

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

Common Sense Mothers

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In a college town lives a beautiful young girl whose mother is gifted with the unusual asset of common sense.

When the telephone rings it is the mother who answers, and when a masculine voice asks for her daughter, the mother inquires who wishes to speak with her daughter.

On, at least, a half dozen occasions, the names have been refused, say simply, "Oh, just tell your daughter it is a friend who wishes to speak with her."

Remember this girl is only 15, and quite possibly, more than probably, the voices of the speakers belong to boys not many years her senior.

This mother has been called a crank, and her rules are considered very strict. She is told that among all the girls' acquaintances no other mother insists upon knowing who is talking to her daughter over the telephone.

In two high schools, not many miles removed from the little town wherein this girl resides, tragedies and scandals have occurred which have marred the lives of many young girls.

If you have daughters or sons attending high school or public school, dear madam, it would be worth your while to pay a little more attention to the telephone calls which your children are giving and receiving out of school hours.

It will be worth your while to know where your children go at the noon hour and the recess hour, and if they do not come home directly from school to know where they have been and who have been their associates.

Of vast importance is it for you to keep in very close sympathy and touch with your young daughters if you live in a college town.

William Orpet, the youth now awaiting trial for the murder of Marian Lambert, was a freshman sent away by his parents without the least instruction on this important subject.

Marian Lambert's mother never asked who was calling her daughter over the telephone. If her daughter had told her it was William Orpet, the father or the mother would have found it necessary to look up the character of William Orpet.

The fact that a youth attends some well known college seems to some silly mothers and fathers to be considered a certificate of character.

It is much better for you to be called a crank and to win the reputation of over-caution as a mother than for you to run the risk of ever occupying the position of Mrs. Lambert before the world.

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

Don't End Your Friendships.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young fellow 16 years old and am at present attending the "Business" school in Brooklyn.

Write and Explain.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Was stopping with a friend for a few weeks and had my mail sent to that address.

He is Not Trustworthy.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am deeply in love with my employer, who in return shows his affection for me.

Hope for the Leper

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

PART II.

When Uncle Sam, as the result of the war with Spain over Cuba, found himself most unexpectedly and unwillingly loaded with his share of the "white man's burden," the wardship of backward and child races, one of the first prize packages which he fished out of the bundle was leprosy—10,000 cases of it!

This, of course, offended the sanitary conscience and model housekeeper sense of our public health service doctors very much, for by one of the curious contradictions of human nature we give our colonies and savage or half-civilized dusky wards, whether in Luzon or Porto Rico, a much better, more efficient and up-to-date sanitary service than we have ourselves in most of our home counties and not a few of our states.

So Dr. Heiser and his colleagues proceeded to do something about it in a Panama, after making a complete census of all lepers and a thorough study of the disease in all the islands, and finding that it was certainly holding its own, if not increasing.

They picked out an island well wooded, well watered, fertile and attractive, surrounded by a wide enough belt of sea to be safely isolated and not easy to escape from in a canoe, and yet central enough to be readily accessible from all parts of the archipelago.

Here they laid out and built two beautiful model villages, each with its pretty harbor and landing stage, palm-shaded streets and public flower gardens and the perfection of water supply, sewerage and drainage.

Gardens and small farms were laid out, herds of milk buffalo and beef cattle provided for the occupation of such lepers as were physically able to do light work, and a weekly steamer line established.

Then the lepers were invited to come over and be made comfortable, and encouraged to bring their healthy relatives with them to see what the place was like. Such flattering reports were spread by these relatives on their return, aided by stereopticon views with which they were supplied, that it wasn't long before a steady stream of lepers was flowing into the island, faster even at times than we were really prepared to accommodate them.

With the gratifying final result that in about four years' time practically all the lepers in the Philippines, except a few scattered cases in the remote districts, and a few of the wealthier class, who were properly cared for by their families in isolated houses or private asylums, were gathered together upon Cullion Island.

And this without any use of force or the strong arm of the law, save in a few homeless and irresponsible cases, but simply by kind treatment, persuasion and sanitary education.

It was a wonderful compliment, not merely to our medical officers and diplomats of science, but also to their native wards. Who dare say that the child races of the world are not amenable to reason? and that even the backward peoples have their full share of sound sense and right feeling, when given a white man's chance?

As Sir Henry Johnson, one of England's ablest colonial administrators, said: "The only thing needed to make a savage behave like a gentleman is to treat him like one."

The Man Who Wanted to Be Sincere

"I will be sincere," I said to myself. "No matter what it costs me, I will say exactly what I think at all times and all places. I will have nothing to do with shams and pretenses and conventions." So I went out and tried it.

To the first man I met I stated my position and my intention of speaking my mind. The man grasped me by the hand as though I was his long-lost brother.

"You are the man for me!" he declared. "I'm sick of the conventional humbug of the world. We will be friends, you and I, and we will always say exactly what we mean to each other and tell each other our real opinions."

"We will," said I, "and as a start I should like to say that the color of that tie you have on does not suit you at all. A man who professes to be sincere should wear a red tie." But my new-found friend was a socialist, and he felt as though he was saying his creed every time he caught sight of his red tie in a shop window, so, after a slight argument, he remembered a previous engagement and vanished.

