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

#### Nagging Parents a Peril to Children

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1916, Star Company. A young man in Greater New York possessed of brains, heart and the power of expression urges the need of editorials your individual errand, a scrap of wisand articles which, as he expresses it. may mave just one little troubled soul from jumping into a fathomiess abyza out

two-fold in its purpose, a warning to parents and a warning to children; to an honest heart. Her speech and manner parents against continually nagging their were earnest. "It was awful," she said children about trivial matters until the "She was such a nice, quiet, little thing. come becomes a dreaded place of pun-time I have seen tears roll down ber ishment instead of a haven of rest and cheeks from his nagging. And nowesho's peace; a warning to children against done it because he would not come home gishing away from home and into the in time for her borthday party. He said dangers of the great outside world.

The young man says: have the best father and mother God made; but, though under thirty, I can't stand by herself. Every girl ought know a score of cases (I could truly say more than a hundred) where children have been driven to the verge of desperation by parents who have forgotten they were once young and who utterly fall to comprehend their offspring."

Just at the present moment the young man is endeavoring to dissuade a good girl from cutting loose from all home ties because she is made so miserable by the fault-finding and fretfulness which prevaff in her home.

Many times in this column has the thoughtlessness the lack of consideration, the blindness and the stupidity of parents been discussed. The high art of parenthood is the least studied of all the professions open to men and women. oMthers live under the same roof with

their daughters from the cradle to the maturity of the children and yet know less of their hearts than they know of the mental moods of Hagar of the wilderess or Rachael mourning for her children ecause they were not.

The American fathers and mothers are husing were it not that the farct they lay so often ends in a tragedy.

A young woman revealed to the writer of this article once upon a time that she had become addicted to the use of stimulants. "I think mamma suspects that I have the habit," she said, "but she has never spoken of it to me, and I have never had the courage to tell her about it or to ask her help to overcome it. She is always scolding me for every little the unwelcome truth. Where could she thing I do and I know she would have go? Who wanted her? What place had no sympathy for such a big fault as

The daughter resembled her father, who had died from alcoholism and yet this blind mother had not the sense to protect her daughter. The laws of nature are constantly proving that daughters more frequently resemble their

fathers than do, the sons. One would think that a man who had passed through the whirlwinds of passionate youth might consider the sacred duty to carefully guide and tenderly protect his children over the dangerous reefs of life by giving them well-chosen asso- This is true, although society has not

found who follows this course of conduct. wage awaited her, had she been able to Fathers and mothers so quickly forget their own youth. It is incredible that the sweetest and most romantic part of our life and at the same time the most dangerous, should fade from memory so wholly, as it seems to do with the major-

ily of parents. It is incomprehensible how little logical, sensible thought parents give to homemaking. Parents will work and slave and eny themselves the necessities of life in order to give their children an education and clothe them well, yet they will make home uncomfortable by fault-finding, complaining and nagging and showing an absolute lack of sympathy and understanding for the tendencies and weak-

nesses of youth. Are you a good parent?

#### Advice to Lovelorn By Beatrice Fairfax

Don't Be a Cad. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man married just about a year. I cannot love my wife because I was married against my will. You can imagine my state of affairs, living with a woman that I never loved before and do not love now. This marriage separated me and my sweetheart. It was my parents' will, and, being an obedient son, I obeyed them. I am broken-hearted, and so is my sweetheart. What shall I do? I cannot leave my wife and marry the other girl, my former sweetheart. We are very much in love, and seeing each other every day makes my lot more painful. I must leave my wife and go to my first love.

You are certainly a weakling to have

You are certainly a weakling to hav married, as you say, against your will. Now if you have one spark of manhood a grain of affection for the other girl leave her alone. Do not see her, but give her a chance to get over the affair and make something of her life.

Don't Marry Him.

Dear Miss Fulriax. I am girl of 19, and deeply in love with a man of 24.

One night he called at my home and insuited my father while under the influence of liquor. He apologized the next day, saying he did not know what he was doing. What shall I do? M. T. C.

Give him up. You do not want to be e drunkard's wife, and a man who permits himself to become so deeply under the influence of liquor that he makes himself obnoxious to his sweethcart's father is not a self-controlled, sane individual such as a girl would do well

A Method of Frightening Him.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 years old and am employed as a stenographer in an office where there is only a gentleman and myself.

Several times during my work I have been interrupted by my employer, who always wants to show his appreciation of my work by kissing me.

Do you think I should give up my position, as I have reminded him many times that he is a married man and I am only there to do his work, and not socially? He is on good terms with my people, who paink he treats me with the greatest respect.

C. G.

Tell this man that unless he ceases annoying you you will be compelled to leave his employ and to explain to your family exactly why you did it. This will probably be quite a strong enough argument to make him understand that you are quite in earnest in your wish to preserve your dignity.

