

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

Wages of Uncleanliness

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.
PART II.

If public opinion, crystallized into law, compelled all factories and work places to turn out their employes and work-people in clean, tidy, sanitary condition, the miracle would be accomplished in- side of six months with great benefit not merely to the work people and commu- nity, but also to the business as well, by compelling it to civilize itself and put itself on a scientific basis.

The day laborer who is engaged in construction work and excavation, even subway digging, would be just as much improved in his health and his value to the community and in the quality of his work by being placed upon this sanitary level as would be any other laborer or employe.

In fact, he is the very man who most needs it, and again the community is benefited by him, because it is among his class and families that the infectious diseases are kept alive between epidemics and in his quarters that they gather headway to spread and wade through the rest of the community.

Moreover, it gives them half a chance; and they would be just as glad them- selves to be clean and attractively dressed as any of the rest of us.

We are talking a great deal lately about the desirability of Americanizing the immigrant as quickly as possible.

Here is an excellent and practical way to do it. Just encourage—by law—the native-born employe to give him a white man's chance in the matter of washrooms and dressing rooms and, incidentally, of wages, and see how quickly he Americanizes himself.

He may be slow about learning the language or changing his food prefer- ences, but he takes to American store clothes as a duck does to water. And it doesn't take long for pride in nice clothes to lead to pride in keeping clean inside them.

One of the most frequent comments of visitors to our shores is the latrineous- ness with which he sees the workman's blouse or soiled or ragged clothing of any sort upon our streets.

It is a significant and encouraging symptom which shows that we are already on the up-grade toward a cleaner and healthier and happier civilization.

The only permanently untidy and offensive class that would be hit by this ordinance would be the tramps and the vagrants and the hereditary feeble wits, and if they were taken up and washed every time they were found dirty in public they would be kept so busy and so constantly under the surveillance of the police that they wouldn't have much time or chance to get into mischief.

Which would mean a cutting off of at least half of our petty crime and ulti- mately that all the derelicts would be literally washed, borne upon waves of soapuds into the only safe and proper place for them—industrial colonies where they should be made the permanent wards of the state and prevented from leaving any more like them.

Flirting with Married Men

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

All the articles that ever have been written about carrying on love affairs with married men might be condensed into very simple form and written thus: "don't!"

Any girl who flirts with another woman's husband, or any man, who flirts with another man's wife is mortgaging the happiness of two other people to a third—who probably will get no joy of the bargain!

The marriage vow is known to all of us—"To love and cherish till death us do part." That stands for two things—a sacred promise before God, and a binding contract before men.

The partner in that contract who breaks it is a business scoundrel as well as a moral profligate. The girl who is the cause for a man's forgetting his mar- riage vows is reducing him low indeed in the ranks of manhood. What she calls her love is a destructive force to debase her lover instead of being the uplifting thing a woman's love should be.

In perfectly simple terms, the girl who takes another woman's husband, steals him and makes a thief of herself and a contemptible weakling out of him. She ruins another woman's happiness. Three people pay a price—out of three?

The wife loses her faith in everything when she loses it by the man she loves. The "woman in the case" loses her social position and her right to respect and to permanent happiness.

And the man who has brought two women into such sad case loses his every claim to dignified manhood.

This and much more is the loss. A home is broken up, perhaps children are made fatherless in the cruellest way, innocent parents and relatives are shamed. The less mounts up and up until it is a weight that heavily counter- balances any moments of stolen happi- nesses.

As to the gain—there is none. The moments of stolen happiness torture even while they are giving joy. For when conscience is stifled it does not die at once, but perishes in slow agony.

Now no man can manage to carry on a flirtation or a love affair unassisted. Few men even start them without en- couragement. A girl cannot escape her responsibility in such an affair by say- ing, "He forced his attentions on me." Nor can she shift the blame by walling, weakly, "He just made me fall in love with him. I didn't realize until it was too late and our love was too strong for both of us."

