Women's Page

BY A WOMAN



JANE ADDAMS

Jane Adams an outstanding social worker and friend of girls was born in Cedarvill, Ill., in 1860, and graduated at the Rockford Seminary. Afterwards she studied social science in Philadelphia. Early in her life she became very much interested in the poorly paid shop girls and was shocked at the temptations that surrounded them. As soon as she was able she established the Hull House social settlement in Chicago and became its head resident. Here her energy and ability and her sympathy with the dwellers of the slums soon brought the settlement to prominence and made it the leading institution of its kind in the country. By writing articles for magazines and papers she brought before the people how much young people going out into the world needed shelter and protection and amusement. Dance halls and other forms of diversions were established for them by Miss Addams and her patrons, and the status of the poor working girl and the young struggling men was very much changed. She was among the passengers of Henry Ford's Peace ship which went to Europe during the World's War to try to bring peace to the world but the fight had begun and had to be fought to the end. So she came back to her work here ready to help the sufferers by the war. Through her influence coffee houses were opened where poor men out of work could come and get a breakfast for a penny or if he did not have it, it was given him free and for his dinner, nourishing soup and good bread. So the name of Jane Addams has become a synonim for lover of human kind and her articles are eagerly read. Among her leading books are Democracy, and Social Ethics. In a recent article, she has sent forth her experience of prohibition. She says that while at the beginning of prohibition it was quite usual to find the pocket flash on the young people in the dance halls it has become less and less, and now they rarely find them. She believes that prohibition will be a great benefit to them all in the future. And so she lives on writing for and helping her fellow men and though now she has reached the age of three score and ten she is still carrying on and we hope she will be spared to the country for many years yet.

HEALTH

There is so much written these days about how to make one beautiful, but one of the leading things is first to maintain good health. Before we use remedies for the texture of the skin, we should see that the daily bath is attended to, that we should have eliminations daily, this last is not only necessary to health, but it stands for beauty as well. Another essential is exercise. Many an ache and stiffness of joint is done away if the patient would begin to exercise the aching limb vigorously. No one has a right to allow himself to grow stiff or hate to exercise.

One good exercise for the legs is to place your hand on a table or some support and swing your leg back and forth for sixty times with out bending the knee, then with the other leg the same way. This is one of the first exercises that vaudeville dancers are made to take. It is well in taking exercises to count the number of time as Walter Camp always made his pupils do.

RECIPES

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS BAKING EARLY!

With the first sharp tang of autumn. the air seems imbued with a holiday spirit and rightfully so, for it is really time to make four Christmas fruit cakes. A fruit cake should have at least a month or to to ripen and must, therefore, be made early in the season. Some people made their holiday cakes last winter for use this Christmas. A really rich fruit cake will keep two or three years, if the family doesn't find the place of hiding.

The old belief that fruit cakes are difficult to make is a false one. By preparing the fruit and nuts before beginning the mixing manipulatons and by maintaining the proper temperature throughout the baking period you are sure to succeed in making a "top-notch" fruit cake. This recipe is one which "beginners" will delight in making suggested by the National Dairy Council:

English Fruit Cake

2 cups butter, Juice of one lemon, 1 cup sour milk, 2 cups granulated sugar, 1-4 cup molasses, 1 cup grape juice, 8 eggs, 1 teaspoon soda, 1-2 lb. raisins, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1-2 lb. currants, 1-2 lg. citron, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1-2 lb. figs, nutmeg, 1-2 lb. dried apricots, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 lb. shelled almonds, 6 cups flour.

Cream butter and add suger. Add beaten egg yolks and molasses. Sift dry ingredients together and combine alternately, first with sour milk, then with fruit juices. Have chopped nuts and fruits thoroughly floured and add gradually to the mixture. Last, fold in the egg whites beaten stiff. Bake in well-buttered loaf pans. This recipe will make about four two-pound cakes.

Better results in cooking fruit cakes are obtained by steaming the cakes three hours and topping off in a slow over (352 degrees Fahrenheit) for one hour. If no steamer is available, the loaf pans may be set in a larger baking pan containing water in the oven.

