Or when you are recovering from an attack, and your tissues are still regaining with the germs and their poison, chilling, particularly wet chilling, of any part of the body may produce a local lesion of the poison at that point, though even this does not happen half as often as you would suppose. And remember that night air is just as pure as day air; in fact, by actual analysis, slightly freer from dust, germs and other impurities. The poisonous and deathliness of the night air is a ridiculous myth.

OPEN NOSTRILS! END A COLD OR CATARRH

How To Get Relief When Head and Nose are Stuffed Up. Count fifty! Your cold in head or catarrh disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more snuffing, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache; no struggling for breath at night. Get a small bottle of E's Cream Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream to your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable. Relief is sure.—Advertisement.

DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

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