For the first girl there has to be the knowledge that all she had to do was assure the man of her unwillingness to accept his attentions or if that failed to march out in search of another pos- sition.

For the second girl there has to be the shameful feeling that love which grows beyond your power of control is not love at all, but a very ignoble emo- tion.

The way to manage love affairs with married men is to stop them before they ever begin.

They don't last—they end in shame and unhappiness for everyone concerned and the price of them is hideous. For "the wages of sin is death" and the penalty is always collected.

Simple Clothes for Children: Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar.



After all, it is only a blue linen smock worn over blue and tan polka-dot breeches. The sailor collar, of course, matches the breeches.

The use of printed linen gives the "something differ- ent" to this quaint apron with the batiste frills piped in color.

To possess a crash romper on which is appliqued a linen elephant will make any three-year-old boy or girl re- joice.

Fictionless Fable: The Young Man Who Had Charm

By ANN LISLE.

There was once a youth who was good looking and clever and who possessed, moreover, that wonderful gift called "charm."

Because of his charm and cleverness men liked him; because of his good looks his charm women liked him. He had a good time in life and managed to do some fairly good work. And every one said, "What a lucky chap Norman is. He's so charming that everybody likes him and everything he wants comes half way to meet him."

Suddenly Norman's real cleverness, which had a deep superstructure of keen mentality, asserted itself. He stood off and viewed his attainment. He danced well, and he drove a car with skill. A great many big men spoke of him and introduced him to their daughters. And the daughters were afraid to speak of him lest they betray just how well they thought of him. Norman knew all that and was rather ashamed of it.

He was still more ashamed of the fact that he had not gotten further ahead in the world.

The particular thing that woke him to an unpleasant consciousness of him- self was a remark his friend Ned Brown made to him, "Say, Norman, I suppose you'll be a director in Old Richleigh's company soon—he likes you so much."

Norman decided that he didn't want to be a director in any company because the president liked him, but he had far rather direct his own company if only he had the skill to do it. And as for Mabel Richleigh, he didn't exactly like being considered an employe who wasn't quite good enough to know that Titan-haired young woman.

So suddenly a good-looking, clever and charming young man disappeared from all his social haunts and a very earnest worker unlocked his desk at 12 every morning. Norman was "on his own," and he found that business demanded energy and brains rather than charm and cleverness. At the end of two years he was not making a cent more than he had been when he started to make it rather than to win it by his charm.

And all the people who had known him in his former days exclaimed rather sor- rowfully "rummy thing! Norman Black looked so promising a while ago, thought he'd be a director in some of the big companies or marry one of the rich girls. And now he is only just plugging along." Norman's shoulders got a bit stooped from crouching over his desk, and eye- strain drove him to wearing glasses. His conspicuous handsomeness wanted to mere good looks, and he was much too busy to be charming.

And then one fine day old Richleigh sent for him and offered him a position in one of his biggest companies at a salary that had to be written out in five figures. Norman declined. Four figures and the presidency of his own company fitted him better with his idea of ex- pressing his personality as he saw fit.

Today Norman is the president of a rival company and old Richleigh is an- gling for him as the most suitable man in town to be the husband of his daughter and her millions. It just happens that Norman and Mabel are honestly in love with each other. But everybody says: "Of course Norman Black got on in the world, he was so charming."

Moral—There is a certain charm in expressing his personality as he saw fit.

In-Shoots

should never criticize the fur on the ladies' shoes.

We would all be generous all the time if some one else would furnish the wherewithal.

Do not take up the other slob's fight unless you are a lawyer. And then it is better to get a retainer in advance.

The person constantly on the lookout for flaws is the most undesirable com- panion that a human being can select.

