Women's Page

ELIZABETH FRY

As long as love for human kind lifts his brother from the dust and strives for the betterment of the race, so long will the name of Elizabeth Fry live in the heart of humanty.

Her maiden name was Gurney. Her parents, though Quakers, had become rich and prosperous and had forsaken the simple dress and style of address prescribed by that Sect. Elizabeth was born in 1790 under the shadow of the great Cathedral, she loved to look at the vaulted roof and the fretted columns and she thought every one who went within must be very saintly and pure. But when she saw them doing things like other folks, she mae us her mind to adopt the simple dress of the Quaker and spend her life in helping to uplift her fellow men. Her parents protested, but when they found she was still determined they resolved that she should marry. An estimable young man, a Quaker by the name of Fry induced her to become his wife and she was a faithful one looking well to the ways of her household and bearing him twelve children. But in spite of this she found many ways to do good. One day in her walks she saw a ragged woman standing holding a baby and begging on the streets. She gave her something and went home full of intentions to help the poor woman. The next day she found the woman at the same place with the baby. Being a mother herself, she was struck with the way that the women handled the baby, and she told her she did not believe the baby was hers. The woman began to curse and swear at her but Elizabeth sought the place she lived and found about a dozen babies in the room, some tied in the crib and all half starved. She immediately secured a good woman to look after the babies, and had the woman and her gang imprisoned. Then she began to go to the prisons where she found the most horrible conditions, women and men imprisoned together, fighting and stealing from one another. Going to the morning service one day she found a young clergymen standing outside of the bars reading and praying while the prisoners laughed and jeered at him. She went to the warden and asked if she might hold the services. At first he refused but at last he consented Then she went further and asked that she might go inside. This was granted and she went to them. From the first they loved and respected her. Then she bought clothes from her husband's store, and began to teach them to sew and gradually to keep themselves clean. Finding a teacher among the prisoners, she got the warden to fix up a room for a school and the many poor little waifs who were there were taught. Under her supervision prisons improved so much that she was sent for by other countries, France, Belgium and Holland, where she helped and suggested reforms. Though she was guest of Kings and Queens and Prime Ministers she treated royalty and unfortunates both alike and when she passed. she was mourned by the rich, the poor, the deformed and vicious, for she was loved by all.

HEALTH

There is nothing that adds more to contentment and well being than good heath, though often we do not realize until we have lost it, how necessary it is to our happiness. One thing we should guard against is taking cold. Of course we should have plenty of fresh air in the room, but we should guard against being in a draft. If we wake up in the morning with a sore throat a good remedy is to put on a warm bath robe and stand before open window and take eight or nine long beaths, holding them long enough to count eight, breathing through the nose. Then gargle throat with a weak solution of salt and water being careful to wash the nasal organs well. If chilled at any time, take a long breath. It is an excellent praventitive against taking cold. Do not be afraid of going out in bad weather if well protected and breathing organs well cleaned, there is little fear of taking cold.

RECIPES

Honey Sauce

One egg, 1-2 cup honey, 1 cup hot water, 1 1-2 tablespoons butter, 1-2 lemon, juice and grated rind.

Beat the egg, and add other ingredients and cook over hot water for about fifteen minutes, stirring constantly.

New England Pandowdy

Two cups tart apples, pared and core, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons water, Nutmeg or cinnamon, baking powder crust.

Fill a greased baking dish full of the apples, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon or nutmeg, add the water and cover with a biscuit crust. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit), until the short cake is thoroughly baked and the fruit tender, about twenty-five minutes.

Watermelon Marbles

Watermelon, Sugar, 1 sliced lemon for each pound of fruit, 1 ounce ginger root for each three pounds of fruit, 1 ounce alum, 1 gallon water.

Take the pink part of the melon which is firm, not the granular and sweet part ordinarily eaten. With a French vegetable cutter make small balls. Soak these overnight in weak alum solution, using the ounce of alum for a gallon of water. Puor off water in morning. Weigh fruit. Allow three-fourths as much sugar. Slice lemons thin, using the proportion given in ingredients. Add ginger root according to proportions. Put in preserving kettle, adding just enough water to melt sugar. Bring to boil. Add more water if needed to just cover the fruit. Cook until clear. Take out balls and cook sirup down until rich. Return fruit, bring to boil and seal.

Ham Rolls

Three thin slices ham, 2 tablespoons soft jelly, Paprika, 2 cups bread crumbs, 1-2 cup milk, 3 tablespoons prepared mustard.

