

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

Courage: Its Qualities and Its Uses Cleverly Explained

By BART KENNEDY.

It is all very well to rail at the world because it erects its mightiest statues to men of courage. It is all very well to say that poets and philanthropists have more claim to honor than mere fighting men.

I believe in the beauty of poetry. I believe in the nobility of philanthropy. But the power of poetry and philanthropy never kept a destroying invader from ravaging a country and its homes. It never kept women and children safe.

The potent men in times of stress were men with firm faces and hard eyes, who shrank not from thoughts of blood and death, but went out and slew the approaching enemies. The dread, potent men of absolute physical courage. These were the men of value.

And the world rightly accorded to them higher honors than it accorded to other men, for the world, hard though it be, possesses a deeper and sounder wisdom than is dreamed of by the shallow, squeamish person who forgets that but for fighting men he would have no roof over his head.

The wisdom of the world is the mysterious and at times sinister wisdom of the crowd-mind, which no individual thinker, however acute and profound, has ever fully grasped or ever will be able fully to grasp. For human beings, however near to each other, can never fully understand each other. Individuals are isolated fragments of an immense being that is wonderful and manifold and complex—the crowd-being. And this crowd-being acts on lines outside the comprehension of the wisest thinker. So, sneer not at nor be impatient of the wisdom of the world—the crowd.

Personal, physical courage is the only true and real courage. It appeals to all. All can understand it. The things that are called moral and intellectual courage are at best but things of comparison.

Physical courage is man's most glorious gift in life.

It is the power of absolute control of the body at times of imminent bodily danger. You are unexpectedly confronted with instant death, and lo! you are cool and calm. Your pulse beats evenly and regularly. Never have the powers of your body lived together with more consonance than now. Within your brain is a clearness. Nay, it is as if your brain were clearer and more collected than you have ever known it. Before you is the frightful face of Death. But within you is sanity and balance and collectiveness. This is physical courage.

And such is its magic that Death itself shrinks from you.

It is not always given to you to know who is the man who is possessed of this wonderful courage-magic. And it may be well that though you possess it yourself you may not know it. The circumstances in which you have lived have been such that you have not been put to the test. You have never known that within you lived this cold flame, magical and divine. You have lived out your life in an immense, poisonous town. You have wandered not, nor have you mixed with the fine, hard spirits who live off in the far, outer world. You are pale, you are weak, you are one who effaces himself. You are one who knows not the smile of fortune. You are perhaps a submerged slave, who lives down in the lowest deep of the tremendous town. An ill-fated, weakling slave.

And let you are suddenly put to the dread test. You—the one who is weak, the one who is nothing—are without warning, faced with horrible danger. Your end is upon you.

And all at once there has arisen within you a force mighty and wondrous. A

force that is at once cold and of fire. Your weak heart is nerve with an unknown power. A god has arisen within you. You are yourself a thousandfold. Your brain is alert. Your eye is acute. Into your face has come a strength—a fine radiance.

You, the weakling, are a force indomitable. Some there are who think that this magic of absolute and supreme courage may be acquired. But it is not so. It is born with the being who possesses it. And it is a quality of the soul that is not to be crushed out. Neither is it to be crushed out by the torture of the hell-life of the prison, nor by the grind and wear of circumstances. It is as a divine and eternal light.

True, it is that you may be used and broken in to danger. You may work slowly out, unalarmed, along the yard when the storm is smashing and devouring the ship. You may stand steadily in the midst of falling bullets. And still you may not possess this absolute and supreme courage.

Or you may be a duelist—one who has killed many men. Or a wholesale slayer of your kind. This courage is to know when a country is in danger this courage-magic is the thing that alone will avail. At such times the power of gold is as nothing if you have not men who are without fear. Neither do you want men of loud, patriotic words, nor the half-treacherous men of compromise.

Women have always loved the man of courage, for these were the men upon whom all depended. In the vague and dread time, gone by tens of thousands of years, these men went forth and slew the immense and horrible monsters who were then the lords of the world. They went forth and faced tremendous and devouring dragons. They slew dread, giant tigers. And it was because of these rare men that in the fullness of time the human man grasped the world. These men of the courage-magic were the gods of the dim beginning. They went to the lairs of unspeakable brute forms and challenged them. They outaced them in the depths of immense forests. And so it was that they were deified and adored. And rightly so.

But for them some other being than man would now hold the world.

