

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

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Birthplace of the Days

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

A "day," in scientific usage, means not simply the period, contrasted with "night," during which the sun is above the horizon and daylight prevails, but the entire period (including both the hours of darkness and those of light) which the earth takes in making one complete turn on its axis with reference to the sun. This is the solar, or ordinary, day.

There is also a sidereal day, used by astronomers, which is measured by the period of the earth's rotation with reference to a fixed star. It is about four minutes shorter than the mean solar day, but we are not concerned with it here.

For convenience merely, and not because there is any reason for it in nature, we make the day begin at midnight, and divide it into twenty-four equal intervals, called hours. The earth rotates from west to east, so that the sun seems to move from east to west. The whole angular distance round the earth is 360 degrees, and the sun must therefore move (apparently) fifteen degrees westward every hour (15x24=360).

Now, suppose that you could fly westward round the earth just fast enough to keep up with the sun, starting at noon. Then it would always be noon for you, no matter over what part of the earth you were. You would have one long endless day, with no change of date. If it were Sunday noon when you started it would (for you) be the same noon when you got round again to the starting point.

But for people living at that point there would have been a change. They would have had an intervening night, and, for them Sunday would have passed away, and Monday would have taken its place. Where did the Sunday end and the Monday begin, and how did you miss the change?

To make the answer clear we will suppose that you started from the meridian, or "noon-line," of Greenwich, which all the civilized nations have agreed to use as the starting point in reckoning longitude. If, when you crossed the anti-meridian of Greenwich, or longitude 180 degrees,

which is exactly on the opposite side of the earth and runs through the Pacific ocean, you had shouted down to some sea captain under you, whose ship had just crossed the anti-meridian, traveling in the same direction, and asked what day of the week it was he would have replied: "Monday; we've just dropped a day in going over the line. It was Sunday noon a few minutes ago, but now it is Monday noon."

The same thing would have occurred if you had arrived at the line Sunday midnight instead of Sunday noon. On crossing you would have jumped to Monday midnight. There, then, on the 180th degree of longitude from Greenwich, is the birthplace of the days. Remember it is place, not time, of beginning that we are dealing with. The 180th meridian is the universal date line, and it has been adopted, rather than the meridian of Greenwich itself, simply because it very conveniently runs through the midst of a great ocean from pole to pole, and as far as possible from all inhabited lands.

The reason for the choice becomes evident when you consider that it is midnight on the 180th meridian when it is noon at Greenwich, and it would be very inconvenient and confusing to change the date and the day of the week at noon, or any time during the daylight hours. But changing it at a time when all the most important inhabited regions of the world are buried in night causes little inconvenience.

If, instead of going as fast as the sun, you should take a month, or a year, or any other period, to make the journey, the effect would be the same; for on arriving at the date-line you would skip twenty-four hours, and put your reckoning one day forward.

But if you came round from the east you would, on crossing the line, have to go back a day. If it was Sunday forenoon, or any other time on Sunday, when you reached the line, from the eastern side, it would become Saturday (same hour) the moment you crossed it. A little reflection will show that a change of this kind is absolutely necessary, since without it there could be no regular succession of the day of the week or the month. Traveling slower than the sun, the loss or gain of a day is gradual accumulation, but the change of date is not apparent until you cross the 180th meridian, and then it is effected suddenly.

The date-line just described is the theoretical, or ideal one, and it is practically used by mariners. But the so-called "international date-line" does not exactly follow the 180th meridian, because there are groups of islands lying along that meridian, some of which were settled by people coming from the east and others by people coming from the west, and whose dates, consequently, are a day apart, when they happen to lie on opposite sides of the line.

The Day of the Girl

No. 3 The Fisher

By Nell Brinkley

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She fly-fishes in her brother's boots, or her own 'y gracious! In smock and sun-hat, all for the joy of plopping about in water like jade—for woman is a wise jinx and knows that to go back to the childish way of intent animal pleasure is to dip the tagged-out spirit into the Spring of Youth and bring it out fresh again—all for

the joy of slipping and sliding through rock, and diamond spray, and turning up the face to the sun. If she has a soft heart, and the code of real sportsmanship on her ten fingers, she will put back her fish after his fight into his crystal world again, or if she wants him, man-like, she will kill him quickly. —NELL BRINKLEY.



Alone—at night—his bachelor apartment invaded by a burglar, John Burton—millionaire, marquis, but formerly a laborer—pondered the problem of whether to call the police or to set about the task of redeeming the soul of the man who had sought to rob him. Was there a chance for him to reform the man who had come to steal, or was the taint of crime too indelibly affixed on the brow of the thief ever to be erased? SEE

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Girl Workers Who Win

BY JANE M'LEAN.

