Women's Page

JENNIE LIND

Jennie Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, as she is often called, was born to sing, and she was sent to Paris and became a pupil of Garcia. She made her debut in Berlin in 1845. Never was a greater ovation given to any singer. In the following year she went to England where she sang to charmed listeners. When P. T. Barnum, the great showman, heard of her, in his eager search for celebrities, he induced her to come to the United States. The sweet singer was received with great acclaim every where in this country. She delighted her audience, not only with her charming voice, but with her sweet unassuming personality. It is said once when she was singing "I know that my Redeemer liveth" the crowd was silent when she finished, and then the great Daniel Webster arose and took off his hat to her, then the silence was broken," the applause was deafening. She married a Mr. Goldschmit and afterward spent most of her artistic life in America and England, but she retired from public life early and spent her remaining life in a happy home. She has been recently brought to our attention by Edison, who was impressing upon the forty-eight boys, the virtue of modesty, and he told of her, the ideal of his boyhood, never losing her poise and simplicity in spite of the applause of the multitude.

HEALTH

Sight is one of the greatest of our senses, and it is necessary to take all possible care of our eyes. Properly cared for, they will last a life time for the physicians now can supply with glasses that can make an old person see as clearly as one of sixteen years. But eyes are complex and need dealing with care. We should be careful in reading to let the light fall over our left shoulder rather than directly on the page, and after reading or using them in any way rest them every once in a while. A fine thing to do is to gaze at a far distant scene. That is why the Indian has such good eyes and can see at such a distance having had to depend upon their eyes to know what is afar off. In our next issue we will give you some fine exercises for the eye. It is well to bathe your eyes well every day but be sure the water is without the least bit of sediment. An eye cup is a good thing to use in bathing one's eyes.

RECIPES

Now that meats are much higher and the green vegetables can be gotten all the year round it is well to study what are good occasionel substitutes for the meat. Try this receipe sometimes. Corn Fritters take your lett over corn and grind it, salt and pepper to taste. Take one cup of flour, one cup of milk and 1 egg and make a batter one teaspoon of yeast powder then add corn. Fry in boiling bacon grease. They will taste very much like fried oysters.

Sweet Potatoes Glace—Peel and parboil four medium-sized sweet potatos. Cut in thin slices length-wise and place a buttered baking pan. Sprinkle with three-fourths cup granulated sugar and one teaspoon cinnamon; and dot with three tablespoons butter. Bake in a moderate oven, 375 degrees F., until the potatoes are tender and glaced. Baste frequently with the sugar syrup while baking.

Raw Cabbage and Pimento Salad —Shred one small cabbage thin. Place in iced water for fifteen minutes; and drain. Add one-half cup chopped pimentos; marinate with one-half cup French dressing. Let stand thirty minutes, if possible. Serve in nests of lettuce leaves; and garnish with green pepper rings.

A TRUE DETECTIVE STORY

The University of North Carolina was filled with students from far and near. Everywhere the seekers after knowldge filled the street of the little town of Chapel Hill. There was to be a great meet and the students were getting ready their banners and pennants for the event. Among the students was a young man, Thomas by name, who was considered one of the most popular among his classmates. This probably was due to his pleasing personality and also to the fact that he had two very pretty sisters who lived in the town and as their home was always a charming place for the students to visit. Half of them were violently in love with the girls. There was among the students another young man by the name of Benton. Handsome and talented, he resented the popularity of Thomas, always ready, to find fault with him, and trying to lower him in the eyes of his teachers and fellow students. Young Thomas who was quick tempered, found him thus engaged the day before the great meet; and then and there he fell upon Benton, and they had a free fight. Being separated by their friends they were taken from the field, each declaring what he would do to the other.

