

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

Wallpaper's Ten Commandments

1. Thou shalt heed the calls of plain, quiet wallpapers and white woodwork wherever such is possible.
2. Thou shalt lighten dark rooms by the use of light-toned, yellow-tinted wallpaper, that suggests the blessed sunshine.
3. Thou shalt see that thy walls and thine own personality are not too forward, but modestly retiring.
4. Thou shalt use no large-patterned wallpapers against which to hang thy pictures. The one will kill the other.
5. Thou shalt have no centerpiece or cornerpiece upon the ceiling, but only a very nearly plain expanse of light color.
6. Thou shalt have thy fill of pale tints and delicate designs for bed rooms and boudoirs, but for drawing rooms, dining rooms, libraries and halls, thou shalt be compelled to use plain and less frivolous papers.
7. Thou shalt, when the ceiling is not too high, run the paper of the side wall up to the ceiling, putting the border just below the angle.
8. Thou shalt not panel the walls of a small room, except it be above a mantelpiece, a sideboard or a bookcase, where a bit of tapestry, a mirror or a picture may be held in place by strips of molding.
9. Thou shalt not use brightly-colored, attention-compelling cut out borders, but plain, conventionally-designed stripes that are mere divisions between walls and ceiling.
10. Thou shalt remember at all times that thy wallpaper is but a background, against which to show the pictures, thy furniture and thy friends.—Philadelphia Record.

How the World Looks to Him

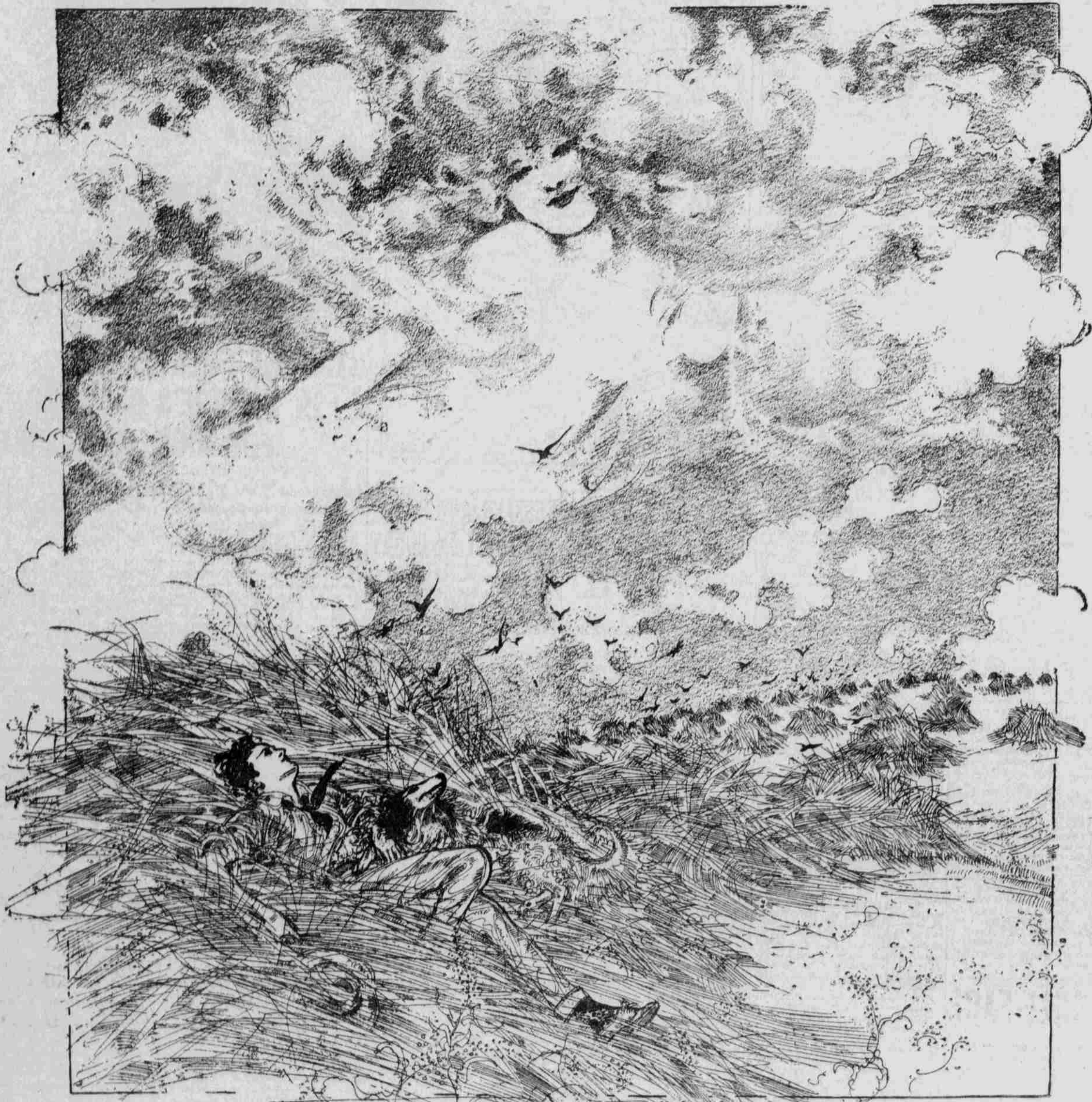
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No. 2—Visions in the Clouds

