

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

Are Your Thoughts Workers or Wanderers?

By ADA PATTERSON.

Are your thoughts workers or wanderers? Are they honest, industrious laborers or idle loiterers along the highway of life, tramps that know not nor care where they go?

Do they work steadily and earnestly, with dignity, sobriety and effect, or do they lose their force by devious wanderings and time by aimless dawdling?

The chief difference between the men you know is in the way they think. That man who opens his desk with a determined bang, opens his mail with an air of concentration and begins his day's work as the engineer starts his engine down the track is thinking in the right way. The one whose desk is beside his, and who opens his desk with a yawn, who lights a cigarette before he opens his first letter, who leans at the girl who sits at the typewriting machine and flings an idle jest at the office boy, is thinking in the wrong way. His thought engine will run off the track and overturn in a ditch before the day is spent. A good many keys have been offered to open the door of success. A charming personality, an engaging address, the knowledge of human nature and the ability to apply that knowledge, a practical education, have all been offered, but none of these turns the lock so quickly as does systematic thinking.

Thought is the only miracle worker of modern life. The magic of an idea is the only witchcraft of latter days. The highest building in the world was built because less than forty years ago a man had an idea that he followed as devotedly as the wise men of old followed the star that led them to the birthplace of the Christ. A tunnel was built through what had been termed the river of the lost hope, uniting the largest city in the world with the greatest continent, because a man had an idea and did not dismiss it, but thought of it systematically every day. A great mail order business that is a city within a city, that has its own railroad and its own postoffice, originated in a street car conductor's writing a letter for a watch, and his comrades requesting him to do the same for them. He thought about the incident, as the clerk who opened his desk with a bank and went at his mail as though he were starting an engine down the track. He thought of it every day, not fitfully, and wishfully, but long and consecutively and as a builder erects a skyscraper in time, indeed, he did scrape the sky of finance.

How do you think? Do your thoughts drift in and out of your mind in aimless fashion as stray visitors drift through the house in informal calls? Do your thoughts burst upward as water spouts from the nozzle of a kettle and splash some where and are gone? Do they effervesce in much talk, highly charged waters blowing out the cork of silence?

Do they act as sober soldiers on a long march?

You know, and I know, persons whose thoughts ought to be arrested for vagrancy, as surely as any tramp who snores in the sun.

Every successful career has started upward at that point at which its owner began the habit of systematic thinking.

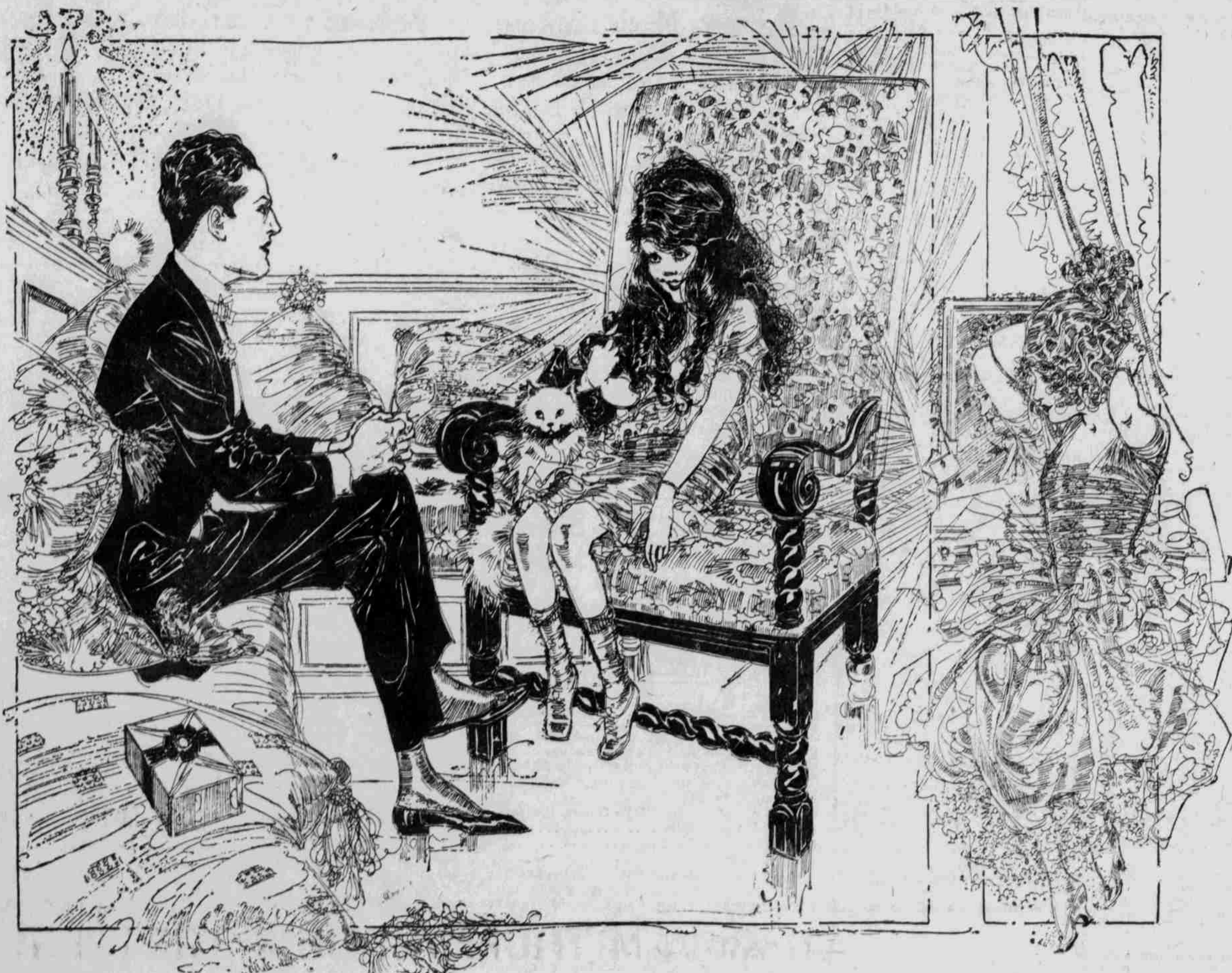
Never waste your thoughts. Guard them as an engineer the fuel of his engine. Be more careful of them than of the coins in your pocket. For of them will your future be built.

