

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

Chance for English Women to Win New World Place

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
The editor of Pearson's Magazine writes from London as follows:
"In these days of national upheaval it seems to me imperative that some lead should be given to the women of England, so that out of the chaos they may be helped to form saner ideals, nobler principles, and a larger conception of the place which awaits them when peace is once more established."
"I feel confident that women everywhere are waiting for this message, and that they are looking to the known leaders of social life for the inspiration which will help them to find themselves."

The editor of Pearson's wants this letter's suggestions, and they are given freely and freely through the medium of the Evening Journal.

There are no more charming and lovable women on earth than the English women when one comes to know them. There is only one other country which can produce more disagreeable women, when met casually, in travel and at resorts, than England has produced.

If the English woman wants now to find herself let her first see herself as others see her. Let her know that the cold, distant haughty exterior which she carries into the world and which she utterly discards like a mask (as it is) in her own home, is unbecoming, and that it awakens in the hearts of amiable and kind people impulses of resentment and dislike which are destructive to both the sender and the receiver.

It does not create a Christian feeling or promulgate that sense of brotherhood and sisterhood which must exist before the New Golden Age can be established on earth.

A two weeks' stay in an English resort a few years ago aroused in our hearts the hearts of two very good-natured and amiable Americans—a sense of exasperation toward two English people who sat at the table next our own, who were often near us in the dining room and elsewhere.

Our slight overtures toward courteous treatment were met with a cold stare. Our utter indifference marked their demeanor during the entire fortnight. Similar experiences had been passed through on ships and at other resorts in England and in English colonies.

On leaving one place we were, curiously enough, placed in the same compartment with the haughty couple—when, lo and behold! after a few hours the mask was thrown aside and the delightful, cultured and genial English nature shone forth. We were later invited to the home of this couple, and have for a period of several years been the best of friends.

The man is an officer at the front today and the wife a Red Cross nurse. It was discovered that her distant manner really hid a timid and shrinking nature which lacked self-confidence and poise in meeting strangers.

This is frequently the explanation of this English fragility of demeanor, a deportment which conceals hearts as warm and genial as any which beat in human breasts. But let the English women know that their attitude is unnecessarily and disagreeably repelling, and let them realize that if they would be helpers in the world and lifters of the race they must unbind and unmask.

Then let all right thinking English women start a crusade against the smoking habit which characterizes the nation. It was from England, not from Russia or Turkey, or any other land, that the American women adopted this ungraceful and unsanitary habit.

The "smarter" women of England took it up—heaven only knows why or how; but we first saw it in the English plays, and we later saw it in English drawing rooms, and still later in hotels and on ships, and in truth everywhere that we saw the English woman of position.

So universal has it been for some years, that one who was a visitor in England and did not smoke was obliged to explain her "eccentricity."

If, as the editor of Pearson's says, the English women are waiting to find their place of usefulness when peace is established, let them drop this unlovely habit. Then, perhaps, the American women, who pattern all their vices after foreign fashions, will throw away their cigarettes, and come into the march of progress toward a cleaner and saner way of life.

We asked a distinguished and brilliant Englishman who was at the head of the medical department in Ceylon, "Why is it that English people in general and English women in particular, are the most disagreeable human beings one meets abroad, and the most delightful and lovable of souls when met in their own land and homes?"

"I don't know why it is," he replied, "but I do know it is a fact. I see it and hear it expressed wherever I go. One thing, English women are in truth very retiring and timid by nature, and very much afraid of being forced into the limelight. They shield themselves in consequence behind this distant demeanor, which is often mistaken for self-satisfaction and indifference to others."

But since this demeanor has caused the English woman to be disliked so universally when she is met outside of her home, it would be well for her now to consider the advisability of changing her manner, which is often mistaken for self-satisfaction and indifference to others.

Trust the editor of Pearson's will pass on these suggestions from one American woman to all English women. I am his and theirs for reform.

In-Shoots

Do not get too cheery when some one compliments you on your success. The chances are he wants to sell you an auto.

Undeserved praise is but a momentary stimulant.

The man with a billygoat face is just as liable to be pursued by a jealous wife as a tango Apollo.

There is a large quantity of vinegar in the disposition of the sarcastic ziti.

This work of reforming some fellows is as difficult as patching together a broken egg.

It is difficult to indulge in the fancy feat habit without attracting the attention of the alienists.

The smaller the neighborhood the greater the excitement when some fellow gets too attentive to another man's wife.

"After the Ball!"

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By Nell Brinkley



YOUTH we have, or have had—all! And so it is in the things of the heart and mind. What do you think and have thought, so have I—and your neighbor over there! The common experience of Youth, and the same dreams and ponderings.

We stand in a level, lovely sea, all with our feet upon the ooze at the bottom, our breasts laved by the shining surface, our heads in the sweet air above, and our eyes turned to the sky—your neighbor as well as you.

Why, then, are we surprised to learn, when we come out of stress and changes on the surface of the Sea of Life we stand in, that our friend beside us, and all the hosts that stand with us, have felt and known the same wash and heave of the waves about their hearts that we have?

Telling of a marvelous blue and the light that fled over the sky for you, you whisper it and look for amazement on the face of the listener. But he nods and smiles as over a familiar treasure and says, "I was it, too!"

The undercurrent that frightens you, your neighbor fights against also. The foam that flies, he, too, tastes saltily upon his lips as well as you. And all the cloud-shadows and rainbow hues, rumors of light and dark, the lovelinesses, the mysteries, that touch the face of the great Sea that swims around us—these have touched the hearts and spread before the eyes of us all—the Truth of Life.

But we hug our dreams, our conjectures, our desires, our agonies, our secret remembrances! Sometimes for shame—poor we—sometimes for jealousy. Because we fancy the friend beside us never thought so!

