

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

Warm Weather Millinery

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By Nell Brinkley



LOOK at me, in my sassy new bonnet—you see how little there is of it—so that I may have the breeze from the summer sea and summer mountains, which are the only two things that are cool in summer time, the breezes blow 'round my throat and ears and neck, and—well, my forehead is under cover, isn't it—but a maid must bend the knee to fashion somehow! And when my forehead grows hot and tired under my silken bangs, why then I have little long ribbon handles to swing it by. These are primroses that deck the crown like a midget garden of butter-gold. My beau likes yellow, you see. And now I come to think on it honestly, I have a small mischievous liking for looking up under this sheltering brim. It gives my eyes an air, you know!

"My bonnet, my warm-weather millinery, is a

fairy skull-cap, a bit of silky nothingness that my mother, whose big soft eyes are two bending skies above me, crocheted in a cobwebby shell-stitch with her own pretty fingers. She said it would be cool and airy for a baby's pink scalp. "A little chap," says she, "wants the soft winds of summer to whisper through his curls, to speak to his dimpled knees, and caress his little hot chin, so the fewer the better, old fellow—meaning clothes!" And even sometimes, she peels off this lovely bonnet with pink rosette roses bunched above my two feathers of eyebrows and leaves my big roundly head bare to the sun and air, while she ruffles the golden down at the back of it with a soft palm. My bonnet has two streamers, two flirtation-ribbons. And I am the only real 'bonnet' wearer in the lot, for a bonnet in old English

and Scotch is 'a closely woven cap worn by men.' "My summer millinery! Now—now—when the robins are swinging high in the cedar and the swimming hole is warming under the sun and bare toes are aching for the little new greeny grass and to squidge along on the warm dusty road with nothing between foot-palms and mother-earth, I get out my warm-weather bonnet. I have one that is more of a favorite with my folks, but that one I only wear on Sundays—and one must-please one's family some of the time!

"But this is my heart's own. Somehow it's handy and is curved to my tow head. Mother says it bends my ears down. But I dunno! It's just enough and not too much and has a friendly old curve-up in the back that lets the wind of the meadows play on my neck. And it has a flapping

outer rim that is loose like a half-begun peel of an apple, and a round section on top that stands up as if achieved with a can-opener. So you can see that it is cool. And capable! So you can see that it is cool. And capable!

"Why a fellow can carry water in it—that is, not very far; and he can try to catch bees with it—almost I caught one once; and he can wear it home with the cherries in it that he swiped at the bachelor's place—a course if you squish it down very tight it will make your hair red; and then he can wear it in swimmin'. Some hat!"

"My hat is a lily-bell, a creamy little bell, bluish at the base and silvery at the curled-over tips. When the squirrels stretch from sleep, and the bear comes out cross and hungry, and the pussy-willows cuddle in twins up and down the branch, then I fare out under the blue spring

sky to find me a warm-weather bonnet. You see I've worn one made from the fur of dandelion-tops all winter. And so I seek me a lovely slender bell, and looking into the little wood-tart where the brown last-year's leaves at the bottom give me a dark-water mirror, there I pull it down over my green silk locks and lo—my bonnet! For I am a pixie from under the roots of the forest trees. And I am easily pleased."

"Over my hair," speaks summer, smiling all the while with her sea-blue eyes and her lips as red as the Indian paint brush, "over my hair, because I was born free like the wind on the peaks and the spume on the sea, over my hair I wear only a slim wreath of wild roses. Other head-gear would weary me!"

—NELL BRINKLEY.

The Cure of Spring Fever

WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

The best cure for spring fever is spring sunshine and the air of open country and the scents of woodlands. You can't get it in cities—you must go out and drink where it grows, and you won't see the time it takes to reach it. No human activity can drive us uningly forward at a fixed level, must go in ups and downs, in rhythms of rise and fall, work and rest, not merely daily but seasonal well. And it is no mere coincidence that almost every race and every civilization in the temperate zone has decreed a period of relaxation, a joyous ceremonial feast, an Easter holiday, at the beginning of spring.

It is a matter of good business management, of conservation of energy, of protection of health, to insist upon and carefully plan for a vacation, a change of scene, a trip in the country or the seashore, even if only for a week-end, somewhere about Easter. That is the natural period not only of change, but of lag and depression in human activity, and a week's rest and change then will do you almost as much good as three weeks in summer and a week-end be as beneficial as ten days in August. But you ought to aim for both as a matter both of increase of efficiency and decrease in doctors' bills.