The day of the great Rally arrived The town was crowded with visitors suddenly there was a cry: "A man murdered!" and when the crowd parted young Benton was found stabbed to death. A wild rush and search for the murderer ensued Seemingly hh had disappeared, but suddenly some one called: "A bloody knife is found!" A'as it was found in young Thomas's pocket. No one seemed more surprised than Thomas himself but the evidenc was strong against him. His quarrel of the day before and his threats against Benton was damaging evidence. He was tried and condemned to be hanged, protesting his innocence until the last. After his death his family moved away to parts unknown. Years afterward the judge who condemned young Thomas was sent for and when he entered the room he found a very ill man lying on a couch. "Judge," he said, "I am going to die but I feel I must tell you before I die. I killed Benton and young Thomas died for my crime. I hated Benton, he had ruin the life of my little sister. I did not intend doing what I did, but when he pushed by me, laughing so insolenty. I struck him and then stabbed with my knife, When I heard the cry of the crowd and hardly knowing what I was doing I slipped the knife in Thomas's pocket as I ran. What I went through all during the trial was agony but I could not get up courage to confess. Night after night I would make up my mind to tell all, but day light would find me coward again. I was sick and delirious when Thomas was hung, or I must have confessed it then. Afterwards it was too late, but my life has been one long time of misery. When I found I was going to die I sent for you. It will at least show to posterity his innocence and my great sin. Though every effort was made to find the family of Thomas, they were never family of Thomas, they were never found, but the memory of the martyred boy was always held in reverence by his classmates.

Suggests Duty On Oysters

Recent developments in the oyster trade of the United States show clearly the need for transferring canned oysters from the free list to the dutiable list of the pending tariff bill. For many years the domestic oyster industry has stood in danger of competition from abroad but it is only recently that oyster canning plants have been built in Japan with a view to merchandising their output in the United States. Large quantities of the Japanese product have already reached the Pacific coast markets and contracts are now being made for increased consignments during the coming season. At the port of San Francisco alone the imports during the past twelve months amounted to 23,000 cases. These imports are invoiced at $4.57 per case and are being offered for sale by the importers at $6.40 per case. The United States producers on the other hand must receive $9.56 per case if they are to remain in business. As the Pacific coast States are the principal consuming centers for the canned product it is obvious that without tariff protection the domestic plants will be forced to close.

Now as to the extent of the domestic industry affected. The taking of oysters is the most valuable fishery in the United States. Each year the harvest approximates 30,000,000 bushels, with a value to the fisherman of nearly $17,000,000. During the latest year for which statistics are available the persons employed numbered 67,000; the wages paid amounted to $10,900,000 and the investment in vessels, gear, and other property amounted to $17,000,000. About one-third of the production is from Chesapeake Bay, the remainder coming from the coastal waters of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and Washington.

Insofar as concerns the competing Japanese industry there are several economic factors which place it in position to sell canned oysters in the United States market at a lower price than the domestic cost of production. Heretofore a large part of the Japanese production of oysters has been prepared for market by boiling the meat and drying it. This dried meat has been marketed almost entirely in the Orient at much lower price than the equivalent raw material in the form of canned oysters would bring in the United States market.

As a result of careful studies concerning differences in prices and the nature of the product under consideration, it is my intention when the agriculture schedule of the Tariff Bill is under discussion on the floor of the Senate, to introduce the following amendment, and urge its adoption:

At the end of paragraph 721, add the following sub-division:

(e) Oysters, oyster juice, or either or both in combination with other substances, packed in air-tight containers, 8 cents per pound, including weight of immediate container.

KENNFDYVILLE

Mr. Houston Pote returned home on Sunday from the hospital where he has been suffering with Typhoid fever.

School opened on Monday with a very good attendance.

Mrs. Minta Weer returned home to Baltimore on Friday after spending the summer with relatives in the community.

Master Edward and Joseph Weer returned home from Washington on Saturday where they have spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Doyle and little daughter, of Baltimore, visited Mr. and Mrs. James Weer last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. King spent the week end in Philadelphia.

Service in Grace Presbyterian church next Sunday evening at 7.30. Preaching by Dr. Humphreys.

