

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

Human Education Plan Now Making Real Progress

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Copyright, 1916, Star Company. Humane education is making its way into public schools with much success. The acting chairman of humane education in Rochester says:

"Fifteen years ago the Rochester Humane society, a pioneer in the field, began the work of educating the school children of the city in humane ideals. Today we find humane societies all over the country following this kind of work and looking to our society for guidance. At the convention of the American Humane association, held in November, in St. Augustine, our delegates found humane education to be the keynote sounded. May we take unto ourselves due credit?"

"Of course the work done here has progressed greatly in the last fifteen years. Where at one time an occasional lecture was given, now all the public school children in the city are shown why they should be kind to animals. Through the courtesy of the Board of Education and the superintendent of schools, Miss Woodward gives lectures in each school. There were eighty-one lectures given during the year 1915, the assembly halls in many of the schools permitting several grades to be addressed at one time. Interested by Miss Woodward, the children made a splendid response to our offer of prizes for essays on the following subjects:

"Subject for Eighth Grade—Our Common Birds: What ones have you become acquainted with? 2. Game Birds: Why should humane people countenance the shooting of game birds, so-called, at any time?"

"Subject for Seventh Grade—Hibernation: The relation of cold to animal life. Subject for Sixth Grade—The Horse: The difference between the work horse, the race horse, the fire horse and the saddle horse. Subject for Fourth Grade—How I found a home. (Cat or dog story.) Subject for Fifth Grade—The Horse: Is he a laborer? Does he have the right to wages? What should they be? Subject for Sixth Grade—Bird habits. Subject for Seventh Grade—How insects live: How they breathe and how they eat."

"Subject for Eighth Grade—Animal painters and sculptors and some of their masterpieces. These are good subjects, and require research study and thought which will benefit the minds of children while it awakens their sympathies for all our dumb kin. Here is a touching and true story of how a cat awakes the humane spirit in the hearts of rude men: A stray cat crept into an empty freight car. There she gave birth to a family of kittens. When they were a few weeks old the car was attached to an outgoing train. For three days the frightened mother and starving kittens rode in that car without food or water. Then the wail of the mother cat was heard by one of the brakemen. The car was opened and the almost dying animals discovered. Two kittens were dead; two nearly so. The brakeman brought milk and the ravenous and gaunt mother refused to touch it until she carried her two living kittens to the saucer first and had watched them drink. Then she satisfied her own thirst. The brakemen, who until that time had regarded cats with no more consideration than they gave to rats or mice, were not ashamed to shed tears over this poor tramp feline. Here is the true and touching end of the story: They shook hands around the little group and vowed that they would never ill use an animal as long as they lived. She had taught them a lesson. The fellows had been quarrelsome among themselves; hatred and malice had ruled their lives; now a couple of men who had not been on speaking terms for months forgave each other and made it up. There was no end to the kindness which those few tears had washed away; the unselfish deed of a poor animal had melted the ice, and the story hearts had become hearts of flesh. When the train reached the nearest station the men handed over the purring mother and her still living kittens to the station master, and they made up a little purse among themselves for their keep. Before starting off again they made a strong appeal to their new friend to treat the little family well, with a promise like that of the Good Samaritan, of further payment for their food when next they came that way. From that hour a feeling of brotherhood prevailed among the little band, and it was all pusses' doings."

Kindness that is Cruelty

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. There is nothing more acceptable or welcome than judiciously applied sympathy; but the mother who lavishes continued and extravagant pity upon her children is really doing them an irreparable wrong.

If we use the "muscles of our souls" we grow morally stronger, just as the exercise of our bodies strengthens us physically. Kids who from childhood have been saddled with a proportionate part of the family burden put upon their shoulders make better men and find the hardships of after-life more easily to bear, while those who have had all troubles lifted from their shoulders by over-indulgent parents find every indelible a mountain and the softest wind a hurricane.

"There, there, darling! Let mother kiss it better, poor little chap!" says the foolish mother to her tiny boy should he injure himself the tiniest bit. As he grows older her heart aches because he has to face school in the cold mornings, and she expresses grief at this terrible hardship, and possibly she waits on the doorstep for his return to help him off with his things and set him by a warm fire.

Then, when he is ready for an office stool, he comes to her with every little grievance about his "boss" and fellow-workers, because she will listen and commiserate with him. Even should he himself become a manager or proprietor, she pities him because his business will not allow him to have a motor car or some other extravagance. So, instead of becoming a useful and interesting member of the community, he is obsessed with the terrible and incurable disease, "self-pity."

