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

"Oh Look!"

I can eat 'em all—they won't hurt me! That's because they're made with Calumet—and *that's* why they're pure, tempting, tasty, wholesome—that's why they won't hurt any kid."

Received Highest Awards
New Cook Book Free—See Slip in Pound Can.

To get in or out of business; to buy or sell advantageously; use Bee Want Ad Columns.

Helps for the Housewife

Tartarin de Tarascon has made the French cup of chocolate a beverage of renown. His cup of chocolate, served in the morning, in his room, added not a little to the joy of rising to the beloved world of Tarascon in Tartarin's estimation. It was a cup, as he expressed himself: "Well beaten, rich in creamy substance, sweetened to a T and altogether a matter of culinary accomplishment worthy of a poet's song."

And why should we not enjoy a cup of such extraordinary qualities ourselves? It is not a matter of French chocolate as much as a certain knack of mixing with care what our groceryman can offer in the way of home products—just ordinary, every day good cocoa.

Boil the cocoa, say for instance one cup of water to three cups of cocoa, for about five minutes, stirring it from time to time. When the cocoa has risen three times, add two cups of milk and the sugar. Stir again and let the milk rise. Of course, the preparation takes a little longer, but the extra trouble is well worth while, for this American cocoa comes as near the celebrated French chocolate as it is possible to make it.

Few people understand the value of pumice stone and realize the various purposes it may be made to serve in the household. Its very cheapness brings it within the reach of those of even the most limited means, as it may be purchased in large pieces for only a few pennies where painters' supplies are sold.

It is generally rough and unfit for use when purchased new, but this is easily remedied by grinding off the rough edges on a grindstone; then as soon as it is used it becomes perfectly smooth.

Keep a piece on the washstand and in the bathroom to remove stains from the hands, for it will act like a charm when all other remedies have failed if moistened with soap and rubbed over the stained places. It may be used in the same way to remove callous spots from the feet without injuring the flesh.

For cleansing cooking utensils it has no equal; when food adheres to the bottom of kettles, pots and pans, or burns in them, partly fill with water, cover and let boil; if of a greasy nature add soap or a spoonful of powdered borax; empty as soon as the contents become loosened, then rub well with a piece of pumice stone kept for such purposes; it will become as smooth and polished as when new.

All painters use pumice for smoothing rough spots on woodwork that sandpaper will not remove, and dentists use the very finely powdered stone to remove tartar from teeth.

One little bride-to-be, who has been busy all winter filling her treasure chest with lovely things for her new home, has made a set of blanket protectors that are so practical one wonders why they are not in every linen closet. She bought linen or good sheeting the width of a blanket, and made slips of it exactly like fancy pillow slips, only using the whole width and making them but eight inches deep. The best ones are buttonholed, or trimmed with a row of lace and embroidery; the everyday ones are simply hemstitched with an initial. These are to be slipped over the tops of her nice new blankets and fastened in place with a basting thread.

DIAMONDS - WATCHES ON CREDIT

OUR CONFIDENTIAL CREDIT SYSTEM is a very simple one and may be explained in two words—Confidence and Good Faith. The conditions on which we sell Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry are not burdensome. Our prices are low, our credit terms exceedingly easy—there is no red tape, no publicity. Everything is absolutely confidential. You and we are the only ones who know anything about your transaction. Come in—your credit is good with us.

711—Gentlemen's Walt. Hamilton, solid gold, beautifully designed. 1 Diamond Baroque Pearl Drop, 15-inch chain. $14 $1.40 a Month

$13.50 $1.50 a Month

Wrist Watch, Pendant, or Regular Watch

1156—Bracelet can be detached, so Watch can be worn as a pendant or as a regular watch. Fine gold filled, small size, full 15 Ruby Jeweled Nickel movement, pendant set, either white or gold dial. Guaranteed 20 years. A great bargain at $13.55 TERMS: $1.50 a Month.

