Women's Page

BY A WOMAN



JOAN OF ARC

There is no more remarkable woman in all history than Joan of Arc, ...h, we agree, that she was large... product of the times in which ...lived. In 1412 when she was ... a great part of France was in ...nds of the English, who, in their ...way, were oppressing the ...peasants. From early child... ...r great ambition was to free ...untry from its foreign masters. ...in her childhood she was noted ...er solitary meditations and pions ...thusiasm and she often declared ...hat she saw visions of angels.

In 1427, when she was only fifteen years old, Orleans, a French City, near the little village of Domremy where she lived, was being beseiged by the English and its fall would have ruined the cause of France. Then she declared that the angelic voices were calling on her to take up the cause of France and to see Charles VII crowned King, of France. Charles, himself, was a very weak man and was willing for anybody to fight for his cause so when he heard of her insisting upon delivering the city, he and his coucillors called her, whom they had first thought insane, and convinced of her great sincerity, they gave her permission to hasten to the deliverance of Orleans. Dressed in armor, and carrying the sacred banner as a signal of victory, she, riding on a white horse, led the army to the seige.

In April, 1429, she entered the city ...ying food and supplies, and she ...ed the citizens of the beseiged ...o resist the English and forced ... to abandon the seige. Other ...es followed, and Charles en... ...heims and was crowned King ...nce, while Joan stood at his ...he continued to fight against ...lish until she was taken pris... ...the Burgundians who deliver... ...into the hands of the English. ...was then taken to Rouen and ...e before a tribunal, she was de... ...d to be a sorcesess, and she was ...demned to perpetual imprison... ...nt. But after much harsh treat... ...nt it was decided that she should ... put to death, so she was burned at the stake at Rouen on the 30th of May, 1431, at the age of nineteen.

She died just as she lived with unshaken courage. Her death is a blot on the History of France for the King and his court could have easily saved her. Her church has canonized her now and she is known as St. Joan and everywhere one sees beautiful pictures of her and her visions, and her statutes adorn the streets and parks of many cities here and abroad.

HEALTH

Everywhere we hear of young peo... being taken to the hospitals hav... appendicitis. What is the cause? ... ask, and the Doctor answers one ...of the most vital causes is constipa...tion. And it is a most natural thing that it should be so. Therefore the Doctors advise all food that help to keep it away, green vegetable, fruits and all kinds that help elimination, and above all plenty of exercise. Walk to your place of business if a business woman, or do your own shopping if a housekeeper. It does take time but so does sickness and other ailments. Try starting a little earlier. Make time for walking in your daily plan. You will find you feel fifty per cent. better by it.

Needed—A Dog.

The physician roundly scolded her. "You will never get well unless you take more outdoor exercise. Go for quick, brisk walks, move your arms as you walk, straighten your shoulders back, and take this walk not once, but twice a day. It makes no difference when, but early in the morning and after dinner are always good times to walk. Now do as I say."

"I suppose you are right," was her reply. "I never did have a dog, but I suppose any kind will do."

Here and There

...both genuine and recon... ...much to the fore...

Solving the Necktie Menace Now Near

Jenkins, a New Jersey commuter, generally gets ties for Christmas from his wife, his son and his daughter. That seems to be the extent of their imagination when it comes to selecting gifts for him, but he does not object, for he's the type who prefers them to less useful gifts. But the ones given to him seldom are the ones he would pick out.

He's solved the problem this year. Last week he purchased three dozen ties in a department store, spending half a picking them out, and he's wild about all of them. Some time before Christmas he's going to engage a man to go to his house, posing as a tie peddler, and offer the ties for one-fifth their cost. He knows that the bargain will appeal to his family, with the result that the ties that he will find among his presents on Christmas will suit him.

And if they should not sell, they still are his property and he'll have them to wear in place of those picked out by the folks.

Suggestions

To get the greatest efficiency out of an electric cleaner the bag should be emptied atfer each cleaning. Accumulations of litter in the bag tend to cut down the suction of the device. The best way to empty the ordinary cleaner bag is to spread out a newspaper, hold the mouth of the bag between the feet and shake the bag until all the litter comes out. Then fold the paper and burn.

RECIPES

Luncheon Spaghetti—Prepare a package of spaghetti in usual way and keep it warm while cooking the following: Dice six slices of lean bacon and fry in a teaspoon of butter. Add four onions, sliced, and saute till golden brown. One can of tomato puree, one tablespoon sugar, two tablespoons finely chopped celery and salt, pepper, paprika may then be added and the mixture poured over the prepared spaghetti. Serve hot.

