Women's Page

ELIZABETH BROWNING

There is no one whose writings did more to foster humanity and love for our fellowmen that did Elizabeth Browning. She was born at Ledbury Herfordshire, when her father possesed a large estate. She was injured by a fall from a horse and for many years was quite an invalid especially after the death of her brother by drowning. For a time her life was dispaired of and several years were spent in the confinement of a sick room, but her mind was strong and vigorous and she studied hard and long. During this time RFobert Browning, a diffident young man called to see her, and from the first they were congenial souls. Their acquaintance grew to a mutual love and in 1846 they were married, greatly against the wishes of her father, though it proved an unusually happy marriage. Then moved to Italy and were there until Mrs. Browning died. She wrote quite a number of poems. Among them Prometheus Bound; The Cry of the Children and many miscellaneous poems. The most ambitious work was Aura Leigh, a narrative poem of mine books. She wrote Sonnets from the Portugese while she was engaged to Browning. They are considered among the finest in the English language. She died in 1861, loved and admired by all, who knew her and who had read her poems.

SOME GOOD RECIPES

Cream Potatoes

To cream potatoes satisfactorily, boil them in their jackets, then cut them in cubes or balls and cook them a few minutes in hot milk and butter. Season with salt and a bit of cayenne pepper and serve hot.

Liver and Bacon—Parboil liver, drain and dry. Dip in flour if you wish. Brown bacon slowly in frying pan, remove to platter and put floured liver in pan with hot bacon grease until done through.

Red Cabbage—Apple Salad—Crisp red cabbage and shred finely. Add as much apple cut in small pieces as you have cabbage, a few stalks finely cut celery and a wee bit of onion; moisten with your favorite salad dressing and serve.

Applesauce Cake—One cup sugar, one-half cup shortening, one and three-fourths cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon orange extract, one teaspoon of Cinnamon, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, one cup raisins, one cup warm, unsweetened applesauce. Cream sugar and shortening together, add flour mixed with baking powder and spices and warm applesauce in which soda has been dissolved; add flavoring and raisins which have been dredged in flour.

Bake in a loaf in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) forty-five minutes or bake in layers and put together wit horange frosting.

Orange Icing—One egg white (unbeaten), three tablespoons cold water, one cup powdered sugar, one-fourth teaspoon flavoring orange juice. Put all ingredients in top of double boiler. Have water underneath boiling, but not too hard and cook mixture eight minutes, beating constantly.

Care of feet—There is no class of servants more willing and more abused than the feet. We encase then in close ill ventilated shoes with high heels which makes the weight of the body rest on the toes. No wonder artists say that it is hard to find an American woman with a well formed foot. To take the proper care of feet one should bathe them very frequently, and when possible give them an anointing with some oil or vaselene, rubbing it well in with one's hands. Another thing is is let the cool air blow on them. Properly cared for feet will cause us no pain or trouble. Well fitting shoes leave no corns nor bunions on the feet, and it should be our effort in buying shoes to see that they fit every part.

BENEATH THE SNOW-CLAD HILLS

By VANCE WYNN

What became of James Hay, of Salt Lake City. How did it come about that he had disappeared as effectively as though he had dropped through the earth?

These were the questions that puzzled the police of the City of the Mormons for many days. Hay was not only a prominent citizen, but was the secretary and treasurer of the Pacific Lumber Co. and had connections in all parts of the State. He left his home one night to go on a business trip to Forest Dale, a nearby suburb. He had made such trips before. Sometimes they were short and sometimes they were long. This one was the longest of all because Hay never came back.

While the police were at their wits' end, Jacob Sharpe, the father-in-law of Hay and a Mormon elder, had a revelation. In the vision, he said, he beheld his son-in-law being buried in a field after having been murdered by Peter Mortensen, a contractor of Salt Lake City. Mortensen was furious at the charge and said that it was perfecly absurd. But the elder was persistent. He said he had the vision several times and that there was no doubt of its truth. Finally, in order to satisfy him, the police went to the place described, and there, under the snow-clad hills, they found the body of James R. Hay.

