

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Out of Yesterday

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By Nell Brinkley

Wife's Time at the Club Not Wasted

By ADA PATTERSON.

No, my friend of the lowering brow and sagging lips and profane vocabulary, the time your wife spends at the club is not wasted, provided it is the right kind of a club. And there are many right kind of clubs in these on-ward marching days. Card clubs, moderately indulged in, grant you, are time-wasters. But the clubs that justify their own existence are not mere social organizations. They are aggregations of women with some worthy purpose.



The roster of the New York women's clubs lies on my desk as I write. Their titles tell their story—Society for Political Study and organizations for the preparation of women for citizenship, if they secure it in that state, as they expect, next year; the Round Table, a literary club that reads the classics and tries to inject a bit of poetry into the prose of everyday living, a great improvement on the cheap modern novel, that absorbs the kimono-clad reader while the dishes wait to be washed; the Pure Milk League, which knows that milk to a blood supply and seeks to make the milk supply pure, so that the blood will be richer in red corpuscles and the men and women stronger and more efficient; the Little Mothers, who seek to make the condition of the overburdened oldest child in the families of the east side, always as large as poor, more livable—the list is long and convincing.

The chances are ninety-nine to one that this club of your wife's, at which you storm, though you have but a vague idea of it, and that a prejudiced one—aims to help you in the town housekeeping in which you have been a mere or feebly disgraced failure. It is the custom of men who think they think to rail at women as falling in their centuries-long job of home management. These men who think they think, say that women still do their housework bunglingly; that they still lack system, which is intelligence actively applied. Assume this in part true, we can turn about and bring a strong indictment against men for having failed in their centuries-old job of community housekeeping.

They have managed their towns badly else there would not exist the open sores of institutional vice in them. They have managed their countries badly or there wouldn't be graft and exorbitant tax rates. They have managed the states and country badly or big concerns wouldn't be crushing little ones and politics would not be regarded as so dirty that women would soil their white fingers by dipping into it. Men have tried to help women in their housekeeping by inventing household appliances that will make their work easier. Women measurably grateful, are turning about and offering to help men in their municipal and national housekeeping. That is what women's clubs mean.

This record of what women's clubs have been doing is illuminating. Not one straw in the stream points to any but a helpful, constructive tendency. The record is incontestable. The women's City club of Chicago has persuaded the city council to appropriate \$10,000 to establish a municipal lodging house for women and children. Women's quick eye and warm heart have shown her the need of a shelter for children and women from the inferno of city streets by night.

The club women of southern California are asking for a compulsory education bill, and a reform and industrial school for girls. Mindful of the nameless abuses that sometimes occur in institutions they have asked for the appointment of women on the governing boards of the state institutions.

There arises the great masculine objection. Will they forget their homes in these larger interests? Not at all. For instance, the Graduate Nurses' association of Louisville, Ky., has taken up the subject of home economics, instructing women in the care of their household. This was done in response to the urgent requests of the women's clubs of the state. Securing funds for a medical scholarship of \$12,000 in the University of Pittsburgh, an increase in library extension work, and the efforts to lower the cost of living, engaged the Western Pennsylvania Congress of Women's clubs. No waste there.

Mother's Advice To Her Daughter

A Real Live Doll to Fondle Is Woman's Greatest Happiness.



One of the most important matters about which women concern themselves is their future status as grandmothers. And she is wisdom itself who knows of or learns of that famous remedy, Mother's Friend. This is an external application for the abdominal muscles and breasts. It certainly has a wonderful influence, allays all fear, banishes all pain, is a most grateful encouragement to the young, expectant mother, and permits her to go through the period happy in mind, free in body and destined to anticipate woman's greatest happiness as nature intended she should.

The action of Mother's Friend makes the muscles free, pliant and responsive to expansion. Thus all strains and tension upon the nerves and ligaments is avoided, and in place of a period of discomfort and consequent dread, it is a season of calm repose and joyful expectation.

There is no nausea, no morning sickness, no nervous twitching, none of that constant strain known to so many women, hence Mother's Friend is really one of the greatest blessings that could be devised.

This splendid and certain remedy can be had of any druggist at \$1.50 a bottle, and is sure to prove of incalculable value, not only upon the mother, but upon the health and future of the child. Write to Bradford Regulator Co., 122 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their book to expectant mothers.



The white old man drowns in the chimney corner—his shriveled chin sunk into his breast, his weary, quiet feet turned sole to sole in slippers that flip when he walks, his hair in a remnant of the black lock that once fell over his brows in a wave that shone like a bird's wing, his spectacles slipped down on his pinched nose, a strange little smile in the wrinkled corner of his lips. And sometimes he heaves a soft sigh under his chin and smiles and nods his head gayly.

