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The Star Boarder

By DOROTHY DIX.

A western woman got a divorce from her husband on the grounds of "mental cruelty and non-support." She has now taken him in to board with her, and report says that the plan is working admirably, and that the dove of peace has taken up its roosting place in that once discordant household.

Wine business. There are many men who are well nigh intolerable husbands, but who would make delightful boarders. And there are also many women who are disagreeable wives, but who would be charming landladies. The mere fact that certain people are tied together makes them fight like the Kilkenny cats, but they could get along amiably enough if they knew that they were free to pack their trunks and leave whenever they liked.

Many women don't get divorces from niggardly and abusive husbands because they are bound to have what money they can screw out of the said husband to support them. Many men remain tied to hateful wives, who fret and aggravate them almost to death, because, with all their faults, their wives are still superlative cooks, and they can't bear to tear themselves away from the creature comforts to which they are accustomed.

This western woman has cut the Gordian knot of these difficulties and showed the unhappy married how to eat their cake and have it too, as it were; how to hold onto husband's money and wife's pie, and still be free. It is to exchange the unequalled roles of husband and wife for landlady and boarder.

The advantages of the situation are manifest at a glance. Let husband become a boarder and he, at once assumes comely manners, for no boarder would feel free to talk to his landlady in the tone of voice in which the average husband addresses his wife. Nor would he feel at liberty to knock the head and the general way in which the establishment was run.

As a boarder a man would not, of course, assume the right to dictate to his landlady about her private affairs. On the contrary, realizing that all boarding houses have as many faults as a centipede, and only an infinitesimal portion of white meat, also that there is real cream and near-cream and likewise skimmed milk that masquerades as cream, and that the helps of the pudding differ as one star differeth from another star in glory, and that it rests with the landlady which of these boarders gets, he would expect all of his arts and wiles, and blandishments and cajoleries to stand ace-high with the arbiter of his destiny.

It is equally easy to see, too, how many a man would find his wife much more agreeable as a landlady than he does as a wife. Undoubtedly too many women take advantage of the fact that their husbands can't give notice and leave at the end of the week to treat their poor men as they'd never dream of treating a star boarder. They think that anything is good enough for the man who does nothing but support the whole establishment. No tidbits are cooked up for him. No pains are taken to see that he has the little comforts that he especially craves. Nobody bothers to cater to him.

It makes one positively shudder to think how different is the status of Mr. Smithkins, husband, from what would be the status of Mr. Smithkins, boarder, who had the second floor front with back. And, morally, the change would even be greater, for no landlady would have a good-paying boarder who acts like a perfect gentleman ever feels called upon to disagree with his opinions, or call his attention to his little weaknesses, or to keep a rigorous eye on his comings and goings.

The moral of all of which is that it would be a good thing if every wife would try to treat her husband as if he were her star boarder, and every man would look upon his wife in the light of his landlady as well as a wife.

Is Woman's Love Stronger?

The great distinction between the quality of the two sexes lies in the different powers of concentration. Their hearts are touched by a certain woman, their affections respond to the vibrations seen in motion by her affinity which claims a responsive element; but underneath all this their real, ordinary work-a-day personality is seldom touched.

Their love is probably sincere enough; but intermingled as it is with business wiles, masculine friends and sports, the odd things go to make up the ordinary bachelor's life, it by no means occupies their existence, and it may truly be said of even the most devoted of men that they seldom allow their own personality to be shadowed or engulfed by their affections.

There is an element of selfishness, more or less, in all men, and at times the determination not to fall, or the thought of a possible rival, are more important factors in a man's wooing than the actual love, itself.

To sum up charitably, men love principally with the other shell of their personality, sincere enough, but intermingled with so many other personal elements that it is kept pretty much in the background, and only called into actual being as occasion requires.

Women on the other hand (with the exception of the few passionless, cold-blooded individuals who never realize the meaning and reality of true love) respond whole-heartedly to the tide of affection. They love passionately, with heart, soul and brain. It takes possession of their whole being to the exclusion of all else. It is the key-note of their existence, dominates both thought and action, and so, in proportion to the fate meted out to them, they sorrow or rejoice.

