

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

With the Aid of of the Clubs

By ADA PATTERSON.

They are becoming very chummy. They have discovered a common quality of companionship. I allude to women's clubs and men's associations for the dispatch of business or the administration of civic affairs.

Twenty thousand delegates from the women's clubs of this country for the biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs will visit New York from May 23 to June 2. It is significant that these women guests come to the metropolis in response to an invitation given by the mayor, the Merchants' association and the women's clubs of this city. It is significant that the women's clubs and the Merchants' association are sharing equally the expenses of the big ten-days party. The Merchants' association has issued a circular urging the public to assist the association in providing the sinews of entertainment, one-half these financial sinews having been furnished by the women's clubs.

When those 20,000 women gather in New York for the discussion of topics of interest to the clubs they represent, they will not talk fashions, teas nor quilting patterns. That time has passed. They will discuss public health, the conservation of forests and other topics directly relating to the public good, the radiation of benefits from home to city, from city to state, from state to nation. All New York is looking to the visit of these 20,000 women as to something pleasant, beneficial and stimulating to the city built upon the island that was once exchanged for a cow.

When any great evil is to be corrected in a city it is now a custom to call upon the women's clubs for aid. The women's clubs are never found wanting. The opening of the big convention is the organization of womanhood. Organized womanhood is an invincible power for public sentiment.

When Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane discovered that the back yards of the city in which she lived, Kalamazoo, were a menace to the public health, it is recorded that she "called together a number of progressive women of her own and other churches and organized a civic improvement league."

Mrs. Crane's work as a missionary of municipal improvement is well known. Cities invite her to show them how to do their housecleaning. But wherever this minister to municipalities goes, she goes by the primary invitation of some wide-awake feminine organization of that city.

When Jane Addams started Hull House, she "brought together" well meaning "Chicago women of one class to help the women of another class who desired to conduct intelligently their homes and lives."

When Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon recognized the need of creating better health conditions in the city of Evansville, Ind., she brought the matter before a combination of clubs in her city.

When Mrs. Hannah Kent Scheff discovered that little children were being condemned to prison as hopeless criminals, it is a matter of record that "she took the facts and presented them to the New Century club of Philadelphia." That conservative but powerful club behind her brought about a change in the laws by which small offenders are given that "one more chance" that has been at some time the need of all of us.

Frances A. Keller, learning that fraud and vice are practiced in many employment agencies, cast about for an effective means to end the evil. She asked the aid of the Women's Municipal league, and got it. This was the beginning of nation-wide work in aid of those who are too poor and ignorant to help themselves.

Miss Julia Tutwiler, whom Lyman Abbott said was "the best citizen of Alabama," wanted to provide industrial training for girls in her state. The work went slowly until, as the records bear witness, she succeeded in attracting the best "She succeeded in attracting the best" One noted clubwoman summarized what followed by: "We took hold of it like a whop." It follows that in Alabama industrial schools were duly established for women.

Mrs. Rudolph Blankenburg, wife of the mayor of Philadelphia and member of the New Century club, was interested in starting night classes in instruction for working women. It began with three or four classes, held in the building of the New Century club. Out of it grew a New Century guild, composed of working women who were eager for the stimulus and education of social contact. These clubs of the richest and poorest women in Philadelphia are a mighty force behind any civic movement for good. Jointly they have propelled many a ball of civic improvement, and wielded many a broom of municipal house-cleaning.

Every woman's club in every large city understands that it is likely to be called upon to lend aid in matters of civic betterment. The help is always generously and intelligently given.

It is a favorable sign and promise much, this joining hands of city officials, business men's organizations and women's clubs. It is the first ray radiance of the dawn of a better time.

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 22 and like very much a young man in the employ of my father. He is not making any great headway financially, but he has ambitions. He is kind and attentive, but a bit "green" as it is in the presence of company. Recently I have begun to read some of the papers and am struck with the difference between this young man and those I know. I can do this and that, but I seem to be "green" in society ways. The young man, "green" as it is, I know if he were to better circumstances he would take up in theater. Everyone who knows him thinks the world of him and he makes an instant hit with the elderly folk. I am perplexed as to whether I should receive his attention.