And the two lovers who peep in at him on their way to the frozen pond look deep into one another's eyes and whisper, "He'd never understand!"

But ah-h, wouldn't he? How can they know that his ghost—the white little wrath of a girl—drifts from the flames of the hearth and the dreams in his own white head, and nods and beckons and calls his name—her hair still gold after all these long dead years, her chin as softly curved as a baby bird's breast, a bit of velvet ribbon about her swiftly-moving wrist as she winds the yarn from his outthrust hands?

How can they know that when he sighs in his drowse she has turned her bright head to one side in the old, old trick and said, "Is that how much you love me?" How can they know when he smiles that he has begged again to drop her pale blue yarn and use his hungry arms for "better things," and she has wound faster and faster and denser? How can they know that he winds again the soft blue wool for a girl whose silken curls and slim white hands and tender mouth have long ago fallen into dust?

Ah-h-h, wouldn't he understand? NELL BRINKLEY.

BENJAMIN BY LOUIS TRACY

A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO

You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Philip Anson, a boy of 15, of good birth and breeding, finds himself an orphan and in dire poverty, his mother having just died. A terrific storm sweeps over London, just at this time, and the boy saves the life of a little girl, but is abased and cuffed by a man, who says he is the girl's guardian, and whose name is Lord Vanstone. Philip returns to the place where his mother had died, determined to commit suicide, but just at this time a terrific flash of lightning is followed by the fall of a meteor in the courtyard of Johnson's News, the home of the boy, and he takes it as a sign from heaven. He picks up several bits of the meteor and takes them to a diamond dealer, named Isaacstein. The broker recognizes the bits as meteoric diamonds, and has Philip taken in charge by the police. At the prison Philip gives the name of Morland, having gotten that from some letters his mother left. Lady Abingdon, dining in a restaurant, reads of the boy's arrest in a paper, and sets about to discover his antecedents.

Philip succeeds in establishing his ownership of the diamonds, and makes Isaacstein a millionaire. On the release he enters into an arrangement with Isaacstein to sell the diamonds for him, and establishes himself at a first-class hotel, from where he arranges for the purchase of the property of Johnson's News, and in the meantime there results in his making friends with a policeman named Bradley, a green grocer and an old junk dealer named O'Brien. Also, he makes an enemy of a desperate criminal named Jocky Mason. After he has arranged for an interview with Mr. Abingdon, the police magistrate, he goes for a stroll, and encounters Bradley and his wife. A few pleasant words with the policeman left Philip free to call on Mr. Abingdon, where he told the magistrate his story in full, and asked him to take the responsible position of guardian. Mr. Abingdon was interested, and that night Philip received a telegram from Isaacstein that his mission to Amsterdam had been successful. This closes the first epoch of the tale. Now opens the story of the mature Philip Anson.

A tall man, whom a policeman spotted as a ticket-of-leave man, visited the Mary Anson Home for Destitute Boys, which occupied the site of Johnson's News and the old junk store. He was shown around the fine building by an aged veteran of the Crimean war, O'Brien, for it was he, explained to the stranger, how the home came to be built, but was disgusted when the man cursed violently at the mention of the boy who had become king of diamonds. Philip Anson in home that night confessed to Abing-

"You have not told me all this without a purpose. Do you want my advice?" Philip's face was clouded, his eyes downcast.

"You understand," he said, after a long pause, "that some one, either the man or the woman—the woman, I think—is morally responsible for my mother's death. She was poor—wretchedly, horribly poor—the poverty of this clothing and insufficient food. She was ill, confined to a miserable hovel for weary months, and was so utterly unprovided with the barest necessities that the parish doctor was on the point of compelling her to go to the workhouse infirmary when death came. Am I to be the instrument of God's vengeance on this woman?"

Mr. Abingdon, who had risen to light a cigar, placed a kindly hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Philip," he said, with some emotion, "I have never yet heard you utter a harsh judgment. You have prudence far beyond your years. It seems to me, speaking with all the reverence of man in face of the decrees of Providence, that God has already provided a terrible punishment for Lady Louisa Morland. What is the name of her son?"

"I do not know, I forgot to ask."

"I have a wide experience of the jeunesse dorée of London. Hardly a week passed during many years of my life that one of his type did not appear before me in the dock. What is he—a rouse, a gambler, probably a drunkard?"

