

Good Things for the Table---Offerings of the Market---Household Hints

Women with 'Doctor Habit' Are Burden to Families

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
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In spite of the fact that ill health is unfashionable today, there are hundreds of women to be found who regard their ailments with fond reverence and who anticipate the coming of the "doctor" as the event of the day or week.

These women have nothing the matter with them but their unaccustomed or perverted minds and their craving for distraction.

They are found in all classes and localities, but flourish in comfort and opulence, rather than in poverty, for poverty as a rule enforces labor, and labor leaves no time for imagination or hysteria.

Once let a woman acquire the "doctor habit" and she is as difficult to cure as an opium victim, and as hopeless to reason with.

She resents being told she looks well and times drags heavily when she has no occasion to send a hurry call for the doctor.

But a slight cold, a little fatigue, over-eating, or a late cup of coffee or tea and consequent wakefulness will open the way for this hurry call; and she dons her most becoming negligee gown, sits bolted up in bed and with eager, expectant eyes, watches the door for the entrance of the one human being who is not bored and wearied with her description of her symptoms—the doctor.

How sympathetic he is, and how sweet such sympathy is to her! And he tells her what she knew was true, but what her cold-hearted family would not believe, that she is a very sick woman, and needs a nurse and afterward a change of air and freedom from all care.

Dear, good doctor! How bleak the world would be without him and his kind!

Meantime the husband who is working twelve hours a day in order to keep his business up to the standard where he can pay employes for working eight, comes home with his head in a whirl, longing for a quiet evening of domestic happiness, and finds the house all excitement. Madame has had "a bad attack," and the doctor and the nurse are both with her.

The husband realizes what this means—weeks of loneliness and expense and discomfort; dining alone, coming home to desolation and gloom—but he knows how useless it is to utter one protest. He will only seem heartless and precipitate another attack of hysteria.

So he puts on his most serious expression of concern and visits the invalid and hears all about the complicated symptoms, and is duly sympathetic and tells the doctor to spare no pains or expense in his efforts to save madame's life—and the curtain goes down again on the little farce he has been accustomed to participate in year after year at intervals.

This is no overdrawn picture. It is an absolute portrait of hundreds of idle, purposeless, selfish, hysterical women in the world.

Sometimes the spectators' pity for the husband is lessened by the consciousness that he has in a measure been instrumental in bringing about these conditions.

He has allowed business to absorb his whole time and energy, and he has had no leisure to give to his wife. She has pined for distraction, for entertainment, and, not being rich in resources, she has turned to the contemplation of her physical sensations until she has become a monomaniac upon the subject.

To be ill and have the household upset about her condition is her only diversion. But with the world at woman's feet today and every possible opportunity for self-improvement within her grasp, what a pity that she should waste one day of this beautiful life in thinking of physical disorders which her own mind has caused and can heal.

A half hour given each day to systematic deep breathing, and a cutting down of her food supply to a few simple, nutritious dishes, right exercise and baths, and right thoughts, and nature would bring harmony, without drugs or doctors or nurses. But how useless to preach these truths to the hysterical victims of doctor disputation.

Then the pleasure of talking about the illness afterward to callers is such a satisfaction!

In country places one finds the same type of woman. She is frequently single and past her first youth, and the doctor's visits are a solace to her lonely hours. While we can sympathize with her situation, yet we must think she would be better off were she to be thrown out upon the world and forced to forget her ailments in an active battle for existence as a "bachelor girl."

Work—a purpose—cheerfulness—a desire to make happiness for others—these are a few of the antidotes to the "doctor habit."

The "Skyscraper" Hat Grows Still Taller in the Latest Paris Models

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Reasons Why Nearly All Women Long for Love

One of the most important questions frequently asked by women is whether love is an absolute necessity on their part. Most certainly it is, for the world is a cold, cheerless place for the unhappy woman who has never known what true love really is. It is only after true love comes to the fore that a female really lives; before its appearance she merely exists; after love's tender beams strike her life path she is transformed, and not she alone; everything to her takes on a more beautiful appearance—the most sordid things of life become brighter.

Therefore, love ought to play a most important part in the lives of women; in fact, it should be the chief end of their existence. They have found occupations that our grandmothers would have thought masculine. Scientific studies, the professions of medicine, lecturing on special subjects, gardening and clerical work, teaching, trained nursing—all these have had a hand in relegating love to a back seat.