This is true of all ages and particularly, although we are somewhat apt to overlook it, of children. In villages and small towns, with fields and woods within easy reach, mere release from the school room is sufficient, provided that no ingenious and joy-killing chores of any description are substituted for school tasks. But in cities, where some 50 per cent of our population now live, it requires a little planning and trouble to enable children to get the benefit of their Easter vacation.

The results, however, in health and vigor are worth far more than the cost, and it is highly advisable that parents should take the trouble to plan and provide for trolley or short train trips out into the country, or to parks and public gardens, at least once and, better still, twice a week

for all children under 12 at this season of the year.

They know what woods and fields and copses are for—all you need to do is to take them out there and turn them loose and let them hunt flowers or birds or spring greens, or even rabbits and squirrels, provided they are not equipped with any deadlier weapons than shouts and sticks. It will improve their standing in the spring term of school better than any amount of coaching or home studies.

And as this time of year is the period of greatest depression after the winter's imprisonment, and of lowest resisting power against infectious diseases, the value country trips and park excursions for the little ones can hardly be over-estimated. And they won't do the grown-ups who accompany them any harm, either, although some parts of them will be strenuous and nerve-racking, not to say soul-testing to a degree. For both young and old they are the best and only genuine spring tonic.

Even if they should interfere at times with school in the one and an hour or two of sacred business in the other, we can console ourselves for this loss by the wisdom of the old Greek philosopher, who on fine spring mornings would sometimes send a note to a school master friend asking him to give the children a holiday—in order that they might learn something!

Women's Sense of Humor Developing

By DOROTHY DIX.

Have women a sense of humor? Men contend that they have not. Men have frankly admitted that they do not understand woman's anatomy, physical or mental, but they've been sure of one point about her, and that is that she was made out of Adam's wishbone and not out of his funny-bone.

Tradition has it that to tell her a funny story is like scattering pearls before swine—that she had to have jokes diagrammed for her, and then laughed in the wrong place.

This is the way men, who are scintillating wits abroad, who keep the table in a roar, excuse themselves for being dull and grouchy and silent at the domestic breakfast table. They hold that a wife is so lacking in a sense of humor that she is no good even to try out a new joke on.

Perhaps it has been true that the woman of the past had little sense of humor and didn't laugh much. They hadn't much to laugh about. Tears were their portion, and in our grand-mother's time, when women met together, they sat up and told one another mournful stories of trouble and affliction, and recounted all of the painful details of sick beds and death room scenes.

But the evolution of women is bringing with it an elongation of their funny-bone. Their sense of humor is beginning to develop. They laugh more, and now when they meet together they exchange jokes instead of symptoms and particulars of their last surgical operation; and the difference comes pretty near to measuring the distance that women have progressed. It shows they are getting a real sense of proportion in life, a real proportion in life, and that is what a sense of humor is—in its last analysis.

Heaven knows that of all things on earth women most need this sense of humor! Perhaps it is because they haven't had it that they have made tragedies out of things that might have been turned into comedies.

For instance, the other day the newspapers contained an account of a woman who had had her husband arrested for assault and battery. The next day when she appeared before the judge with her eyes blackened, minus two teeth, and with her lip split so she could hardly speak, she said that she desired to withdraw her charge.

"For what reason?" inquired the judge. "You seem to me to be about as bad a wreck as ever appeared before this court. Isn't it true that your husband inflicted these bruises upon you?"

"Oh, yes, your honor," replied the woman. "But I didn't understand when my husband beat me and I had him arrested that he was just playing a practical joke upon me. I thought he was angry and was beating me because he was mad. If I only understood it was all in fun I could never have said a word. In, your honor, I'm not out of those women who have an sense of humor and can't take a joke."

Think if this spirit could become universal among women how beneficent would be its results. Take the matter of the drunken husband, for instance. We all know how exasperatingly amusing a drunken man is

on the stage, and how gladly we give up \$2 of our hard-earned money to see a comedian give a lifelike representation of a gentleman on a spree.

Yet there are thousands of women who greet this spectacle in their own homes, not with laughter, but with tears. Is it possible that the wives of drunkards have been missing a good joke, and that all they need to turn their sorrow into joy is just to cultivate a sense of humor?

And there's the unfaithful husband—also a source of infinite jest on the stage, the very backbone of every farce. How we scream with laughter as we observe on the stage the merry antics of the gay gentleman who rushes out of one door of the restaurant with the pretty young girl with whom he had been dining and winning, while his fat wife waddles in at the other door in hot pursuit of him!

How sidesplitting are his deceptions, how killing the lies with which he blinds the confiding wife! How ridiculous her jealousy! And what a pity that the poor forsaken lady can't join in the laugh and see how funny it all is!