"All these I gathered from the solicitors."

"And if your mother were living, what would she say to Lady Morland?"

"She would pity her from the depths of her heart. Yes, Abingdon, you are right. My uncle's wife has chosen her own path. She must follow it, let it lead where it will. I will write to Messrs. Sharpe & Smith now. But step into my dressing room with me for a moment, will you?"

In a corner of the spacious apartment to which he led his guest stood a large safe. Philip opened it. Within were a number of books and documents, but in a large compartment at the bottom stood a peculiar object for such a repository—an ordinary leather portmanteau. He lifted it onto a couch and took a key from

a drawer in the safe.

"This is one of my treasures which you have never seen," he said, with a sorrowful smile. "It has not been in the light for many years."

He revealed to his friend's wondering eyes the tattered suit, the aliphod boots, the ragged shirt and cap, the rusty doorknob, associated with that wonderful month of March of a decade earlier. He reverently unfolded some of his mother's garments, and his eyes were misty as he surveyed them.

But from the pocket of the portmanteau he produced a packet of soiled letters. One by one he read them aloud, though he winced at the remembrance of the agony his mother must have endured as she experienced each rebuff from Lady Morland and her husband's solicitors.

Yet he persevered to the end.

"I wanted a model for a brief communication to Messrs. Sharpe & Smith," he said, bitterly. "I think the general purport of their correspondence will serve my needs admirably."

As he closed the Gladstone bag his stern mood vanished.

"Do you know," he said, "that this old-looking portmanteau, always locked and always reposing in a safe, has puzzled my valets considerably? One man got it out and tried to open it. I caught him in the act. I honestly believe both he and the others were under the impression that I kept my diamonds in it."

"By the way, that reminds me of a request from Isaacstein. As all the smaller diamonds have now been disposed of and there remains only the large stones, he thinks that some of them might be cut into sections. They are unmarketable at present."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Napoleon and the Army of Italy

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The "Little Corporal" was made commander-in-chief of the "Army of Italy," 18 years ago, March 2, 1796.

He lacked five months of being 77 years old, and only twelve years had passed since he was a charity student at Brienne.

In the meantime he had kept himself in the limelight, and at Toulon had won the distinction which he knew would give him the opportunity he wanted.

The opportunity came when the directory commissioned him to see what he could do against the Austrians in Italy.

When the little corporal took charge of the army of Italy it was composed of some 30,000 ragged, half-starved soldiers, but he breathed into it his own invincible spirit and buckled himself down to business. At his achievements the world will never cease wondering. In a brief campaign of wonderful dash, daring and brilliancy he ruined an army of 60,000 Austrians commanded by the greatest generals of the age. Five armies, one after another, all of them under accomplished commanders, were sent out

against him by Austria, and Europe was amazed at the skill and rapidity with which they were met and overthrown.

To the directory the audacious young general paid no particle of attention. His orders were treated with contempt.

The directory has no concern with my plans. I do what I please," was his reply to those who found fault with his insubordination. As to how campaigns should be planned and battles won he was to be his own judge. From the oldest and ablest generals of the republic he took no advice and permitted no interference. He held no councils of war. By the intuition of supreme genius he saw at a flash just what was needed, and his victories were as rapid as his thought. "In our days," he declared, "no one has conceived anything great. It falls to me to give the example."

And he gave it. In fifteen days six entered Milan, with all Austria cried for peace, gave up to France the Netherlands and all northern Italy, and covered with the glory that his soul loved, he went back to Paris, the ideal of the nation and the center of the amazement of a continent.

All women agree with the world's most famous beauties that there's nothing like butter milk to beautify and preserve the complexion. But it is bothersome, and expensive, to get fresh butter milk every day, and very wasteful, messy and disagreeable to wash the face with. For women know there is a very practical form in which butter milk can be used for toilet purposes, known as precolated butter milk emulsion. This has about the consistency of clotted cream. It keeps indefinitely and is not greasy. It quickly removes roughness, redness or sallowness, giving the skin an indescribable fresh fairness and softness. Also, it is very cleansing and when washed off brings all the dirt out of the pores, rendering soap quite unnecessary.

Precolated butter milk emulsion is little known in this country, but any druggist could readily get it for you from some wholesaler. A small jar of it does the work of about 60 pints of liquid butter milk. It is sold in this city and recommended by Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., 16th and Dodge Sts.; Owl Drug Co., 16th and Harney Sts.; Harvard Pharmacy, 26th and Farnam Sts.; Loyal Pharmacy, 267-9 N. 15th St.

