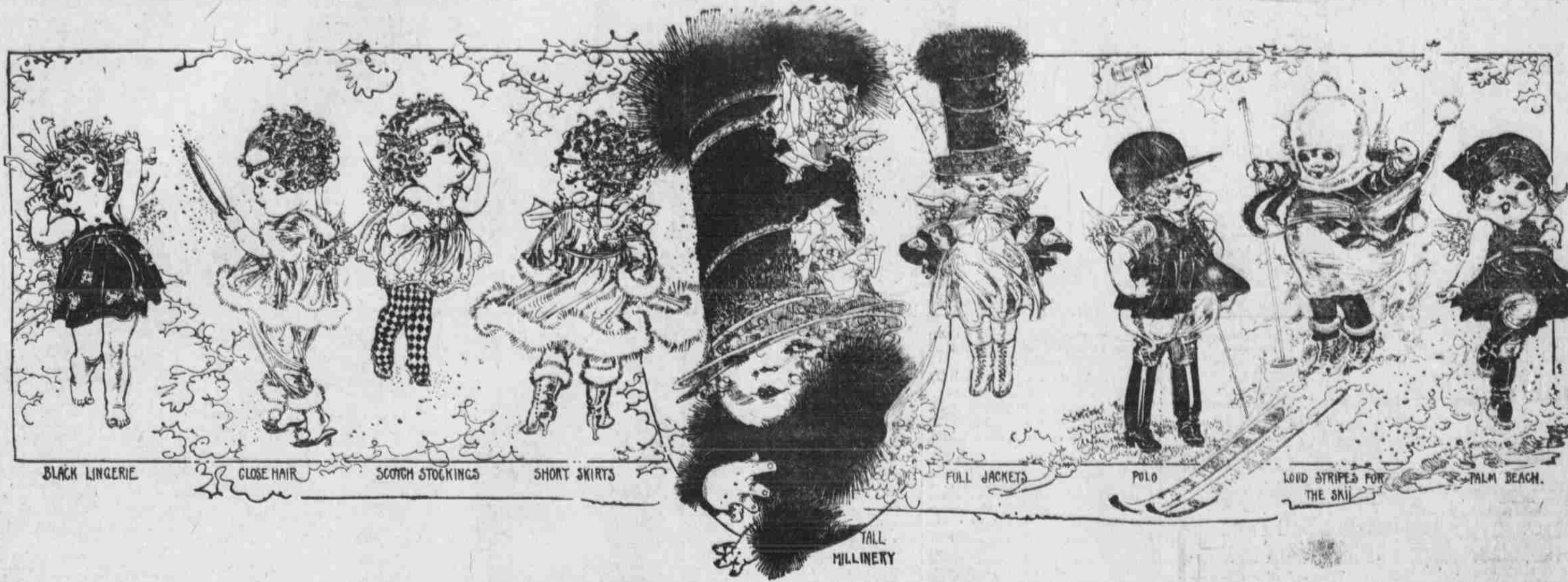


Fashions -:- Health Hints -:- Woman's Work -:- Household Topics

Spring Modes in Love-Land

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By Nell Brinkley



How the Weakling Gossip Becomes Giant Scandal

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The critical faculty is one in which no human being is lacking. No matter how lowly the station of an individual or how underdeveloped his mentality, he finds someone to look down upon and criticize. It seems a foregone conclusion that everyone in the world of today is going to "knock" just about everyone else.

"How could she do this?" "How dare he do that?" "How under the sun could they be guilty of such conduct?"—such comments fairly fly whenever two are gathered together. Human beings confess readily enough that they like a harmless bit of gossip, and fall utterly to realize that that "harmless bit of gossip" grows in the telling and assumes the proportions of a harmful bit of scandal.

"With every breath a reputation dies." Hitherto true! We have often discussed in this little circle of ours the evils of gossip—its unfairness to others, its cruelty to its objects. But now it is worth while to consider its greater harmlessness—which is subjective.

None of us can be sure what we would do were we in the position in which some one else is placed. The old story of John Bunyan and the criminal who was going to be hanged applies all through life. Said he: "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bunyan." And there, but for the grace of God, goes any one of us in any set of circumstances, however unimaginable, or contemptible, or painful.

How is any one of us to know what we would have done in circumstances which tempted some one else to wrongdoing, or even to his undoing? Any one who has a poor heredity, who is brought up in bad environment, who has the handicap of physical ill-health to swing his mentality from the beautiful, and who meets the particular set of temptations best calculated to break down his own set of defenses, is pathetically likely to yield to temptation.

To one of us money is the temptation that is practically irresistible. Hasn't each of us heard some sturdy honest individual say to a bank cashier or to the handler of money in any large concern, "I wouldn't want to be in your place. Doesn't handling all that money every day drive you almost mad with the longing to have it for your own?"

Importance of Being Born Again

By CHARLES E. HENWOOD.

