

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

## Women and War

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.  
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We women teach our little sons how wrong  
And how ignoble blows are; school and church  
Support our precepts, and inoculate  
The growing minds with thoughts of love and peace.  
"Let dogs delight to bark and bite," we say;  
But human beings with immortal souls  
Must rise above the methods of the brute,  
And walk with reason and with self-control.  
And then—dear God! you men, you wise, strong men,  
Our self-announced superiors in brain,  
Our peers in judgment, you go forth to war!  
You leap at one another, mutilate  
And starve and kill your fellow-men, and ask  
The world's applause for such heroic deeds.  
You boast and strut; and if no song is sung,  
No laudatory epic writ in blood,  
Telling how many widows you have made,  
Why then, perforce, you say our hardy are dead  
And inspiration sleeps to wake no more.  
And we, the women, we whose lives you are—  
What can we do but sit in silent homes,  
And wait and suffer? Not for us the blare  
Of trumpets and the bugles' call to arms—  
For us no waving banners, no supreme  
Triumphant hour of conquest. Ours the slow  
Dread torture of uncertainty, each day  
The bootless battle with the same despair.  
And when at best your victories reach our ears,  
There reaches with them, to our pitying hearts,  
The thought of countless homes made desolate,  
And other women weeping for their dead.  
O men, wise men, superior beings, say,  
Is there no substitute for war in this  
Great age and era? If you answer "No,"  
Then let us rear our children to be wolves,  
And teach them from the cradle how to kill.  
Why should we women waste our time and words?

## Pin Money Frocks -0- From the May Number of Harper's Bazar : : :



TAKE plaited seré batiste and embroidered ecru banding for the dress, white satin with blue buttons and buttonholes for the vest, and three shades of blue mesaline ribbon for the belt. A NAVY blue taffeta frock has a Roman-striped vest, an organdie gumpie and a neck line that is plain and smart looking, as the drawing shows.

## A Ballade of Chance

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Your vision now is growing clear  
As water in a bubbling spring;  
Another swiftly-sliding year  
Has left its throne and taken wing  
Into the drab past, fluttering,  
As bats flit through a cavern gray,  
Leaving behind a mocking thing—  
The chance you had and threw away.  
Perhaps it was a comrade dear  
Who had a world of love to bring—  
Do you recall the thoughtless sneer  
That hurt him like a hornet's sting?  
Do you recall the taunting fling  
That sent him from your side one day?  
Why does its memory ever cling  
The chance you had and threw away.  
Perhaps two brown eyes, large and clear,  
Your growing coldness fathoming,  
Scorning the weakness of a tear  
Yet dreading Fate's outrageous sting,  
Are twin ghosts now, so languishing  
They chill you with their sombre play;  
Their owner thought you were a king!  
The chance you had and threw away!

ENVOY.  
O Prince of Darkness, if they bring  
Before thy throne my shrinking clay,  
Spare me this memory maddening—  
The chance I had and threw away!

## Girl Workers Who Win Out

By JANE M'LEAN.

Sarah was not a bit good-looking. Her square, competent face was really her despair. She longed to be beautiful, and when she lost her position she dreaded looking for a new one because she was so plain. She had been out of a position for some time now.  
"But I'm going to keep on trying," Sarah said to her best friend, Anne Ellen Reiley. Anne had a pretty, pretty face, with a weak mouth that always smiled prettily. She worked in a cloak and suit establishment and had no trouble at all in getting on.  
"You're too reliable, Sarah," she told her friend. "You don't like reliable girls; they want their smart first and brainy afterward." Which was not a bad piece of philosophy coming from the lips of Anne Ellen Reiley, who took men as she found them and thanked her stars that she was pretty.  
Sarah visited all the employment bureaus. She pressed her well-worn blue serge suit painstakingly and combed her shining brown hair as neatly as she could. She wore her crispest white shirt-waist and had her shoes shined by the bootblack on the corner. The shining glass in the shop window showed her a neat, steady girl, with nothing remarkable about her, but with a steady-going air of dependability that was a real asset.  
But, oh, for one spark of the attraction that belonged to her more fortunate sisters, thought Sarah, as on the second Monday morning she went up, up in the elevator of one of the skyscrapers to apply for a vacant position.  
She had no reason to hope for success. When she saw the long line of girls before her, her heart sank still lower. She noticed with a little catch at her heart that many of the girls were pretty. The girl just before her in the line wore sheer ruffles at her wrists and when she spoke dimples came and went in her smooth cheeks.  
She was kind to Sarah and once Sarah thought of dropping out, but somehow, with the hope that is born of desperation, she stayed. Slowly the long line dwindled down to a few. Finally there were only three of them left and then the girl ahead of Sarah went in the private office, her ruffles flying and her air of importance not lost on the girl ahead of her, who had just been dismissed.  
Sarah waited nervously, while the minutes ticked themselves away. The inner door opened and the other girl came out. She came with an air of dejection and Sarah rose, glumly.  
She hardly knew how she stumbled into the inner room, but she looked truthfully into the eyes of the little man who swung in an office chair and looked at her keenly. She was conscious that he looked at her all over, her low-heeled shoes that had just been polished, her neat but shabby suit, her plain little hat and her shining brown hair.  
"You look like work," he said finally with an air of relief. "If you think you'd like the job at \$18, I'll take you on. You can begin this morning." His manner was abrupt, but kind, and Sarah did not even smile. She had actually landed a job because she was plain. What would Anne Ellen Reiley say now?