I was somewhat puzzled, but went on my way, and presently met a nice, pretty girl, and to her I unfolded my philosophy. "I'm awfully glad you've told me," she said. "I get so tired of all the silly things people say to me, and I have so often longed for a friend who would tell me what he really thought of me. You will, won't you?"

"I will, I promised. 'I'll begin now. You say you get tired of people who say silly things to you, but really you like them."

But it happened that she was a girl who prided herself on being sincere, who explained to herself many times daily that she only did conventional things because "one had to," and so she was not at all pleased. She told me in tones of perfect politeness that I was quite mistaken, and went off to talk to another man who told her what she really was, or keep him who was not afraid of calling a spade a spade.

But, at last, I found an old lady, a beautiful old lady, who was not in the least ashamed of being old and looking old. To her I made, as in duty bound, a declaration of absolute and uncompromising truthfulness, but instead of composing odes to my honor she sat up and shook her finger at me.

"Now, now," she said. "That won't do with me, young man. All the men who want to pay the most outrageous compliments begin like that, and I've heard too many of them." And the more he protested my complete sincerity, the less she would believe me.

"Old Flames" : -LORELEI-

-LORELEI-

By Nell Brinkley

Copyright, 1916, Intern'l News Service.



This was where June's sway reaching out from a far place and for years lifted me out of a slough and set me on the high places in the sun again. I was there where ambition was working me hard, but I rested on my oars sometimes and cruised in strange water, around strange isles. And the isles were lovely and strange; and their strangeness, the languishing air, the brooding odors, the Circumusic that rose from them drew my eyes and ears wide to be filled with the intense, the unusual.

And 'round and about in the labyrinths of this still sea I floated—when I had time away from the busy, commonplace little harbors where I traded and labored and laughed. There were bound to be Loreleis in the purple sea rocks. And one sang—and my ears heard every soft and conjuring cadence.

"We'll call her Lorelei—eh?" A slim, regal woman with hair like melted-down gold—sombre gold, with glints of fire catching in the light. Her eyes were gems—intent gems with a flash now and then as though in the quiet current beneath a thought-creature had flitted and flickered and caught the light of a subterranean sun.

She was tragic, and wound about with a thousand superstitions, as they who do not live in the wholesome sun must be. She never hurried, could do nothing, watched a game with a curious calm. She was eternally young—seemed to me caught in the net of something fascinating and new—but young with the uncanny youth of a story of a mummied queen—the story never grows old and the queen seems always lovely.

She never shouted and romped. She moved like a soft dream—she played deep and gloomy riddles (did I tell you she was an emotional actress?). She wore queer garments fastened with queer

stones. The mental sea she swam in was a dark, intense waste so thick that on a healthy day I came to long for the thin, winy water of joy and sanity. Just here I grew two lines 'longside my mouth, and my temples were rising painfully from the receding waves of my hair. I almost deserted my busy harbor for the purple isles—for the daily worship at the altar of a tragic muse—a Circé with the lure of the unaccustomed.

And I worshipped well! And now I know that I was just one laughing one of many sailors who sailed past. And then one day, sitting in the amber light of her jeweled lamps, listening to her too-sweet voice singing a French chanson (June's French was poor and happy), I remembered June, wholesome, laughing June and the open canoe and the wide, fresh sky, the air, the sun and the things we found joy in; and before her, all the child-women—my mother—sweet, sane women with clear, wide eyes, who had helped me build my ideals and ideas!

And straightway if smothered. The rooms—too rich—too beautiful—too shadowed—too enchanting—closed in on me. I hated the flowers that leaned close to my face—gardenias from a hothouse; I hated suddenly the wild honey flattery of the woman who sang, with a white wolfhound leaning against her as though he, too, longed for the wide sky and the sun and to unlimber his racing legs on the plains where he was born to be—and I rose and said good-bye for good!

And I cruise no more in the haunted isles. I am busy in the homely little harbor where I trade and laugh and labor. And since then I have found two later flames that burn for me steady and clear. Guess who?—NELL BRINKLEY.

The Homely Virtues

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

We live at a very high rate of speed and tension today. Things flash by us as scenery seems to whirl past a rapidly moving express train. And we have so little perspective on events that we complainently feel that we are fairly stable and stationary and that it is the world that is flashing by.

As a matter of fact, most of us have hurried our lives into the express train class and we are flashing by the world without taking time to examine it carefully and judiciously.

The only things we really notice in life are those which project themselves from the mass. The qualities in human nature that make for peace and comfort and home-loving happiness do not stand out as high peaks gilded by the sunlight—at least, they do not so project themselves upon our feverish and hurried consciousness.

What we notice is the tinsel glare of shams and poses. Brilliance and ability to put a tendency toward clever witticisms, a flashy tendency to turn moral questions upside down, scathing criticism, sarcastic undervaluation of true fineness—all these things have a tinsel attraction for us and make us inclined to pass by real worth and stable, unpretentious mental qualities without noticing them.

We think in headlines and do not stop to read the articles back of the headlines, whether they be on a printed page or serve as human documents.

