

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

Talk, but Don't Be a Bore

To talk well is an art almost as neglected as that of listening to the talk of others. There are several elementary principles to be borne in mind.

If you quote a brilliant or clever remark of another person's, always tell who said it. Do not wear stolen jewels of conversation. They will but make you own paste look duller.

"It never rains out it pours," "every dog should have his day," "I

think man and woman are each dependent on the other," is the style of conversation that will cause people to flee your presence as they would the stagnant pool.

Avoid all references to your own peculiarities of taste, manner or thought.

When you are in conversation with one person do not let your thoughts or gaze wander to some more interesting person or group.

There is far too much of that form of rudeness. It is the habit that marks the social climber; a fear lest he or she may not be getting the best of everything.

"Jenny Kissed Me!"

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By Nell Brinkley

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"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief; who loves to get
Sweets into your list, put that in."

"Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!"

—Old Song—Leigh Hunt.

What Women Do Better; or the Girl and the Gavel

By ADA PATTERSON.

Fifteen thousand New York women have taught New York something it ought to know. All of America should know it. They have shown how to run a big convention without noise.

Under the canopy of alternate stripes of blue bunting, one stripe dark, the other light blue, women from every state in the union had gathered. The big meeting might have become a Niagara of noise. What do you think made the biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs a thing of order and quiet?

In and out of the aisles and near the doors tiptoed pretty girls. Their eyes were bright. Their forms were light and trim. They wore simple, becoming frocks. They smiled. They carried large white placards. On the placards was printed in black letters, "Silence." The girl, the smile and the placard were effectual.

Had the convention been one of men the presiding officer would have used a gavel. A gavel looks like a baby croquet mallet or like a hammer with two business ends. It is a bully made of wood. Men use it at their conventions to keep order. They succeed, more or less, because the gavel makes more noise than does the human voice, it quells a riot by making a riot of its own. It is like giving a medicine to create one disease that will cure another.

A man who presides at a convention brings the gavel down on the table as though he wished it were on the head of the man who is making the trouble. It expresses his temper. He hurls unkind words in wooden language at the head of the offender. It is the cave man's club in modern form. It is swearing de-profanized. The unruly man who has been ordered in this rude way to be quiet is sullen. He watches for another chance to get even, to say rude things. Faced by a pretty girl, in a pretty frock, holding before him the word "Silence," he would grin. He would sink into his seat, and there he would stay.

Most men think they can't do anything well without noise. The more noise the better the work is their opinion. Men are the human copies of that symbol of noise the Bull of Bashan. They talk, they shout, they bellow and waste their force. A man has only a limited amount of vitality. So much energy given out in loud tones, so much energy lost from work.

Who does the most work of all the daily workers in a great city? The little woman who sews. All day she sits quietly and stitches. If she talked she would do less sewing. The mother who wants to finish a dress for her daughter's graduation tells the children they must not disturb her. She works all day without a word, and finishes the gown. The man who is working in the streets talks, jokes, argues, quarrels, and wonders why the work has lagged. If he loses his job he curses his luck. Any pale little woman in the tenements knows more about conserving time and energy than any broad-shouldered, red-blooded workman in the city.

The big convention taught us that women are of more orderly habit than men. A reminder is enough to bring them out of chaos. One day when a subject of general interest was discussed and all the women wanted to speak the same minute Mrs. Anna J. H. Pennybacker raised her hand. Mrs. Anna J. H. Pennybacker, the president of the convention, is a little woman. She is five feet two inches tall and slender as a girl. The hand she raised was a tiny one. It looked like the floating white petal of a flower as she raised it above the crowd. But the tumult ceased, as long ago, the waves ceased dashing when they were bidden "Peace, be still."

Yet I had seen a distinguished lawyer of the west try to quiet an assembly of men by raising both hands. His efforts were as successful as the flapping of a scarecrow's rags in the wind, which they resembled. The crowd had its way.

At one of the meetings of the biennial convention it was growing late. Thousands of women grew restless. Some of them wanted to go home. Some wanted to go to another part of the building to see friends. A living stream flowed through the aisles. Twice, politely, Mrs. William Grant Brown, the chairman of the local biennial board, asked that the ushers do their duty. The retreat continued.