Therefore, let us all wish a sense of humor on the female sex. It will solve many of women's problems, and it will abolish the foolish fashions, with which women make figures of fun of themselves; for then they will see what good jokes are when they wear, as they did last summer, the faithful old family white cat around their necks in August of the year.

Heaven send women a sense of humor—and send it soon.

Sweetheart Versus Sister

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The price of popularity for too many girls today seems to be the lowering of the standard of womanly sweetness and dignity. And to any girl who is required to meet the terms of the too masculine love pirates I want to sound a word that shall at once warn and plead and convince.

Human nature is about the most unchanging thing in a variable world. Human nature never values what it can get for the mere asking. Every one estimates highly the things he finds it difficult to obtain.

Feminine favor will always be one of life's two goals for men. The other, of course, is success.

Think how a man struggles for the worldly success he has set his heart upon. And think how, on the way to his goal, many a big man turns aside for a little light dalliance with this girl and that one, and marries at last a dignified—often seemingly unattractive—young woman of a type far different than that his sweethearts represented.

Girls ask "Why" in two widely divergent ways. "Why am I unpopular? Is it because I'm too dignified and won't let the boys kiss me?" asks Mary, at 20.

And if she decides against herself and proceeds to capitulate to a boy who demands a kiss in return for a little social attention. Mary, at 30, asks this: "Why am I left alone now? I was the most popular girl in my set ten years ago. I had dozens of beaux

and Lucy had none, and Jane only one. Yet they are happily married and I am left alone. Why?"

Popularity can be bought for the moment by cheap concessions to masculine emotion. The girl who lets a boy kiss her when he happens to want to is catering to the emotions of the moment. She is building nothing permanent and lasting. And when it comes to marriage, no sane man finds that life-long relationship on any momentary flare of affection.

Instead, he chooses the stable qualities of congeniality and liking and respect—plus the delicate emotions which have grown by self-denial instead of wearing themselves out through cheap excess.

The girl who says to a man when he tries to get her to drink or to permit him some liberty which seems slight, but which will inevitably lead to greater ones: "Would you want your sister to do that?" is not bromidic and foolish in spite of the fact that the question is almost ordinary and trite. Instead, she is a sane woman, who is dealing with one of the world-old basic facts of human nature.

The things a man would deary in his sister he resents also in his wife. The things a man selfishly asks of his temporary sweetheart are not always the things he feels a self-respecting, dignified girl should concede.

And a girl who recognizes that fact and who doesn't make the blunder of catering to the emotion of a moment is far more likely to become a permanent factor in a man's life than is a girl who capitulates to his least request.

No man wants his sister to sacrifice the respectful admiration of the men she knows, and no man ought to ask a girl he cares for to lower her standards for him to a point to which he would resent his sister's lowering hers for another man. But that, as Kipling says, is another story.

In another article I am going to appeal to the masculine sense of fairness, which needs sadly to be roused in its relations with girls. But today I want to put girls on their guard so that until such time as men come to offer them fair play they will be efficient enough to demand it for themselves.

Love is not a cheap thing. Don't cheapen it by indulging in emotional imitations of it. Offer men understanding sympathy, interesting and intelligent companionship, and in return demand respect and reverence.

If girls demand reverence they will ultimately get it. To accept passing emotion and eventual scorn is to be a traitor to those of your sex who have high standards. But more than that it is to cheat yourself of a chance of real love.

Don't love lightly and often, girls—for so you sell your "bestright" of home and husband and children—and love for a "mass of postage" instead, the life-time of passing fancy.

In-Shoots

We never seem to need the kind of advice we give others. Things really coming to us are different from those we expect. The return on most reforming williams seems to be only skin deep.

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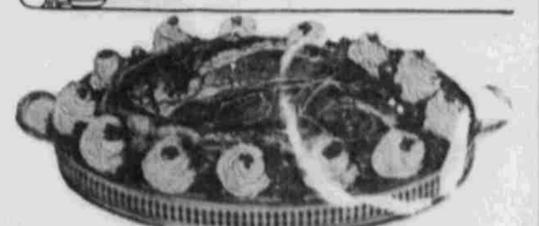
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Planked Steak

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

This method of cooking the steak will be found most appetizing. The planks are made of hardwood and, to retain the gravy, they are grooved in the center. The plank must be heated through before the meat is placed upon it. Brush over the meat with olive oil, dust with salt and pepper, place on the heated plank and bake in the oven for fifteen to twenty minutes. When the steak is nearly done take the plank from the oven and garnish by passing mashed potatoes through a fine hair sieve, reheat and use a pastry tube to form little nests