In these days a large number of women aim rather at distinction; ambition spurs them on; they are not content to settle down and lead a peaceful, if uneventful, married life. They clamor for excitement; they want amusement; they refuse to be tied down to a round of domestic duties—in a word, many have revolted against the old and homely, and, be it said, correct rule which ordained that matrimony, following on love, was to be all and end of all life so far as woman was concerned.

Do women benefit by the change? Suppose a woman gains fame, with perhaps fortune thrown in, is that enough? Will she be thoroughly satisfied? She will—to the outsider who cannot read the secrets of her heart, but deep down there is a consciousness that something is wanting. The natural instinct has been thwarted and the woman knows it. Instinct, in truth, clamors for something withheld. After all, what is fame to a genuine woman?

Will the praise of a multitude fill a woman's heart with joy as much as an infant lapping its first simple words? Emphatically no! Martin Farquhar Tupper says: "A child in a house is a well-spring of pleasure," but many a mother might add it is also a well-spring of worry. But would she be without it? Not for worlds. She is happier far than she knows. The young mother with her children about her is apt to let small worries cloud over the happiest time of her life. But when she looks back at it, when the young ones have all grown up and gone from her, she wonders at herself for having ignored home joys.

Is there a living woman of, say, 35 to 40 years of age who has never loved, if only secretly? If there is she is to be pitied. There are thousands upon thousands who have loved and lost, but their case is not so bad as that of the woman who has never known what love means. It might be argued that the latter does not know what she has missed, but it is not so.

True, she may not accurately understand just exactly what love means, but there is a yearning for something, a feeling which she cannot define. There is a blank in her life. She knows she is incomplete—undeveloped, in fact. The sweet characteristics, the finer side of her nature, the true emotions—all these are stunted. It requires love to bring them to maturity, and except they reach maturity the woman may almost be said to have lived in vain.

What does love conjure up to the average girl? She should just think of the day when she will fall in love and be loved, and she, in fancy, sees a home of her own, a husband who treasures her, and very likely children who adore her. And what is the result? Her life is made brighter by the thoughts; she is spurred on; she is always looking forward to a certain happy time—the very thought of love, in fact, is necessary for her, so what of the reality?

There are women who scoff and sneer at love outwardly, but little heed is paid to them. Any one possessing common sense knows that they are merely cloaking their inward feelings; they try to deceive themselves, and that is the short and the long of it.

It might be asked, following on what has been written above, is love a necessity for man? Very many do not think it is; at any rate, not so much as it is to a woman. The latter is created for the very purpose of loving and being loved more or less; to her love is life. The woman who never loves, or never has love offered her, may be called one of life's most decided failures, for if a woman's life is to be a success love is necessary.

On the other hand, man is a creature created for work. His business and a hundred and one other things take up his attention and love with him, therefore, is not a matter of vital importance.



The first model is a hat of tulle de crin, with black velvet bow, giving a peculiar Moyné age effect. Its neighbor is the opposite extreme in modernity, a blue sailor trimmed with blue velvet and pompon. The third is of "skyscraper" height, of beige-colored straw, draped with wide ribbon. The model below, a flaring "skyscraper," is of black straw with crown of black velvet. The lower, upstanding effect, next to the right, is a smart black straw, with ribbon cockade. The "skyscraper" on the right end is a mixed straw and velvet combination.

The sky seems to be the limit for hats this spring. The new models drifting over from Paris are getting higher and higher in elevation, as well as price. Unless somebody calls a halt the interiors of our leading hotels and restaurants may have to undergo some sort of reconstruction to admit the fashionable woman. As for the subway trains and Fifth avenue buses, a millinery congestion of extensive proportions may be confidently expected.

Yet the new hats are charming, says Harper's Bazar. Many of the sailors are in bright colors, with the underpart of the brim in black. Fur is often combined with straw, which makes it possible to don the straw hat much earlier than usual. Besides the high hats there are, of course, large hats and small hats and some quite flat, the choice being regulated altogether by the shape of the face. Georgette, of Paris, is making some little flat hats that strongly resemble second empire styles. At Marcelle Demay's straw and taffetas are combined with good effect, and many shapes are built on eighteenth century lines, with brims lifted in the back.