Youth goes home from the dance—in the thin light of the morning. The big, low moon paints silver everywhere and peoples even the city shadows with fairy things. With the pins half out of her hair and the silver roses still drooping in its waves—tired silver roses—she leans in her window and dreams.

Her good little heart—half afraid—repeats every word, every sigh, every smile, the sound of the music, the arch of his brows, and the rhythm of his feet beside hers on the glass-smooth floor. The froth of her dress lying across the severe black of his knee—she remembers him lifting it with a cautious hand and saying, "I always knew you were fairy-relation." What happened that her heart does not sing over and over again!

The rose he asked for and thrust roughly into his pocket—where would he keep it? Her thoughts venture, like blind things, groping, wandering, grasping at memories, exulting at symbols, advancing into the future—shy things that tiptoe into unknown country and fly back again to the real things of that night—back and forth—back and forth—like busy shuttles weaving vague cloth of gold and blue. Gold for remote reachings, blue for the beautiful adventures just gone. And out of her dreams looks the straight

smiling man she's growing to know better!

He, too! La—yes. He doesn't feel the sharp bite of the air—his heart's so warm while he smokes and dreams in slippers and gown at the open window in his "diggings." What did she wear? Silver and black—and had eyes like stars he thinks. Did she like him when she smiled like that—or was that just the way she always did it? And her eyes clung to her rose as though she'd kiss it if she dared before it went into his keeping.

He's glad he's tall—she is so little! Over and over his brain speaks the ride to the dance—how she listened to his ambitions with eyes that glistened and never left his face! Was she that interested? Surely she couldn't listen to another man with that look. She had never given even him so much before.

And her hair! What hair! And shutting his eyes, his heart repeats the touch of it against his cheek when her head drooped coming home. His thoughts, too, venture into the same dim land—the Land of What-May-Be—where hers are reaching. And before "diving in," he stuffs her white rose into his bill-folder, man-fashion, and firmly believes that no other chap ever carried a rose there before!

Didn't you know, dear Youth, that we all do that? Or did one time? All Maids and Men dream Dreams, and pretty much the same shy things.

—By NELL BRINKLEY.

The Two-Fold Duty of Man

By ADA PATTERSON.

A good man died in New York last week. Three days later they buried him amidst a forest of flowers and a rain of tears.

He was a dentist. He did not belong to one of what are so-called "the learned professions," although I should like to know which of the "learned professions" contributes more to ease, comfort and health of mankind than does skillful dentistry.

They have taken in the modest sign with his name and the initials, "D. D. S.," after it. The shades are drawn and there is a "To Let" sign on the door. His patients have scattered as members of a suffering tribe to other dental offices and told their troubles to other men wearing snow white coats and a patient expression and holding shining metal instruments in their hands. And as they have visited these offices they have all heard the same speech: "He took good care of your teeth. He did his work well."

The patients have gone back to their homes or offices, or stores, or work benches with thoughts other than their pain and loss. They were inspired by the words: "He did his work well." A renewed ambition flamed in their breasts. They resolved it should be truthfully said of him: "He has done his work well." What more can the man who is leaving this world than that of shadows and mystery ask?

One thing more. It may be said of him: "He always made me more cheerful." I had known this man for eighteen years. For all those years he had

guarded my teeth with the care that a dainty woman gives to her jewels. But he did more for me than that. He never failed of a cheery greeting and a gay farewell. He kept the even tenor of good humor.

I asked him one day how he maintained his unbreakable composure, to all men and women, in all weather, mental and otherwise. He polished carefully the last filling while he answered: "Sometimes when people come in at that door they get me. They rattle me. But I never let them know it. The surly, the irritable, the suffering, the meek, all received from him the same greeting, the same careful professional treatment, the same godspeed."

Laterly his strength had been abating. He confessed that his last vacation had been prolonged and that he hadn't undertaken to new season's work with as much vim as before. He told me of his plans for lessening his work. There should be less of quantity of that work but not less of quality. He would establish a home apart from his office. It was wearing upon him a little. Yes, but there was no change in his fine workmanship. None in his manner.

On the evening of a hard day he sat at the table waiting for the serving of his dinner. There was an inarticulate sound, a dripping on his head upon his breast, and, he was gone. But the last patient who had left his chair, just as the light was growing too dim for work, said what those of all the other years had said: "He was most careful in his work, and he smiled and joked when he shook hands."

He did his work well and he was cheerful. That is the kind of memory we shall all leave!—none is none better!

Man and His Manners

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

How many of us think about our manners? And yet isn't it a true saying that manners make the man and lack of them the fellow?

Think if you will how often you introduce gracefully one friend to another. We are all supposed to know that the gentleman is introduced to the lady, no matter what his rank may be, never the lady to the gentleman. For instance, you would say, "Miss James, this is my friend, Mr. Swift," but not "Mr. Swift, this is my friend, Miss James."

Remember to present young people to their elders and single persons to married.

Many persons wonder whether to shake hands on being introduced or simply to bow. If the introduction is formal a bow is sufficient. But if the stranger is to become a friend give a hearty grip.

Ladies have the handshaking privilege. A gentleman doesn't offer his hand at first. It is assumed always that a man is honored by an introduction to a woman. This is why the latter never rises if she happens to be sitting when the introduction is performed. But she always rises to meet one of her own sex, and a man is bound to get up for any sort of introduction.

It is easy to cultivate good manners—and it is profitable. As the world often judges us by the cut of our clothes, so it judges us by our manners.

Then why not play the game by knowing the rules? Good manners cost nothing, and etiquette is easy to learn. The learning is a wonderful investment.

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