It may be a more erratic, sentimental affection than that of men; but when men love truly, they are apt to love to excess, allowing no margin for a middle course, either winding up on an elevated platform of joy or sinking into an abyss of despair.

Love is at once the bestower of the greatest joy and the most exquisite pain. When under its influence the whole world seems changed, the sun is brighter, the songs of the birds are sweeter. Happy the woman who loves and is loved.

The Turn of the Tide

By FORTUNE FREE.

If you have a job which lasts long, which demands all your spirit and energy, puts you on every bit of mettle you have in you, there perhaps arrives a time when you come to the unhappy conclusion that it is "no good." It is hard, that waiting the turn of the tide. I met a friend the other day who had been through a recent experience of the "no good" kind. He is the captain of a small ship engaged in very humble voyages, but such as are occasionally full of danger and exciting incident. He is one of the toughest old sea dogs I can imagine. A week or two back it seemed as if he had taken farewell of him for the last time. There was an ominous silence respecting his ship—only news of huge seas, terrific gales and ships in distress in that part where his vessel ought to have been.

Each day my heart sank lower as I knocked at the door of his little home and it was opened to me by the daily paler woman—his wife—with the eyes that grew more sleepless looking and marked with tears. Clinging to the skirts of her dress would, perhaps, be a tiny youngster, who seemed to grow wider-eyed and paler each day, too. It really appeared useless hoping any more. I was prepared for anything that last day when I knocked at the door—for anything save the thing that happened.

"The 'lost man' opened the door to me himself. He told me all about his experiences—in nautical language full of words I didn't understand. But it seemed as if every accident that possibly could happen had happened to that ship except the bottom coming out. He and his men had fought desperately for their lives. 'At last I began to think it was hopeless—nothing was any good,' he told me. 'And what did you do then?' I asked. 'Well, you see,' he replied, scratching his head, 'I'd been in many tight holes before when I'd thought the same, and all had turned out right in the end, so I just went on.'

And there he was, safe and sound. You battle with "things going wrong" till at last the day comes when the "no good" fit is upon you—everything looks hopeless and bleak. Where is the realization of those hopes you once had? It seems as far off as ever—farther, perhaps, and "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." It is a condition which many people go out of their way to make as bad as they possibly can—not intentionally, of course. At that time all their failures are recalled and all their success is resolutely ignored.

The luckiest for us can't live for many years without having failures of one kind or another. When things go wrong, till we begin to feel that it's "no good," those failures simply tumble over one another's heels in their hurry to thrust themselves upon us, and assure us that we are quite right—it really is "no good," none whatever.

"Just at the time when one most wants courage and stimulation to fresh efforts," said Lord Beaconsfield, "I find numbers of people plunge themselves into the most dismal recollections of catastrophes. By certain mental management the most fortunate persons can make their lives appear to themselves one long succession of failures. They then persuade themselves they are persona marked for misfortune. It is a mere trick of the imagination, and one to be carefully avoided. Don't give in to it."

And then he gave the following advice—remarkably similar to that of Edison himself: "The courageous person will recall how many difficulties he has been in and surmounted. If he has come triumphant out of those, why should he not out of this? That spirit almost certainly assures a happy result."

Grace Darling's Talks to Girls

No. 4—The Traits in a Girl that Men Like

By GRACE DARLING.

The Charming Young American Moving Picture Star.

Copyright, 1916, International News Service. One of the most pathetic things in the world are the near-genuses—the people who have some spark of talent that raises them a bit above the ordinary, but that is not strong enough to blaze up into the fire of success.

They can write a little—just enough to have gotten a story or a poem published in some obscure paper. They can paint a little—just enough to sell a few dinner cards or Christmas cards. They can sing or act a little—just enough to shine in amateur theatricals, or get an encore at the church social.

But that little is enough to make them think that they are going to set the river on fire with their genius, and so they go on struggling and striving, year after year, trying to do something that they can't do, and getting poorer, and shabbier, and hungrier all the time.

These near-genuses never make good, who can never sell their stories or their pictures, or get a position, fill the outer offices of newspaper, and magazine, and theatrical offices, and moving pictures, and they are the most forlorn sight in any great city.