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Robinson, of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smyth, of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. Syric Cain spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson.

Miss Sue Johnston, of Washington, D. C., spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. James Weer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dempsey and children and Mr. and Mrs. James Caldwell spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Caldwell in St. Micheals.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rollison, Mrs. Kendall, Miss Mary Trew, Mrs. Hadaway and son spent Sunday at Riverview, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. James Caldwell spent a part of this week with their son and wife Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Caldwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Walton Redmile and little daughter are spending a few days at Mr. and Mrs. Harry Redmiles.

The P. T. A. held their monthly meeting and election of officers on Wednesday, the same officers were elected for another year.

Mr. and Mrs. Lin Redmile and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Redmile motored to Atlantic City and other places of interest the past week.

Mrs. Pearl Walls and daughter, Miss Edith, spent a part of this week in Baltimore.

Mr. William Irving, of Philadelphia, is spending some time with relatives here.

Mrs. Emma Shafer entertained relatives from Wilmington last week.

ONLY GIRL HE WANTED

(©) by D. J. Walsh.)

DELIA WATKINS beat away at the carpet on the clothesline. It was an old fashioned brussels carpet, thick and hard as a board and the faded roses were dusty. Delia's mother cherished the carpet for she had bought it herself with butter-and-egg money during the first years of her marriage. But Delia hated the carpet just as she hated many like things in her young life. Now in thrashing the brussels roses she was trying to get rid of a rebellious energy so terrific that it fairly obsessed her.

Delia was eighteen, a slim thing with smooth black hair—long, of course—gray eyes full of light, red lips and a stubborn white chin. She was not pretty, but she had enough charm to make Alec Bruce pick her out of all the girls of his acquaintance.

It was Alec who now came whistling round the corner of the house, his arms full of groceries. Alec owned the grocery store and sometimes drove the red delivery car himself. He was tall, with sandy hair, white teeth and humorous crinkles at the corners of his blue eyes. Scotch with a tang of Irish, his ancestors had settled on the north coast of Erin, drifting thither from the more rugged country. Alec's father had been born beside a peat fire, but Alec was first, last and always American.

"Hey, there!" he accosted Delia. "What you think you're doing, anyway—tanning the hides of all the hoodlums in the Guideboard district?"

Delia's only reply was to thump away harder.

Alec took the groceries into the house, where Mrs. Watkins received them. Then he returned to Delia.

"Quit punishing that poor old rag a minute, can't you?" he laughed. "Here, let me have the club." He tried to take the carpet-beater from her hand, but Delia clung to it. Their eyes clashed. "Come, Delia! This is a man-sized job," he said earnestly. "I'll finish cleaning the carpet for you."

"I wish you'd go on about your business and let me alone," Delia said, exasperated. She was keenly conscious of her looks, a tear in her old blue gingham, a smudge on her nose and patched shoes. Besides, she had a broken finger-nail that hurt cruelly. And she had just got a speck of dust in one eye that was making it red and watery.

"Too nice a morning to be whipping a carpet." Alec said, taking his hand from the beater. "Better hop into the car and go with me, Delia, I've got to take a couple sacks of flour out to Mrs. Peterson's."

"I tell you I'm busy. And—you're bothering me."

"Sorry! Guess I'll ask Helen Morse, then." Alec was nettled. He did not whistle as he went away.

Delia gave the old carpet two or three more hard thumps, then she collapsed against it in a fit of passionate weeping. She had been horrid. She had driven him to Helen Morse, which was just what Helen had taunted her into doing. She peeped out around the edge of the carpet at the next house, the big, handsome house where big, handsome Helen Morse lived. But Alec hadn't stopped there for all his threat. Hope soared again; maybe he'd forgive her. She'd had her lesson; next time she'd behave.

Delia finished beating the carpet, dragged it off the line, got it into the house and tacked it fast to the parlor floor. Mrs. Watkins bossed the job without lifting a finger. Thin, pale, anemic, she was obsessed with the idea that she had heart trouble; she saved herself at the expense of her daughter.