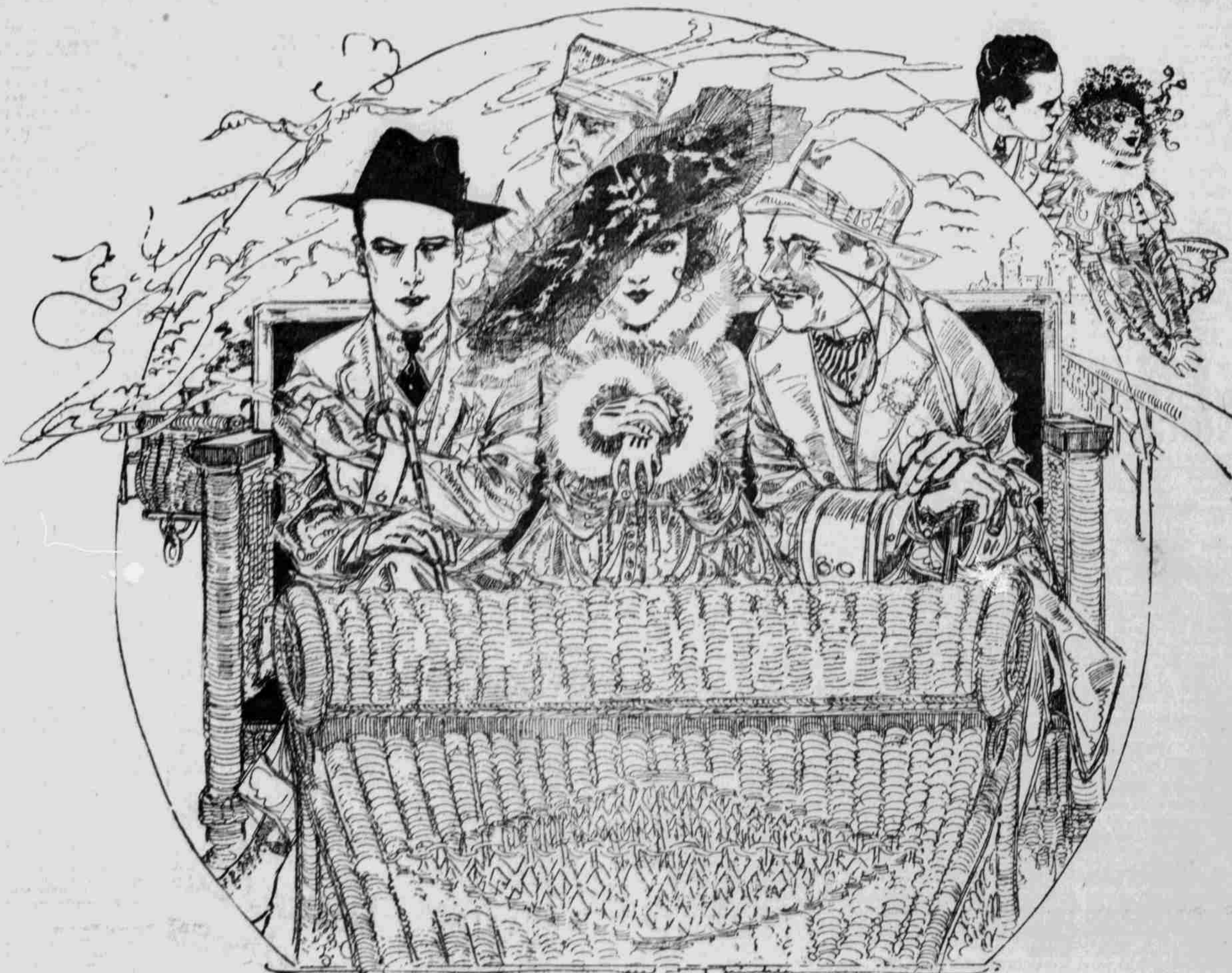
My dear girl: The young man you describe is exactly the sort to make a kind and loyal husband some day, and a splendid friend in the meantime. If only the girls of today were wise enough to appreciate such a youth part of our sad moral problems would be obviated. Think of all the good qualities you have managed to describe in your brief letter. Kindness, generosity, ambition, health, the love of home and the admiration of his elders, recommended a young man very highly. Thinking and a knowledge of social ways do not mean that a man has character or stability or any of the qualities that would make him a life partner worth taking. The man you have described is a real man worth any girl's respect. Thank the kind fate that have sent him to you and don't worry over his lack of those social qualifications.