I have seen so many of these near-genuses that I want to entreat you girls who have talent not to waste it. Of course I believe in trying and in never giving up, but if after a long period and consistent effort you discover that no editor will accept your stories, no magazines will buy your pictures, no theatrical man will give you a place in a road company, no moving picture director will give you a try-out, why, make up your mind that you have chosen the wrong calling, and try something else.

There are so many of the trades now where the artistic touch can find a profitable outlook, if only you are willing to do the commonplace things of life well, instead of doing the unusual things badly. The girl who hasn't got enough imagination to write a sixth best seller, for instance, may have enough inspiration to see what would make a catchy advertisement for a department store.

In the last two years we have seen girls who had not the skill to become high priced stage dancers coming money teaching women and men the fox trot, and many a girl is traveling trying to be an artist might make a fortune if she would go into the dressmaking or millinery business.

There she could make her feeling for color and her sense of line and form pay royal dividends, for while the market for pictures is, at least, a small one, the demand for more beautiful hats and gowns grows bigger year by year.

If you have talent, girls, thank God for it, but don't be misled into thinking that a penny candle of ability is an arc light of genius. Try to compare your work dispassionately with the work of master minds, and abide by the decision. Don't let your vanity mislead you into thinking that you can do things that you never can do.



Delightful Photographic Study of Grace Darling.

Household Hints

To make coffee without boiling in a jug—First warm the jug, then measure out the coffee, say, a good teaspoonful for each cup, pour the boiling water on it, stir well, cover it over and let it stand for five minutes; then stir it round again, put a tablespoonful of cold water and a good pinch of salt in to fine it, cover up and let stand for ten minutes, when it will be ready for use. Serve with hot milk.

Do the best you can to suppress the instinct to rub the eye. Then pull the lower lid up and the upper lid out and the particle in the eye will be dislodged by the tears which flow across the eyeball in a torrent; they will be washed out and will appear in the corner of the eye. If any chemical is thrown into the eye, do not wait to look in a book for an antidote; the best thing is plain water; or if you have time and it is handy, use a plain salt solution, a teaspoonful in a pint of water, either hot or cold. This will wash it out quicker than you can wait to neutralize it in some other way.

Onions should be taken out of the ground as soon as they are well formed. Let them lie on the ground until they are well cured in the air, then spread them thinly in a dry place.

In-Shoots

Occasionally a man has been boosted to greatness by the knocks of his enemies. The young woman who keeps her ears warm by the arrangement of her coil-fure is often careless about her neck.

Some women love romantics so well that they are willing to marry them. The shortest month of the year is the one that is accompanied by a thirty-day note.

If you cannot look on the bright side of things, better keep your eyes closed as much as possible. A good many New Year resolutions are only skin deep.

Do You Know That

"Penny weddings," formerly so popular in certain parts of Scotland, were those where the guests were each charged the sum of 1 penny—equivalent to the present shilling—for the privilege of being present.

If you are troubled with an oven that will not brown anything, throw a handful of sugar on the hottest part of it and shut the door quickly, just before the food is ready to come out.

It is more difficult to read a line of print when the upper half is covered than when the lower half is covered.

Concerning Brag as Human Yearning

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Have you ever noticed that it is always the unattractive, unimpressive, drab little women who tell of their exciting adventures along the pathway of life, and the plodding, unimagine, unimpossibilist men who recount romantic adventures? Have you ever said to yourself, "I wonder why Mary Robinson always seems to get so much admiration from strangers and so much attention from her friends; she doesn't seem a bit attractive to me."

The point of it is that the uninteresting, pathetic creatures who are ignored by romance are the very ones who clutch most anxiously at her garments. Full of Jones and unattractive Mary Robinson get no real romance from life, so they live in a romantic little world where they imagine the color and light for which they long.

Don't judge them harshly. Don't laugh at them as vaunting and idle boasters. They long so for romance, they dream of her so eagerly that almost they persuade themselves that their dreams have come true.

The beautiful heart does not so often belong to the conqueror of gay tales of conquest, but more often to the silent and scornful individual who sits by and assumes an air of calm superiority when tales of prowess and triumph are told.

