

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

World Must Prepare for Coming of Peace

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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During Christmas season the following telegram was received from the daughter of a famous general:

"Is not spiritual and mental preparedness more important to the country than any plan of military preparedness, and is it not the duty of the American press to consider this question?" H. E. M.

That is what is the matter with the world at the present time—its lack of spiritual preparedness. Over in Europe for forty years there has been but one thought in the minds of some of the countries, and that has been preparation for war.

America is now preparing for possible war. From a letter written by a seafaring man, familiar with all the ports of the world, is taken the following:

"I was in Australia when the war broke out. At that time I said all the world was suffering from a terrible disease, which I called armamentitis, and that war was the only remedy. That the disease was virulent and a medicine would have to be taken in large doses. We are having rather more of the medicine than I bargained for, but if we are not cured, I hope we will, at least, be the better for it.

But when militarism is dead we still have another heartless giant to face—I mean commercialism. Militarism says that the highest ideal for a nation should be power, dominion, territorial aggrandizement. The aims of commercialism are markets; their capture and retention and wealth in the aggregate, never mind about its distribution.

"A sorry spectacle, but worrying about it does not alter it. We can only try to turn our souls to sympathies above and around the note of love. We have a 'unker class in this country. They oppose every means of social advancement; they held up their hands in horror and said the country would be ruined when the old age pension bill was passed, providing about \$1.5 a week for the deserving over 70 years of age. They said we could not possibly find the money. Now we are spending more on war in a week than the pensions cost in a year.

"Where will it end?" But still I suppose whatever is, is best."

Meantime from a little theological leaflet there comes this comforting statement: Ages ago there came to the world a group of souls whose main mission in God's great plan was to work wherever workers were most needed. Through incarnation after incarnation they have been pioneers in many great movements by which humanity has benefited. Choosing not always the greatest glory of brilliant achievement where the world's applause might be won, they have instead been willing when needed to take a share in the lesser work which is often the greater in the Master's eyes.

May the Server link more closely together "the servers" wherever in America some of these souls were born, so that they may again work together in the pioneer movement of preparing for the coming of the great Teacher. May the server be worthy to be His servant.

In an hour and a moment that we know not of the Great Teacher cometh. It is well for us to think of spiritual preparedness. It would be well for us all in the dark and troubled times to realize that we are surrounded by "clouds of witnesses." It would be well for us to read and ponder on the words of that great man, Sir Oliver Lodge, wherein he states: "I tell you with all the strength and conviction I can utter that we do persist after death; that people over there still take an interest in what is going on here, that they still help us, and know far more about things than we do, and are able from time to time to communicate with us."

And here is what another great soul, Anna Besant, says of the need of spiritual preparedness: This is her formula to repeat often: "I am a link in the golden chain of love that stretches around the world, and must keep my link bright and strong."

"So I will try to be kind and gentle to every living thing I meet, and to protect and help all who are weaker than myself."

"And I will try to think pure and beautiful thoughts, to speak pure and beautiful words, and to do pure and beautiful actions."

"May every link in the Golden Chain be a bright and strong."

The "New Civilization," dream of all the world's idealists, based on peace and co-operation, with brotherhood the informing spirit, is seen by Mrs. Besant to be already appearing on the horizon. Like a mighty priestess of old, she cries to a bleeding and suffering world, "Encure, for your salvation draweth nigh; it is even at the doors! Nothing in regret and nothing to fear," she tells us; for we are only to witness the passing of the old order that the new may arise out of its ashes.

All about us are great souls, doing their work in their own way, helping to prepare the awakened for the coming Teacher. This Teacher will as surely come as the war came. It is well to awake when He comes. It is well to be ready to do the work He may ask us to do. Are you ready?

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

Give Him Up.

Dear Miss Edna: I am a girl 19 years of age. About five months ago I made the acquaintance of a gentleman two years my senior. We have been steadily together and he has been very attentive and a strong feeling of attachment has developed. He has often expressed his love for me. Lately his love seems to be waning and I feel we are drifting apart. There seems to be no reason for this strange indifference and I am broken-hearted about the whole affair.