The Queen's Messenger

Atlas
Miss Information

By Nell Brinkley

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DON'T make that tragic mistake of letting your small sister, who is intensely interested in you and your beau, be your ambassador too long when you send her down to be bright for that young chap until you come! For her little red tongue will trip along with some things that will light a queer shine in his eyes prechance! Who knows? "Do you know Mr. Jack Thus-and-So?" she will hiss. "He comes to see my sister. He has red hair, and

my sister likes it—red hair. He comes, oh, lots. Father doesn't like him as well as you, but mother likes him better! And I like you better. My sister likes your eyes. She said she did. She said, what? I don't remember what else she said. Do you know my sister does her hair up in curl-papers? That's why it's all so darling wavy. Don't you like it? I do. But curl-papers look funny. My sister said not to talk too much, 'cause, she said, all men like to talk about themselves—and you did, too, even if you were a dar-

ling! But you haven't said anything yet. My sister"— And these terrible "my sisters" will go on and on, babbling like a gossip little brook. And perhaps your lover's eyes will glower horror-stricken as it goes; or perhaps they will lighten exultantly because he knows now something you've demurely hidden.

The queen's messenger should be followed in haste!

—NELL BRINKLEY.

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Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Ask Him to Call. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18. Three years ago I was a stenographer in a small office. The owner's assistant invited me to respectable places several times, but always refused. Two years ago the owner was called to South America, and returned only about six months ago. During his absence this young man took charge and treated me with the greatest respect. Now, Miss Fairfax, the manner in which he speaks to me convinces me that he loves me. I now advise this young man. A. M. F.

By all means invite this young man to call at your home. His conduct was chivalrous and of the sort to win your interest, and since you have learned on further acquaintance to care for him, why not be honest enough to show it and make up for your previous actions? If he discusses your refusal of some years ago to go about with him socially, tell him frankly that you were young and disinclined to make acquaintances easily or lightly, but that his courteous treatment of you during the last year has made you wish to renew the acquaintance which once you may have undervalued. As a matter of fact I do not think the situation will arise. If you ask him to come to see you he will probably accept and consider the previous incident a closed book.