Open daily until 8 P. M., Saturdays till 9:30. Call or write for Catalog No. 903. Phone Douglas 1444 and our salesman will call.

659—Ladies' Diamond Rings, 14k solid gold Loftis Perfection mounting $50 Terms: $5 a Month.

LOFTIS BROS & CO. 1858 The Old Reliable, Original DIAMOND and WATCH CREDIT HOUSE 409 S. 16th Street, Omaha.

Once He Roamed in Montana

The Tyrannosaurus Was a Queer Mixture of Reptile and Bird

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Whoever has any interest in the wonders of this world, past and present, will do well to go and see the mounted skeleton of a tyrannosaur, which has been set up in the American Museum of Natural History, on the west side of Central park, New York.

The skeleton is forty-seven feet long and stands, in the uptilted attitude of a mighty siege gun, nineteen feet high from the floor. When he had his flesh this monster could hardly have weighed less than twenty tons.

There are skeletons of other equally bulky, or even bulkier, monsters of prehistoric ages in the museum, but this one has a kind of interest not attaching to them. The huge brontosaur for instance, who endless stretch of vertebral bones, forming his preposterous tail, resembles the keel of a ship, was a tame, sluggish, mud-loving creature, which lived on water weeds, shrubs and leaves; but the tyrannosaur was a flesh-eater, a tiger in appetite, and so powerful that he could have crushed the big Bengal man-eater as the latter would crush a kitten!

In one word the tyrannosaur was the mightiest carnivore (devourer of flesh) that, as far as we know, ever inhabited the earth. You will readily believe it when you look at the giant skeleton. The tremendous head, with its jaws and terrible teeth, and the strength of the massive limbs, tell the story. Why, being a carnivorous animal and consequently a hunter of prey, the tyrannosaur should have been furnished with so long and heavy a tail is a point not easy to settle.

Perhaps the tail could be used as a flail, sweeping wide swaths in a huddled group of small prey, or cutting down bigger animals like a scythe! The preponderating weight and strength of the two legs on which the animal reared itself up rather suggest that. They furnished at the same time a firm anchorage and a pivot.

But whatever use the tyrannosaur may have been able to make of his tail, in the possession of it he conformed to the anatomical fashion of his time, which was the barrel-shaped or torpedo-shaped Age of the Dinosaurs. Whether they were vegetable feeders or flesh eaters, these brobdingnagian creatures almost invariably had bodies, running away behind into long, flexible tails.

The vegetable feeders had excessively long necks also, and small heads, but the carnivora had short thick necks, capable of bearing the huge crushing, masticating engine which constituted the hear. The jaws and their articulations were immense, but there was very little provision made for housign a brain.

The tyrannosaur was a stupid beast, but he liver with beasts many of which were yet stupider than himself, so that he was at no disadvantage in that respect. If he had had a bran proportioned to his physical stature and muscular strength he woul have been the lord and master of the earth, and it might never have escaped from his dominion. But, fortunately, he was like human tyrants, not remarkable for intelligence, and probably there were some among the victims of his rule who generally outwitted him if they could not outfight him.

One of the strangest facts discovered about these wonderful beasts is that they combined in their makeup the anatomical peculiarities of reptiles and birds. Their great bones are pneumatic, or hollow, like those of birds. This enabled them to grow so large without being too heavy to handle themselves. There are many ways in which the skeleton of the tyrannosaur resembels that of a gigantic bird.

The huge, bird-like claws and the poise of the animal as viewed from the side give the impression of a fighting-cock, and one wonders if when tyrannosaurs fought with one another they skung their spurs like champions of the pit. It could hardly be that the great, flexible tails played no part in such battles.

When the museum authorities have completed the group, of which the skeleton we have been talking of constitutes a part, they will have placed before the public perhaps the most remarkable representation of life upon this planet in pre-human ages that has ever been conceived.