I know not one, but at least a dozen young men who are born of humble parents, and have been given good educations and placed in a higher sphere of work. They all permit their aged mothers to wait on them, and some of them actually boast that they have coffee brought to them in the early mornings when they are awakened.

How sorry such men will be for themselves when they face the hardships of training, and how much worse it will seem than it would, had they been made to rough it a bit more. It is just as necessary for children to be trained to meet the blows of after-life as it is for them to have proper food and clothing. There is an old lady today who has passed through a life of most abject poverty. Not because she has been overburdened with troubles, but because from childhood onward those with whom she has come in contact have lavished upon her boundless sympathy upon her. Her husband was the last to pity her if she had to do the ordinary duties of a normally healthy woman. Ten years ago he died, and for all that long time she has been left with only herself to be sorry for herself, and so her face is lined and marked with discontent, and she looks older than her years.

Unique and Effective Pin Money Frocks

To prove that Khaki Kool is not entirely for sports wear, one need only glance at this charming model. The bodice is white and the guimpe is colored organdie to match the stripe on the skirt.



Satin Riviera in black and white is pictured together in such a way that the material looks double-faced. The tulle of the bodice runs under the satin and forms the sleeves.

(These designs for the economical purse are reproduced by permission of Harper's Bazar.) Printed linens make charming trimmings for summer frocks. The idea is cleverly introduced in the pin money frocks, one of the features of Harper's Bazar. A tailor developed either in linen, serge or Palm Beach cloth is a requisite for summer. A model recently seen was made of white linen with edges and piping of turkey red and red bone buttons. One could not do better than use such a design for a navy serge and bind it with black silk braid and have black bone buttons. A new idea for a checked gingham is to use striped gingham for trimming. In buying these materials, the stripes should be the same width as the lines of the check. One of the most desirable of sport materials is La Jex. This is a silk fabric that looks like jersey but does not stretch and is guaranteed to wash. La Jex comes in lovely colors and in many beautiful striped combinations to correspond. Sport suit models designed for these materials are often developed equally well in khaki kool, a heavy washable crepe. This crepe is not only used for all sports garments but is very desirable for afternoon frocks. A striking dress can be made up of white and gold striped khaki kool. A guimpe of yellow organdie and a close-fitting collar of white patent leather fastened with brass buckles will give a touch of novelty. Satin Riviera is used for a black and white evening dress. The black satin is faced with white and the two colors are joined with picot stitching which gives the effect of a double-faced material. It is really the lining of the skirt turned over which forms the tunic and runs through the belt to make a part of the bodice. The Easter Lily is a new touch and one of the smartest flowers for corsage wear. Another charming evening dress can be developed in orchid soiree. This fabric is most desirable, as it launders perfectly if washed with a good white soap and tepid water. When the edges of a soiree gown become soiled, they can be cleaned without injuring the rest of the garment. It is quite like the old times to think of stiffening for skirts, but with the re-

turn of the bouffant effect, the interlining becomes important. For tailored costumes where the wired net petticoat is impractical, the new crushless wicket might be used with good results.

The Worst Kind of Flirtation

By DOROTHY DIX. The most foolish girl in the world, the one who makes the biggest mistake and the one who does the most wrong to herself and other people is the girl who gets involved into a love affair with a married man. She is foolish because she is invariably the victim; because she is the one who has to pay the full price of the tarnished romance; because she wastes her youth and the freshness of her affection on a man who cannot marry her if he would. She does wrong to herself because she is blighting her life in the beginning by making a false start, and she does wrong to other people because she is breaking up a home, and no woman has ever yet built her house of happiness on the wreck of another woman's happiness and found any peace and joy in it.

A girl's worst enemy could find no better way to destroy her than to induce her to fall in love with a married man, yet I know many girls who boast that they have an especial fascination for married men, and who seem to find a particular zest in flirting with them. These girls think it great fun to carry on their flirtations with married men right under their wives' noses, and shrivel with laughter as they tell how some fat, grizzled, middle-aged woman turned pea green with jealousy as they whisked her husband away from her. Certainly any girl who could enjoy witnessing the suffering of a poor, helpless wife, who knows all too well that her beauty and charms have faded, while some girl young enough to be his daughter makes a fool of her husband, lives too late. She belongs to the time of the inquisition, and would have made a lovely little torturer.

