

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

## Mother Still Bakes Bread

The word "lady," traced to its Anglo-Saxon derivation, means "a knader of bread," and the 975 women who baked 975 loaves in a prize competition at Philadelphia gave a literal illustration of what used to be the paramount distinction of the housewife never too proud to cook. And the first prize for the downtown district went to Mrs. Robert Bird, at 1430 South Rittenhouse square, in a region where people are supposed to be able to send to the bakeshop round the corner when company comes without breaking into the baby's bank.

To bake a loaf of bread properly is a triumph of culinary science. The finished product placed on the table was a thing taken for granted till hotels began to charge for it, and few who devoured it—though the chief morning prayer of the race begins with a request for it—thought anything of the labor involved in its concoction. As Giotto proved himself a capable architect by one turn of the wrist that made a freehand circle, and as a carpenter shows that he knows the tools of his trade and the way to use them by constructing a square-cornered box, so a good cook is known by the bread she makes. The human digestion cannot lean upon a staff of sour dough. The Japanese fought the Russians on rice, the Serbs barred the way for a long time to the Germans on bread merely. If the armies of peace, as well as those of war, must fight upon the stomach, good bread is of fundamental dietetic concern, and those who can make it are valuable servants of mankind, even though they "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam" ordinarily, instead of dabbling amid hot suds in the kitchen.—Philadelphia Ledger.

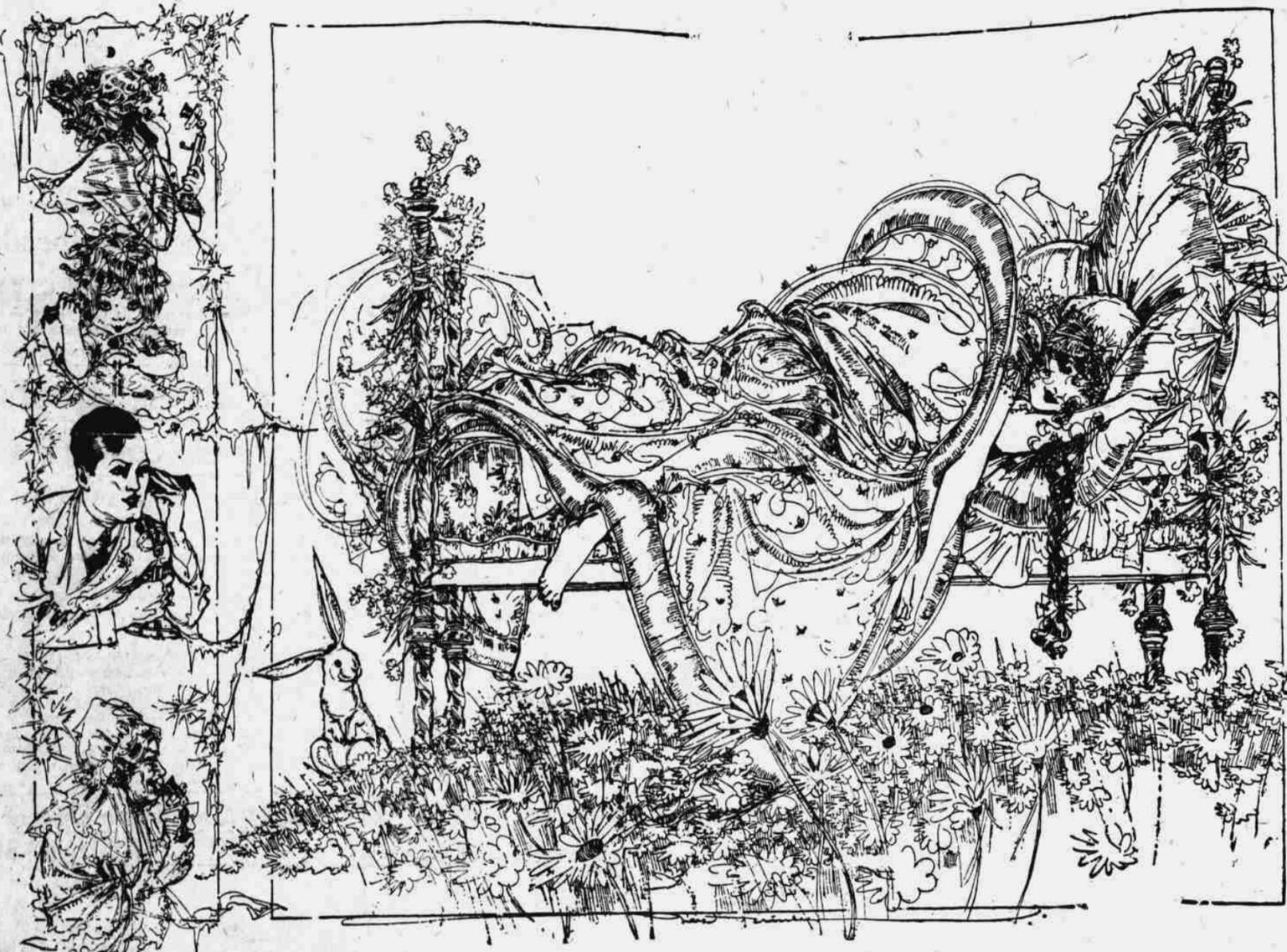
## Hello, Summer!