And they sailed forth in ships into the far, engulfing mystery of the ocean. These fine men of courage. They feared neither the sweeping waves nor the storms nor the dread monsters that rose out of the black depths to seize them as they stood on their heaving ships. They fronted blackness and mystery and death with indomitable faces. These men-gods of the old times. They built nations and empires. Aloft they held the sword, and lo! beneath its protecting shade there sprang up the arts and the crafts and the sciences. The sword! Let us reverence the sword. For it brought into the world the magical calm of peace.

So rail not because the world erects its finest and noblest statues to men of courage. And rail not at the sword. For from the sword comes life.

The world owes all it has to the men who were possessed of the magic of absolute courage. And the world will owe to them all that is yet to come to it.

To these men, thinkers and statesmen and idealists are as nothing.

These men of the wondrous courage-magic are the men whose destiny it is to lead the world into safety and happiness. Away with your talkers and thinkers. Away with your men of compromise. The world is to be saved, but by the sword. These glorious men of courage! These descendants of the old gods! Let us give them homage and reverence!

Striped Clothes Modish for Outdoor Gaiety and Sports

Natural Backgrounds of Natural Colors Advocated—Yellow Popular for Blazer Coats and Suits



The new blazer suit exploits a skirt of yellow striped white shantung completed by a coat of yellow silk.

Girls' model of novelty chip straw with drooping brim with alternate bands of brown and blue ribbon. Collar of fine shadow lace.

Beer has designed a postillon suit of biscuit toned gabardine, whose salient feature is the detachable cape.

Stylish suit of striped serge, featuring reversed stripes in panelled effect. Green taffeta faces the wide collar.

By GERMAINE GAUTIER.

One might as well try to suppress the striped patterns that make their appearance at this season of the year as to eliminate the flowers that bloom in the spring from the scheme of nature. One would be quite as impossible of achievement as the other.

For striped cloths, silks and linens have come to stand for outdoor gaiety and healthful sports. Each year these have been advanced in slightly different colorings and in rearrangement of the vertical lines, so that they appear to be different from their predecessors.

A lot of striped shantung is being advocated just now. The natural color is the one in greatest evidence and on this neutral background are woven stripes of brilliant green or rose, dark blue or yellow. A variation of the idea shows a white background, and by way of striking contrast the stripes are frequently introduced in black.

Much of the beauty of the new outfitting materials is enhanced by the combination of the latter with plain colors. It sometimes happens that the skirt will have a blouse of solid hue, and that the coat of a monotonous will be trimmed with the blouse fabric. The wearer must be quite careful in her choice of a hat and of the inevitable sunshade, because if these are not just right in shape, in color and in fabric they will mar the ensemble.

Yellow, which was exceedingly popular last season, is scheduled for a between-season vogue for those whose going away plans demand outing costumes. Sometimes the yellow is used for the blazer coat to be worn with a striped skirt; or it may comprise the entire suit, which is touched up with a border of contrasting color.

Ultra modern are the outing suits of white satin. Indeed, some of these are said to be of washable qualities; but, on the whole, the woman who goes in for all white costume must depend very greatly on the art of the dry cleaner

your judgment into normal, well-centered balanced is to base it on all the evidence.

Don't jump to conclusions. That proceeding may land you in the water of doubt, or cause you to strike and bruise yourself against the gangplank of understanding, but it will seldom bring you safely on board the ship of justice.

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

Don't Be Stubborn.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Two weeks ago I had an argument with my fiance. I admit I was in the wrong. I have unconsciously "given in" to his ways, but this time thought it best not to do so. I have not seen or heard from him since, and I presume he thinks I should call him up.

Your attitude is both petty and stubborn and not in any way compatible with real love. What does it matter who makes the advances? The point is that you are at present estranged from the one you love and that a few words would clear up the situation. Are you not ashamed to hesitate to say them?

Dandruff Surely Destroys the Hair

Girls—if you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

It doesn't do much good to try to brush or wash it out. The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging into the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and four ounces is all you will need, no matter how much dandruff you have. This simple remedy never fails.—Advertisement.

Portable Corner Closets

Interior decorators have turned to the old-fashioned corner closet, and are busy copying the old colonial examples in museums and antique shops, with the intention of bringing them up-to-date. The idea is to make them portable, even when they have an appearance of being built into the room. Such a closet may be appreciated by people who move often, who have become accustomed to the convenience of a corner closet and dislike to leave it behind.