#### The Wilson of the Streets

By ADA PATTERSON. Know well what the people inarticu-

lately feel, for the Law of Heaven itself is dimly written there; nay, do not neglect, if you have the opportunity, to ascertain what they vote and say .- Carlyle. As you hurry up the street, intent upon dom assaults your ears. It is important because it is the crystallized wisdom of some one's experience. No one lives in The article which he wants written is should not be ignored, nor fergotten. The waitress was hurrying to her work She was a tail girl with clear eyes and and he a big, noisy bully. Many is the it was business that kept him away, She's taken lodine. My heart's just breaking for her. The trouble is she to know a job.

It is as Thomas Carlyle says. The Scotch highballs for a nightcap. Law of Heaven is dimly written" in what "the people inarticulately feel." men they were talking to knew it was a This waitress might have mounted the fib, but they never went near that girl stump; she might have marched in a again, because, as one man said, be parade, flaunting a yellow banner; she didn't care for lady dipsomaniaes, or Samight have talked herself hourse at phiras. street meetings. But she could not have summed up all she felt in a truer phrase than "Every girl ought to know a job." Later in the quiet gray-walled tea room with the flowers on the table, and a peep at the blue sky through the quains, many-paned window, she waited upon me and told me more of the story

"You have seen her here often," she said with a tremolo of her voice. "She used to sit over there in the corner, it was her way to sit in a corner. She seemed to think if she did not she might be in other people's way. Her husband used to mag at her and mag at her until she burst into tears. I don't know what about, but I know that she was a good, sweet litle woman. We girls that troll beings. One would think them very on tables know folks. Once I heard them scrapping. She was crying and said something about leaving him. He sneered at her and said, "What would you do" Where would you go? Who would want you? She looked as she would if someone had struck her head. Her face got white. She had a strange, starey look in her eyes. She didn't answer him."

Unhappy little woman, her eyes were strange and starey, because they and the brain behind them were looking on she in the world, except beside this bully whom she had married?

There was no place for her in the world's market. There was no way by which she could command a wage that would support her even in the simplest way. Why hadn't she learned to do some thing the world needed? Why hadn't her parents, with loving foresight, prepared her for such a possibility as this? Why had she been left to shipwreck on the ommercial and industrial seas? Granted training, she could have gotten work Work and wages await the skilled worker. and talking freely and intimately with and the employer who needs the work can as speedily find each other as one organized itself so well that the worker But not one father in one thousand is day they will. Yet the work and the do the work.

The waitress was right. She had uttered one of the "Laws of Heaven." Every girl should know a job."

Do You Know That

The last century has seen cloven great vars, apart from the present conflict. Of these the most costly in men and money was the American civil war.

## Grace Darling's Talks to Girls

No. 2-Don't Pretend to Be What You're Not

By GRACE DARLING.

One of the greatest mistakes that a girl ever makes is to pretend to be something that she isn't.

It is a mistake because amcerity, genuineness and simplicity, are three of the vain and no one should speak in vain, most charming qualities that any woman of which it can never climb unscathed." This overheard wisdom of the streets can possess. And it's a mistake because no one is ever deceived by a girl's affectation. he world is continually calling her little bluff.

It would seem that any girl would have sense enough to know that there is no charm in the world so potent as that of innocence and freshness, and that the more world-weary a man is the more charming he finds this unsophistication in a girl

Yet I've known girls-perfectly good, nice girls-who simply loathed the very smell of liquor, and whose favorite drink was chocolate goda, sit up and talk about how many cocktails and how much champagne they drank at a sitting, and how they never could go to bed without two Every word of it was a fib, and the

Then there is the girl who thinks that she makes herself attractive by affect-



A Charmingly Simple Picture of Grace Darling.

things at all.

You admire her hat, and she says casually, "Oh, yes, you can get a very nice little thing newadays for \$75." Or swellest place on Fifth avenue. you compliment her on her dress, and she remarks that she picked it up at a bar-

has a struggle to keep his family going, she's a regular sleuth for marked-down but to hear that girl talk you would sales, and she got a bit of trimming think that he owned a private mint, and here, and a feather there, and some rem-that she never had to count the cost of mants of silk and velvet somewhere else. and with her own skilful fingers put them. together and made a hat and gown that do look as if they had come from the

How can any girl imagine that pose renders her attractive?

her see that it is death to her chances of marriage, for no man knowingly mar- above business, and that she looked ries a woman who loathes children and can't keep house.

On the other hand, how attractive is the girl who is simple and sweet, who prettier girls in the world. meets capably the situations in which being other than what she is? Don't bluff, girls. It doesn't pay

#### A Fictionless Fable for the Fair

By ANN LISLE.

ation-all except one.

Mary Nevins by name, was the secretary (All "c'c" pronounced hard like "k.") of the head of the firm and modestly | This name is little short of a calamity.