## Woman Has Her Sphere--The Home

By MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

Why are there not the same helpful, sympathetic women today as there were a decade ago?  
The intellect of woman no longer, as the market, holding her to the home—to children, to her husband?  
Some who have studied the consequences of the amalgamation of native and foreign races do not want for an answer.  
They are frank with their opinions that the disposition of women in this country to be veritable helpmates, as they formerly were, is being lost.  
Citizens from foreign countries have not brought with them to this free land the same unity of purpose between husband and wife that exists in almost all countries.  
I do not pretend to say whether this is true or not, but it seems to be the consensus of opinion of those who have investigated the matter that it is and that the women of today are not interested in the success of their husbands and the male members of their families.  
One frequently hears that when husbands and fathers are over-indulgent with their wives and daughters, the women become selfish and unreasonable and are not disposed to share in the efforts to accumulate wealth or practice the economies and self-denial which persons of limited means should exercise.  
This certainly cannot be said of all women, as we have many illustrations of the achievements of women in the interests of their husbands, fathers' and brothers' success.  
There is another phase of the question. It has been claimed that American women sometimes do too much for their husbands and occupy industrial positions which they should relinquish on account of the duties that devolve upon them as wives and mothers. That there is something radically wrong there is no disputing.  
If our women would cease to occupy positions which take them from their homes and their families and devote their time to their domestic duties, what they would save would probably amount to as much as what they might earn at work which takes them away from their homes.  
As a natural consequence, their domestic affairs are wholly neglected and much harm inevitably follows. It is not surprising that earning money creates a spirit of independence in the minds of the best-intentioned women and quite frequently dulls the interest which they should have at all times in their home and their loved ones.  
Men, as a rule, are naturally selfish and expect women to be attentive to their household duties, even if they are wage-earning women. Men overlook altogether the fact that they are worn out by the daily grind of filling any position the woman occupies, as well as the fact that the addition to their incomes through the woman's wages must be at the expense of their domestic bliss.  
The fact that wives especially are wage earners also begets a feeling on the part of husbands of freedom of responsibility. Husbands and wives drift apart in their aims and ambitions of life, when, as a matter of fact, the whole responsibility of providing properly for their wives and children should rest absolutely upon the husbands and fathers.  
It would be better if the women of the nation would insist upon themselves and their families being supported by their husbands and fathers, which would allow them to turn their attention exclusively to the discharge of their duties in their homes.  
Any woman who fulfills the place as wife and mother as it should be filled has little time to devote to other occupations, however agreeable and profitable they may be. This applies particularly to the younger women, whose children are in their infancy and require the constant attention of their mothers.  
In addition, the waste that follows personal inattention to domestic affairs far exceeds the most liberal compensation that is paid for their services in any capacity.  
Women are naturally weaker physically, and it is impossible for them to serve two masters—their homes and their occupations—without speedy destruction to their health and breaking down of their nervous organization, the inevitable result of being overtaxed and overworked.  
An inquiry should be made as to whether the men of the present time are willing for their wives to undergo the drudgery and labor of adding to their incomes to lighten their own burdens, although they may have to sacrifice their domestic happiness.

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## Your Child's Eyesight

A subject that every mother should know something about is the proper care of her children's eyes. Recent investigations show that widespread ignorance prevails on this matter, so important to the child's future success in life.  
The improper exercise of the eyes in the growing years of a child, either by reason of bad light or excessive light, the use of improper material, prolonged close work, or of any work at all during conditions of bad health, will account for the onset of eyestrain, spasm, short sight, and even mental failure of a serious order," says an English doctor who has made a special study of this subject.  
The essential fact to remember is that a child's eyes are immature; they must, therefore, be treated with the same care as every part of the immature body. If an infant's eyes are exposed to very bright light the growth of the eye will be arrested; if a school child's eyes are overworked, any slight defects that would otherwise pass away will be increased and perhaps made permanent.  
Sewing in early life has its dangers. No child should make the acquaintance of the ordinary sewing needle before the age of 7 years, for its use is certain to be fraught with evil to the eyes and perhaps to the general health of the child.  
The reason for this denunciation of needlework for young children is to be found in one fact: no child can be persuaded to do what we know as sewing at anything like a safe distance from the eye.  
In later years, when children are allowed to practice needlework, there are certain rules that must be put in force. The work should never be done by artificial light, if the natural light fails, then that light should be postponed. The light of the window must fall upon the left-hand side of the child and of the work.  
Let the periods of sewing be short, with intervals of other work in between. Never let a child count stitches. And last, if a child be found to excel in the fine sewing, let her eyes be examined, lest she be shortsighted.

