

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

## The Day of the City Dog

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

In this era of societies for the prevention of this and the promotion of that some one ought to organize a back-to-the-land movement city dogs and cats. Every dog has his day, the proverb assures us, but the day of the city dog is long since past. As a special concession to dog worshippers he might be permitted to have February 29, although June 31 would be better.

This is not to question for a moment that the dog is a delightful fellow and the best of company out of doors; that he is our oldest animal friend, the guardian of our flocks, the sentinel at our gate, our companion in the chase, and that we are as grateful to him for the past as we are friendly to him in the present. On the contrary, it is just for these very reasons, because we like him so much and have such high regard for his liberty, his rights and his happiness, that we object to his being condemned to live in a city.

The absence of live things to chase, of clean, cool earth to burrow in, of green grass to roll on and race over, of streams and pools to drink from and swim in, rob him of everything which makes life healthy and worth living. He is about as comfortable as a frog in the middle of an Arizona desert. City life fits him like the cabin which was assigned to Mark Twain on an Italian steamship. It wasn't big enough to swing a cat in—with any comfort to the cat!

A real dog, a boy's dog, a man's dog, fits into city life just about as well as a cork-burr fits under a saddle. Cribbed, cabled, confined, fettered on every hand, deprived even of his priceless ancestral privilege from time immemorial, the freedom of the night, he pines and frets and loses his health and his temper. Consequently his place is being taken in the metropolis by the lady's dog.

Now, a lady's dog is a contradiction in terms. What she most admires in the noble canine are his worst points—his conceit, which is colossal—almost human; his selfishness and his impudence. These are present in moderate amounts in even the realiest and fullest-sized dog, and they seem to have got concentrated in the process of boiling him down to toy size.

All the objectionable features and insanitary habits of a real dog have been preserved in these little hairy chrysanthemums which are carried in muffs and worn on sleeves like wrist-watches under the name of dogs, though they are more like overgrown squirrels or fur-shelled crabs. The only thing canine that is left about them is the capacity to carry fleas and bacteria and to make the sidewalks and parking unit for children to play on.

The poor little runts of doglets are not to blame; they are simply what their owners have bred them and permit them to be. But in the apartment house and downtown districts of a great city they have become a sanitary nuisance of the first class, which the community will not much longer tolerate patiently, but will commission boards of health to deal with them as they now deal with pigs, goats and chickens.

Their one redeeming feature is, of course, the pleasure and companionship which they give to their owners. But this again, like the social graces of pigs and chickens, must be bal-

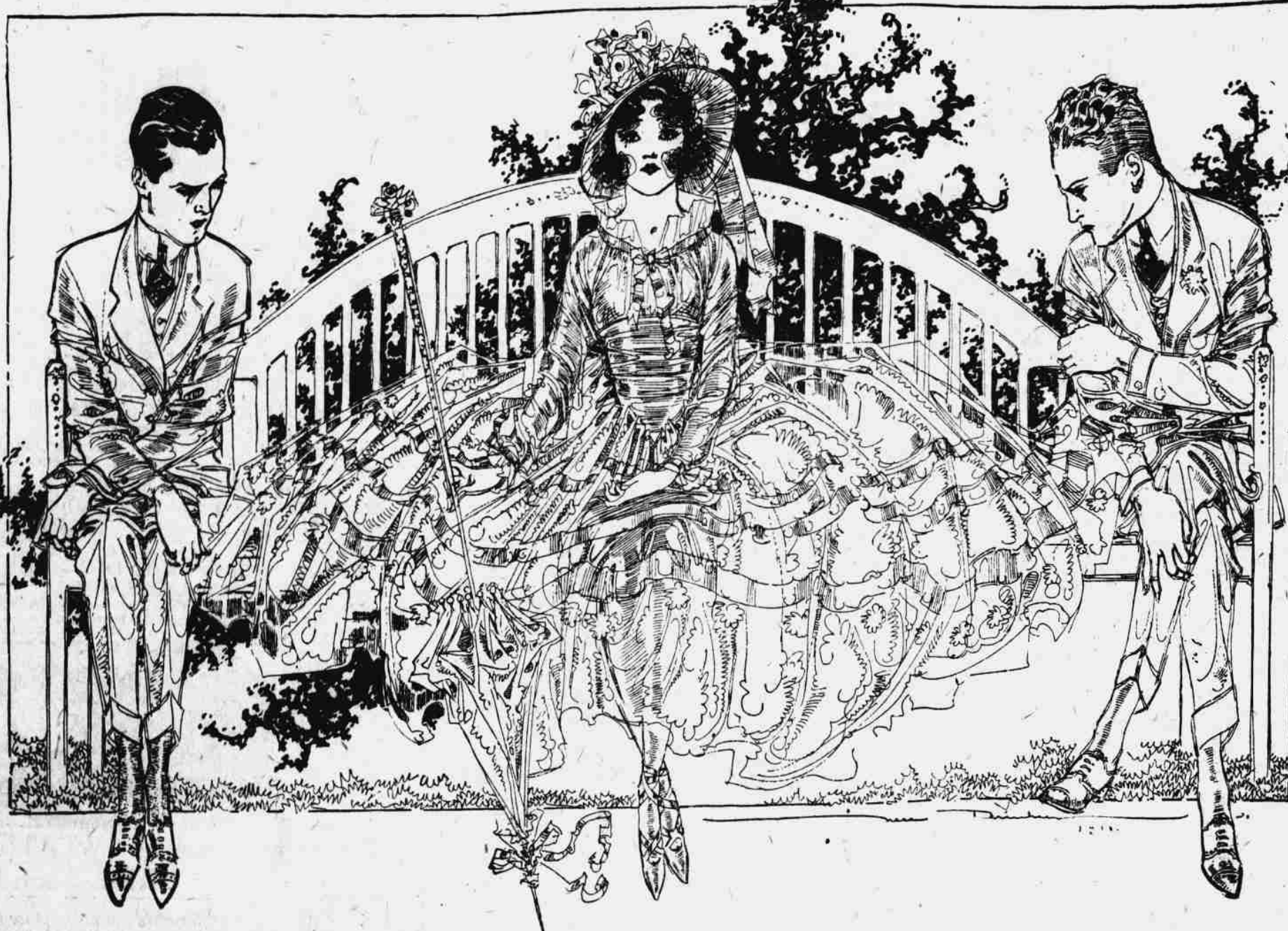
## "Fashion Communique"