Some of the old designs that have been rediscovered are charming. One old closet, now being copied, stands eight feet high and has a depth of two feet and six inches. At the bottom, there is a closet eighteen inches deep with double doors that lock; the top of the closet forms the first shelf. The next shelf, eighteen inches above the first, is scalloped and cut toward the apex of the closet's angle, the edge being cut out in little slits into which teaspoons are slipped resting on their bowls, where they form a silver fringe to the shelf. The two shelves above follow the second shelf in pattern, one being designed for long stemmed goblets and the other having hooks for cups. The closet has a wicker pattern after this grandmother of closets, for it has a quaint charm that modern furniture cannot show.

Of course, the closets with doors are the most practical for they keep their contents free from dust; of these the one with the diamond shaped panes of glass in the door frames are the most attractive. The new closets are equipped with ball-bearing casters which enable the maid to move them without even farring the things on the shelves. Another idea is to have closets of well seasoned yellow pine, painted and decorated to match the room in which they are to be used. This makes them available for other rooms besides the dining room, where they will be appreciated as an added convenience. In a child's room, such a closet could be nicely utilized to hold the smaller toys; it might be decorated with pictures of old Mother Hubbard, on its white enameled surface.

The advantage of the corner china closet, over the one standing out in the room, is that it takes up no available wall or floor space. Every one realizes the charm of the octagonal room; this same effect may be reproduced in a measure by cutting off two or more corners through the use of old-fashioned corner closets.

Sure!

"Can you get a recommendation from your former husband?"

"Can I? He knows that if I marry again the alimony he is paying me will stop."—Life.

Jumping to Conclusions

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Circumstantial evidence has too many faithful adherents. To many people judge on the appearance of facts without investigating for the foundation of real truth.

In spite of the fact that appearances are a little against a man who comes half an hour late for an important appointment and talks about "a car off the track," the lady may really have been a blockade in the subway on the particular day when the outworn excuse makes us laugh at him!

It is easy to jump to conclusions. When one knows half a story and looks at a set of circumstances from one's own angle of vision, it is very easy to form a conclusion that has very little to do with the facts in the case.

Two and two do make four, but there is always a possibility that three has been added to the first two and one subtracted from the second, which changes the sum materially.

Suspicion and cynicism and doubts are great forces in modern life. People doubt and question each other and lining up each other's motives. How many a pure affair has ended disastrously because a man who had promised to be somewhere at 9 o'clock neither appeared nor sent an excuse for his non-appearance!

The girl in the case jumped to a conclusion—she was being neglected, abused and otherwise unfairly treated. At once she must protect her dignity. And off goes an ill-tempered, hysterical, accusing letter which shows an utter lack of faith and understanding to a man who has been called out of town to the deathbed of a dear friend and who is either furiously angry or sadly grieved when he finds himself tried and condemned unheard.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," is wisdom as well as religion. When all the evidence is in and looks decidedly black for the accused, human love and human charity ought still make allowances.

But when the evidence has not been returned in full, when there are only a few indications against friend or beloved, who torture oneself with suspicion, why fall friendship with doubt?

The lack of faith you show in some one else gives evidence against yourself. If you suspect other people of underhanded and unworthy dealings, you suggest at once that you are capable of them. The motive you attribute to someone else is possible for you.

If you conclude that a broken engagement is clear evidence of ill-faith and disloyalty, you could be guilty of ill-faith and disloyalty.

Hasty judgment is never fair. It is pulled from true center by emotion on the one hand and lack of knowledge on the other, and the only way to swing

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NO Use Talking to Napoleon ---He Was Too Busy

When Napoleon was puzzling with the problem of invading England, he was there in the channel waiting for a wind to come up and blow him across. He was sent word that an American wanted to see him about getting the transports over the channel. He sent word back that he would give the American JUST ONE MINUTE. That American was Robert Fulton and he wanted to tell Napoleon about the steamboat and that he did not need to wait for the wind.

BUT THERE WAS NO USE TALKING TO NAPOLEON. He had a job on his hands and was too busy to talk to the young man.

There are a lot of NAPOLEONS in the business world—struggling with the problem of how to get over. They are waiting for the favorable wind to blow instead of applying the power of advertising to their transports. When the advertising salesman calls to explain to them they send out word they will give him JUST ONE MINUTE and that they are too busy.

Some busy men have much to learn, but they will not listen. The most important thing in the world in success is to know when to let the other man talk to you—to know when to stop talking to him. There is a lot of steam in advertising that appears in THE OMAHA BEE. It will put you over the channel quicker than the frivolous winds of seasons or luck. Notice the firms that are steaming ahead regardless of time or tide or winds—their advertisements are continuously appearing in

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