

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

Mental Training for Business Success

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1916, Star Company. Some years ago I suffered a reversal in business, due to financial panic. When a man gets going down hill, everything seems greasier for the coming, and everything I get into peters out. Here I am, a young man, well educated, a very wide business experience, have made good in every position I ever occupied (and have held some good ones), yet I am plunging along in a mediocre position, and why? I read in the papers quite often that there are more big positions in this country for young men who can actually assume them than can be filled. Trouble is, the interested parties never come together. Advertising will not bring in my experience proves that big men search for a really good man, never settling for the second best. Later writing will never do it, the chance of hitting the right one is so slight. Possibly in your great, big, wide experience you might be able to help me, possibly open a way, for 'tis a pity when a man can do big things, not to be able to get the chance. That is all I want. Very sincerely, A. R. B.

The very best way to help this young man and all other young men or middle-aged men who are similarly situated is to speak in a consciousness of the power which lies in the human mind (through its divine origin) and in the power of the spoken word. Mrs. Helena Martin, a brilliant woman, prominent in metaphysical thought of the day, has prepared training cards for different needs of human beings. Here is one which she has prepared for those who seek success in business. The twelve statements on this training card are to be made every night just before falling to sleep and every morning on awakening, before going into the conflict of the day. Precede each statement with the words, "I choose." Try this mental prescription for two weeks, making the statements at least twice a day and after when possible, in the silence of the room.

- Folder for An Applicant for a Position. The indwelling Mind Doeth the Work. All Things Respond to the Call of the Reason. 1. To know my own position shall come to me. (a) The position is suitable. (b) I am capable of great possibilities. (c) The position is waiting for me. (d) To be overflowing with contagious joy. 2. To be perfectly poised. 3. To be constantly cheerful under all conditions. 4. To be tactful. 5. To have unwavering confidence. 6. To have undisturbed courage. 7. To have unflinching faith in the Eternal. (a) To demonstrate ample income. (b) To demonstrate abundance of simple nourishing food. (c) To demonstrate tasteful, appropriate clothing. (d) To demonstrate an attractive, comfortable home. (e) To demonstrate proper and sufficient recreation. 8. To praise and develop my talents. 9. To be enabled to present my talents so that they shall be wanted by those to whom they will be of most service. (a) To think problems out myself. (b) To follow up the thoughts evolved. (c) To be quick to make the most of opportunities. (d) To draw upon the business for thoughts, ideas, plans, methods, etc. (e) To have Divine wisdom. (f) To have rare insight. (g) To have complete preparation for the position. 10. To have an overwhelming sense of the power of good. (a) To be willing to undertake what wisdom suggests. (b) To be full of the life of which which cleanness, health, vitality and happiness, radiating fit for any undertaking. (c) To be in readiness for the summons to begin work. (d) To be so expecting the summons. 11. To be so spiritual, so honest and so genuine that I shall draw the right position to me. It is well to have a copy of these twelve statements, carried in the pocket or in the lining of the hat, and read them over in trolley cars or in waiting stations. Few of us realize how much vital energy we waste in desultory thinking in gloomy thoughts and despondent fears. Every moment, every second, we are helping to construct or destroy future success health, and happiness. A training card, like that prepared by Helena Martin, read over and over until committed to memory, and then repeated whenever the mind is inclined to fritter itself on useless thoughts, acts like a rein on a wild and restive horse. Instead of permitting the horse to prance all over the prairie, race up the mountain side and go over the cliff, keep it on the road and reach your goal. Try it.

Smart, Effective, Yet Not Too Expensive

Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazaar.



A linen blouse of plain material, plaited skirt of striped goods and embroidery of buttonhole stitch in worsted. To the right, a tulleur on becoming lines of tulle faille, trimming of dull Roman striped with silk with which the coat is lined.

Difficult Matrimonial Problem

By DOROTHY DIX.