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By Nell Brinkley



**TINKLE-INKLE-INKLE**—hello, Summer! Listen. Aren't you growing too warm there under your down-quilt, and sleeping pretty late? You didn't tell me to stir you up when I saw you last in the dark of winter, when you shut your sleepy blue eyes—but I thought—I just 'spected perhaps you wanted to be up early to hear the first robin hammer and see the water drops glisten on his rosy vest—and perhaps to fuss up your woods for the little city kids that may, by some wild miracle or the big open hand of a fairy-god-mother man, get to come to them in a bit of a while. I haven't seen the robin myself. I'm a "business girl" and I wrestle with mechanical knots all day long, and ride home at last in the soft twilight on a stuffed, heavy-breathing car.

The park I pass is wrapped in darkness like black velvet, and if there is a robin there he is gone to bed and feathery dreams. But from my office window, high up, I can see blue sky, a dainty blue, washed clear and clean by a west wind, with some of the cotton from your quilt drifting across, and I know that if I could throw a thin cord up and up in a mile-high arch—with a coin or ray heavy winter-heart on the end to bring it down at last—beyond the city to the horizon and what it makes mystery of there, my cord would make a rainbow whose end would be where there are already palely green grass and whistling mocking-birds back from "Palm Beach," and skipping robins and branches with the sap up and the buds puffing, and your breathing moving through the spring air. Hello, Summer! Hello!

The world a-wantin' you and you asleep!"

"Hello, Summer-r-r! I'm—who is this?—I'm 6 and I'm in school. And it's gettin' to be a long ways between 9 o'clock and 2. And the seats get harder and harder, and I stwirm and stwirm and they don't get any softer. And the windows are open now and the sun is so warm! And my eyes gets crossed and scratchy and my head's as heavy as a punkin—and I lay it down across my arms and forget. In our yard the grass is gettin' warm to lay on and look up at the sky. And I wish you'd come out of your little bed in the deep woods and shut up school! So little girls can stay home and cook with their mothers and never spell at all."

"Hello—hello—who's this?—hello—this Summer? Oh, Lady, Lady! You've one pink foot out, but your eyes are fast, and where is your soul gone walking? Come awake, Summer Lady, with your flower-blue eyes and come out in your waiting garden. And to all watchful, ardent Youth. There's a pool in the Catskills that lies like a green jewel in the arms of mossy rocks. It is twenty feet from its shimmering surface to the smooth, clean, cold rocks, at the bottom. So clear it is, so diamond clear, that looking, you think you could roll up a sleeve and touch this rocky floor with an exploring hand. I remember its clear, cold world closing round as I dived. And I remember that there are trout there as long—as long as this!"

"Summer Lady, come with me there! There are boats that yearn for the breast of the water and there is picnicking to be done!

There's the golf course, and a horse; there's the pine woods humming to themselves while they wait, trying over their string chants until the wild tiger-lily and the man from the city come to them, and there is—Love, perhaps! All waiting 'till you wake and step once more through the world that loves you, your arms full of flowers and your breath of honey-scent."

"Hello—Summer's a young thing and the young can sleep, with the red in the cheeks and the dew on their eyelids and their breath coming soft. But I am only an old, ancient lady—and the old are impatient! Who would think I care whether Summer sleeps on; for Winter is my shadow and has laid his frosty hand on my hair. But I care. My blood moves faster when I find the tulips and the daffodils in the florist windows looking out with their golden faces into my dull, faded one. But their faces do not change when they look at mine; they are just as gold and jolly as when they turn up to a girl's fresh cheeks! In that they are kind—your children, Summer."

