

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

Girls Call Her "Mother"

After teaching since 1861 in the same Sunday school room in the Sixteenth Baptist church in Sixteenth street, near Eighth avenue, New York, Mrs. Miles H. Jenkins, 54 years old, known to the 1,200 pupils she has taught to be "home bodies" and good wives and mothers as "Mother" and "Grandma," said yesterday at her reception that she believed the world was getting better every day.

"I feel better than I ever did before, more happy and more satisfied, because I have no worries or cares," she said, and then added that she would feel even better if the doctor had not caused her to cease drinking coffee and tea because of the effect upon her heart after the

trip. "I do miss my tea, although I can eat anything else but cannot sleep," she believed that "young folks" are cleaner and more moral than they were fifty years ago. In 1859 a girl was afraid to go out on the street alone. "I did go, though, but I took my bulldog with me," she observed.

Even a child can go to most theaters now, she said, but most women would not go in 1860. She laughed at the question of women's dress today, and said, "Well, some of them were pretty bad in '60, too."

She sees fewer drunkards on the streets now, and believes that there is much less vice and crime in proportion to the population than there was sixty years ago—New York Times.

The Sense of Proportion

By CHARLES F. THWING.

President Western Reserve University. The sense of proportion is the appreciation of what is worth while. It represents regarding great things as great, and small things as small. It is a judgment made a part of character.

The sense of proportion is to be applied to several elements in American life. One field of application relates to the relationship of labor and of leisure. Leisure without labor is idleness; labor without leisure is drudgery. Both are bad. Work with some leisure is contentment, self-approbation, usefulness. Leisure with work is recreation, happiness, restfulness. The proportion is to be maintained.

The same sense of proportion is to be also applied to wealth and to competency. The struggle for wealth is not so much a struggle for money as it is a struggle for power. Many great men do not care for wealth; some love fame; others love power.

The mere desire for material accumulation is lessening. The mind seems to have passed out of life and literature, but the community is becoming keenly sensitive to the power of money.

It costs most men too much. It costs many men friendships, large appreciations, noble relationships and breadth of living. It costs some men home.

With a competency more men should be content. Enough should be enough. The trouble is that to nearly all of us enough means a little more than we've got. The great principle of neither too much or too little should prevail. The temperate zone of possession, half-way between the arctic of limitation and the tropical of undue luxuriance, represents the proper sphere.

This sense of proportion is further to be applied to what may be called the sphere of self-culture and of public duty. One owes to one's self certain duties. One owes to the public certain duties. These two sets of duties are to be fairly adjusted.

If one lives for one's self only, he lives for a very unworthy object. If one lives for the community only, he soon has no life which is worth offering to the community.

One is to live for one's self in order to make that life rich, strong, broad, great; and this life thus made is to be given to the great common life of all. The life greatest in itself should be made greatest out of itself.

Love's Rosary -0-

By Nell Brinkley

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No man who sports souvenirs of little heart affairs, his chests of letters, pale-blue and gray, sweetly perfumed with the haunting odors of faded ladies' hands clinging still about them, the tiny side drawer of his desk filled with piteous odds and ends, a little blue bow creased, and faded; the tiny white fan with ivory sticks and tarnished butterflies in white and gold patiently spread upon it; a white glove with a curve of a girl's fingers still plain upon it; one thick, soft lock of hair still live and glittering, deep gold and curling about his fingers when he takes it in his curious palm; a babyish locket with a smiling face veiled in dark, soft hair looking out of the blackened frame; a ring or two, dumb and telling no tales; a wrist-ribbon of narrow velvet dreaming of the smooth fingers that loosened it and gave it away in an ardent breath, and a dry little knot of mignonette in a bit of tissue paper—no man who boasts of keepsakes and carries countless faces about his heart can match with Eros himself—the vain!

Eros the trifler. Eros the egotist. Eros the Lady-Killer! For about his small person when he dolls himself up he wears a chain of amber-beads, and within each bead a girl's face crystallized—imprisoned there. Love's Rosary! And do you know—he has known so many girls (you'd never be able to count up to the number), for he loves all girls—Dan does—plain and small and splendid and gay, and sad and willowiness, and beautiful and sweet—and all the girls in the world is a heap, let me tell you—like star dust they are—where was I?—so many girls that the Rosary he wears would reach around the world and back again to the land where Love hangs out. And, swung on the end, this vain person carries an image of himself in gold with diamond eyes and rubies for lips!

Talk about chaps who boast of love-tokens! There is no man who can count in his treasure-chest a trinket like this! And there is no man, no matter how swollen the top of conceit is in his heart, who has so mighty a thing about him as Dan Vanity! Wool!—NELL BRINKLEY.