After dinner mother lay down and Delia, having bathed and put on a clean frock, sat down at the desk in the living room to puzzle out the family accounts. Some bills must be paid. With Delia it was a constant struggle to get bills paid. Besides, she had to earn the money herself, teaching forty weeks a year in the Guideboard district. That was a job, believe me. Twenty-three kids of assorted sizes and unruly dispositions, to say nothing of dirty noses and "things in their hair." She sighed heavily as she opened her crumpled little account book.

Voices, laughter coming in through the open window. She pulled aside the stiff Nottingham lace curtain and peeped out. Helen Morse stood on the steps and Alec was just putting a package into her lovely white hands. Helen looked into Alec's eyes—and dropped the package. White sugar flew in every direction. Helen gave a little scream of dismay. "That's all right," Alec said. "I'll bring you another five pounds."

"Mother's waiting for it," Helen said.

"I'll be right back with it."

Delia's gray eyes grew cold and hard. She knew Helen Morse through and through. Helen had dropped that five pounds of sugar on purpose just so Alec would have to come back with more.

With another sigh she returned to her accounts. She rummaged in the drawer where her mother kept a few private memoranda, old letters and the like. There was a bill missing and she just wanted to check up on it. She found the bill, quite a sheaf of bills, in fact, all from Alec's grocery and all unpaid.

White, tight-lipped, with the telltale bills in her hand, Delia marched into her mother's presence. Mrs. Watkins raised her head from the pillow, vexation clouding her brow. She was just dropping off into a comfortable snooze, and likely being thus aroused, she'd lose her afternoon nap.

"I found these unpaid grocery bills," Delia said. "I didn't know we owed Alec a cent. What did you do with all the money I've given you to pay him? Be perfectly honest and tell me. I must know."

"I sent it to your brother Harry," Mrs. Watkins said defiantly. "He wrote asking for help. I knew just how hard you've always been with him, never giving him a bit of aid when he got into a tight corner. Alec said he'd wait for his money. He's in love with you. If you had any sense you'd marry him. That would settle the account."

Delia only turned and left the room.

Next morning Delia walked into the store. Alec sat at his desk, tapping out lists of numbers on the adding machine. She laid down a check. The check represented every cent she had had in the savings department of the local bank.

"Why, what's this, Delia?" He looked from the check to the girl.

"I'm sorry you had to wait for your pay," Delia said stiffly. "Alec, please —please don't trust mo—us again. Don't stop today to take orders. Please."

"What's the idea? Don't you like me or my groceries, either."

"They're both all right," Delia smiled with quivering lips. "But I've made a rule. That's all. Please help me to keep it unbroken, Alec."

"Certainly," said Alec coldly.

It was a bad week. Groceries gave out and were not replaced, for Mrs. Watkins put her foot down. She wouldn't buy of old Peter Perry, and there was nobody else.

Saturday morning Delia was alone in the kitchen at work. The door opened. In came Alec. He dumped down upon the kitchen table a great armful of groceries.

"I didn't order them! I don't want them. Take them away," gasped Delia.

Alec leaned against the table. He looked at the girl with a smile in his clear eyes.

"I won't eat anybody's groceries but my own. I'm coming here to board," he said.

Delia stared at him in astonishment.

"I've left over to Borden's. That last fly I found in the warmed-over potato did me," Alec said firmly. "And the hotel is too expensive. I just met your mother down the street and she said she'd take me in. I'm a poor homeless orphan, Delia. You haven't got the heart to turn me off, have you now?"

"It's—it's a frameup between you and mother," Delia said with a sob. "I don't want you here, I—"

Alec took her in his arms, held her powerfully, laid his clean cheek to hers, let her hear how his heart beat for her.

"The only way you'll ever get rid of me is to marry me, Delia," he said.

"You can have any girl in this town —" Delia murmured.

"Sure. But you're the only one I want," returned Alec tenderly.