## In-Shoots

Money generally talks in a dialect that most of us don't understand.  
It is always safer for a man with a poor memory to tell the truth.  
Of course, the high trolley car steps add to the attractiveness of the modern short skirt.

## Why I Never Married

Second Old-Maid Tells How Her Family Spoiled Her Dreams

By DOROTHY DIX.

"The reason I am an old maid," said the second woman, "is because I had too much family."  
"I was the only girl in a large family connection. I had parents and grandparents and innumerable elderly married uncles and aunts and cousins, all of whom were devoted to me and felt that they had a perfect right to meddle in all my affairs and help me select a husband."  
"They considered it even their duty to present to me gratuitous criticisms of every young man who came to the house and it never occurred to the poor dears that my tastes and ideals in husbands might be different from theirs and that, anyway, I was the one who was going to have to live with the man I married and not they."  
"Their intentions were benevolent, but the results were just as disastrous as if they deliberately set out to cheat me out of husband and home and children and the normal joys of woman."  
"Grandmother was determined that I shouldn't marry into any family that wasn't as blue-blooded and didn't have as aristocratic traditions as her own. Grandfather was on the lookout for fortune hunters and filled with suspicion of every poor man who came about me."  
"Aunt Jane went at the thought of my marrying a man who didn't believe in her particular brand of theology and wasn't interested in the salvation of the heathen."  
"Uncle Josh looked gloomily upon young men who kept automobiles and played golf and prophesied they'd end up in the poorhouse."  
"Aunt Maud called every man who couldn't dance and didn't have the very latest thing in ties and socks, boots, and ties—Thomas contemplative designated the footstools and wash dressers as 'bumbling jacks and tailors' domestics,' while as for my parents, they would have found nothing but faults in him had A. S. notable Christmas began being again as well as me."  
"As soon as a young man began manifesting any special interest in me, my family strapped him down in the velvet cushion chair and with chorals of Ales fell upon him with their little scalps."  
"They tore him limb from limb and threw from him until he didn't have a thread of character left. They assailed his opinions, they cast doubt upon his secrets, they made fun of the way he walked and talked, they mimicked his laugh and his gestures. They turned him into a figure of fun instead of a hero of romance."  
"And lastly there was Ben, Ben, who even then, had the mark of success on his brow that I recognized, though my stout family didn't. Ben was one of those men born to achieve. He was like a tall tree in a field, and I would gladly have entered at his side."  
"But Ben fell over his feet in those days when he entered a room, and didn't know which foot to use at dinner, and my family showed him up to me as such a chodder that they blew out with their laughter, the little flame of love that had kindled in my heart."  
"And Ben is now a multi-millionaire and I'm a stenographer."  
"That's the reason I'm an old maid. Because of my family. They kept me from calling in love, because with their protest hard they, when they were all but crazed by love and stripped away all the illusions and romance from about the man I met."

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## Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

**The Big Risk.**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: Kindly advise whether it is proper to continue a friendship with a man I met through filtration. He has taken me out several times and has acted like a gentleman. He has shown his liking for me in a great many ways and I am beginning to care for him.  
BY B. F. M.  
You should never have met this young man without the protection of an introduction. Even if he has always treated you with respect, he is likely to question in his own mind the dignity of a girl who met him as you did. Have you not a father or a brother in whom you might confide, and who might make some investigation in order to continue this acquaintance? Remember, I disagree with what you have done, but it is just possible that it will do you good in the end. Add to the acquaintance you have begun as it was dangerous to make this acquaintance.

**The Dancing Instructor.**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a dancing instructor and get paid for doing with men at public places, some are married. I've seen it is a wrong thing to do. It says it is only a business proposition.  
CONSTANT READER.  
Since your business requires you to dance in this way the only thing for you to do is to keep the matter strictly a matter of business. If you cannot yourself with dignity and composure that you are paid to teach dancing, stop and do not to tempt with your pupils, all will probably be well.

**Do You Know That**  
New Zealand's highest waterfall, named the Hohenstein, is 104 feet.  
Three-quarters of the world's supply of silk is said to come from Spain.