Fashion Note

—:- "WIDE HATS THIS SPRING" —:-

By Nell Brinkley

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"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient"

WITNESS the case of a poor man on the boardwalk at Atlantic City, who failed to look up Spring fashions, or if he did, sniffed and forgot them! Who's got the sorrows now? If you are a very clever young chap—of course, if you haven't any girl you will have one some day—you might meet one somewhere, some-

time, that you'd like to be on the right side of you—you will either go with your sweetheart when she turns a sweet eye on spring bonnets and pick a little one with no brim at all, at all, so you can see the pink cheek of her and every flicker and turn of the blue eye above it, or you will remember as you do your telephone number

and the tag on your street car, which side her hat tilts down on. You will remember which side is "blank wall," and which side is a full view of the picture you carry in your heart, like an open door with the light flooding into the night. You will memorize it for the day when some other man is most pestiferously along!

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Wrongs and Those Who Make Them Worse

By FORTUNE FREE.

The vast number of people who are certain they could put things right if they only had their way for five minutes is increasing nowadays. It seems they are vague as to how they would manage it, but they are quite sure they would manage it somehow. I was once in a company discussing a great sea tragedy. There had been a distressing loss of life, and the company was unanimous that such a thing ought never to be possible—unanimous, with the exception of one silent gentleman who said not a word. Suggestions as to how easily such a calamity might be made impossible in the future were plentiful. It was quite irritating to the suggestors to find the silent gentleman deficient in approval of any of them. He just blinked and smoked on calmly. At last one of the company appealed to him for his opinion.

"You see, gentlemen," he remarked quietly, "I have been studying the subject of life-saving at sea for about forty years. You have been studying it from the time you picked up your morning's paper. It's a tough job—a very tough job. Of course, there are things to be found out about it—great improvements to be made. But it's quite a different thing seeing a thing in the right and seeing your way to doing it."

There are very often difficulties that do not occur in the hurried and excited individual who would put things straight. Sir Henry Irving had a very dear friend, who was also somewhat of a British national idol. His name was known to crowds, who took a particular interest in him, and when he fell ill and the newspapers duly informed the public of the fact, his letter box became too small to hold the communications which arrived each morning from unknown admirers who were all anxious for his recovery. Their lives had been saved by adopting the enclosed remedy, and hoped that it would restore him to his usual health.

He was a man of considerable income, and he directed his secretary to send an acknowledgment to each of the writers, thanking him, but informing him that he had been recommended to try something else. Here he named some recipe forwarded him by another unknown correspondent. In reply to these acknowledgments he received innumerable letters and telegrams warning him that the other man's prescription would be fatal. He decided to remain faithful to his physician. Indeed, the illness he was suffering from was quite different from that stated in the newspapers.

"I was remarkably glad of it," he told Irving. "For you remember the Arabian saying, 'Beware of the illness for which there are a thousand cures.' The Arab said that that illness is exactly one for which no absolute cure is known."