The chap with cuffs on his trousers

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No Rain Checks Given on Saturday

We have scrutinized every secret place—ransacked every corner—turned topsy turvy every drawer—emptied out every box—opened up every case—look every garment from its receptacle—examined every suit, dress, coat, skirt, waist, etc., in our entire store. February 1st we put on a new bib and tucker, and so Saturday is set apart for a few final jabs at profits and prices. This is one season when no merchant can afford to befool himself. He must face the music—whether loss or profit, he must face the situation and take his medicine. Regardless of the weather the Colonel may dish up, the sale scheduled for Saturday will occur. Out the Winter goods must go—and small will be the consideration given to the order of their going.

SALE WILL NOT START UNTIL 10 A. M. Two reasons for this hour: First—Our force of help is not complete on Saturdays until 10 o'clock. Second—When the mercury is ready to drop out of the bulb **GETTING UP IN THE MORN- ING IS NO FUN FOR MOST PEOPLE.**

CORSETS.
The very latest justice, on such makes as Nemo, Justrite, La Camille and a few Redfems—form- erly sold up to \$5.00. At one swoop down they go for Saturday to **\$1.18.**

As if that was not low enough there will be a lot at **59¢**—worth in every case much more.

Black Satin Petticoats, tucked and pleated ruffle, at **79¢.**

White Aprons, band and bib— fancy and plain. Soiled, ½ **PRICE**

Drawers, of cambrie, fine India lino—tucked flounce, **39¢** instead of 75 cents.

Bedding and Linen business has been a booming—getting down on many lots, which can't be replaced at former prices. Indeed, some not at any price.

BEDDING BARGAINS FOR SATURDAY.

And this is real snug bedding weather, if you ask us.

75c Baby Comforts at **39¢.**

\$5.00 Down Comforts at **\$2.95.**

\$7.50 Baby Wool and Down, at **\$4.75.**

3.50 Cold Feet Bags at \$1.50.

Read that again.

85c Cotton Blankets, **65¢** pair.

Worth that to save one shiver.

65c embroidered Pillow Cases, **45¢** pair.

85c soiled Pillow Cases, **49¢.**

\$1.00 soiled Pillow Cases, **69¢.**

\$1.25 soiled Pillow Cases, **89¢.**

\$1.00 Scalloped Sheets, 81x99, at **89¢.**

Now read what we are going to do to prices in the

JUNIOR SECTION.

Coats, Dresses, Sweaters, Skirts, Hats, all laid out for easy picking, sold previously at all kinds of prices up to \$15.00—**\$1.00 a GRAB.** We don't like this word, but isn't it mighty expressive?

Our Linen Stock was huge— lucky for us; fortunate for you.

\$4.00 66x66 H. S. Cloth, on Satur- day, **\$2.50.**

\$5.00 72x72 H. S. Cloth, on Satur- day, **\$2.95.**

\$4.00 72x72 Damask, **\$2.50.**

\$4.50 72x108 Damask, **\$2.75.**

Scarfs, Rounds, Squares, Card

Table Covers, Bungalow Sets; sold up to \$1.50; your choice at **95¢.**

Scarfs, Rounds and Centers, on a big bargain table at **\$1.98** each. 50c and 65c Dresser Scarfs at **29¢.**

Space forbids touching more than the edges. No room to quote more.

Hundreds of articles laid out to sell at **29¢.** Hats, Bonnets, Caps, Hoods, Waists, Infants' Skirts, Drawers, Guimpes, Kimonos, Dresses, Gowns, Petticoats, Boteses, Leggings, Dolls, Shoes, Rompers, Moccasins, Creepers, and if there is anything else you think of for wee ones, you'll probably find it in lot.

WOMAN'S SECTION.

Buyer in New York rushing in by express New Dresses, New Blouses, New Suits.

She writes us: "Mighty lucky— selected a splendid lot—just made." A few from here—a few from there—from the most famous mak- ers. Practically just off the ma- chines—and out of the work rooms. LOOK SATURDAY.

With these few remarks, we close for today.

Thomas Keapatret