Impulses that Need a Check Rein

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The annual season of unrest is upon us. Nature is stirring vaguely to life again, and all of us humans are as much a part of nature as are the green shoots breaking through the sod and the trees in which life is renewing itself. It is rather a good idea to do a little personal investigating before nature has its way with us in the season of spring renewal. Vague longings possess us all. We want something and we don't know what. We walk through the park and exclaim with joy at sight of the little crocuses pricking up through the sod. We come down to work and get through the day's tasks somehow with at least one eye alert for the bit of blue sky we can see through the window. And because we vaguely want something and don't know what, we grab at all sorts of loose ends and drag ourselves into impossible situations in seeking an outlet for something within us we do not comprehend. First of all it is a good idea to find out the meaning of our grand unrest! Psychologists call it the life force stirring within us. But I think we can explain it in other terms. In the beginning of the world we didn't live shut in houses and away from God's fresh air and sunshine as we do now all through the long winter. And the vague stirring of our springtime is as much as anything else the crying out of our natures for fresh air and sunshine and the glorious outdoors. There is just one safe and sane way of meeting the spring unrest. Not in stuffy dance halls, not in eating or drinking or any of the grosser diversions with which the warm body and mind during the long cold winter can spring itself by. The one way to satisfy all your little stirrings that are like the tree stirrings of sap and bud and leaf is to take them outdoors and stretch them out in the sunlight for healthy growth. Emotion ought never to be stifled—but the only way to express most emotion is likely to be the last way we do express it. Take yourself outdoors, breathe deeply, watch for the first tender green of springtime's promise; expand your yearning into the healthy expression of a long, swinging walk under the blue of the bright sky or in the cool evening air with the silvery starlight to soothe the romance of your heart.

What Colors the Flowers?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Of course, you feel romantic and emotional in the springtime, that is perfectly healthy and natural. And you should express as much of the romance and glow in your heart as you amely can. Not in silly flaming love affairs; not in any uncontrolled emotion can you safely satisfy the spring unrest. It must be bathed and purified in the out of doors. The whole world is beautiful and clamors for appreciation. Go out and meet nature. She will purge your springtime longing of all that is morbid and unhappy and leave it a clean and sweet and pure as her own tender green grass blades and shy anemones. Many students have doubtless observed that one of the commonest flower colors is a sort of purplish pink that often just misses becoming a distinct rose or a decided red. As a matter of fact, good reds and pinks are comparatively rare in any flora, and the reason for this is coming to be well understood. The normal color of the pigment which produces both red and blue flowers is this same purplish pink. When the sap of the plant is alkaline this purplish-pink turns blue, and when it is acid the flowers become pink or red. When this is realized several other peculiarities of flower color become intelligible. For instance, there are many blue flowers, such as the lungwort, which are pink in the bud. As the flowers open and oxidation processes reduce the acidity of the cell sap, the pink of necessity becomes blue. This also explains why so many blue flowers have pink counterparts, or the reverse. Let a strain with a tendency to acid cell sap appear in a race of blue flowers and its blossoms are likely to become pink or red. The rose-colored variety of the common New England aster may be explained in this way. There are also many white flowers that are pink either at the beginning or end of their period of bloom. Apple blossoms and the flowers of the white iridium and cotton will come to mind in this connection. We do not, however, have to depend upon instances like these. Almost any pink or blue plant juice may be used to demonstrate the facts. Any one who will boil out the color from a purple cabbage may turn the juice blue by the addition of a few drops of ammonia or a little baking soda, and restore the original pink color by adding a few drops of vinegar or other acid. Beet juice and most of the fruit juices act in the same way, and it is therefore not surprising to find that the familiar litmus paper so commonly used in testing for acids and alkalis is made by dipping strips of paper in the juice of certain lichens. Many pink flowers may be turned blue by exposing them to the fumes of ammonia for a few minutes, and blue flowers become pink when exposed to acids. In making these experiments, however, one is often astonished to find the color change produced is neither pink nor blue, but green—a fact which opens up other avenues of speculation, but in all of which we discover how cleverly nature produces a variety of effects with almost identical materials.—American Botanist.

TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH

'COOKERY IS BECOME A NOBLE SCIENCE'



For Luncheon—Little Oyster Souffles.

By CONSTANCE CLARKE. A new dish is always acceptable to the housewife for the sake of variety, without which cooking and meals become overwhelmingly humdrum. Here is a good recipe to vary the menu. Boil a dozen small oysters and cut them up into little square pieces, strain their liquor into a cup. Put four tablespoonsful of butter into a saucepan with four tablespoonsful of flour, a tiny dust of pepper, a pinch of salt, three raw yolks of eggs and half a pint of cold milk, mix well together and stir over the fire till it boils; add the cut-up oysters and their liquor. Whip three whites of eggs and a pinch of salt till very stiff and add this to the above boiled mixture. Mix well together and fill some little paper cases which have been oiled and dried. Put a few browned bread crumbs on the top of each soufflé and a tiny piece of butter to keep it moist and bake in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes. Dish up on a dish paper on a hot dish and serve directly they are taken from the oven.