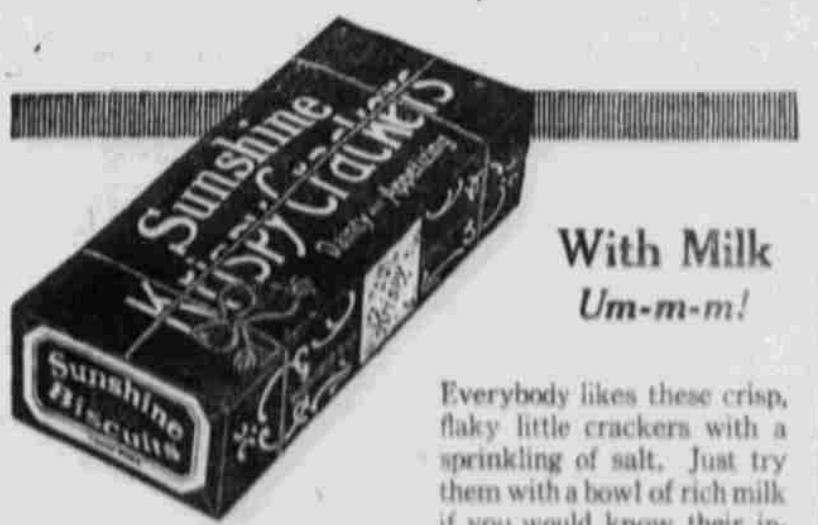
In these days there are innumerable things that go wrong. They have to be borne, but one's suffering is often rendered all the more acute by the person who informs one that all these things might be set right in the twinkling of an eye if people were only sensible or as energetic as himself. There is undoubtedly a great deal wrong that we shall be remarkably foolish to let have the chance of ever going wrong again. We have got to see that they are right in future. But the wholesale grumbler and omniscient individual is not the person who will bring about that happy result. He simply scatters irritation and disgust around, and there his activity ends. He exhausts all the energy he had in the process.

"I feel sure," once said a newly-wedded

wife to John Strange Winter, "that our home will be a real model in time." Her eyes glistened with expectation of that happy time. "John"—that was her husband—"is wonderful at finding out what's wrong—wonderful."

"I could not help sighing when I heard that," remarked John Strange Winter, "for I knew that kind of man—the man with an eye for everything wrong. It turned out just as I expected. John was so perplexed and worried with such a multiplicity of wrongs that he had no time to help her to put a single one of them right."

And they were not happy ever after. John became a chronic dyspeptic, that was all. There are plenty of folk of his kind.



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Dressing Simply

By LOUISE HEILGERS.

Everybody I meet now seems to be talking about the new banana and beet-root diet. Talking, mind you, not trying it, so far as I can see. Not that I blame them this weather, when all sensible people would naturally prefer to have everything milligramm away from soup to love, so that if it has occurred to me to try and get a talking stunt of my own, I can do it in the bargain—clothes. Why not simplicity in clothes as well as diet? Why pay rent for chaffon when you can get rags for nothing, to improve upon a favorite landlady advertisement? I can imagine all the husbands ranging themselves on my side as they read this article.

For, be it understood, I am not advocating the costly simplicity of a dress that looks as if it cost 25 cents but really cost \$250. Neither am I on the side of the primeval mode of dress, for to live in a town where everybody walked about with a walking stick or a gold bag for sole articles of attire would be to live in a town too morally dull for words. The style of clothing I urge you to adopt is a style, I am afraid, not one of you will say "thank you" for, because it is almost as unexciting as the raw vegetable diet.

But economical—m-m, yes. For instance, what could beat a potato sack for a nice useful house frock? It doesn't show the dirt, it wears well and you could turn it inside out when you felt you

wanted a change. And a sack costs what? The price of the potatoes inside it. You eat the potatoes, naturally, so there's no waste there at all. Then for furs, instead of chinchilla or ermine, why not rabbit? Here again, you see, you can get your meal off the rabbit first.

Then, again, for underclothes. Why not keep a little red flannel for home use instead of sending it all to the heathen? They deserve a rest from it anyway and it would be awfully good for our lungs and love affairs, an long exposed to a course of pneumonia and pasteonate colds.

Economy is the great thing nowadays. And, anyway, the red flannel would match the luncheon carrot, or the dinner beetroot, if not the breakfast banana.

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