Combine the bread crumbs with the other ingredients to form a paste, and spread on slices of ham. Roll each slice and fasten with tooth picks. Brown over a hot flame, lower temperature and cook until tender.

Kidney Ragout

One pound kidneys (uncooked), 4 slices bacon, 1 cup boiling water, Flour, salt and pepper, 1 onion, 1 cup mushrooms or 2 cups diced cooked carrot.

Trim the kidneys and wash in water to which a little vinegar has been added. Cut in small cubes and dip in flour, salt and pepper. Dice four slices of bacon and fry lightly. Brown the onion in the bacon fat and remove from pan. Brown the cubed kidneys in the same fat, then add the boiling water, vegetables and bacon. Simmer until the kidneys are tender, about fifteen minutes. Serve hot with rice.

JEWELS IN THE U. S. TREASURY

Right at present, there are $82,000 worth a diamonds resting undisturbed in the Treasury of the United States. Last year the Custom officials received notice that these diamonds had been bought and were being smuggled into this country. This put them on their guard and finally they arrested three men, and found the jewels concealed in the sole of a shoe. The men were of course imprisoned and as is the rule, the diamond were advertised to be auctioned off. Seventy five different jewelry firms sent their representatives to bid for them. But the advertisement was seen in Belgium and me nwere hurried over to be here at the day of the sale.

The Belgiums came over to forbid the sale. They said only a small sum had been paid on the diamonds, therefore they belonged to the Belgium Firm. This of course involved an International problem and the diamonds were placed again in the vaults of the Treasury while the would be purchasers closed their check books and went back empty handed. And while the jewels are resting in the vaults the question is being moated to whom do they belong.

What the Catbird Knew

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"WENT away and never has been heard from," asserted Captain Halliday, as he refilled his pipe and pulled out a battered matchbox. "I always ask folks from the city if they know Robert Landis, but no one ever had up to the time you came to the village."

"It may not be the same person," said Mrs. Bently, as she knitted busily. They were sitting on the bottom of an upturned boat on the shore, and the captain had been relating many stories to the city boarder. "I have met a Robert Landis; he is a young newspaper man, and he lives in the same boarding house that I do in the city."

"Does he seem to like the girls?"

Mrs. Bently laughed. "I cannot say that he seems much interested in them; he seems like rather a grim, silent young man, absorbed in his work and he does not act particularly happy."

"Sho!" muttered the captain. "That sounds like he ought to be, but not how he useter be around here. He was just wild about my niece Sally—"

"The pretty, black-eyed girl who lives with you?"

"Yes. Five years ago she was only eighteen, and prettier than she is now—more color, and her eyes were happy. She was engaged to Robert Landis. They quarreled about something and he went off; she's that proud she never mentioned his name after that—only she's wistful and never so gay and happy as before."

"I am so sorry," murmured Mrs. Bently. "Is there anything I can do to bring them together?"

"My theory is that there is some misunderstanding," commented the captain. "There they were, happy as clams at high water, writing each other every day, having a post office in a hole in a hollow tree in the orchard. One day not so long ago I was coming across the orchard at dusk—and there was Sally, leaning against the old tree, crying as if her heart would break—"

"Don't," cried Mrs. Bently, taking out her handkerchief.

"The poor little thing," murmured Mrs. Bently later, to herself, thinking of Sally and her sad love story. "I believe I will go home for a weekend, and I will carry with me some snapshot pictures; one must be of that old orchard and the post office in the tree, and one must be of Sally at her prettiest; I must catch her secretly, and then, some odd ones of the beach and other parts of the village, but those two will be mingled in and he cannot help but see them."

So Mrs. Bently spent one busy day with her camera, and then she took train for the city. Captain Halliday missed her pleasant companionship on the beach, and went fishing every day. Sally sang about her housework, in a soft, sad little voice, and sometimes her eyes wandered out to the old apple tree where there was a mossy hollow in the trunk—that was always empty now. A tangle of bushes had grown up around the old tree and amid the sharp thorns of brier a catbird had built her loosely constructed nest.

That afternoon there came a terrific winfistorm, and Captain Halliday and Sally awoke the next morning to a sodden world of soaking land, fallen trees, and a beach strewn with driftwood.