"The soft air, the Spring rain, the scent of earth warm and living—they all bring memories, and my old heart tries to beat quick and loud as it did when it was young. When you wake, Summer, and stroll among your moon-flowers and pinks, it knows a little season of youth again and takes joy in the soaring prayer of the lark, just as my gran' babies' tiny hearts do. Oh, sure—'Youth isn't the only sutor on your wire, lazy-daisy—the Old look on you fondly, too, and jingle your telephone!"—NELL BRINKLEY.

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## Hints on Choosing a Doctor

By ALAN RALEIGH.

If the very instant you set eyes on him you feel some relief of your symptoms, some slight return of confidence, some faint desire to go on living, that is the doctor for your money.

If you feel worse, get rid of him at the first opportunity—at once, if you possess the courage to do so. He will never do you any good.

There is also a fancy, but sound scientific reasoning. The best doctor for you is the one who makes you feel better when you see him, not the one who is crammed to the brim with wisdom.

There is an affinity of the mind and an affinity of the heart; I will not add an affinity of the soul, for that is an even more subtle and delicate matter, and beyond the scope of this article.

There is also a repulsion of the mind and of the heart.

The influence of mind over matter is a truism—almost a platitude—but how it acts in this way is not easily understood. Yet act it does. Let me cite an instance.

Someone you love is separated from you, ill perhaps, and there is no news; you worry and you are anxious; you cannot sleep; your appetite is lost; you cannot fix your mind on your work; you lose all interest and pleasure in life, and you walk about with laggard steps and careworn face. Suddenly you get a wire, "Cheer up. All's well. Love," or something to that effect, and in an instant, as if by magic, all is changed.

You could shout for joy; your steps trip and spring; you are eager for work or play; your happiness infects those around you.

Now, if a doctor were to examine the action of your vital organs before and after the good news had been received, he would find that the action of every single organ had been improved and strengthened.

Your brain is more active, your

heart beats more vigorously and more steadily, the blood circulates more easily, the eye is clearer, the skin acts better and the muscles are more contracted.

You can look the world in the face with a serene and happy confidence—all through half a dozen words on a sheet of paper.

And in this case the person who effects the change is at a remote distance. What greater changes may we not expect when eye speaks to eye and heart to heart, when the aura that surrounds another human being is in close and actual contact with you.

In that way lies the success of the true physician, the soothing presence, the healing touch, he who exercises in a way most appropriate to your symptoms some degree of unconscious and unavowed hypnotic suggestion.

No one whose personality is hostile to you will ever exercise this influence. There are some doctors you know—not the one you will call in, of course—towards whom you have the feeling that, clever though they may be, you would actually feel worse if they came into the sickroom. Shun all such as you would the plague.

There is the doctor who regards you with a grave and anxious face and says, in an almost sepulchral voice: "My dear sir, you have only just moved me in time, as if to claim the personal credit of snatching you from the jaws of death."

In reality he is generally a preposterous humbug, a qualified charlatan trading on human weakness. His aura is positively harmful; every single one of your many symptoms immediately worsens when he comes in.

For, believe me, disease is not definite entity which can be attached and routed out of you as you would rout dirt and dust out of an engine whose works had grown rusty.

Ordinary skill by means of drugs we expect and generally get from every doctor, but it is the far more subtle and potent influence of the man and his individuality on your vital energy that counts. Some people get better in spite of, not because of, their doctors.

The doctor of your choice, the doctor with the right bedside manner should be the man who makes the impression of "shooting" away disease, as a woman "shoes" hens.

## TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH

COOKERY IS BECOME A NOBLE SCIENCE



### Cream Soup

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

Cream soup is delicious when the creaming is done carefully so that no lumping or curdling occurs. Melt five tablespoonfuls of butter in a stewpan, stir in three tablespoonfuls of flour, add one quart of white stock and stir till soup boils; simmer it gently for ten minutes and remove any grease. Cut a cucumber into small pieces; put these with a cup of shelled peas into a pan of salted water, and boil them until tender, then drain and keep them hot in a little extra stock. Beat the yolks of three eggs together with half a cup of cream, cool the soup slightly and strain in the thickening of egg and cream. Stir over the fire a few seconds, but take the greatest care not to let the soup boil, or it will curdle the cream and be spoiled. Next add a seasoning of salt and pepper and the peas and cucumbers. Serve hot in bouillon cups; just before serving garnish the top with a teaspoonful of whipped cream.

(Tomorrow—Veal Loaf.)

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