Boasting is not a scholarship and fine thing, but rather a weak and ineffectual way of disguising the truth from yourself. If she has any fine feelings, the popular girl who is invited about and made much of does not discuss it in the presence of less fortunate people. But sometimes the unpopular girl, just because of the fineness and delicacy of feeling that suffers through lack of appreciation and through being more or less put in a corner and ignored, boasts of what she had not.

Most of us boast less of what we have than of what we wish we had. The nouveau riche who flaunts his fortune in your face is either amusing or annoying in his ignorance and bad taste, but not at all to be taken seriously. The man who is earning \$3,000 a year, and who tries to make you think his earning capacity twice that sum, is a pathetic faker who fools nobody so much as himself.

Boasting has to fall into one of two classifications: Either it is a pathetic attempt to gloss over unfortunate circumstances, or it is a disgusting vaunting of good fortune. The sad creature who imagines romances and recitals them, who tells of deeds of daring incompatible with the narrator's very nature, who fancies unfounded importance to employers or an earning capacity that is desired but not attained, and who boasts about all these imagined things, is an object of pity—and who wants to be that?

The successful man or woman who flaunts his victories and triumphs in the face of the world either hurts the unsuccessful or becomes an object of amused scorn to the successful, who have the good taste not to sing their own songs of triumph.

Nobody respects a boaster—not even I think, the boaster himself.

Hope for the Leper

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

Occasionally a proverb happens to be true. That famous old chestnut about the argentine endermid of the cumulo-nimbus—the silver lining of the storm cloud—is not such a mere figure of speech of the "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come" order as might be supposed. Sometimes the silver is only lunar caustic instead of real 16 to 1 electroplate, but often it is the genuine "plata" of the Spaniards, our "plate" out of which birth-anniversaries are made.

We have had a most curious double illustration of this cheering paradox just recently in regard to the last developments in that scourge of the middle ages and plague of barbarism—leprosy. Only a few weeks ago the specialists and experts who had assembled at Washington to urge the passage of that humane and most necessary bill for the establishment of a national leprosy hospital assured us of the disquieting fact that we had nearly 500 lepers at large in these United States.

In the very same month, almost the same week, comes the report from Dr. Victor Heiler, the brilliant and devoted director of public health in the Philippines, that a cure had apparently been discovered there for leprosy, or at least a remedy which produces most hopeful results in a considerable proportion of cases, chaulmoogra oil.

This encouraging news is a strong additional argument for the establishment of a leprosy hospital, because it adds to the advantages of protection for the rest of the community and the kindest treatment and most comfortable life possible for these poor unfortunates, the hopeful possibility of effecting a cure in a fair percentage of them.

Incidentally it may be remarked as another silver gleam that while 500 lepers at large is believed to be an over-estimate rather than an under-estimate, inasmuch as there are only about 200 known cases, and 2 per cent of these are in colonies or hospitals yet so slow is the disease in spreading under civilized conditions that the whole of these 200 are not as great an actual menace to the national health as fifty "third-stage," or advanced, cases of tuberculosis.

Though hundreds of cases have been brought into this country by immigrants from Norway and Sweden and from tropical America, and by sailors and other visitors from the far east and from northern Africa, practically scarcely a single case is on record of the catching or development of the disease on our American soil. Outside of two small native leprosy areas, where the disease gained a foothold nearly 20 years ago, one in New Brunswick and the other in Louisiana, now numbering about forty in the north and about ninety in the south, both among the same Norman-French people, poverty-stricken fishermen and scratch farmers, and both diminishing in numbers.

The most probable cure reported from the Philippines is not so much the discovery of a new remedy as a new and greatly improved form of application of an old one, chaulmoogra oil. This is an aromatic vegetable oil of Oriental origin, which for many years past has had a considerable reputation both popular and scientific as a cure for the milder forms of leprosy.

Many of the severer forms would also be considerably improved by it, but the great obstacle to its use in advanced cases was its pungent, nauseating taste and its irritating effect upon the stomach, which increased rather than diminished with continued use, so that in most cases it was physically impossible to retain the dose or continue the treatment after a few weeks, or at most a month or so.

So that just about the time the system was getting sufficiently saturated to control the disease in an advanced case the use of the remedy had to be abandoned.

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