"Talkies" of Weddings Might Have Drawbacks

We are extremely dubious about this plan, proposed by an Omaha judge, to make talkies of weddings, so that in event of subsequent domestic trouble they can be run off before the unhappy couple and thus avert a separation.

That might work if all parties to weddings were ladies. They, so far as one can judge, get a real thrill out of their weddings; indeed, for many of them their wedding day seems to be the big day of their lives.

But did any man ever get a thrill out of his wedding? He did not. It was the day, to begin with, when he was a complete sap; when he looked like a sap, felt like a sap and was treated like a sap. For once in his life he played a miserable second fiddle to a magnificent creature called the Bride; it was for her that the music was composed, that the presents were sent, that the ring was provided. Nobody ever heard of a wedding march dedicated to the bridegroom.

It was the day again, which was fixed in his mind in connection with appalling expenditures that swept out all his savings since his graduation from college. Furniture for the apartment, flowers, presents, railroad tickets for two, gray pants, cutaway coat —all these things blended into a horrible nightmare with a dollar sign in front of it, and focused on that one terrible day.

Thus the proposed talkies might have an effect exactly opposite from what is intended. A talkie of the night they became engaged might help, though.—New York World.

The Fraction System

Lawyer—Was the man you found under the street car a total stranger?

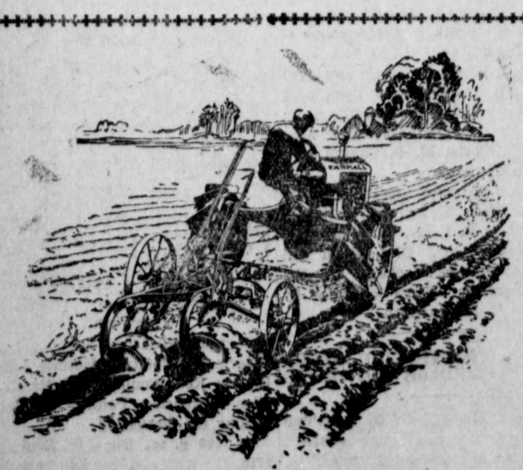
"No, sir, a partial stranger."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, one arm and one leg were gone."—Pathfinder Magazine.

Luck Wooed and Won

Luck is a fickle thing. She is commonly known as "lady luck," because she likes to be wooed. Get acquainted with her. The "breaks" in a baseball game, it is said, invariably go to the team which forces the issue.—Grit.



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McCormick-Deering tractor power, and the big-capacity machines that go with it, will work a magic transformation in all of your important operations.

During the coming weeks think of your crop production in terms of modern power farming. Figure what it will mean to you to save a day here and a week there as the season progresses. Think of the advantages of doing more thorough work while you are doing it in less time than ever before.

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The following facts were obtained from a comparison of the Oakland All-American Six with 20 other medium-priced automobiles. All told, 878 individual comparisons were made. Of these Oakland proved to be distinctly superior in 451 or 51.37 per cent. The 20 cars combined were at best equal to Oakland on 382 or 43.50 per cent. And 13 of the 20 were higher priced than Oakland.

FISHER BODY Only Oakland and two other cars in the field offer bodies by Fisher. And one of the two is nearly $100 higher in price than Oakland. Of the 18 cars which have less-known bodies 11 are priced above the All-American Six.

WHEELBASE Only one car as low-priced as Oakland has a wheelbase as long as Oakland's, which is 117 inches. That car requires a turning circle to the left of 42 feet as compared with Oakland's 36 feet. Six higher-priced cars have shorter wheelbases.

Oakland All-American Six, $1145 to $1375, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges. Spring covers and Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers included in list prices. Bumpers and rear fender guards extra. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list (f. o. b.) price when comparing automobile values . . . Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices include only authorized charges for freight and delivery and the charge for any additional accessories or financing desired.

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3 Qt. Alum. Percolator	98c
Aluminum French Fryer	89c
25c Extra Scrub Brush	9c

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