The group is intended to show a scene, enacted 3,000,000 years ago, on the shore of a Montana lagoon, where a gigantic, herbivorous trachodon, coming ashore to feed, has been killed by a tyrannosaur. As the conster is devouring its prey another of its own species approaches and prepares to do battle for the prize. The two combatants will be shown in attitudes of attack and defense. The authority for the representation is furnished by the imagination of the geologist working upon the facts supplied by his science.

Here is the skeleton of a Tyrannosaurus from a model by Edwin Christman. Note the relative height of a man.

Married Happiness for the Ambitious Girl

The ambitious girl, if she would preserve happiness, is one of those who should avoid matrimony. There is nothing to be said against her capacity for loving, which, doubtless, is not inferior to any other woman's. But her mind is set on winning fame, and, therefore, when the novelty of marriage wears off ambition reasserts itself as an important, perhaps the main, factor in her scheme of existence, when, of course, husband and home suffer.

A man is, or pretends to be, pleased with a woman's ambition—when he is her lover; at that time he will even promise that his strong arm shall put forth its utmost strength to help her up the hill to fame. But after marriage the wife seldom, if ever, finds in her husband a helpmate. She finds instead that if he does not compel her to abandon her cherished dreams straight away he will, by his coldness and indifference, endeavor to starve her ambition slowly but surely to death.

No doubt it is often through jealousy that the husband has this contempt for his wife's plans, for, as a rule, the ambitious woman marries a man exactly the antithesis of herself—a man who, having no exalted dreams of his own to convert into realities, fails to understand hers, and who decidedly objects to his wife being a more important person than himself in the world.

Under these circumstances how can the wife be happy? At almost the commencement of her wedded life she is face to face with two crossroads of choice. To take the road to fame means that she will have to fight her way along that lonely road, slipping—with every step she wins—farther and farther away from the man whom she had sworn to love, honor and obey.

Her only alternative is to abandon her cherished dreams, hopes and plans and settle down to the commonplace duties of the ordinary wife.

Either course is certainly very hard, but one must be chosen; no half measures will meet the exigencies of the case.

If she decides to climb upward and onward alone, a world of suffering is hers indeed, for she is deprived of all the old ideals of love, and she has to give up all the plans for the new life that were made under the influence of courtship's glamor. And in these circumstances it is hardly to be wondered at that the girl, despite success in her life work, grows into a hard and unfeeling woman, the latter of her marriage having stunted the better and higher instincts of her womanhood.

On the other hand, to give up her ambition will not mend matters; the chances are that she will grow equally hard. For that ambition, if it is worthy the name of ambition at all, is part of herself, and its severance from her life as painful as it it were a limb.

A man does not realize this. Because his wife does not rail and storm he thinks she has given herself up to the commonplaces of domesticity, and congratulates himself that he has knocked all the "ambitious nonsense" out of her. But sometime he wonders later on why the chic, brilliant girl has become a careless, scared woman, and sighs to think that such a wife as his is by no means an enviable possession.

Gentle Art of Nagging

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Have you ever lain awake in the middle of the night and listened to a dog howling hideously, with wailing reiteration of two long-drawn notes? Have you ever sought the quiet of your own apartment only to have your rest or attempt at concentration broken up by the incessant thud of one and the same tune on a neighbor's piano?

Either experience probably drove you almost crazy.

And yet you, whoever you are, are capable of whining out the same old tune over and over again in the process of begging for something you want or protesting against anything you don't want! The nagger is as pleasant to listen to as the whining of an E string when an amateur practices on the violin.

The other day was riding down in a car and my next door neighbor was a girl who wanted a new suit which her mother didn't seem to thing she could afford. The girl was whining out her complaints against people who were stingy and didn't understand anything about a girl's feelings! Of course, I might have changed my seat, but the mother had no way of changing her daughter! She kept up a weary, creaking, sing-song drone, and when the car wheels squaked, she began complaining about the noise. Most of her neighbors found the situation funny. What she she had been doing was exactly as nerve-racking a performance as the screech of the rail.