This was so startling that it was decided to arrest the contractor. He was now placed in the position of having to defend himself whether he liked it or not. In the meanwhile, the authorities were doing a little investigating on their own account. They discovered that Mortensen was in debt to the Pacific Lumber Co. He owed them $3,000 and the account was long overdue. Hay was rather aggressive in demanding payment, and it was found that on the morning of the day of the disappearance of the treasurer, Mortensen had called at the office of the lumber company and given a small sum of money on account. He promised at the same time that if the company would send some one to his house at Forest Dale that night with a receipted bill he would pay the remainder. Hay was unwilling to send any of his subordinates on such a fourney. He determined to go himself. And he did go as stated.

Mortensen readily admitted that Hay had called on him and that he had paid him the remainder of his bill in gold pieces. He showed the receipted bill as a confirmation of his statement. Up to that point the evidence for and against the contractor was about equal. But, unexpectedly, a new factor appeared in the case. It was the motorman of a trolley car that ran in the neighborhood of Forest Dale. He said that as his car was passing a certain place in the country he saw a man with a shovel over his shoulder crossing the fields. A turn of the tracks at that time gave him a view of the man who was out at such an early hour in the morning. The motorman was taken to the police station for the purpose of idenifying the person he had seen in the fields.

Without the slighest hestitation he pointed to Peter Mortensen and said, "There is the man!"

This made out a pretty complete case against the contractor, although the evidence was all of a circumstantial nature. The trial was long and bitterly contested. Mortensen protested his innocence most vehemently and brought forward a number of witnesses to prove his movements for the greater part of that day and night. The chief witness for the prosecution was Jacob Sharp, the father-in-law of the dead man. He repeated the story of his vision, although it was objected to by the defense. He told it with such vividness that the members of the jury could almost see the contractor burying Hay beneath the snow-clad hills of Utah. Mortensen was found guility and sentenced to death.

Scientists Listen to "Conversation" of Ants

Two scientists of the University of Pittsburgh recently perfected an apparatus for detecting the sounds of underground communication among ants.

A block of wood was placed upon the diaphragm of an ordinary telephone transmitter, which in turn was connected through batteries and amplifiers to a pair of earphones. When the termites crawled over the block of wood the transmitter was agitated, resulting in sound vibrations which were clearly heard by the listeners at the headset.

When the ants became excited over something or other their soldiers were found to hammer their heads vigorously on the wood. This action could be clearly seen and heard at the same time.

The investigators found that the ants could hear sound vibrations in the air very poorly or not at all, but were extremely sensitive to vibrations underground. For this reason it was thought that the head hammering was a method of communication.

Because of this sensitivity to substratum vibrations ants are seldom found to infest the ties of railroads carrying heavy traffic, or buildings containing machinery. The vibrations mean danger to them just as if one of their own number was giving the alarm by banging his head on the ground.

Phrase "Stone Age" Not Literal in Application

The Stone age is a term commonly used to denote the earliest recognized stage in the development of human culture as defined by the materials used by man for weapons, utensils, etc. The phrase is somewhat misleading, since it is probable that primitive man made use of wood and other perishable materials to a far greater extent than of stone, and consequently the stage is defined by the prevailing material of the relics, not by that of actual implements in common use. The term "Stone age" represents in no sense a chronological division of human progress, but is a loose equivalent for a stage of cultural development varying widely in duration in different parts of the world. There are, e. g., tribes still in the Stone age, while, on the other hand, some groups had outgrown it before the dawn of history. It is also worth noting that some tribes commonly classed as belonging to the Stone age produced objects of a superior artistic and industrial merit to those who had advanced to the use of metals. The evidence for the existence of such an age in most parts of the world is conclusive, but it is from the prevalence and character of the relics in certain parts of Europe rather than in America that the idea and term have come into general use.

A Mouse Farm

Have you ever heard of a mouse farm? There is one at Rayleigh, in Essex, England, where mice are reared just as cattle and sheep are in ordinary farms. There are 50,000 mice, and of nearly every color. Yet, although there are so many, Mr. Tuck, the farmer, can put his hands on any one of them at a moment's notice. About three hundred young ones are born every day, and it takes five hours to feed them all. They are sold to colleges and hospitals for experiments.

Danger in Bells' Tolling

It often has been observed that the vibrations of a large bell ringing in a tower can be felt in the masonry near it, and serious accidents have been caused by such vibrations, according to Satis N. Coleman, author of "Bells." In 1810 the spire of a church in England fell while the bells were being rung for morning service and 23 persons were killed. In most church towers the bells are hung in a framework, which, as far as possible, is kept clear of the walls.—Detroit News.