Then arose the tall brunette in the green gown and said: "Ushers, take your place at the head of the aisles. Let no one pass. The ushers who stand near the door will close it. Why couldn't you have done that before?" Instantly the aisles were emptied. The next speakers were heard to the end with patience. What would have happened had a man been chairman of that meeting? He would have roared for the sergeant-at-arms. That worthy would have arrested the first man who moved. There would have been an ugly scene. Men are experts at making life ugly.

A boy's natural element seems to be noise. He makes a bedlam of his home. When he grows up he helps to make of his city a Tower of Babel. One of woman's many arts is to put the soft pedal on the uproar of existence made by men. In the home she says, "Hush!" and for a little time, at least, quiet reigns. In the city, which is but a wider household, and in the nation, which is a more extended home, she will hold up the placard of "Silence," and men will grin and cease their clamor.

The Seventh regiment armory, where discipline is king, learned another lesson. It gains further discipline. The girl is greater than the gavel.

In-Shoots

A knock is a boost for the deserving only.

In the cases out of ten it is better to keep that honest opinion to yourself.

The girl who pins her faith to man should use one of the safety inventions.

The devil always finds the volunteer church choir a pretty good recruiting ground.

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When Your Best Girl's Papa Says No---Wait

The young man whose hopes have been blighted by a stern parent's refusal to accept him as a son-in-law is apt to say things uncomplimentary about fathers in general. He declares that it is absurd for a father to have control of his daughter once she is grown up.

There he is wrong. If it were not for fathers having control of their daughters many rash young people would rush into marriage and misery. The stern father, the enemy of the young lover, is one of the pillars upholding the temple of happiness. But for him hundreds of foolish young people would be unhappily coupled for life.

When papa says, "No," the young

man should swallow his disappointment, and let time prove the strength of his love. Papa has control, for so many years only. When she is of age a girl can marry without the consent of her parents if she so wishes, although it is neither wise nor desirable to do so.

Some fathers are unreasonable. They wish a son-in-law to be a pattern of all the virtues. Sometimes they want him rich. They have their whims, have fathers. They are easily put out and readily take dislikes to young men—sometimes because the young man have parents they object to; sometimes because a man is not their ideal. They are as fanciful as girls themselves.

Then the young man, with his head

full of crazy notions, his heart full of love for his adorable one and her father's angry words ringing in his ears, makes up his mind to run off and get married. He easily persuades his fiancée, and they do it partly to please themselves and partly to outwit the stern parent, which generally means repentance.

The sensible thing to do is to wait. If the lady is 18, let the man wait till she is 21. Then if both consider that the parents' reasons for objecting to the engagement are absurd they may marry on their own responsibility.

When two persons can wait three years for each other there is reason to believe that the union will not be an unhappy one.

The Big Parade

was an inspiring sight, but my! how foot sore and weary you were when you passed Sixteenth and Jackson. Your boy walks (or runs) farther than you walked last Wednesday, every day of his life. That's why he needs

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TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH



Asparagus Vinaigrette

By CONSTANCE CLARKE,

This is an excellent dish for luncheon, or it may be served in place of an entree. Asparagus should be dressed as soon as possible after it is cut, although it may be kept for a day or two by putting the stalks in cold water; yet, to be good, like every other vegetable, it cannot be cooked too fresh. Scrape the white part of the stems, beginning from the head, and throw them into cold water; then tie them into bundles, keeping the heads all one way, and cut the stalks evenly that they may all be the same length; wrap in a piece of muslin to prevent the heads from be-

ing broken and put them into boiling water, with a little salt; keep them boiling gently until tender, with the saucepan uncovered. When the asparagus is done, dish it around a roasted loaf which should be dipped into the water the asparagus is cooked in. Garnish with green pepper rings and serve. Vinaigrette Sauce—Put three tablespoons of olive oil in a bowl with a tablespoonful of white vinegar, a saltspoonful of pepper, a dust of paprika pepper and a pinch of salt. Mix well together and serve in a sauce boat. (Tuesday—Boiled Lobster.)

ON ANOTHER PAGE

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