If you wish to give your cakes a "dressed-up" air, dip almond nutmeats in a thick sugar syrup and stick in rows over the top of the cake after it is baked. Place it in the oven for five minutes to dry the almonds. Candied cherries, citron and angelica may be used in the decoratng scheme.

Pack the cakes, well-wrapped, in a cool, dry place until the holiday season arrives when they may masquerade in all sorts of gay attire, from the usual holly sprinkled paper to the newer, printed designs.

Graham Nut Bread

3 cups graham flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup white flour, 2 cups buttermilk, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup nutmeats, if desired, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup raisins if desired, 1 teaspoon soda.

Mix dry ingredients, add buttermilk. Bake one hour in slow oven in loaf.

Steamed Brown Bread

1 cup graham flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup corn meal, 1 cup flour, 2-3 cup sorghum or molasses, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 cups sour milk.

Mix and sift the dry ingredients, mir milk and molasses and add last. When well mixed, fill buttered molds half full. Cover tightly and steam for 3 hours. Unmold and place in moderate oven for 15 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

To those who are finding tanned neck and arms do not go well with dainty evening dresses we give the following recipe:

To Remove Tan.

K. H.—To remove a tan of long standing from the neck, great patience is required before much improvement will be noticed. Here is a harmless way to bleach a tanned skin: Take a small cupful of fine oatmeal and pour it into a quart of whey. Beat well together with a silver spoon, then place on a stove and let boil steadily for ten or twelve minutes. Then remove the kettle from the stove and set it in a sunless spot to cool. Before using, strain twice through thin cheesecloth. Dip a soft ball of absorbent cotton into the clear liquid, then pass it slowly over the face and neck until every bit of skin has received its share of the beautifying lotion. It should be permitted to dry on the skin, and, at the end of two hours, it must be bathed off with tepid water and a small quantity of cold cream must be massaged into the face. Repeat the treatment several times.

Credit to Mrs. Edison.

To the Editor of The New York Times

Aware of the fortitude, the patience, the self-renunciation necessary to realize accomplishments of such mangnitude as those of Mr. Edison, I feel that in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of these accomplishments tribute should be paid not only to the inventor himself but also one who has taken an indirect part in his glory—his wife. Genius, while great in promoting the welfare of mankind at large is not easy to abide in the home. I therefore feel that the fortitude, the patience and self-renunciation which Mrs. Edison has contributed should be recognized. LURIA ARMS.

New York, October 23, 1929.

Confectioners all over the country are alarmed at the deceasing demands for sweets by the fair sex and it is said that they are trying to start a propaganda to make curves the vogue this winter. Too much reducing ends badly. Listen to this sad poem copied from elsewhere.

Study of a Lady and a Diet

There was a young woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink;
She suddenly went on the Hollywood diet
And now, with respect to her chins, folks are quiet.

She went to the baker to buy her some bread;
He sold her some grapefruit and lemons instead;
She ate citrus fruits and grew narrow and stiff
And now she's where figures don't make any diff.

His Tongue Slipped

Philip had just said good-by to a nurse and mademoiselle reigns instead. At nursery breakfast she had been drilling Philip in the morning greeting to his mother downstairs. When the summons came she was heard exhorting the little chap at the top of the stairs:

"Bon jour, maman."

But what he said when he reached the dining room was:

"Mah-jong, mummie!"

The Enchanted Harp

By LAURA R. MONTGOMERY

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HENRIETTA, looking around the waiting room filled with teachers, experienced an acute fear. When there were such a number of applicants would she be able to get any kind of a position? And, if she did secure one would it be in a town that Dora would like? Dora, her younger sister was not fitted for work, or so she thought, and Dora took avid dislikes to places. Henrietta could have kept on at the Sawyer high school if Dora hadn't insisted upon a change of scene, saying in her gentle, pathetic voice that she hadn't much to amuse her. Her sister seldom had time, herself, to think of amusement because the work of the tiny apartment, plus her teaching took most of her strength.

All year Henrietta sewed and cooked and mended and got temporary positions during the school vacation. She was an expert stenographer and was seldom out of work more than a few days between offices. But, work as she might, the expenses kept her thinking.