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By Nell Brinkley



FROM THE FRONT: "Neither side reports an advantage." Fashion experts predict that the situation will stay unchanged (much to the perplexity of Dan and the maid) until the bubble that skirts have grown to be has burst.

-NELL BRINKLEY

anced against the annoyance and discomfort which they cause to the community at large.

It would be a very moderate estimate that under metropolitan conditions for every person who receives pleasure from toy dogs at least twenty are annoyed and inconvenienced by their yapping and yowling.

their doggy smells and hair dropping habits, their snapping and snarling and biting at everything that comes within their reach, and their abominable defilement of pavements, parkings and open spaces of every sort, the only spots where mothers and nursemaids can sit and children play in the city.

### Dainties for Summer Wear

Artificial flowers are tied to the sashes and applied to the draped girdles of the latest summer dresses. A plain linen frock for a small tot is fittingly trimmed, if edged all around, including the bottom of the skirt, with large scallops of hand embroidery.

A veritable boon for short-waisted figures are the Russian blouse dresses, all in one from neck to hip and made of soft Georgette crepe, chiffon cloth or crepe de chine.

There are collars made of striped cottons to wear with sport blouses. These are usually accompanied by a scarf of the shade of the predominating color note in the collar. Collars of plain tone are also worn with such blouses; pink in a little deeper shade than flesh, yellow and the deeper tan shades are legion, and there are also collars in various shades of blue and green.

Many sheer and dainty collars are made of chiffon. A large collar of white chiffon shown among the cuts is made in flat, sailor effect, and extends over the shoulders. Large revers are joined to the flat sailor col-

lar at the shoulder and fall in folds down the front, reaching almost to the waist line. The edges of the white chiffon collar are trimmed with a two-inch band of pale rose chiffon.

Drop-stitch stockings are the new craze. The drop-stitching is arranged in even rows or in groups up the front of the leg from the instep, and is well displayed by a low pump or dancing slipper. These stockings are rather expensive and are the very latest novelty in stockingdom. They come in various evening shades and in black, white and navy blue as well. The drop-stitch pattern extended far enough up the front to show an inch or two above the top of a tall buttoned boot of glazed kid, or of white washable kid and these new drop-stitch stockings are very muck the

### Graduation Gifts

The memory bracelet is a popular gift for the girl graduate. The monogrammed memory bracelet is fashioned of links, each link bearing the giver's monogram, and these are strung on narrow black velvet ribbon and tied around the wrist.

Watches with fobs or pins—often emblematic of the school, class or college—are in the front rank as the most desirable gift. There is such a wide variety of styles in these that they would make a chapter in themselves.

Week-end and toilet sets are on the girls' list, and ever so many things for outdoor pleasure and use, including field glasses, on the boys'.



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### The Wife Who "Nags"

By DOROTHY DIX.

