

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

Kiss of Matrimony Meaningless; Absurd Survival

By DOROTHY DIX.

In two divorce cases now pending the court has been called upon to rule upon the matrimonial kiss and to define what is the proper length, temperature and frequency thereof.

In one of these cases the aggrieved wife asked for a divorce because her husband spent hours bestowing soul kisses on her.

In the other case the woman asked for a divorce because her husband refused to kiss her at all, claiming that he regarded kisses as unsanitary.

When both kisser and kissees claim that they have been subjected to cruel and inhuman treatment that entitles them to alimony, what is a poor husband to do? It adds another and a dangerous complication to the domestic occlusion problem, which is always a high explosive in the family circles anyway.

The why of the kiss of courtship is obvious to all. It is the flower of desire, the red rose of romance. It is garlanded with moonbeams, and set to the lit of music, and its time is the hour that is sacred to love.

But the daily kiss of matrimony is another affair. Its inspiration is habit. Its time, the minute when we are most rushed and most engrossed with material cares. Its aroma is that of bacon and eggs.

It is the profanation of all romances, and why intelligent people persist in keeping up a custom whose significance has been lost, whose very soul is dead, passes all comprehension.

The minute a kiss becomes a daily custom, like brushing your teeth, or doing up your hair, it loses its savor. It is no longer a thrill. It is a bore. It is a flat, stale and meaningless custom that gets on our nerves, and that we would all gladly cease to observe if we dared.

Women know this, and, yet so wedded are they to ancient superstitions that the average wife would feel herself exceedingly ill-used if her husband omitted his daily duty dry-as-dust kiss, although every time she receives it she hears in her soul the thud of another nail being driven in the coffin of her youthful romance.

Now it is no sign that a man has ceased to love his wife because he does not bestow, hit of kiss on her. She rushes to catch the \$15 car has no more warmth nor thrill to it than the touch of a flabby flannel breakfast cake.

Neither is it any indication that his wife no longer cares for him because she receives the peck on her cheek in the spirit in which it was given and with her mind centered more on what she is going to order from the grocer than on the temperature of her husband's parting kiss.

Very likely both husband and wife love each other a thousand times more deeply and more tenderly than they did in the days of courtship, when every kiss was a sacred rite and every touch of the lips set their blood on fire.

After marriage comes the business of life, when the very existence of love depends upon the husband and wife turning their thoughts to the practical affairs of making money and making a comfortable home. In the midst of this hustle and bustle there is no place for airy romance and sentimental kisses, and the pity of it is that married people do not perceive this, and quit trying to turn the pink chiffon of romance into the scrubbing cloths of daily life.

Probably there is nothing else in the world that would do more to conserve real romance in domesticity than the abolition of the daily duty kiss, and the substitution for it of the occasional kiss of impulse, when every husband and wife who are near and dear to us when the spirit moves us to do it, instead of having to do it by the clock and because the time has come around for us to take a good morning or a good night pill! What a relief, oh, my fellow men and women!

All of us are prone to bestow the kisses that we are forced to do, and if a man could go to work and return therefrom without having to bestow that odious twice-a-day-smack, he would often feel like giving his wife a real kiss, warm and vital with love, and straight from the heart instead of from the ends of his mustache.

Also if the wife did not have to receive these diurnal, meaningless, platitudinous, thank-goodness-I've-got-to-love-with-for-today kisses, she might often turn her lips instead of the back of her head or her left ear to receive her husband's kisses. A kiss without love is without meaning, and can be as deadly an insult as a blow, and that's what is the matter with most matrimonial kisses. People serve them along with the bread and butter, instead of keeping them like a rare cordial for an occasional treat. The way to improve the domestic kiss is to diminish the quantity. That will improve the quality.

In-Shoots

People who ask for criticism generally deserve praise.

Only the very beautiful girl can afford to eat onions.

Some men are great; others are good at bluffing the interviewer.

The optimist is the fellow who knows when things are coming his way.

Judge not the divorce until you have seen the old man who used to pay the rent.

The man who harbors a grudge and forgets favors is the most undesirable of all citizens.

When a fellows gets in love he is usually the last one on earth to discover the fact.

When a man does on home cooking it is a sign that his wife is saving the expense of a hired girl.

Evangelical enterprise without the press agent and contribution box never seems to get anywhere in this age.

When the wife is able to keep her former job and take care of the house the marriage ought to be a success.

Girls matrimonially inclined should remember that the fellow who writes poetry has no love for the lawn mower or garden rake.

We cannot always tell what our neighbors are thinking about; but in most cases we know that they should be honoring their sins.

The Heavens in April

By WILLIAM F. RIGGE.

On the 23d of this month we will celebrate the feast of Easter, the greatest of the year, from which all the other movable feasts get their positions. The date of Easter depends upon four conditions, all of which are summed up in the law that it must fall on the Sunday following the first full moon of spring.