Before you engage in a flirtation with a married man, girls just put yourself in the wife's place. Some day you will be married; think how you would feel if you saw some younger and prettier woman cajoling your husband away from you. But you don't even have to be altruistic to perceive the wisdom of avoiding love affairs with married men. It's self-preservation. To begin with, it practically shuts the door of matrimony in your face. The love time and the marriage time of a girl's life are short, and if she doesn't make hay while the sun of her youth and beauty shines, her harvest is an empty one. If a girl wastes these years when she might marry on some married man that

she can never marry, she throws away her chance of settling herself in life, and by the time she has waked up to the folly of her course, or the married man has tired of her and wants somebody still younger and fresher, her opportunity is gone. Nor are men anxious to seek as a wife the heroine of this particular kind of sentimental episode. Of course, married men are often very handsome and fascinating, and they know how to make love beautifully, and just the nice little things to do that women like to have done for them, but when you find yourself listening to one and enjoy listening—when he begins to tell you that his wife doesn't understand him, and how unhappy he is at home, and so on, just stick your little fingers in your ears, and take to your heels. You are a public comforter, and such a man means you no good. He's willing to break your heart, to blight your prospects in life, to compromise your name just for his own amusement. That is why I say, don't flirt with married men, girls.

How Different Now Do we ever have quite the same satisfaction nowadays with all our labor saving devices? To clean house now means so little that with one vacuum cleaner everything can be cleaned but paint and windows without moving a thing. Of course, lots of people do it in the old style now, and that is the way to do it, if you have to. But I find myself wondering what housewives do with the time and energy they save under the new conditions. Perhaps the old-fashioned housekeepers, with the modern time-saving and labor-saving devices, would have had women's clubs a lot sooner! Must we fritter away the salvaged hours and nerve power? What if we did really make the most of the saving and the privilege of bringing more of ourselves to husband and children? Has the labor-saving machinery of domestic processes really contributed to our efficiency as home-makers? Far be it from me to begrudge to women the freedom they find now in lectures, concerts, club meetings, and uplift work—yes, or bridge parties either; but in the old days "out all the time" was the synonym for a poor sort of wife and housekeeper. But, really, are we harvesting for the serious business of our lives the best fruit of the freedom we have gained in our emancipation, for instance, from the drudgery of the old-fashioned housecleaning? Prudence Bradish is Homemaker.

Care of the Skin

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D. With some skins, a hot bath; not the prolonged, relieves itching by its action in filling the meshes of the skin vessels with blood and causing the secretion of more lubricant than it washes away from the surface. In some who are vigorous and can enjoy it, a cool bath will produce the same effect, partly by soothing and washing away any accumulations of dust or perspiration, and partly by the blow which follows it, again filling the skin with blood and causing an increased secretion of the perspiration oil. In nearly all cases, a gentle rubbing and massaging of the general surface of the body just after disrobing is helpful. While in others, where there is a natural underlying shortage of the lubricant, the moderate use of cold cream or light dusting powders is the most helpful thing.

These reactions are less frequent in summer and warm weather, generally than in winter; for the double reason that under perspiration, with its hot-made face cream, is secreted all through the day in warm weather, and that the clothing which is worn is lighter, more porous and less tightly fitted to the body, so that the change of pressure and friction in removing it at night is less marked. One other form of itching without cause should perhaps be mentioned, although it is both rarer and more transient; and that is the curious itching and crawling sensations often produced in the skin just before or during a marked change in the weather. Those who are gifted with this kind of barometer skin often achieve a considerable degree of skill as weather prophets, and acquire among their friends and acquaintances something of the reputation possessed by the big among the Irish peasantry, namely, that that astute animal "can see the wind" and prophesies the approaching storm by running about, squealing, and carrying bunches of straw or grass in his mouth, presumably to line his nest with against the cold.

This reaction is due in part apparently to sensitiveness of the skin to either changes of electric tension or changes of barometric pressure, which mean, of course, the amount of moisture or humidity in the atmosphere. The more carefully it is investigated, although the idea of our being electro-magnets is an appealing one, the more it appears that the main factor in producing these very real discomforts and restlessnesses is changes of barometric pressure. Storms, of course, are nearly always preceded and attended by either marked increases or decreases of the amount of moisture in the atmosphere, with corresponding changes of pressure upon the skin, "high" and "low," as the storm centers are termed in meteorological language. On the other hand, there are some peculiarly sensitive skins which appear to get wind of this coming disturbance even in advance of any appreciable change in the pressure, as indicated by the barometer, and such ones are genuine human Marconi stations.

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