She was remarkably beautiful. There was something about her that made people notice her, and, because she regarded it sensibly, it did not make her vain. Her name, too, was unusual—it was Valentine. When people saw her they invariably exclaimed: "What a beautiful girl!" And when they heard her name they said: "And her name just suits her."

Valentine had never known anything but admiration. She took it as her due, and if she did not receive it she thought the people who were unwilling to recognize such charm almost old-fashioned. Valentine was not a girl of wealthy parents. Her mother had not been able to give her an extended education and she had rebelled against going into an office. "I couldn't stand working at a desk

all day," she explained prettily to an old friend of her mother's who had been taken into consultation about getting work for Valentine to do.

"What would you like to do, my dear?" the older woman asked, watching the color come and go under Valentine's golden skin. For her skin was golden; it had just that warm, white color, and her hair was just off the red, and her eyes were long and almost green. And she was tall and very slim and sweet, like a flower on a stem. And the woman thought to herself: "Valentine is a girl who might do anything if her beauty does not spoil her."

Finally it was decided that Valentine try professional shopping. It was an outdoor job, pleasant and interesting, and reasonably remunerative. One woman was employed by many stores and given a commission on the things she sold. It all sounded very fascinating and Valentine quite liked the idea and entered the work with her heart and soul wrapped up in it. She was so beautiful that she attracted trade readily, but she gave her opinion almost too freely at times.

One day she was to shop for cretonne with a Mrs. Carey Sheldon. Mrs. Sheldon was cantankerous, but very rich, and rich people can afford to be almost anything. Mrs. Sheldon no doubt expected to meet a different type of woman, for when she met Valentine she stood back and gazed at the girl in astonishment.

"Do you mean to say that you do professional shopping?"

"Certainly," Valentine responded, looking at the wealthy Mrs. Sheldon with equanimity.

"Do you know anything about cretonne? I have some chintz to buy for my country home."

"I know a little about everything," Valentine said, promptly.

"H'm," said Mrs. Sheldon, "well, I'll try you. I suppose you know that you are beautiful, too beautiful for a position like this?"

"Of course I know it," the girl responded.

"What's that?"

"I said that I knew it, but I'm not a bit spoiled, really. I couldn't help knowing it, because everybody tells me about it."

Mrs. Sheldon's aristocratic face relaxed into a smile. She had never heard a girl speak like this one did.

But she learned still more about Valentine; she learned that her beauty was not her only asset. The girl was clever enough not to let it spoil her. She really knew things and her day with Mrs. Sheldon was a successful one.

"You ought to be buying things for yourself," Mrs. Sheldon said over the luncheon table. "I don't suppose you get much at this work."

"I get enough. I won't be doing this always."

"What would you like to do?"

"Interior decorating." And the girl's eyes lighted and her charming face dimpled softly as she said the words.

"So you have it all fixed, haven't you? Well, I'll help you, if that's what you're waiting for, that is if you'll come out to Cedarvale for a week and help me place the cretonnes. Then I can see how well you do it. You're not like the girls I know; none of them has any desire to do anything. You seem to have a purpose in life, you have taken the talent God gave you and are making it count. Beauty is just as much of a talent as anything else, and I propose to help you make good. I wish there were more girls like you."

TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH COOKERY IS BECOME A NOBLE SCIENCE



Baked Shad By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

Well dressed, and with a good sauce, fish is more appreciated than almost any other dish. The liver and roe may be placed on the dish with the fish in the course of serving.

Cut the fish down from the gills about six inches, wash and scrape clean from scales, wipe dry with a clean cloth. Make a stuffing of breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, some salt pork finely copped, pepper, salt and a little butter. Fill the fish with this and sew it up. Dredge a little flour over it and lay the pork over it. Bake forty minutes, then put the fish on a hot dish with pepper, salt, a piece of butter, and garnish with lemon slices, water cress and radish roses. Serve with Hollandaise sauce.

Hollandaise Sauce—Put four tablespoonfuls of white Tarragon vinegar in a stewpan, with two bay leaves and eight crushed black and white peppercorns. Reduce to half the quantity, then add three raw yolks of eggs, a dash of pepper; stand the pan in a pan of hot water, and work the mixture with a wooden spoon, adding three ounces of fresh butter by degrees; when it thickens care must be taken that it does not curdle, which it will do if made too hot. Strain it through a hair sieve and use.