If a physician comes forward and flaunts a miraculous cure for anything or everything before us we are likely to honor him and pass by the good old family practitioner who saves more lives each month that the quick remedy will ever conserve through the ages.

Goodness and humility do not impress us at all. They weary us. They have no showy virtue, no brilliant charm. Loyalty we sneer at. Truth and honor we thrust aside as impractical for business dealings.

And these very homely virtues—goodness, humility, loyalty, truth and honesty—are the only stable underlying principles to make human intercourse happy or even tolerable.

Goodness is not showy; humility surely cannot flaunt itself; loyalty must of necessity be silent, and truth and honesty have to be accepted without self-advertisement. So we pass them by and note instead the semi-virtues which act as their own press agents.

For goodness we substitute brilliancy; for humility, proud success at any price; for loyalty, self-interest, and for truth and honesty, cleverness and shrewdness. And we all have rather an uncomfortable scramble in trying "to do the other fellow or he'll do you first."

Facts About the Famous

Theodore Roosevelt is noted for his forceful expressions.

"Coffee, biscuits and a pipe" is the breakfast menu of Sir Douglas Haig.

Prince Henry of Prussia is one of the most skillful fencers in Germany.

The queen of Sweden has visited the German empress three times since the outbreak of the war.

Lord Derby's signature is just now more in demand among autograph hunters than that of any other man in England.

Bonham Carter, who recently married the British prime minister's daughter, is one of the best judges of old English furniture in the country.

The king of Spain has lately interested himself in the condition of Spanish prisoners, and has been visiting the chief establishments in his realm.

A good anecdote told of James Welch, who must have made a fortune out of "When Knights Were Bold," concerns him when a young man. He was playing in a party which involved the wearing of a heavy mustache. As he appeared on the stage some one called out: "Come out of that there mustache! I can tell you by your feet!"

A good story is being told by Mrs. Vandervele, wife of the famous Belgian

orator. A Belgian entering a street car in Brussels happened to tread on the toe of a German officer, and profusely apologized. The officer, not to be outdone, offered to let the Belgian pass first. "No, no," replied the latter, "you go first; I'm at home."

Do You Know That

The freedom of the city of London can be obtained by serving an apprenticeship to a freeman.

Many tropical animals sleep all through the summer.

Monday is the best day for recruiting. To take away the taste and smell of fish from forks and spoons, rub them with a small piece of butter before washing them. All taste and smell will be entirely removed.

In fine weather the wind usually follows the sun—that is, it blows from the east in the morning, and from the west in the evening.

A few drops of lemon juice added to boiling rice will help to keep the grains separate and makes them white. Constables and park keepers may search young boys under 16 for tobacco, but not girls. Great philosophers and statesmen have been noticed to have large and sloping ears.

How To Make the Quickest, Simplest Cough Remedy

Much Better than the Ready-Made Kind and You Save 40. Fully Guaranteed

This home-made cough syrup is now used in more homes than any other cough remedy. Its promptness, ease and certainty in conquering distressing coughs, chest and throat colds, is really remarkable. You can actually feel it take hold.

Get from any druggist 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour it in a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This gives you—as a cost of only 54 cents—a full pint of better cough syrup than you could buy for \$2.50. Takes but a few minutes to prepare. Full directions with Pinex. Tastes good and never spoils.

You will be pleasantly surprised how quickly it loosens dry, hoarse, or tight coughs, and breaks the inflamed membranes in a painful cough. It also stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in gutaocol, which is so healing to the mucous membrane.

To avoid disappointment, be sure and ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces 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.

A Little Blossom To Delight the Home

When it is known that in the near future the home is to be blessed with a



new arrival the first thought should be "Mother's Friend."

This is an external remedy gently applied over the stomach muscles. It makes them firm and pliant, they expand naturally without undue strain. It removes from the nerves those influences which are responsible for much of the pain incident to the period of expectation.

It is for this reason that much of the distress such as morning sickness is avoided. All prospective fathers should see to it that the expectant mother is provided with a bottle of "Mother's Friend."

The directions are simple. Get it at any drug store. It is supplied by the expectant mother herself, it penetrates deeply and affords quick and splendid relief in a most gratifying manner and reflects a physical betterment to the nervous disposition of the baby. Don't fail to get a bottle of "Mother's Friend" today and then write Bradford Regulator Co., 418 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for a pretty little book brimful of information for expectant mothers. It is a delight to read it.

Try Tap Root The wonderful "Sunday Morning Bath"

817

Prompt Relief

from the all-too-common ills of the digestive organs—weak stomach, torpid liver and inactive bowels—is found in the always safe, sure, quick-acting

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

You can wear and own a Genuine Diamond or fine Watch by opening a Charge Account with LOFTIS BROS. & CO.

Advertisement for diamonds and watches with prices and descriptions.

Open Daily 11th & F. M. Saturdays Till 9:30 Call or write for illustrated catalog No. 908. Phone Douglas 1444 and salesman will call.

LOFTIS THE NATIONAL CREDIT JEWELERS

Advertisement for Omaha Bee Lost and Found Medium.