And all nagging is like that. It gets on the nerves of the listener and unless it is directed to a weakling, who will do anything to have peace, it accomplishes nothing beyond making the nagger a hideously discordant note in life.

Next time you are tempted to harp on a subject or nag away in your desire to get what you want, just remember the creak of the rail, the caterwauling of tabby on the back fence, the nerve-racking force of the steam drill when building is going on next door and don't add your unpleasant and popularity destroying bit to the discord of life.

Two Sinners

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1916, Star Company.

There was a man, it was said one time,
Who went astray in his youthful prime.
Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet
When the blood is a river that's running riot?
And boys will be boys, the old folks says,
And the man is the better who's had his day.

The sinner reformed; and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold.
And the Christian people threw open the door,
With a warmer welcome than ever before;
Wealth and honor were his to command,
And a spotless woman gave him her hand.

The world strewed their pathway with blossoms abloom,
Crying "God bless ladye, and God bless groom."

There was a maiden who went astray
In the golden dawn of her life's young day.
She had more passion and heart than head,
And she followed blindly where fond love led;
And love, unchecked, is a dangerous guide
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no door opened to let her in.
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy—in heaven.
For this is the law of the earth, we know,
That the woman is stoned, while the man may go.
A brave man wedded her, after all,
But the world said, frowning, "We shall not call."

What Woman Demands of Man She Loves

By DOROTHY DIX.

A woman demands:

That a man shall be as I on to a lion the world, but putty in her hands.

That he will be a creature of inflexible determination, but let her wind him around her finger.

That he will know how to kiss, but that she will be the first woman he ever kissed.

That he will be an adept at love making, but never utter a word of sentiment to any woman except herself.

That he will always notice how she looks, but be blind to every other woman's appearance.

That he will admire her when she is dressed up and has her hair waved, but that she will be equally beautiful to him when she has on a dirty kimono and her hair in curl papers.

That he will never fail to go into ecstasies over the cooking when the dinner is good, but that he will not mind a burnt roast, nor watery vegetables.

That he will have no nerves himself, but will know how to make allowance for nerves in his wife.

That he will be the head of the house, but permit his wife to say where they shall live, what they shall spend, where they shall go, whom they shall know.

That he will consider it a privilege to toil all day to support his family, and be delighted to chase around half the night with his wife to parties and theaters.

That he will be a cash register, and a guitar, so to speak, one who can make money with both hands, while discoursing about the superman and the over soul.

That he should so adore his wife he would be utterly miserable when she is out of his sight, but be perfectly willing for her to go off for three month jaunts to Europe without him.

That he should honor his wife by marrying her, but always be ready to pity her for having married him.

That he should never whine nor complain about how hard a man has to work to support a family, but he should be filled with sympathy over the hard lot of his wife for having to spend what he has made.

That he should be fond of his own family before marriage, but sever all relations with them as soon as he gets married and perceive that his wife's relatives have an inalienable right to camp in the best bed room, and have all the money spent on taking them about, and buying them presents.

That he should be a lion and not a mouse, but never dare to voice a command in his own house, or ask for a hook in a closet.

That he should be a crackerjack business man, but think it all right for his wife never to keep an account, or know where her money goes.

That he shall make money like Mr. is it any wonder that so many women Rockefeller, and spout high browed philosophy like a long-haired socialist.

Expecting all those divergent things, are disappointed in their husbands?

Cure for Crossness

By ADA PATTENSON.

Don't be cross.

Why?

Because the mood we know as crossness is a two-edge sword, cutting yourself as surely as it wounds the person into whom you thrust it.

"You feel all on edge this morning?" Yes, I know all about it, that feeling. Who does not? It is most unpleasant, most undesirable, most unprofitable. One wakes pining for combat, and when he gets it he feels more wretched than before. And life's map has a new black dot to it, another enemy made, another injustice registered, another something we would like to, but cannot, forget.