This spring is fixed upon March 21, and the leap years in our calendar are so disposed that this date shall never vary. As the moon was full on March 19, two days before the 21st, we have to wait until April 17 for the first full moon of spring. The Sunday after this is the 23d. This is a late date, the latest of all being April 25 and the earliest March 22.

It may be of interest to note that Easter has fallen on this date, April 23, in 1505, 1628, 1848 and 1905. The future years will be 2000, 2079, 2152, 2220, and then not again until 2671. It is peculiar that this date occurs only thirteen times from the year 1 A. D. to 3000, while the preceding date, April 22, occurs exactly twice as often; the following one, April 24, forty-four times, and April 25, the last, only twenty-six times. The least frequent of all is the first, March 22, which occurs only once in these 3000 years.

The days are increasing one hour and a quarter in length during the month, from twelve hours thirty-four minutes on the 1st to thirteen hours fourteen minutes on the 15th and thirteen hours forty-nine minutes on the 29th. On the 30th the sun enters Taurus, the Bull.

In the following table are given the standard times of the rising, meridian passage and setting of the sun and moon at Omaha during the month. Three days of the preceding and following months have been added to facilitate the connection. The sun is slow on local time from the 1st to the 15th and fast the rest of the month, the exact amount in minutes being found by taking the difference between 12:24 and the times given in the noon column.

Table with columns for SUN (Rise, Noon, Set) and MOON (Rise, South, Set) for each day of April.

The bright star in the west in the early evening is the planet Venus. It is a little smaller than the earth, and owes its brilliancy mainly to the fact of its being so near to us. On the 1st it will make a fine picture with the crescent moon. On the twenty-fourth it will appear to be farthest from the sun, setting that night at 11:12 o'clock.

Its brilliancy is thirty-six times that of a standard star of the first magnitude. Saturn is also prominent in the evening, but as it is now about ten times as far away, it appears much fainter, and is about twice as bright as a standard first magnitude star. It sets on the sixteenth at 7:36 p. m.

Mars is also an evening star like Venus and Saturn. It comes to the meridian at 8 o'clock on the fifteenth. Jupiter is invisible. The moon is new on the second at 3:24 a. m., in first quarter on the tenth at 8:36 a. m., full on the seventeenth at 11:07 p. m., and in last quarter on the twenty-fourth at 4:38 p. m. It is in conjunction with Venus on the sixth, Saturn on the ninth and Mars on the twelfth.

Advice to Lovorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going with a young man for the last eight months. I haven't fallen in love with him, yet his actions of late are causing me much uneasiness of mind.

He comes from a woman of questionable character and keeps engagements with her which she makes, and explains his actions to me by saying he doesn't know how to refuse her.

Because he is a college boy, well educated and mannerly, I had to be deceived into thinking this woman cares for him. We two are the same age, while she is considerably older. She is not particular about whom she associates with, and she has a man about her who is her power to use his position and means to elevate himself into his class of society.

Although the boy tells me he cares nothing for her and is troubled by her, she has a persistent attention, yet I know from my own conversation that she is not serious. I should like to know how his actions toward her. He takes her to theaters and is seen in public with her.

It is most distinctly unfair of this boy to keep up his friendship with a woman of questionable character and to be seen publicly with her, as well as with you. Why not insist that he make a choice—either sacrifice his friendship with you for her, or see no more of you if he continues to associate with her. Don't sacrifice yourself in an effort to save him, for if he has not the strength of character to break with evil associations even you will do him no good and he might be sure to harm the friendship with you. "Thou shalt not excel," says the Bible. Girls ought to remember this in dealing with weak men. Don't vacillate in your course or permit him to continue to do so.

Why Not Ask Him? Dear Miss Fairfax: I am corresponding with a young man who is now in prison. I know he is a respectable man, but through bad influence was led to do wrong. I am trying to help him so that when he gets back it will be easier for him to keep straight. With each letter I enclose a stamp as I know his life is in need of money. Am I helping him?

If the man were insulted at your little piece of thoughtfulness he would probably tell you so. But I think the very best thing for you to do is to ask him quite frankly if he minds this course on the part of a sincere friend.

Grace Darling's Talks to Girls

No. 7—The Art of Conversation

By GRACE DARLING.

Who Has Won National Recognition as a Moving Picture Star? We girls need more words. No, that isn't a joke, nor is it funny. It's a sad fact.

We talk a-plenty, but we use the same words over and over again until the poor things are all worn out, and frayed around the edges, and back-broken, and generally played out.

And half the time the word we are using was no more intended to express what we are trying to say than a cricket needle was designed to dig the Panama canal with. That's the real reason we take refuge in slang. The only words we know are so pitifully inadequate to express what we are trying to convey that we can lay our tongue to it.

You never realize how poverty-stricken we are in the matter of a vocabulary until you listen to the chatter of a lot of girls, and observe how they overwork some one or two words.