When a man tires of her, the wise woman accepts the inevitable. The love of 19 or 21 is not the serious thing the love of older years may be. Your friend is probably fickle and prefers a change of sweethearts every few months. Be glad you found him out in time, and don't use up your energies trying to win him back. If he is not the sort to remain loyal, don't worry about him. On the other hand, don't look for trouble and nag at him for his seeming neglect.

Spring Woos Winter :—And Winter Still Is Cold—

By Nell Brinkley

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Love and the Pay Envelope

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Each day there come to me numerous letters, which read something like this:

"I love him so much that I can not do without him. He is earning \$15 a week and has good prospects. Do you think we dare risk marriage?"

It is hard not to be a little cynical about the young woman who tells you in one line that she can not live without her beloved, and who in the next wonders if she can risk marrying him on his present salary.

An absolutely big and fearless love would probably plunge a girl into marriage on a very tiny amount of money, and it would teach her wonderful ways and means for making that money do with a royal usefulness and lack of mercenary feeling.

But it is just as well for the world that love isn't an overwhelming force and that most of us do stop and analyze and sensibly to consider the matter from a point of view that is not mercenary, but only just practical.

No woman has the right to marry a poor man unless she is convinced of several things.

First of all, she must love him enough so that cheerfully and uncomplainingly she will "do without" for his sake. She must know that she will be willing to wear year before last's made-over dress when other women are buying week after next's pictorial fashions.

She must be sure that when John comes home tired from his day's work she can meet him with good cheer and not with a whimpering weariness of a woman whose day's occupation has netted her a backache and swollen feet because her husband's day's occupation has netted him only \$2.

She must know that she is going to be cheerful if her hands are red and swollen from dishwashing and her eyes a little tired from mending torn clothes.

When a woman has passed her own mental examination as to her fitness to be the wife of a poor man, she must turn to a consideration of the poor man. Is he to be respected? Is he a worker, a man of self-control, good habits and ability, a man who will always do his best to provide for his family and who will not console himself for his inability to get ahead by sliding backward?

When a woman makes up her mind that the poor man she loves is a worker and a hustler, and that she herself is a cheerful manager, she is safe to go ahead and marry him. Love and the pay envelope have to be balanced in your own personal scales. On the love side there are emotion and durability of feeling and desire and congeniality, and on the pay envelope side there are faith and cheer, common sense and loyalty to throw into the scale.

And whether you marry a poor man or not, my dear girl, depends not at all on the general advice I give you, nor even on such a practical consideration as whether he is earning \$15, 15 or \$20 a week, but entirely on what you and he can do with that sum.

Cast up accounts—love and the pay envelope. How do they balance?

Slipped in between the days of driving flakes and bitter wind and still, glassy cold, comes sometimes a gentle day with a warm breath in it from somewhere: an under rumor of sunshine and flower-scents; a remote breathing as if sleeping summer, curled like a dormouse in its nest over the edge of the world, had turned and sighed and half awaked!

The ghostman dreams of the chinook and sniffs the air. There is the odor of a perfume of turned earth, purple and rich. Underfoot it is lush and warm.

The squirrel who comes for his breakfast mysteriously capers and romps and scuttles about like a baby kitten after a bit of flying feather. He somersaults and flicks his little body, shaking it off his feet with mirth and scampers and barks with the urge of a heady something that is tickling the heart under his little gray vest. He puts his tiny hands on his heart and—listens.

It is summer calling, we reckon. The birds idle and stretch wings on the sunny porch roof—all the huddling pose vanished, quite. The starling—English that he is—takes his bath in ice water and whistles like a gamin thereafter because it is warm in the sun and his wet wings will not glaze with ice. Something is up.

Just spring wooing winter! Somewhere he is murmuring his lovelines, bidding her melt her frozen heart and come with him. Today she is listening a bit with thaw at her heart. But tomorrow—who can tell! She will be cold tomorrow—trapped in ice and snow; glacial, gleaming coldly and not hearing at all—fascinated with the glitter and flare of the snow crystals in her receptor.

And summer, stirring for just a space, will have lapsed again into snug slumber.

Spring woos winter—but she still is cold.

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Beneficent Germ in Women's Clubs

By ADA PATTERSON.