There is one passage in the Scriptures in which no woman, not even the most devout, believes. It is the declaration that we are not heard for much speaking.

The feminine idea is the exact reverse of this. Women cherish an abiding faith in the efficacy of words, and nothing ever alters their conviction that the way to work miracles and move mountains is to talk enough about them.

Hence the nagger, and the fact that, so far from regarding nagging as a crime that ought to be punishable by solitary confinement in a dungeon cell, women actually accounted into themselves for righteousness.

Never do the angelic creatures feel so sure that they are doing their full duty, especially to their husbands, as when they are harping for the millionth time upon some subject that is as sore as a boil and that is making their listeners hate them.

Every woman knows the danger of nagging, and that she nags her husband at the risk of her marriage happiness, and yet the one who didn't do it—who wasn't always Sally on the lecture platform, reminding her husband of his faults—would consider herself a pretty poor, slack sort of a wife.

Why women nag no one knows. Probably they do it because they like the excitement it affords. It gives them some of the fearful joy we all feel in stirring up the man-eating animals at a circus to hear them roar.

Certainly no wife of experience deduces herself with the belief that her continuous performance monologue has any beneficial effect upon her husband. On the contrary, she knows that the direct result of forever reminding a man of his short-comings is to make him get his back up and cling to his weaknesses.

Now, nagging is not the innocent pastime that women seem to think it is. It is a crime that is the running mate with drunkenness and infidelity, and it shares equally with them in the divorce prize.

If the majority of men who have become neglectful of their wives were asked when love's young dream first began to frazzle out around the edges, and when they first commenced to dread to go home instead of yearning to go, they would say that the time coincided to the minute with the hour in which they first realized that their wives could not mention a mistake they had made and let it go at that, but insisted on rehashing the same fault for breakfast, dinner and supper.

A great part of the glamour of love and romance lies in the fact that a man believes himself to be a hero in a woman's eyes, and a wife destroys this illusion at her peril. Such is human vanity that none of us, not even husbands, enjoy listening to an account of the things we have done that we should not have done, and the things we have left undone that we should have done.

Still less do we enjoy the society of the individual who points out our blunders to us, and this is the reason why many a wife who not only per-

ceives her husband's faults, but tells him of them, finds herself forsaken. He has gone off after some other lady with less clarity of vision and more discretion of tongue.

No man was ever made any better or turned from the error of his ways by nagging, but millions of men are driven from home into clubs and saloons by the certainty that the minute they cross their own thresholds or settle down by their own firesides, their wives will begin for the billionth time to thresh over some old grievance.

A wise woman never tells her husband of his faults at all, but the unwise woman, who lacks the self-control to maintain complete silence, should, at least, have enough common sense to mention a weakness but once. Let such a woman stand up and have a fight to the finish, and then let the matter rest without forever plaguing him by harping upon the same unpleasant theme.

So shall her husband rise up and call her blessed, for there is nothing that a man will not do for the wife who can let bygones be bygones and grant him the right to have a few pet faults without forever trying to reform him.

The pathetic thing about nagging is its utter uselessness. A woman jeopardizes her husband's love, she makes him perfectly miserable, and all for nothing. In proof of this regard the experience of who have fussed for forty odd years about their husbands' smoking or musing the sofa cushions or tracking mud into the house, without ever being able to cut out a single pipe or drink or teach a man to wipe his feet on the doormat.

The nagging wife accomplishes nothing. But she leaves a mighty reconciled widower behind her when she dies.

### Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

How Can He Be Happy With You?

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a stenographer earning \$15 a week and really extravagant. I am very fond of a young man of my own age—25—who is earning \$12 a week, and who has two more years to complete his studies at law school. He has asked me to become his wife, and, while I know that I can never honestly love a man who is not better situated financially, I have given him my promise to consider myself engaged, and he contemplates marriage with me soon.

Do you think it wise for me to marry this young man, who, while he is very poor and has only about \$100 in the bank, but, I think, a promising future? Do you think I could be happy with this man on his small wage?

Since your idea of "honest love" seems to be exactly the opposite of the accepted standard of fine feeling, I think the man who wins you is going to be decidedly the loser. Don't marry because you feel that if you give up this man you may be sacrificing your last chance. That is what I suspect as the real reason for your acceptance of him. As long as money is the main theme of your calculations and you pride yourself on your extravagance, don't do any man the injustice of becoming his wife. You are not going to prove a wife in the real sense—of being a helpmate—until your point of view changes and money ceases being all-important to you.

## Tomorrow ---another chapter!

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Tomorrow---MUSE THEATRE

Read the Story in the Omaha Bee Every Monday