It isn't "according to nature," that phrase to the especial liking of calmered, cool-pulsed, triumphant Marcus Aurelius, to be sullen or furious. I have known many persons in cross moods, but never one who was not either ill or unhappy. Always you can, if you are in possession of the facts, trace the savage mood to one state or the other.

Now, how to cure crossness?

It is, unfortunately, a malady that returns and returns and returns. One may not speed the passing of one attack and say: "There! I have another." Crossness is like an eruption of the skin, a symptom, not disease. It will come back and come back, but it is in our power to make each attack lighter than its predecessors.

First, the diagnosis. To which of the two causes may the crossness be ascribed? For to the cause must be lifted the remedy.

Man obeys a deep instinct when he avoids his home, or makes brief his stay there, on washday. Passing a man and his young son who was an assistant in his store shop, I saw them both look ruefully at the garments flapping defiantly from the clothes line, and heard the elder say: "Don't mind your mother, my boy. She's always cross when she is busy." That seems, on the face of it, an inexcusable reason for ill temper. But it goes back to one of the primary reasons. The mother may have been tired because she had not strength adequate to the work and complications of washday. Tiredness is a form of illness. Or she may have allowed the bugbear of housekeeping, washday, "get on her nerves." When a thing "gets on our nerves" we are allowing it to make us unhappy. She is a conscientious woman, perhaps, who "takes her work so seriously"s that she makes life a petty tragedy for her family. Whichever the cause, it is a bad element in the home. We all agree about that, do we not?

But how to set about the cure? The man who pays the household expenses can lessen the gloom by relieving his wife's tiredness. If he can afford to hire help for her let him do so. If not "steady help," at least some one to help with that cross-begetting washday. Or a woman to scrub and dust and make the house into a cleaner habitat. Impossible! Then at least he can make the burden of housework lighter. By himself giving a helping hand to lift them. Or by being less exacting in his demands. Instead of grumbling because his chair is out of place let him put it back without a word. Let him hunt for a missing hat or an escaped collar button or a fugitive collar unaided, and that without profanity. Instead of complaining because the baby, fretful from teething, keeps him awake at night, let him do his share of soothing the infant. That share is at least half. I am inclined to the belief that it is more.

Crossness is often the outward expression of inward misery. Try a considerate speech or two to the "nail biter." You will be apt to be rewarded first with surprise, then with slow softening of mood, and finally with a teary look about the eyes. I've seen it a hundred times. That is what a fine old book means by "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

One mistake be sure to avoid. Never meet crossness with crossness. Use your energy for building, not destroying.

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Don's Go.

Dear Miss Fairfax: A young man who has his place of business in the same building with me has promised to take me out to dinner. He is married and says his wife knows all about his doings. He asked me to choose between a dinner or a supper at a place which has a cabaret. Do you think it proper for a young girl to go with him? ELENORA.

No dignified, self-respecting girl will ever go about with a married man unless his wife is included in the party. If she does the world is sure to judge her harshly and in all probability great unhappiness will result. You are in a strange position, and to see the world under his guidance means grave danger to you. Please take my AVICE. You will bitterly regret it if you do not. A married man who shows attentions to a young girl never has honorable intentions. There is no exception to this rule.

TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH

"COOKERY IS BECOME A NOBLE SCIENCE"

For Sunday Night Supper.

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

A delicious method of disposing of the remains of the roast chicken that is left from Sunday dinner is to cream the meat in a chafing dish. To do this, dispense with the hot water pan, and, in the open blazer, melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, adding three tablespoonfuls of finely chopped onion, and a tablespoonful of flour, and when it has browned lightly, add two cupfuls of milk. Season with salt and pepper, and let it cook for a few minutes; finally add the chicken meat, cut into small pieces. Heat to the boiling point and serve on rounds of hot toast, garnish with parsley.

(Tomorrow—Curried Beans.)