The human body is like a community. It has good and bad citizens. It certainly has good and bad germs. If there are enough good germs to conquer the bad ones the person possessing that body is healthy, just as if a community has a large majority of citizens it is prosperous and of great repute.

Well conducted women's clubs are beneficent germs in any community. They teach women's interests. They teach them humanity. They train them in the duties of citizenship. You doubt it? Let me recite some of the recent activities of women's clubs. Not one club, which would give you a chance to reply: "But that is only one woman's club;" to make the trite observation: "It is the exception that proves the rule." I choose at random instances of what clubs (women's clubs) have recently done in cities remote from each other, extending a chain of good works reaching from one coast in America to the other.

At Dallas, Tex., the club women have combined to establish headquarters where employment will be given to the mothers of small children, mothers who have been deserted by their husbands and mothers whose husbands are dead. The clubs are projecting a plan to extend this work into an industrial home of forty-two rooms.

The club women of Kansas City are urging a reformatory for delinquent women. They are going shrewdly about it, for they are circulating the candidates for municipal offices and are reserving their replies. Those replies will be published.

The women's clubs of North Carolina started the first state-wide movement for a celebration of the Shakers' tercentenary. Folk dances, plays as pageants under the auspices of the clubs will be educational features in most cities of that state and an impetus to the study of the greatest of dramatists and humanists will thus be given.

Club women have been the most active factors in abolishing the smoke nuisance in all cities, according to the report of the former smoke inspector of Chicago.

Osborne Honnett. Women, alive always to the menace to health, and agreeing with prominent physicians that smoke kills more persons than does any one single disease, have been persistent in their demands for its abatement, and they have succeeded. "The women of America are the leaders of the movement to abolish the smoke nuisance," Mr. Honnett reports, "aside from their intelligent recognition of the peril that inhere in smoke, women, who are natural economists, have discovered that the damage to household articles by smoke is about \$60 a year for each family. With managerial wisdom they have determined to stop the leak.

The ancient canon that woman is man's worst enemy has long been dead. It was rebutted last month when Florence King, a Chicago lawyer, offered to give twenty-five delinquent girls a home for a month, and placing them in vocation schools where they could learn honestly to support themselves. This was an initial step in the movement by Chicago club women to provide a large country home and school for unfortunate girls. The world of women has awing far in the orbit of progress since the poet wrote over "One more unfortunate," and pointed out the hopelessness of her state. Her state is still sad, but no longer hopeless.

"Get the children off the streets" is the slogan of the Rhode Island Federation of Women's Clubs, which indorsed a plan that each woman should actively interest herself in the nearest street child and help the gamins to education and entertainment in less perilous spots than the city's highways. The federation also indorsed the federal Keatinge-Owen child labor bill, for uniform legislation against the employment of minors in exhausting, life-draining employment.

Carnivorous Lovers

By THE OLD GIRL.

Love and influence don't go together.

Although both are catching, people seem to prefer not to get the germs mixed. That, at least, is how I explain the complete solitude in which I was allowed to languish last week.

It explains also why I was driven for company to read the modern novel—no body in their senses would want to read the modern novel unless driven to it by microbes.

But even in this occupation I found no balm in Gilead. I discovered—and discovered even of old things are always interesting—I discovered the carnivorous lover. By this gentleman I mean not only the lover who finds his loved one good things to eat, but who proceeds to do it.

"His lips were glued to hers, drinking in her very life." How's that for a start? One can really understand the feelings of the dandelion who, a few pages back, looked forward to something like this happening in the following manner:

"The great moment when he was to hold her in his arms grew nearer and nearer. She waited for it with an almost intolerable anguish of joy, a fierce flame of anticipation. I hope that flame burnt her up when the great moment came. It is too much, I suppose, to hope that it burnt the lot up, including the novelist.

Joking apart, love, according to the modern novelist, is an awfully painful business. When you are not having your face devoured by kisses you are having them rained on your throat, or poured down your neck, or something equally uncomfortable.

When your lover is more inclined to be a vegetarian than a man-eater, he gathers the ripe fruit of your lips, or has a good meal off the peach-bloom of your cheeks; (30 cents a large box). In less effusive moments he just has a nibble at anything that's going, but it's upon the expansive lover that the novelist generally expands.