Does there at times come over you a realization of the utter futility of your life, with the hum-drum and commonplace grimly clouding the brightness and joy you expected to yield? You feel the tug of duty here, and the lure of pleasure there, and the endless conflict between those things you want to do, and those you have to do. And as you devote what you consider your best energies to the great task of business, achieving a fair success, or a very indifferent one, or say a very great success in making money, don't you ever sort of shiver at the unreality of it all, a feeling of what, after all, "is the use?"

You know how the days go-up in the morning with a frown at the clock. A hurried start; breakfast hurried; a glance at conversation, a glance at the papers, and a hurried exit to business, the crowded car, and then at work. The cares, problems and responsibilities there are often real enough, so that only a man indeed can get through the day with honesty, justice and kindness—while doing a genuine day's work. Our seniors try us, our juniors try us more. The work may not be so hard, but it leaves us fatigued and worn when quitting time comes. The balance sheet or the pay envelope don't quite measure up to expectations.

And we mutter at "business" conditions or at the employer, or at "just my luck." This, at any rate, is the experience of many while alongside of them, at breakfast perchance (some wives are happy, you know), on the crowded car, at shop or office, it may be a senior there, or a junior, a customer or a friend, will appear one, who is doing what needs to be done in a spirit of joy and satisfaction, with the eager zest of a healthy child at play.

Just what is it that makes this startling difference in people—that divides them sharply into two classes, one tired, the other eager; one fatigued, the other buoyant; one who always leans, and the other who always lifts? Well, the biologists tell us—and they know more about the human animal than anyone else—that happiness is a product of rational exercise of function.

Emerson expressed the same thought, but with more of human interest, when he said, "A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best." It is easy to note the two factions—those who taste of life and find it good, to whom "every common bush is alive with God," who, whatsoever their years, have a youthful spirit.

In the other faction are the dismal, disgruntled, who do their duty perhaps, but not gladly; and who miss absolutely the joy of doing something well. To determine what makes happiness is not difficult. The secret has been "out" a long while. It is only a platitude to say that it does not lie in wealth, fame, knowledge, power, or any possession. Its cause and abiding place are within you, and may be shared alike by a millionaire or a day laborer, in perfect equality.

In-Shoots

The statesman is the swell chap who takes credit for the labors of the ward heeler. The woman who always wears an absurd look can drive a fellow to drink quicker than the one who takes a rolling pin.

The chubby little wife of Dan, our dear rogue and "familiar," leans a pudgy hand and studies the spring modes in Love-land. And her brow is crinkled and she sighs like one of her consort's luckless catches. For she is a fat lady and has her troubles upon her just as you and I (?) have, while she peers up-page and down, and over to other side, trying to find a model that will make her look high and scant. For, as you can see she is low and much!

"Black underwear, lingerie—absurd! Though 'Polly' has taken 'em up. Thank the gods on the high mount not far from Saloniki, I have curly hair and can do it in any silhouette. The curl between the brows pleases me mightily. When I remember that I have curls is the time I can forget I'm fat!"

"Scotch plaids and shepherd checks, and stripes running round, in stockings—Ahem! Well, anybody can see!— Short skirts will remain. I love 'em. With Russian boots."

"Chapeaux! (Mrs. Danny kisses her rosy fingertips to the air.) Chapeaux will be tall and narrow. Any material. Ah-ah. I will have me one like this—tall jet with silver roses mounting upward to the fur on the roof—and down over my audacious nose and provocative eyes—black tulle hoopskirted with silver. I shall tower!"

"Now—Full skirts to the jackets, each ripple and fold trebled! It is chic—but is it wise? I am bouffant without the generous cloth."

"Polo. Ah, if I'd but look like that. This ski outfit, as noisy Dan shriek after shriek of orange and black—but I shall have one be I ever so wide, for when I'm flying and swooping down the snowy hills I shall be seen in one swipe of streaks 'anaway,' and none will know whether I am lean or fat—but they will know I am in fashion!"

"Palm Beach. Your bathing suit must button round the knees. Here I blush and have a bit of pride—for whatever mode it is, my bathing suit shall be short—for I must own to dimpled knees and pretty ones—as have all dwellers here in the Land of Love."

And Dan's wife licks her chubby finger and flips the page over to other follies.

—NELL BRINKLEY.

The Art of Just Enoughness

By ADA PATTERSON.

"Know well what the people inarticulately feel, for the law of heaven is written there."—Carlyle. I heard another scrap of street wisdom this morning. Piercing the roar of the clattering elevated train, it came to me in a pleasant baritone. Two men occupied one of the cross seats. Ruddy-faced, clear-eyed men they were, well dressed, all their faculties trained upon the business day before them, as kins upon an enemy. Having read their favorite morning papers, they were chatting of a man's qualifications for a post that might be tendered him.