Parrot Almost Human in Sense of Gratitude

Doubtless every one has cause to decry, at some time or other, the lack of gratitude shown by one person toward another who has done them a good turn, but surely there are few examples of ingratitude to equal one that occurred recently in Leicestershire, England.

The case concerned a man and a parrot. The bird, for some reason or other, suddenly took a liking to the top of a three-story building, and having reached the roof suddenly changed its mind and desired to return to earth—but couldn't face the journey down.

Along came a young man, saw the bird's plight, and was struck with pity, so much so that he risked his life by climbing up to the roof and bringing the bird to safety.

On reaching the ground, the parrot turned on its rescuer, and bit him severely for his trouble!

Thus is gratitude expressed by the parrot. Almost human! — Montreal Family Herald.

With Interest

Two women of uncertain age, who had long been rivals in love, quarreled over a trifling gift which the object of their adoration had indiscreetly bestowed on one of them.

"He intended those flowers for me," the elder woman said to the lucky recipient. "You waylaid him on the way to my house, and shamelessly robbed me of his offering. Your guilty face tells tales."

The other shrugged her shoulders as she answered, sweetly:

"Oh, well, my dear, have it your own way. At any rate, no one will ever accuse you of having a telltale face. It's so difficult to read between the lines!"

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

Peggy's First Party

By ADELAIDE D. HUFF

PEGGY LONGMIRE sped up the two flights of stairs and down the long hall that led to her room. Once inside she flung off her coat and with eager fingers opened the long suit box that she had been carrying under her arm. Almost reverently she picked up the frock that lay inside, a filmy bit of pink tulle and satin.

"It looks darlinger than it did in the store even," she told herself. "Oh, if only he likes it and I don't seem too idiotically dumb. My first evening dress. . . . My first party tomorrow."

That night when Peggy went to bed she could not go to sleep. The endless events of the past few months seemed to go trouping past her in a continuous procession; the death of her father, Rev. Walter Longmire, her leaving her small home town and coming to Kinston in search of work and finally, her getting a position in the firm of Myndenning and Davis, Real Estate Brokers. And to crown her joy, Jack Davis, the junior partner, had come over to her that first day with outstretched hand.

"I knew your father when he was dean of Littleton Presbyterian college," he said. "He was certainly a prince. I had two years' history under him. That must be twelve or thirteen years ago."

"I can remember Littleton," said Peggy, her face flushed with happiness, "although we left when I was only eight."

That had been the beginning of their friendship. Really the beginning and the ending until the other day when he had casually asked her to this party tomorrow night.

"The DeRossetts are going to have a fling Wednesday evening," he had said, "and they've been kind enough to invite me. They're giving their guests the privilege of asking any partners they chose. It'll be a nice crowd and I believe you'd enjoy it."

When at last the moment arrived the next day for Peggy's escort to call for her she laughed with sheer delight as she went downstairs to meet him.

As they entered the DeRossett home a few minutes later they were greeted by Mrs. DeRossett whose beautifully dressed hair and magnificent evening gown almost threw Peggy into a panic. Suddenly everyone seemed to be greeting Jack, and out of the crowd of strange faces emerged one that Peggy will never forget.

"Mrs. Myndenning, this is my little friend, Miss Longmire," said Jack easily.

"How do you do?" said Mrs. Myndenning coldly, looking at the girl through her lorgnette. "You must be a newcomer. I thought I knew everyone in town. Where do you live?"

Peggy flushed uncomfortably. She knew that society folk did not live on Fourth street in little back bedrooms, but neither she nor her escort had time to answer for a tall, gawky girl came rushing up and put a proprietary hand on Jack's arm.

"Miss Myndenning," introduced Jack stiffly.

"How do you do? I've been looking for you everywhere," she told him, turning her back on Peggy and completely ignoring her.

"Yes," said Mrs. Myndenning, "we both felt that you rather owed Elizabeth first consideration . . . You know Jack and Elizabeth are very, very close friends," Mrs. Myndenning finished, turning to Peggy.

"I felt that way, too, until recently," Jack explained comfortably. "We were just like a big family together and I hope it will continue to be that way, but—since Peggy and I are going to—be married soon, I rather felt that I owed something to her."

"Engaged!" gasped Mrs. Myndenning, white with rage.

"Come on, mother, do," said Elizabeth irritably. "Why shouldn't he be engaged if he wants to?"

A few minutes later Peggy and Jack had managed to make their escape unnoticed and were speeding away from the scene of gayety.