I can only imagine to show the girls, what they miss—or gain—for I have yet to meet the real-life young man who wallows in sentiment up to his neck, and expects the real-life girl to spoil her clothes and her appearance wallowing in it, too.

For there is nothing so destructive to clothes and complexion as love. Everybody who has been up against a kiss knows. You can't successfully register a kiss without leaving some evidences of its existence behind.

Luckily the real-life young man, judging both by first and second hand experience, bears but little inclination to dine off his lady-love's complexion. "I say, awful bore, sitting here—what?" nine out of ten of them exclaim after ten minutes of solitude, the soft, and Sophy. "Let's go out and do something. Which not only shows his good sense but his good intentions.

Tastes differ, of course. There may be girls who would sooner have purple kisses than a glass or two of the real Burgundy; but, speaking without prejudice, I prefer a cool kiss, a correct lover, and a good cabaret, to any of love's stange-holds.

A Sure Sign

Grocer—The honeymoon is over in the house on the hill.

Assistant—How do you know?

Grocer—The bride has just phoned in an order for cologne.—Birmingham Age Herald.

The Salt of Life

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

PART I.

One service which chloride of sodium renders in the body is rather a curious one. It was learned thousands of years ago in the stern school of experience that salt was one of the absolute necessities of life, not merely for human beings, but for all domestic and many other animals.

This has been burned into the language of every race and continent in such terms as "the salt of life," "attic salt," "not worth his salt," "below the salt," etc. Wages were even paid in salt, as our term "salary" still indicates, and salt taxes were one of the surest and cruelest means of raising revenue, because people, particularly the peasantry, must have it or go mad.

But it was also known that there were some peculiar exceptions to the rule of indispensability of salt. Many of the tribes, particularly in rather far northern latitudes, care very little for it, while even among domestic animals some species, dogs and cats and poultry, for instance, either have no appetite for it or positively dislike it. While on the other hand, of course, horses, cattle and sheep on pasture become almost crazy for salt if deprived of it, and most tropical tribes will take a man's life for a handful of salt.

Some twenty years ago the great physiologist Jungo made a careful study of these discrepancies and analyzed specimens of the blood and of the urine of hundreds of both animals of various species and of human beings deprived of or fed on large amounts of common salt.

He succeeded in finding a full and complete explanation of these apparent differences and proving the utility of salt as a separate substance in the diet, although his findings have not yet been treated in the intelligence of several schools of so-called diet reformers.

The first thing that he discovered was that the natural appetite for salt depended entirely upon the character of the diet, and that, roughly speaking, those animals or tribes of human beings which lived solely or even chiefly upon flesh, which, of course, includes fish and game, had little use for the salt-cellar, because they received a sufficient supply of this precious substance for their bodily needs in their food, as this consisted of the flesh and blood of other animals, birds and fishes which were already sufficiently "salted." No carnivorous animals, either wild or tame, care for salt, nor usually salt meats.

This explains at once why it was that the hunting tribes of our American Indians in the north and northwest cared very little for salt and only used it when they happened to have some chance supply of hominy or pumpkins or potatoes. Their favorite flavoring, in fact, for stews and ragouts of meat was not salt, but sugar, which the squaws would shake into the pot eagerly if they possessed it, in the form of maple sugar or cane sugar.

Upon their long hunting trips the bravest frequently carried a cake of maple sugar tucked inside the hunting shirt with which they flavored their venison or trout, just as we would with salt and pepper.

On the other hand, the broad rule could be laid down that herbivorous animals and human races who live largely upon a vegetable diet were absolutely dependent upon salt and suffered severely in health if they could not get it in considerable amounts.

This was illustrated not merely by most of our domestic animals, but also by the fact that deer, elk and bison were eager for salt and came scores of miles to salt licks to secure it, where our pioneer hunters would most basely lie in wait and shoot them. But here at first sight was a puzzle, because grains, fruits, roots and most other vegetable substances all contained considerable amounts of common salt (chloride of sodium), enough, in fact, to furnish apparently a sufficient supply for the needs of the human body.

It is possible for marriage to be a failure without the aid of the barber shop manure, but you cannot make some wives believe it.

The man who sets 'em up freely in the bar room, will generally give an eloquent sermon on economy if his wife asks him for a dime.