For instance, I know a girl who would be stricken absolutely dumb if she were suddenly deprived of the word "cute." In one breath she will tell you that a doll, or a baby is cute, in the next she will say that Niagara Falls are cute.

Last summer I was riding with her in the park, and she asked me if I didn't think that the Obelisk was cute, and that it was cute of the Egyptian government to have presented it to us, and the cuteness of that ever was for the park commissioners to have placed it just where they did.

Another girl I know pins her conversational faith to the word "fierce." She will tell you that the fighting in the trenches in France is fierce, and that the ice cream at dinner was fierce, and the price of chocolate creams has become something fierce, or that her new plunk evening dress is the fiercest thing she ever saw.

Still another girl I know finds the word "awful" a life line to which she clings desperately in every emergency. She will tell you that her favorite actor is perfectly awful, or that she has just been to the awfulest play, or that the papers have an account of the awfulest case of starvation she ever heard of, or that she is reading the awfulest book.

Now these girls are not stupid. They are not ignorant. They are not lacking in discernment. They are merely lacking in words. They have not enough vocabulary with which to express the things they feel and perceive.

It is this same lack of vocabulary that makes people so often say the wrong thing to us and offend us when they mean to please. For example, did you ever watch the scowl on an artist's face when some well-meaning but wordless person told him that his picture, in which he had tried to paint the agony of a soul in torment, was "pretty?"

And a woman novelist who has written a story that is a great tragic tale, told me that she feels like committing murder every time anybody tells her that her book is "sweet."

The real secret of flattery is to find out the particular adjective that people like to have applied to them, and then use it where it will do the most good.

But we can't do this unless we have a large and flexible vocabulary, and so I urge you girls to make a resolution now to add a new word each day to your

Homely Virtues

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Are the old-fashioned virtues of dignity and self-respect going out of style? Occasionally one is tempted to think so.

But as long as the world lasts the woman who values herself lightly will be lightly valued in turn. Never forget this when some man urges you to have a drink to prove yourself a good sport, or some "popular" girl explains to you that the persons wouldn't like her so well if she didn't let them make love to her occasionally.

A certain cheap success may be obtained by an undignified catering to the baser side of worldly natures. But it leads nowhere and it does not abide long.

While you are young and pretty and able to carry off boldness and flashiness and lax moral standards with a little air of youthful bravado and "cuteness" you may be the center of a gay circle. But their admiration is not worth having, and it can't be kept.

No worth-while man wants his wife to be a woman of questionable reputation, or even one of whom gay circles speak lightly, nor yet one whose intimates are people of too giddy a sort. Popularity which can be bought by relaxing the standards of self-respecting womanhood is not worth having.

Too many girls are writing me agitated letters about the boys who suddenly stopped being nice to them when refused a good night kiss. The boy who sets a price on his attentions and demands that a girl repay him for his society as escort to a dance is either weakly selfish or scoundrelly. In any case his terms are unspoken and no dignified girl should pay them.

Familiarity does breed contempt. That is an axiom of fact based on human nature. A boy who is permitted to take liberties with a girl is justified in supposing that other boys are allowed the same freedom. He does suppose it. He thinks the girl a cheap little coquette or worse.

What girl would sanely sacrifice her chances of future happiness to pay some young Lothario for a chocolate ice cream soda or a trip to Coney Island, in exchange for a kiss? He does suppose that that way, doesn't it, girls? But that is just about how it stands. Let people call you prim, prudish, old-fashioned, slow, not a good sport, a quitter, anything they like, and resist that people who reproach you for dignity in these terms are morally lax young wasters who are ready to mortgage their ideals, their education and their chances of future happiness for the sake of a successful marriage for the sake of a little cheap emotion of the sort that is guaranteed to leave a bitter after taste in the mind and the heart.



Another Striking Photograph of Miss Darling.

New York Servant Girl Problem

When more than two women get together the servant girl problem always has an airing. That was the topic between three women during intermission at a Broadway theater. You should have seen me," said one of the women, "there was all my lovely dishes and my cut glass punch-bowl broken, broken in a thousand pieces. She had dropped the whole tray. Oh, it was awful! I could hardly get my breath I was so mad and so excited. I just looked at her, and what do you think I said? 'What do you think I said to her?' 'Oh, oh, oh! I can't imagine," chorused the two others. "What did you say?" "Not one word," answered the speaker. "Not one single word. She thought I was going to scold her; but I never opened my mouth. And I never do, no matter what she breaks or what she does. Why, she has broken more than \$200 worth of china, cut glass and furniture. Every wash day she lets some of my fine things blow off the roof or forgets to bring them down, and they are stolen, but I never say one word to her. That is the way I keep her. All my friends have trouble with their maids and are changing all the time, but mine stays with us. If I let her see I was mad and scolded her all the time, I would be sitting on a chair in an employment agency trying to get made. No, ma'am, keep your mouth shut is my plan, and you can keep your servants." And the two other women said: "Ain't it the truth!"



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