A young woman has applied to me for advice on a sentimental subject. She has two suitors. One of the men is intellectual, cultured, moral, upright, all that a man could be. The girl adores him very much indeed. She enjoys his wise conversation and calm attitude toward life, and she knows that if she marries him she will have a placid and safe journey across the matrimonial sea, with no danger of encountering storms and shipwreck. The other suitor is in every way inferior to the first. He is not clever, nor well educated, nor well-to-do like the other man, nor is it any privilege to listen to his conversation unless you consider base ball and vaudeville the most important topics in the world, and you are making a collection of current slang. In a word, this young man is just an ordinary young fellow, with a fairly good job, and a tendency to fall off the water wagon now and then and stagger from the straight and narrow path. If the girl marries him she knows well enough that life will be a struggle, and that matrimony will be an adventurous trip that is as likely to end in a divorce court as anywhere else. There is no comparison between the two men or the relative advantages of the two marriages, yet the girl hesitates between them because—so strange a thing is the human heart and so illogical are its processes—it is the inferior suitor, and not the superior one, who sets her pulses thrilling. The good, sensible man appeals to her reason, the harum-scarum one to her affections. So she asks me which she shall choose—the one that comes up to her ideal or the one that fires her fancy. By way of answer, I can only say that whichever way she chooses she will regret it. The only perfect marriage, the only real true matings, are those in which head and heart are equally satisfied. This rarely happens, and that is why there are so few happy marriages. Cupid is a greedy little chap. He is never satisfied with half rations. No matter how good a man or woman may be, or how perfectly he or she may do his or her duty as husband or wife, everything is dust and ashes unless along with his or her good conduct record, there goes the strange something that quickens the blood and makes the heart go pit-a-pat. What this mysterious attraction of a certain man and woman for each other consists of we do not know. We only know that it exists, and that it is the strongest power in nature and the one that can least be manufactured or cultivated. A man may be all that a woman admires and attract her not at all. A woman may be everything that a man reveres and be absolutely repulsive to him, while, on the other hand, a woman may actually despise a man's character and be irresistibly drawn to him, and a man may know a woman for a poor weak silly creature, and yet not be able to resist her fatal fascination for him. Whether judgment or inclination should rule in the selection of a life partner is a mooted question. In America we marry by inclination, and in France they marry by judgment, and we hold the divorce record. That, however, proves nothing except that we Americans are an impatient race and are more progressive about trying to improve bad conditions, even when they are matrimonial conditions, than are Europeans. Certainly the woman who marries a man just because he appeals to her brains, and will make a good, safe husband, will never be very happy. She may, if she is philosophical, be satisfied and contented in a degree as she contemplates her physical comforts and snuggles in placid discussions on Browning and Ibsen with her intellectual spouse. But always her heart will be a-hungering for the romance and the golden glory she has missed. She knows that friendship is not love, any more than beer is champagne, and there will be many and many a time when she will wonder if she will thrill of love is not worth a whole fat life of commonplace comfort. But if she takes the thrill and lets the comfort go she stands the chance of forever cursing herself for her folly in forsaking the flashpots for the sake of a kiss. Because, after all, thrills are the chills and hectic fever of romance, for which matrimony is generally a never-falling cure. They seldom last, and when they are gone so often all is gone. The man and woman who marry for their heads, and who pick out the husband and wife of whom their judgment approves, have, at least, the consolation of a good bargain. The man has the kind of a woman he wanted for the mother of his children and at the head of his house. The woman has her establishment, her position in society, her shopping ticket. But it is the tragedy of those who marry for their hearts that when the thrill is dead and the romance played out there has nothing but the burden of matrimony left. So it is that whichever way you marry you wish you had done the other thing. The safe way is not to marry until you find the man or woman who both fires your fancy and comes up to your ideal. But if we waited for that precious few of us would ever reach the altar.

For Business Women

The two great don'ts for the business woman are: Don't forget to be a woman, and don't try to be a man. Between the hard, aggressive masculinities of the woman who may succeed in business (for she outdoes herself off by her very excess from love and happiness) and the ultra-feminine, clinging, vine business woman who goes down into the man's world like a hussler stalking her prey, there is a safe, sane road for business women to travel. Meet men in the business world with frank simplicity. They are human beings and so are you. They are not wives seeking for innocent lambs to devour, nor are they weak vines waiting for a little feminine finger to offer itself as a suitable place about which to be twisted. They are workers—fellow workers. Your feminine tact and understanding and gentleness have their place in the scheme of things. The fact that your voice is quiet and your walk is light and you have housekeeping ability to sweep things in order may qualify you for a position. Use these things. They are dignified parts of your equipment. Very often a third business man, who could not deal with a strident, aggressive, masculine co-worker, can get on very well with a woman just because she is less forceful and less aggressive. Women have been forced into the world of men by modern economic conditions. But in that world they must stay womanly. They are still the potential mothers of the race. They owe it to that potential motherhood not to enter into cheap flirtations and tawdry intrigues with the men they meet in business. A woman's equipment for the business world is her mental ability, which includes her power to act with well-aimed, sane dignity as well as to think along lines from which emotion is banished. Take the utmost interest in your work, but do not from anybody you know listen to your stories of your ambitions, abilities and successes. Do your task as well as possible and then divert it from your consciousness and relax. That way you will go back to the next day's work with added zest and you won't be a bore out in that world that is not haunted by the walls of business. The fact that you are a woman isn't a question. It is just one of your assets, even as a college education or good home training or health or a keen mind is one of your assets. If you have certain qualifications—dignity, quietness, poise, sympathy, insight and a hope, inherent good nature, and that will keep you from taking your foot on the face of unbusinessable associates.