Lewis of Paris has sent over six of his smartest models to Harper's Bazar, and striking indeed they are. There is a black straw toque with a tall and effective crown of black velvet, which makes an immediate appeal as something quite out of the ordinary. Becomingness is achieved by a little bow sewed in front. Mixed straw and velvet are combined to make a very chic turban. A cluster of cherries tucked under the crown drapery gives a touch of color and brings out the red woven into the straw. Very attractive is a black straw with a dashing little cockade of ribbon sewed in front. The brim turned up from the face gives the height so necessary this season in turbans and toques.

An aeroplane is strongly suggested in a creation of tulle de crin. The only bit of trimming is a wired black bow on a tight-fitting cap. A beige-colored straw hat recalls fashions of the early eighties. Wide ribbon is draped in folds over the crown and forms a large rosette in the back. Navy blue velvet and a fluffy pompon are used to trim a high-crowned blue sailor. This model is suitable for early spring and is unusually becoming.

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

Make One Effort.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going about with a young man for the last six months. I have not heard from him for two weeks. Should I write? C. H. T.

There is no reason why you should not make an effort to discover what causes your friend's silence. He may be ill, in which case your friendly interest is only fitting. He may, on the other hand, mean to break off the affair and in that case it is just as well for you to know at once and not to waste emotion on him.

A Mercenary Match.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and in love with a wealthy man nearly 60. I am not sure whether my parents would care to have a man of such age call on me. I. H.

In-Shoots

The human submarine generally operates in muck instead of water.

And it is easy to be philosophical when the other guy has the toothache.

It is well to love your neighbor, if he is provided with a generous wad.

When a man has no conscientious scruples fear of the law will help some.

Might as well skate on thin financial ice as to freeze to death waiting on the bank.

It is as hard for an active man to become a loafer as it is for a lazy cuss to go to work.

It is difficult for any old slob to refrain from acting foolish when a pretty woman comes along.

The man who cannot please his wife should at least keep on friendly terms with the poodle dog.

There is no mistaking the intentions of the knocker, no matter what the results of his efforts may be.

It is better not to tell important secrets to married men. The modern wife is a mighty persuasive creature.

Touches of Spring Color

Ribbon frills on gloves are very new and will go well with close cuffed frocks. Many of the new blouses are made with the collars and frills bound with white silk braid.

Short brocade coats of bright colors with a point in the back and two in the front, weighted by heavy silken tassels, are being made to wear with the first light spring dresses.

In separate waists the season's forecast permits the continuance of the vogue for colored waists. This has con-

cerned itself largely with waists of chiffon, Georgette crepe and crepe de chene, but the summer waists will be made of colored linens, batistes, chambrays, voiles and cotton crepes.

Blanket stitch is not only first in favor as a finish for sport suits, where it makes a perfect trimming for the close-woven soft materials which do not hem well, but it is being used on linen and gabardine wash dresses. Done in contrasting colors, it brightens up the simplest dress.

A gray foulard double overskirt tops

a skirt of dark blue taffetas in a new costume designed by Jenny. Each gray overdress is cut in deep Van Dyke points and bound with navy-blue taffetas. The coat accompanying this costume is of the blue taffetas, with short empire back, from which depend deep, pointed penlins, plaited to form postilion coat skirts. The sleeves are narrow and tight-fitting to the wrist, where they are finished with a deep cuff of the taffetas, which flares out over the hand and is frilled with hemstitched gray chiffon.

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What Women Are Doing

The first savings bank was instituted by a woman, Priscilla Wakefield, who inaugurated a bank scheme for the encouragement of thrift among children of Tottenham toward the end of the eighteenth century.

Mrs. Vincent Astor has offered prizes, amounting to \$2,000, for a national housing competition, the object of which is to make the English language, American citizenship and American ideals standards of living in every community.

Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, the wife of the famous inventor, in denouncing the present fashions, declares American women have no originality, but follow the leaders of fashion blindly whether the style of dress is becoming or not.

The Montclair (N. J.) co-operative kitchen, it is announced, has in a year passed the experimental stage. A perfect delivery service, the chairman of the executive committee says, is maintained for housekeepers who wish meals sent to their houses ready to serve.

Mrs. Maude Murray Miller, member of the board of moving picture censors in Ohio, still holds her place, although the governor has done his best to have another woman appointed in her place. It has been decided that she is not under the civil service commission, through which the governor wished to have her office declared vacant.

Miss Philaetha Michelson is the only woman attorney in California who specializes in criminal law. Since her graduation, in 1913, Miss Michelson has served as a juvenile court commissioner in Los Angeles for four years and for three years and was a special lecturer at the University of Southern California and a director of the George Junior Republic.

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