Captain Halliday went down to the beach to gather some of the driftwood for the winter fires and Sally wandered through her ruined flower garden and then out to the orchard. There were cries of distress from the catbirds who were perched in the old apple tree. Sally found their frail nest—of many nests, for each year the birds had reinforced the old home with new twigs, bits of string and paper.

"Mew-w-w-w-w—" warned the birds as they flew away in a circle to return again. "'Mew-ew-ew-ew."

Sally heeded the warning and turned. Some one was standing nearby looking at her with an embarrassed smile. It was Robert!

"Sally," he said, biting his lips, "I came back to ask you why you didn't answer my letter."

"Letter? What letter?" Sally was clearly amazed; her color rose and her eyes shone. "There was no letter here when you went away—nor since."

"Have you really looked for one, Sally?"

"Yes," she confessed.

"I left one there years ago—I asked you to marry me, and because I could not bear to have you say no, I told you not to reply if you didn't love me."

"I never received such a letter," quavered Sally.

"I put it in the hollow—and when I found no reply I went away without seeing you, dear."

Robert was looking at Sally, then his gaze passed her and saw the remains of the old, old nest. There was something quite familiar sticking out of it.

He rushed forward and pulled the sticks apart. From the bottom he pulled out a wet and torn envelope—it was thin and weather beaten—the ink was faded and pale—but the agitated catbirds who had appropriated the letter so long ago saw it pulled from the old nest, saw two young heads close together, reading the long-delayed message, and saw the happy ending.

New Places Without Bibles

Bibles have been distributed almost the whole world over, by a small army of nearly a thousand colporteurs, who have followed the track of Don Quixote de la Mancha, and climbed the mountain passes of Georgia; entered the prisons in Formosa, and traversed the forests of Nicaragua, and sold gospels in the sulphur mines of Sicily, on Japanese railway cars, among the lumber camps of the St. Lawrence and in the market places of Omdurman.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

WM. H. JENKINS GETS 30 YEARS

When William Henry Jenkins, colored, 43, a former resident of Chestertown, and the son of Harrison Jenkins, well known colored man here, slashed the throat of Margaret Wilson Anderson, colored, on August 8, he was mentally unbalanced and his first thought was to kill himself and not the girl when he found her with another man, statements made in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, Wilmington, disclosed Tuesday morning.

Jenkins plead guilty to a charge of manslaughter and was sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment, the maximum sentence by Chief Justice Pennewill and Judges Rice and Rodney. The State did not press for trial on the first-degree murder charge because of Jenkins' mental condition.

While the State did not press the first-degree charge and accepted the plea of guilty to manslaughter, Chief Deputy Attorney General Richards did ask that the maximum penalty be imposed on the charge to which he pleaded. Examination by Dr. M. A. Tarumianz, of the State hospital revealed the defendant's mental condition.

J. Paul Green, attorney for Jenkins, brought out that Jenkins was originally a resident of Chestertown, Md., where he had a good reputation, and is the author of several poems that have been published.

Mr. Richards stated to the court that Jenkins had gone to the deceased's home, 511 Sherman street, August 8, and found her in the company of another man which infuriated him. He went to a drugstore intent on securing some poison tablets with which he intended to poison himself. Unable to procure these, he went to a barber shop and procured a razor and returned to the house. He called the Anderson woman into a vacant room and told her that he was going to kill himself. Instead, he raised the razor and slashed the girl's throat. She died almost instantly.

The defendant ran to the Brandywine river and jumped in to commit suicide. However, he was saved by several park guards.

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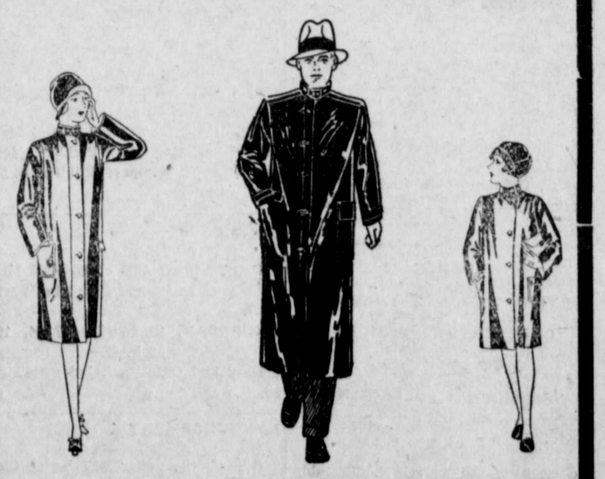
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