Two years before Dora had heard a harpist at a concert and had come home possessed of a consuming desire to learn. The harp cost a thousand dollars which Henrietta paid for in monthly payments. Also she had contracted for a long term of lessons because Dora felt that harp-playing was exactly what she could do. And she was an apt pupil. The lovely long fingers with their delicate pink nails swept the golden strings beautifully, and in an amazingly short time she played simple melodies with both feeling and accuracy. To Henrietta, accustomed to the long hours of teaching, the harp seemed the entrance to a new and glorious world. She would forget her mending and sit entranced while Dora played and sang in her sweet threadlike voice.

It was through the harp music that Henrietta had her first chance at romance. Peter Pringle, in the flat below heard the music. He asked a mutual friend to present him and soon he ran up nearly every night.

Dora had high ideas about marriage and was, as she candidly told her sister, saving herself for the man who could give her wealth. She looked on at the embryo-romance with cool, amused eyes and was most agreeable about playing the songs that Peter loved. So friendship had progressed into courtship under the blue-eyed scrutiny of Dora, and Henrietta knew that she owed an immense debt to the music that had brought Peter to her.

But, although it was Dora's playing that formed a bond, it was also Dora who proved a barrier because the lovely, useless Dora was an expensive luxury and Peter earned only thirty dollars a week. Therefore the hope of marriage must be postponed until Dora, in some miraculous fashion, found the man of wealth who would relieve Henrietta of her load.

The employment placement clerk looked at Henrietta's shiny blue serge, glanced at her papers and then regarded her impersonally. "I'm afraid I can do nothing for you," she said coldly.

The girl went slowly out, almost stumbling against an old college friend who was wearing the very latest French hat and clothes to match.

"Good old Henrietta," she greeted. "I'm mighty glad to see you. Do you know I am going to give up teaching next year?"

"To be married?" demanded Henrietta.

"No. But I've got a chance to travel in a musical quartette playing the banjo. If only I knew the harp I would be in better luck."

Henrietta asked about the work, more to be pleasant than through curiosity, for she was worrying about her own problem.

"It's right here in Chicago. A music shop in a new suburb needs a harpist. Not any wonderful musician, you know, just one who can give a program of popular melodies and sing a bit. By the way, did you ever buy the harp that Dora talked about so much?"

"Oh, yes, and she does well. Why don't you come up tonight and hear her play?"

* * * * * * *

Her friend arrived bringing a man with her. At the end of the evening Jack Gordon asked Dora if she'd care for the position he had to offer. The salary wasn't very large but it was ample for one person and Dora's cool eyes brightened as she listened.

"Why, playing my harp is my greatest pleasure," she said. "I'll be glad to start in right away."

The manager of the new venture smiled. "We're going to have an evening in the new community house next week. I'd like you to wear something blue, turquoise, I believe is the shade that will match your eyes. You'll have two numbers and—I hope you'll let me call for you."

Peter was the last to go, and while Dora was dreamily sweeping her beautiful hands across her beloved golden strings he drew Henrietta out into the hall. "That harp seems to be enchanted," he said quaintly, "when I first heard it downstairs I was simply unable to keep away. I managed to get acquainted and now it has"—he checked himself lest he disturb the elder sister who had worked so uncomplainingly for Dora. "Well," he said, "it leaves you free for—me."

Childish Rhymes

Who originates the rhymes that school children repeat in their games at recess? Some are ancient, recalled, dressed over, adapted, from old folklore. Others are obviously quite modern. Who starts them? How do they travel around the world? Hundreds of them, never written down in print or handwriting, yet pass from place to place, from country to country, and from generation to generation—a survival of the ancient custom of the minstrels and story-tellers whose day preceded printing.

Elephant Herd "Bound" by Black Man's Magic?