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By Nell Brinkley

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THE Jus' naturally-lazy boy lies on his little back in the tall alfalfa. Around his sunburned little face the purple bloom brushes and shakes out perfume that seems to have color too. The cool green leaves finger his neck and hands. He is a world-away—buried from school and questioning gran'mothers, with the jungleous stalks of the field rising about him like a forest. Just one tiny boy in all the big world of sky and field!

He watches the big lazy white clouds move against the deep blue sky—they shape and hold for an instant—fall away, roll and reshape.

The little boy laughs aloud—and off among the trunks of his

green forest a little field-mouse washes his whiskers to hear this giant chortle! And now the grinning dog is magically shifted away—the cloud pictures form again—this time an inlet of land—a range of hills and valleys with a Turkish city on one edge. And the illusion is of a portion of a country cut away from the earth and floating free in the high blue air. "And I am on the underside where I can see the roots of the country," muses the tiny boy; "if any one in that little city should think the blue sky was a sea and step off they'd fall clear to me!" And the little city rolls pp—bits of hill and mountains go drifting off like ragged chiffon—

the whole fancy falls apart and the soft, white clouds float away to make other dreams.

With a curious feeling of being nearer the sky because he is on his little back staring into it where it looks down on his—framed by the purple bloom and green leaves that almost meet over him! The tiny boy draws close to his beloved sky down here in the fragrant heart of the meadow.

But the grown up boy in the Harvest Time, sprawl in the fragrant hay and building again in the clouds, finds only a woman's face and form.—NELL BRINKLEY.

Which?

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The Deceitfulness of Tonics

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

The most striking feature common to all tonics is that they don't work. That is to say, they don't "tone" or build up the system in any mysterious or magical way by virtue of special properties of their own.

One of the most natural illusions which infests the human mind and consequently one of the hardest to knock out is the simple and unshakable belief that if a drug or medicine is "strong" enough to make you well when you are ill it must surely have the power to make you better when you are well or just a little out of shape.

The trouble with this wild and simple medical creed is that, unlike many of our traditional beliefs, it sounds so reasonable—such a plain and logical conclusion from the premises. It can almost be regarded as a mathematical demonstration in the modern efficiency process.

If a given remedy administered to a man who is ill and has been ill for a long time, and restores him to full normal health, surely, surely, surely, the same remedy will be able promptly to bring up to par a man who is in slightly out of shape and will be in 100 per cent efficient. Instead, it seems hardly unreasonable to believe that if taken when you are feeling well it might even cause you efficiency to 125 or 150 per cent!