Man wasn's at all a had looking girl! It isn't half as had as Przemysl, or She had hir blue eyes and fluffy, light Ohevell, or even Saloniki, or Kut-el hair which offset her rather competent Armana, and much more important when and indifferent manuer and the very evi- known. fert fact that she was "not as young as The name is really quite simple in

be about 28.

ocial distinctions. And so, condescend- many sliases as a successful burgiar, for" Miss Mary

had been" and that if she played her the brain. cards properly she might actually be- This we have known since the dawn of come the wife of a young lawyer instead bacteriology, and is certainly enough to of the stenographer of an old one.

as the young lawyer had expected. So have shown that this same coccus, or Mary that she was going to dine with guised, is concerned in, if not the prinhim on Friday evening-Saturdays being cipal offender, in rheumatism, in menreserved for young women with social ingitis, or brain fever, where he is called positions and homes in which to recipro- the meningococcus, in appendicitie, in about more serious matters.

On Friday at 5, Miss Mary walked into Of course he is a very simple great favor of you?"

at last, after eight years of doing them.

an obstreperous admirer."

do some special work for Mr. Carewe, them, should be made war upon wherever the knows that her father is poor and gain for \$250, while the truth is that most elementary intelligence would make the young lawyer decided that Miss Mary found. was a hopeless old maid without a soul

#### How the Germs Fight

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, McD.

The more careful we study the various There was once a young lawyer whose things that may go wrong with us, and name came seventh on the letterheads of the clearer view we get of the machina a great corporation. He carned \$10 a tions of that invisible government which week and a good deal of respect from the Often wrecks the welfare of our body stenographers and secretaries and tele- politic, the more dark the clouds of phone operators employed by his corpor- suspicion gather around the heads of one particular group of our most intimate The one, "Miss Mary" by title and bug enemies known as the streptococcus,

called herself stenographer and knew and its application to this interesting simest as much about the law as the criminal family greatly to be deplored. young lawyer and drew a salary of the but there are some people it is necessary to know by their right names, and The young lawyer had noticed that as this gentleman has no other, it is Miss Mary " secretary to "The Old really worth while trying to memorize it.

In fact, the young lawyer, who was origin, merely Greek for "chain-berry" thoug 25, and who liked the tender charms of "chain-bug," and if you will associate of 19, had an idea that Miss Mary must him with the place where he really belongs-the chain-gang-it will fit him The soung lawyer prided himself on perhaps as well as any other. This being broad-minded and not drawing fine "chain-bug." or streptococcus, has as

ingly, he began "making things pleasant. His second name is pyogence, which means pus-maker, or festerer, and his Miss Mary met the young lawyer's ad- frequency and pestiferousness may be ances without any suggestion that she judged from the fact that he and a was flattered by his attentions or wor- cousin of his (staphylococcus) are the ried over the social gap between the legal sole and entire cause of all the differight and a taker of dictation. She did ent suppuratings and festerings and not seem to feel called on to beautify "matterations" of cuts and wounds and herself by wearing anything more clab- scratches all over the body, both inside orate to the office than her usual white and out. Also of pimples, ecsema and tailor-made shirtwaist and nest black crysipelas and all boils and "bealings" and abscesses, from the roots of the teeth She did not seem to recognize that she to the knee joint, and from the tonsils was 3 and "not as young as she once to the pertioncum and the coverings of

brand him as an enemy of the race. But Conquest did not seem quite as simple worse is in store, and later researches finally he went so far as to tell Miss chain-gang bug, more or less thinly discate the courtesy of his distinguised ulcer of the stomach or intestines; and sitention, the young lawyer had set off last, but by no means least, in pneumonia. as his name pneumococcus implies.

The Old Man's" office and spoke as dot-shaped bug, and many different kinds ollows: "Mr. Carewe, may I ask a very may take his shape under the mircroscope and yet be really no relation to him And "The Old Man," twinkling over at all. But evidence, is steady accumuis spectacles with an amiability to which lating to the contrary and we are gradu-Miss Mary had accustomed herself in ally being driven toward the conclusion eight years of faithful service, remarked either that there is only one steptococcus in a pleasanter voice than anyone else or chain-bug, or one great central group in the office had ever heard, "A favor which is the ancestor of all the others. At all events it is becoming distinctly o shead."

"I'd like to be kept here on important "streptococcuses" in the nose and throat business until 8 o'clock. I want to avoid- they can, under appropriate stimulus or coaching, turn themselves into the pneu-Miss Mary was too good a sport to mococcus and invade the lung, into the tell "The Old Man" who her obstreperous coccus of rheumatism and riddle the admirer was, and "The Old Man" was valves of the heart, into the intestinal either too good a sport to indicate that coccus and produce a gastric ulcer or an he knew or too absorbed in office affairs appendicitis, or into the mentagococcus and produce menigitis or brain-fever.

After five dinner invitations had been There can be no question that they are accepted and then suddenly declined on "Bad Medicine," in every sense of the just the same plea of having to stay to term, and, without stopping to classify

The practical point is that if we keep our tonsils clean from pus pockets, our every day of thirty-five, and that a fel- gums free from abscesses around the lew would be a fool to bother with her roots of our teeth and our noses free when there were so many younger and from chronic catarrhal discharges we Moral-Sometimes, when a man stoops body to be exploded by the spark of the the is placed and makes no pretense of to conquer, the girl in the case decides influenza bacilius or the germs of a comhe is stooping below her level and is mon cold into pneumonia, rheumatism,

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