One of them finished the recital of his qualifications with this: "He is a master in handling men. Whatever he does he does just enough." They got off at the next station, but the echo of their words remained. He "does just enough." There is the art of management of mortals, there is tact in a phrase. There is a fine art of just enoughness.

It is one of the secrets of successful acting. An actor plays a scene with too much emphasis and he is written down by the critics as a rantier. If he plays it with too little earnestness his performance is catalogued as colorless. If he plays it with just enough of fire, just enough of delicate grace, just enough of all will agree is a well-balanced and artistic rendering.

The master of painting will blend his colors so that there is just enough of shade. If he is too lavish with his colors it will be said of him that his style is too florid and some will be bold enough to call him a dabber. If there is not enough color his picture will be derided because its tints are too pale and it will be asserted that his colors are no weaker than his art.

The musician must sing with just enough force. If too much his method will be rated as explosive. If too little his style will be described as anemic, his notes blurred. It is what constitutes artistry, this just enoughness. If it constitutes artistry in the arts it means in business, as my neighbors, the business men, said, "master of the handling of men"—and women. The good conversationalist is the one who talks just enough. He must not sweep his listeners away on the tide of his oratory unless he occupies a platform and they are there to listen. At a dinner table or during an evening call he is a bore. For conversation is like handball, a game of give and take, and there should be as much taking as giving.

of woe this is," she said, between gasps of hysterical laughter and a downpour of tears. "As though I didn't know it. Can't anyone say anything that will either soothe or strengthen me?" Granted that it is a difficult art to write a letter of consolation. But two elements may be present in any such letter, the note that you are personally sorry that the affliction has befallen the one who receives the letter, and some assurance of what that person has been to and done for the departed. Too much sympathy weakens, the little, child. "Just enough" is a worthy motto. They who adopt it will always have friends and welcome and success.

Health's Relation to the Eight-Hour Day

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

PART I. This world does not run on mathematical principles. It is true we have been victims from our earliest school days of a conspiracy to fix unalterably and irrevocably in our minds a firm belief in certain axiomatic axioms and first principles, which must be absolutely accepted and never questioned. One grant these and the logician has you at his mercy.

Such as, for instance, the hoary and venerable cheat that a whole is always greater than its part, blandly overlooking the notorious and indisputable fact that communities, nations and races have always been dominated and run by minorities, and small ones at that. Which the later politely and modestly explain, by the statement that one with God is always a majority!

Another inspired hatching from the guileless minds is the assumption that in the same class or category higher numbers are greater than lower. But the blunders can be seen only in one plane, dealt with quantity, and leave out of account entirely the far more important element of quality. "Oh! but we protest, 'we can easily see through that fallacy. We are not so childish as to be misled by that kind of superficial logic.' But the trouble is that we are, and are constantly being hoodwinked by that kind of sophistry, not just occasionally but frequently and habitually, even on some of the important questions of life.

portant element of labor valuation, the one rock-ribbed, moss-grown and indomitable obstacle to an intelligent adjustment and planning of the hours of labor is the calm and unshakable assumption on the part of the public that an eight-hour day is necessarily and in the very nature of the case a smaller day than a ten-hour or twelve-hour one; that is to say, less productive, less valuable, less remunerative to the employer. This plausible and conclusive assumption is, of course, judiciously heard abroad by the employer of labor, and the com-

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

It Would Be Unwise. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am writing to you for some advice and shall appreciate your kindness. I am 18 years old and I am employed as a typist by a large mail order firm. In October I made the acquaintance of a gentleman 20 years of age, although he looks much younger. He is a well educated gentleman, has his own business, and is in all respects a perfect gentleman.

He has asked to call at my home and meet my parents, and has also invited me to go out with him, providing my parents consent. What I wish to know is, do you think this gentleman is too old for me to go out with? Can you possibly imagine yourself happy as the wife of a man who is in all probability older than your father? Surely your tastes and inclinations are altogether different since you are practically two generations apart! It would be unsafe to both of you for you to permit this friendship to go far, for it might only result in pain and unhappiness for both of you.

B. PRED SALE OF NEW DRESSES At About HALF Actual Worth! Surely a golden opportunity that every woman in this vicinity should take advantage of. Three hundred beautiful sample Dresses bought by Mr. Pred from one of New York's best makers—all newest styles, colors and materials—to be placed on sale Saturday morning at extremely low prices. This event is truly remarkable, coming right at the beginning of the Spring season, when prices on materials are steadily climbing. Read the descriptions below—then see if you can afford to miss these bargains. Entire Purchase on Sale in Three Lots: LOT 1 Consisting of Dresses Up to \$55.00 LOT 2 Consisting of Dresses Worth to \$32.50 LOT 3 Consisting of Dresses Worth to \$22.50 \$24.50 \$16.95 \$10.95 Popular Priced Ladies' Apparel B. PRED CLOAKS, SUITS & MILLINERY Southeast Corner 16th and Douglas