What Has a Wife a Right to Expect of Her Husband?

By DOROTHY DIX.

A wife has a right to expect that her husband shall have finished sowing his wild oats before he marries. Unless a man has made up his mind that he is tired of running with the boys and prefers the lady he has asked to be his wife to any other woman in the world he does a most dishonorable thing to marry.

Possibly in the olden days, when a man really did a woman a favor by keeping her from being an old maid, there was some excuse for the man who married a girl and put her down in a home or a boarding house, and left her lonely while he went off to amuse himself with his boon companions. No such excuse prevails now. The unmarried woman is very comfortable as she is, thank you, and doesn't need to get married for an occupation or a support.

Furthermore, she wouldn't if she had the faintest idea that a man was marrying her to leave her, and just to get somebody to keep a comfortable place for him to come home to when everywhere else shuts up. Therefore, if a man is going to spend his evenings at his club, or playing poker, or has an incurable propensity for taking blondes out to dinner and supper and automobile riding, in plain justice he should stay single. There is no compulsory marriage law.

A wife has a right to expect that her husband will make her his comrade and friend, and give her some of his companionship. If a man is of the opinion that his wife has not the intelligence to understand his mighty masculine intellect, or see the point of his wit, he should not have married her. He should have picked out somebody in his own class, and at least have given her an opportunity of marrying some man on her own plane. Then she might have had a little companionship.

If, however, he thinks she isn't a fool, and very few men do think that of their wives, then it is up to him to make some efforts at trying to be chums with her, and it would surprise most husbands nearly to death if they would only find out what awfully good fellows their wives can be.

The average American business man at home makes a claim seem absolutely loquacious. He rushes through his breakfast at lightning speed, generally with the newspaper in front of him, gives his wife a dab on the cheek by way of a kiss, and hangs the front door behind him. He comes home late to dinner, eats it in silence that is often only broken to scold at the children or criticize the cooking. Then, with cigar and paper, he settles himself for the evening and only grunts a monosyllabic reply when his wife tries to talk to him. For conversation and general companionship she might just as well have a stuffed Teddy bear for a husband.

That isn't the kind of a happy evening at home that the girl who married him dreamed of having, and the wonder of it is that more women whose husbands never talk to them, and never try to entertain them, and never evince the slightest interest in them, don't hunt up some other man who will make himself agreeable.

A wife has a right to expect that her husband will respect her personal liberty as she does his.

"Liberty" in marriage does not mean "license" any more than it does anywhere else. It simply means that a wife should have just as much right to freedom of thought and act within the prescribed bounds of propriety as a husband has.

Matrimony is bound to be a series of concessions, but because a woman is married is no reason why she should be forced to sacrifice her own personality, and become a weak echo of her husband. Provided she does not exceed her allowance she should have the privilege of spending her money as she likes, and so long as she does not run the thing into the ground and interfere with her husband's comfort she should have the right to join whatever clubs she pleases, or pass her leisure in the manner most agreeable to herself.

A husband soon begins to hate the wife who polices his every move, and a wife entertains pretty much the same feeling toward the husband to whom she has to go for permission for everything she does, as if she were a child. The tyrant on the hearstone is never loved, no matter what the sex.

A woman has a right to expect that her husband will do his share toward making a happy home. It's a big job, making a happy home. It's more than any one person can do, and especially it's more than any woman can do alone.

A woman has a right to expect her husband to help her make a happy home. The old recipe for the construction of ideal family life always tell the wife to go about with a glad, sweet smile, and to keep all of her little worries out of sight. That's good as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough, for no woman can make a happy home, even though she seems like a Cheshire cat. If the man of the house is sullen and grouchy or swears around like blue-blazes, or if he makes his home a dumping ground for all the accumulated nerves and worries of the day.

It's just as much a man's part to smile as it is a woman's. It is just as much up to the husband to make some active effort toward making the home happy as it is the wife, and whenever you find a real, bright, smiling home, take my word for it you are going to find some big, cheerful man in it, doing his share of the radiation of good cheer.

That's the kind of a husband that every woman has got a right to expect, but oh, me! oh, my! what a rare animal he is!

Household Helps

Many tedious household hours are taken short by means of such contrivances as these. Many too, though not really neat, will look their work much better if it is finished. If one desires to make up such material, or give it to a friend without washing, it may be made perfectly clean by sprinkling thickly with French chalk and coming up for a day or two. The chalk may afterwards be shaken out.

An excellent method of cleaning velvet is to attach a light dust of pipeclay all over the velvet and then brush lightly away with a clean brush. This will be found almost invariably to restore the bloom and also to take the pile.

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