"That certainly was a strange first party," laughed Peggy as he slowed down and brought the car to a standstill.

"Peggy, will you forgive me for what I said?" he asked. "It was a little premature, but I meant it, all right."

"Then I'll forgive you if you meant it," laughed Peggy.

And for a long blissful moment they both forgot Peggy's lovely frock that should not have been mussed and the party and the hateful Mrs. Myndenning.

"It wasn't a very appropriate place to propose," said Davis after a while, "but I had to do something with that fool woman. She's been trying to—"

"To marry you off to Elizabeth," finished Peggy.

"The worst is she's my partner's wife," said Davis solemnly. "I hope she doesn't stir up trouble. But, say, just won't she make somebody a cat of a mother-in-law!"

"I guess there are lots of mothers who prevent their children from getting married just by their own hatefulness."

"Lots of 'em," agreed Jack joyfully, "but yours isn't one of them."

(Copyright.)

Stand Back, Boys

The island of Bunanr, near Australia, is inhabited solely by women. It is a training school for native girls.

Path of Sugar

In 1842 sugar sold in the London market at $2.75 per pound. At the close of the Fifteenth century the price had fallen to 53 cents per pound. Sugar did not become a regular feature in the diet until it was introduced by Queen Elizabeth of England. The first reference to sugar obtained from cane was made by Theophrastus in the Third century, B. C. He mentioned it as "honey which comes from bamboo." Sugar cane was first introduced in America in 1502 in the island of San Domingo. The Jesuits brought it to Louisiana in 1751.

Deference to Others

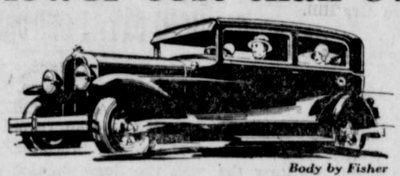
Tolerance is willingness to grant to the opinions and actions of others the same consideration you do to your own. You may not agree with such acts or ideas, but this does not mean that you are right and they are wrong.—Grit.

Breeding Counts

If you want to make a good actress you must first catch the grandmother. To make a pretty woman it is advisable to go back even further.—Woman's Home Companion.

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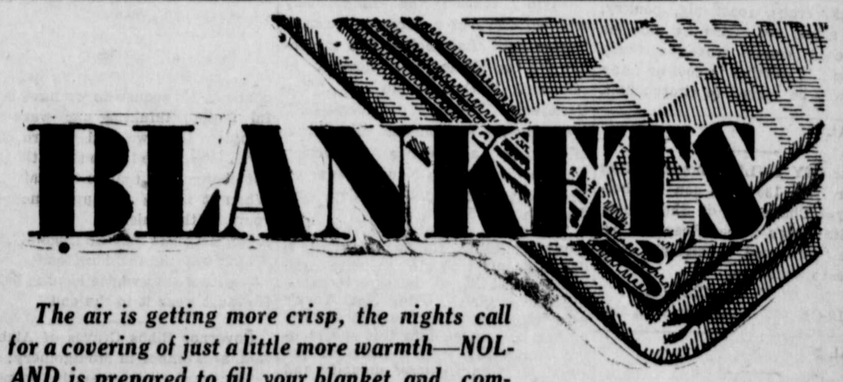
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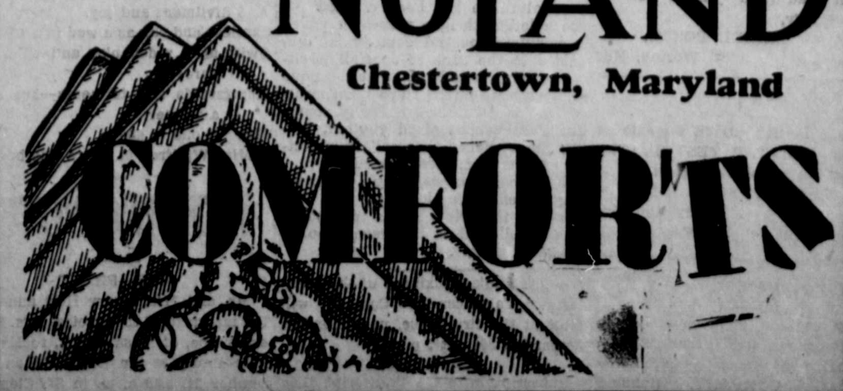
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