Why Men Marry Plain Women

Men will always worship beauty. They will like to be seen about with women who look like living pictures. They will sit up by the hour and dream upon their ideal of feminine charm, and lead you to believe that no woman who did not look like Venus could interest them. When, however, they come to marry, ninety-nine times out of a hundred they will pick out for a wife some woman who hasn't the slightest pretence to prettiness and never claimed to have. In proof whereof, take a view of the married women of your acquaintance, many of whom risk shattering the looking glass every time they look into it. The woman that knows that her face is plain doesn't expect to be admired and is so humbly grateful to every man who shows her any attention that she is perfectly willing to burn incense before him. Hard knocks—for the plain woman gets battered about a great deal by life—teach her sympathy and understanding, so that instead of being a queen to be worshipped, she is a man's best friend and comrade, ready to pity him when things go wrong, and rejoice with him when they go right, and at all times to enter into his hopes and plans and fears. Good looks don't count nearly as much as most people think. To appreciate this fact you have only to look about you and see the many extremely plain women who are making their husbands supremely happy. In fact men who marry because of a woman's good looks alone are not so numerous as you may think. A man likes a woman to be womanly. He does not want her interfering in things that don't concern her. And yet he wants her to be interested in what is going on in the world, and if he loves her he thinks her opinion invaluable on all subjects, no matter how great. Although an estate woman would have said that no man ever married a woman for her intelligence, this is certainly the most desirable quality of a wife, provided she understands the proper use of it and does not let her smartness and wit run away with her. The man with an intelligent wife surely has the best bargain, and the fact that so many men marry plain women would seem to indicate that they find in them intelligence and sympathy which more than compensate for the lack of beauty. It should also be noted that there is no woman on earth so fascinating as the plain woman who is fascinating who does not attract a man at first, but who, she gets into his hands, cannot be torn away from him by the next

Measles Most Serious Trifling Disease

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

The idea of regarding measles with respect is a comparatively new one. In our childhood days we used to hear them spoken of as something little worse than a joke, and the most vivid recollections we have of them personally are more likely to be of jellies and broths and rest in bed and invalid privileges and petting generally than of smarting eyes or sore throat or headache. As we were among the survivors, our remembrances, naturally, are only of the milder forms, and we are almost inclined to count them in with the rest of the rosy lights of the happy days of childhood and to use them principally as a date-mark, expressive of extreme immaturity—"I have done so and so since I had the measles!" Even our habit of always referring to them in the plural, as if they were not big enough to mention in the singular, seems a part of the general attitude of good natured contempt. One of the many military maxims attributed to Napoleon is that the most dangerous mistake possible in war is to despise your enemy. And never was there a more striking and painful illustration of this truth than measles. We discovered our mistake solely by adopting good business habits and putting in a set of account books in our health business. Before we began to "keep books" we regarded measles with a tolerant and a rather cheerful eye, because for every child that died of it thirty recovered, and a twenty-nine-to-one chance was scarcely worth worrying over. But the moment that the first business was struck at the end of the year we discovered to our dismay that this trifling affair of red eyes and headache and three days in bed had carried off over 1000 children in that United States, and that this was only an average annual performance. One cause for this extraordinary under-estimate of the seriousness of the disease was our short memories. Almost all children attacked, except two or three in 100, would apparently recover from the measles that is to say, from the first stage of the attack. The fever would subside, the eyes clear up, the rash disappear and the child, though still weak and uncomfortable, would be ready to go to school. But a week or ten days later the child would suddenly develop a sharp attack of bronchitis or pneumonia, which would often result fatally. Yet because this later attack often came so after some exposure to the weather, or

Sunshine Biscuits advertisement. Includes text: 'There's a daily need for good biscuits in your home. To get the best biscuits and the biggest variety ask your dealer for Sunshine Biscuits. As an example, try Krispy Crackers—light and flaky, with a sprinkling of salt. They're sold in family-size tins, which is the most economical way to buy them; also in ten-cent packages. Also try Takoma Biscuit. It "splits in two." Each package contains a pretty paper doll in colors.' Includes image of Sunshine Biscuits tin and price tag '10¢'.

Fashion's Spring Fancies

Checked taffeta makes a pretty trimming for a dress of plain color. Stripes are greatly favored. Coats and sports clothes are being made of stripes running every-which-way. There is nothing prettier or more comfortable than the little girl's chemise with white crepe de chine. Charming black and white effects are gotten using the broad stripes horizontally in the upper part of the dress. Small hats of taffeta in diverse colors, but dark, are trimmed with gay colored ribbons of vibrant tone and daring selection. Sports hats of ostrich are to be very generally worn, ribbon cockaded or wool lined and in colors which repeat the most brilliant tones of the ostrich plumes. The chinless hat of straw which at the last is firmly established in a straw foundation, towers heavenward, with its upper portions finely fashioned of tulle or mesh, to match. Angora wool hats in tulle and pastel shades of rose, blue, lavender, green, and yellow and in white will be favorite costumes, while the mushroom made of woven, goose edged cotton silk ribbon, two-centers captivating for a hat, is combined with a very massive of light and airy made forward or with a bow, with the top there above the crown.

Armour's Glendale Oleomargarine advertisement. Includes text: 'is a food of unsurpassed purity. Every step in its manufacture is under the watchful eye of U. S. Government Inspectors. Leading domestic science schools in America, and others who teach scientific cookery, demand economy with excellence and insist upon Glendale. Spread it on thick—the price permits it. If your dealer does not have it, phone us his name.' Includes image of a woman and a tin of Armour's Glendale Oleomargarine.