Proper pride in the home town is the kind a man feels when a tax receipt has just been handed him.

When the henpecked man finally awakens to the situation he is too old to do much kicking in his own favor.

There is no limit to the affection that may be bestowed on the man who improves on acquaintance.

We have a lot of respect for the man who begins it: "Did I ever tell this story before?"

A cough is really one of our best friends. It warns us that there is inflammation or obstruction in a dangerous place. Therefore, when you get a bad cough don't proceed to dose yourself with a lot of drugs that merely "stop" the cough temporarily by deadening the throat nerves. Treat the cause—heat the inflamed membranes. Here is a home-made remedy that gets right at the cause and makes an obstinate cough vanish more quickly than you ever thought possible.

Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (60 cents worth) in a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This gives you a full pint of the most pleasant and effective cough remedy you ever used, at a cost of only 64 cents. No other to prepare. Full directions with Pinex.

It heals the inflamed membranes so gently and promptly that you wonder how it does it. Also loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, rich in gualacol, and is famous the world over for its healing effect on the membranes.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex," and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Household Hints

Add salt to the water in which black and white cotton goods are washed. All salads should be soaked in salt and water to destroy animal culas or small worms.

Carpets are brightened and their colors preserved if wiped with clean cloths wrung out of salt water.

Ink stains from carpets and tablecloths (if fresh) can be removed by successive applications of dry salt.

Flats, wash basins, polished slate and stone slabs are quickly cleaned by rubbing with dry salt before washing.

Dancing shoes and other light-colored shoes may be cleaned very satisfactorily in the following manner: Take a piece of flannel and dip it into spirits of wine, then rub the shoes with the grain of the satin, changing the flannel every time it becomes dirty.

EARL LIGGAN BIDS DIET A FAREWELL!

Clever "Charley Chaplin" Artist Took Tanlac and Eats Real Food.

He Has Gained Ten Pounds

One would think that he is the real "Charley" to see L. Earl Ligan in his baggy trousers, little derby, bottled coat and "gunboat" shoes, twirling his bamboo and going through the antics of the famous Charley Chaplin. Mr. Ligan enjoys his work in mimicry hugely, but there are some earthly things he enjoys more, especially health, and he sees that he has the best he can secure. He lives at 2317 Douglas street, Omaha.

"I have been an extreme sufferer from indigestion," Mr. Ligan told the Tanlac man yesterday. "I came to a point that I could not eat anything but crackers and milk. I was nervous and run down and finally had to go through an operation two years ago in Virginia. My kidneys and liver were in a bad shape and I had headache constantly and a bad taste in my mouth."

Tanlac relieves all forms of stomach trouble, including nervous dyspepsia, which is the severest of all. The nerves of these dyspeptics become very much worn, while they must endure other distresses, such as excessive gas, bloating, sour stomach, palpitation, cold, clammy hands, poor circulation, swimming of the head, twitching of the muscles, burning in the back, pains in the throat and stomach, coated tongue and acid ulcers in the mouth. Nervous dyspepsia uses them up quickly if they do not get relief.

"Mr. B. T. Kable, a friend of mine, advised me to take Tanlac, as it cured him," continued Mr. Ligan. "I got my first bottle of Tanlac in old Virginia about six months ago. I came here in September and had a bad spell with my stomach, and nothing helped me until I found that Sherman & McConnell had Tanlac. In two weeks I was able to go to work. I now take Tanlac regularly and you will never find me without it."

"From my own personal experience I find that Tanlac is the only remedy that will give permanent relief. I work every day and feel good and eat whatever I want. No sour stomach or headaches."

"I have gained ten pounds of flesh in three weeks and am a well man."

Tanlac is being specially introduced in Omaha at the Sherman & McConnell drug store, 16th and Dodge Sts., by the Tanlac man, who explains the uses of the medicine and makes known the results that may be expected.

Tanlac may be obtained in the following cities: Ashland, Cono's Pharmacy; Blue Springs, E. N. Wendorf; Eason, Schiller-Beattie Pharmacy; Central City, Schiller Drug Store; Grand Island, Clayton's Pharmacy; Weeping Water, Meyer Drug Store.—Advertisement.

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