Major Court-Treattt of the Cape-Cairo motor expedition was the first white man who hunted and killed elephants on foot with a spear. "While I was on this spear-hunting safari," he said, "we followed several herds into waterless country in the Bahr-el-Ghazal district of the Sudan, where the elephants usually trek to water only every third or fourth night. When they do, nothing will stop them. We followed this particular herd all day, and at night I was ready to give up. I made camp and stopped. Babalia, a young hard-bitten Mandala hunter, who was said to be something of a magician, then came to me and said he thought he could 'bind' the herd with his magic rope. These 'magic ropes' are not uncommon in Africa. They are usually about a yard long and made of Dompalm fiber. Babalia sat down with the rope in his hands, and went through the motions of tying his arms, legs, ankles and neck, muttering incantations as he did so. His muscles became taut, and he relapsed into a semi-trance. He sat so for a few minutes, and then suddenly relaxed, grunted 'That is good,' and rose to his feet. Next morning we ran into the elephants only half a mile from camp, and killed one! They were almost stationary. By all reckonings they should have been miles away."

Should Have Used More —or Less—Observation

With all due respect to their sex, women are touchy, and it behooves all men—especially married men—to use considerable tact and diplomacy in dealing with them. The following incident supplies its own moral:

Mr. and Mrs. Hampden had returned from a dinner dance and were discussing the affair "far into the night." Hampden unguardedly mentioned the gown worn by a certain woman and expressed his keen appreciation of it. Mrs. Hampden was quiet for a while. Then the blow fell.

"Did you like my gown?" she asked sweetly.

"It was awfully becoming," answered hubby.

"Which one did I wear?" she countered with a trace of coolness in her voice.

Hampden was stumped. He could not recall just which of her gowns she had worn.

He'll use a little more diplomacy—and observation—the next time.—New York Sun.

The Wrong Kind

Two chorus girls were bragging about their admirers and the gifts they had received from them. "Why," said one, "I once had a lovely brooch set with gems. There were 12 of them, and it was a beauty." "Oh, well, that's nothing," said another girl. "I had more than a hundred 'gems' given me once, and by the same man."

There was a chorus of incredulous "ohs" from the other girls, but the speaker held her ground, protesting that she was telling the truth. Finally it occurred to some one to ask what sort of gems they were.

"Well," was the rather reluctant answer, "they were 'gems' from a horrid poet."

Hot Stuff

Smoke rolled to the heavens. Flames leaped from the top of the doomed building. Suddenly a tall, emaciated man broke through the fire lines and strode rapidly into the blazing building, unprotected by gas mask or rubber coat. Immediately the flames died down, the smoke rolled away and the fire went out. The gaunt stranger strolled peacefully out of the building with a satisfied look on his face.

"Who are you, anyhow?" asked one of the crowd.

"I'm the retired fire-eater from Barnum and Bailey, and that's the first square meal I have had for years!"—Pathfinder Magazine.

English Tailors Not Slow

When the sultan of Zanzibar ordered clothes made in a hurry while in London recently, it was brought out the English claim the quick-tailoring record of the world. In 1811, it is related, wool was clipped from two Southdowns at five o'clock one morning, washed, cured, spun and woven, the cloth "scoured" and dyed, and a complete suit made from it so that a Berkshire baronet wore it at his dinner at 6:30 o'clock that evening. By his quick work the tailor won a wager of $5,000.

Visible Stars

The Naval observatory says that the number of stars in the whole celestial sphere bright enough to be seen by the average eye on a clear, moonless night has been estimated to be between six and seven thousand. As one-half of this number lies below the horizon, and haze near the horizon hides many more, the total number visible at any one place cannot greatly exceed 2,500. The blended light of many million stars in the Milky way may be seen, but not the individual points of light.

Gunmen Needed in Church?

How the pastor talked to the highwaymen who sought the cash he did not have: "Ah, gentlemen, I might, indeed, have something to give you if only I had such energetic fellows as you to pass the plate now and then."—The Churchman.

Not a Thoroughbred

Jimmy E. of Mooresville, was proudly displaying a tiny Boston brindle puppy to some neighbors. "Jimmy," said one interested spectator, "How much would you take for him?"

"Oh, fifteen or ten dollars," said Jimmy.

"Why my goodness," said she, "he isn't a thoroughbred, is he?"

"Oh no," said Jimmy. "He's a Boston brindle."—Indianapolis News.

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