It is not that the almost universal conclusion is that it is a good thing to give a man a dose of a medicine, or to keep one "charged up" or in good trim or "recharged"—whatever that may mean. Upon the rock of such tests, almost the whole of the medicine-taking habit and business, whether patent, self-dealing, or independent, is based. It is the only business of the "over-the-counter" order, being of

hit the case and sore to satisfy the patient's mind. There was a world of truth in the shrewd saying of the old doctor-philosopher, that "medicine often relieves, it sometimes cures and it always consoles."

It is almost incredible and impossible for the public mind to realize, indeed more difficult even for the medical profession, the astonishing degree to which our belief and confidence in tonics has shrunk and withered. Even in the former list of drugs in our textbooks, the number which we believe to have any effect at all has shrunk and diminished very much after years and years. They can be numbered almost on the fingers of one hand. Fifty years ago tonics were one of our largest and certainly not least favorite and most frequently prescribed class of drugs, under the name of tonics, restoratives, "rejuvenants" or "strengtheners" and such like.

So that when a medicine, whether medicinal or patent, claims to have built up and strengthened your system, we are sure in a position to say what our of six or seven drugs it must contain in order to be of any real value. However limited. And what is worse, we are able to tell with almost certainly four times out of five just what contained and discarded ingredients it does contain, the one most likely believed in and universally recommended of all by the medical profession, namely, iron. It is the only one of the tonics which is not taken but absorbed, and, consequently, more comfortable, away than they take a dose of it, no matter what is the matter with them, and for this reason, it has become the backbone of the medicine-taking habit and the patent medicine business. It is the one and only one, and the only one of the tonics which will either aid or die at one stroke.

Hero Worship Pitfalls

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Have you the habit of sending letters to your favorite motion picture actor? Do you write and ask favors of the last successful playwright? When you read an interesting story do you immediately all down and send a request to the author to read "a few little things of yours?"

There is no more trying phase of success than the fact that it brings with it all sorts of claims for assistance. Every successful man or woman has friends and relatives to whom he would undoubtedly like to give help and to help whom he is probably unable.

Surely any one who offers the public entertainment or food for thought, is doing a service then and there, and that service ought not put him in the position of being subjected to all sorts of demands from enthusiastic strangers.

If you are a hero worshiper and must design your favorite star or author with letters, limit yourself to an expression of appreciation and don't demand advice, consolation, interviews, or any form of personal attention.

The work the average successful playwright, actor or author does is exacting and laborious and demands all the nervous energy and attention he can muster. He is not a man who is capable of being bothered by the demands of a crowd.

Why should he be asked to pay a secretary to write through all sorts of letters from all sorts of people, or be himself compelled to read letters, criticisms or plead for the day? From people whose praise and common sense are totally lacking in that they do not keep the individualism of their imposing on the time and thought of a stranger?

It is not his own work which is being done, it is to deal with the confusion of miscellaneous work as the head of an institution. In a perfectly logical thing to do, but why should any one suppose that a young woman who has attained success on the stage has either the time or the

influence to exploit strangers of whose talent and ability she knows nothing?

If you are a hero worshiper, be an unselfish one; don't ask favors of your divinity and then condemn her because your letters go unanswered. One clever young friend of mine, whose first play was a Broadway success, sometimes got a hundred letters a day from people who wanted their manuscripts read. Had they gotten their wish there would never have been a second play written.

Don't make demands of strangers who happen to be in the public eye. You have no claim on them—but they have a claim on you: to be allowed to work in peace!

ANNOUNCE

"A" is right. A great many things are done today and claimed by just such arguments as "the advance." But nothing can make it the rule of any thing but the law of the land in the eyes of the world and in the eyes of the people. The world is not a democracy and there is no such thing as a free press. The world is a democracy and there is no such thing as a free press. The world is a democracy and there is no such thing as a free press.

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