Jumbles—one-half cup butter, one cup sugar, one egg, one and three-fourths cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, white of one egg, blanched almonds, four tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon cinnamon. Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and the egg well beatten. Then add the flour mixed and sifted with the baking powder. Chill, toss one-half the mixture on a floured board, roll one-eighth of an inch thick. Shape with a doughnut cutter. Brush over with white of egg and sprinkle with sugar mixed with cinnamon. Split the almonds and arrange three halves on each. Place apart on greased floured tin and bake in a moderate oven at 375 degrees Fahrenheit.

Chocolate Jumbles—One-half cup butter or margarine, three squares melted chocolate, one cup brown sugar, one egg, one-half cup sour milk, one and one-half cups flour, one-fourth teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon baking powder, salt, one-half cup nut meats. Cream the shortening, add melted chocolate and sugar together, then the unbeaten egg, sour milk, and flour sifted with soda, baking powder and salt. Add nut meats and drop from spoon on greased tin sheet and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit) about ten minutes.

White Fruit Cake

Take the white of six eggs, one and one-half cups sugar, two teaspoons baking powder, three cups flour, one-half cup butter and one-half cup sweet milk. Cream butter and sugar together. Add alternately the milk and flour sifted with the baking powder. Then add the egg whites, stiffy beaten. Have ready the grated meat of one small cocoanut, one pound of almonds, blanched and cut fine, one-half pound finely cut citron, one pound white raisins, one-half pound candied cherries, one-half pound candied pineapple. Wash and dry raisins. Flour all the fruit and add to batter. Mix well and bake in a tube pan in slow oven two hours or more. Do not use flavoring of any kind.

Mongoose Problem on Island of Porto Rico

The people of Porto Rico are having a problem as to how to get rid of mongooses. Not so long ago boa-constrictors thrived there, interfering greatly with the work of the coffee and sugar plantations. They also killed men and beasts. Even the natives hesitated to venture into the forests. So a shipment of mongooses was obtained from Asia. Because of their fecundity only males were procured. These went about their business very thoroughly and systematically. In a few years they had cleared the island of most of the boa-constrictors. But they crossed with native rats and have multiplied to such an extent that they are devastating crops. How to get rid of them is a serious problem. When a mongoose meets a boa-constrictor it takes up a ...ition directly in front of it and ap... ...up faces. The snake, ... thinking it is going ... large rat for dinner, ...rows out its poison. ...unticipating this, side... ...e enraged serpent has ...ison sac the killer sits ...'s head, obtaining a firm ...s teeth. The frenzied ser... ...a terrific struggle, but in ...s to give up, exhausted.

...cription to the Transcript $1.50 ...

They Both Loved Music

By LEETE STONE

(Copyright.)

THE tenth year after the war found Rudolf Straum much like scores of other young men in Wall street, except for four deep scars on his forehead just under his shining blond hair. People were seeing again the stamp "Made in Germany" on chinaware and toys without rancor. Teutonic orchestra directors and singers were touring the States without being mobbed. America was peace-minded.

Rudolf had always been peace-minded. To this day he had but a vague idea what the war was all about. The master key of Rudolf's life was music.

All day he hummed fragments from the great composers, while computing foreign values in his Wall street cage.

One evening he was eating his supper in his tiny kitchenette domain when the notes of a Chopin nocturne suddenly arrested his jaws in the act of crunching a lettuce leaf. He remained still, trying to locate the ravishing sound. From the adjoining apartment surely. Rudolf never moved until the pianist's hands came to rest. Then he finished eating his salad, coffee and bite of cheese.

Presently—a crashing, thunderous concerto of Grieg. Rudolf relaxed, smiling, beatified. What a touch! What feeling! What emotion yearningly expressed! A master pianist—a professor of music, no doubt.

The music ended with a chord that brought happy gooseflesh to Rudolf's frame. Slowly he rose, impelled to answer in terms of his own. Soon a pliant tenor floated forth—in an aria from Pagliacci, bird-clear, swelling in volume as if struggling to escape the encroachment of the flat.

Had Rudolf been mindful of aught save his melody, he might have heard the creak of boards outside his door as a slim girl crept close, laying her ear to the crack that she might catch every overtone and nuance, her blue eyes closed in joy.

This interchange of rhapsody continued evening after evening. Rudolf's silver-plaintive notes were answered by nocturne, scherzo, polonaise and fugue. Arriving one evening from the street, weary with his struggle over dollars, marks, guldens and pounds sterling, Rudolf was thrilled by a vision in his vestibule—a small, blue-eyed creature saying "Darn!" as she tried vainly with nail file and door key to spear an envelope from her letter box.

She colored as Rudolf came upon her, but his disarming smile and friendly eyes assured her he liked the "darn" and could offer equivalents in a richer language if the "vising" needed any more. Vexation fading from her face, she said:

"It's impossible to dig anything out of these old-fashioned mail boxes."

"But it iss olt-fashioned houses that most I like."

Rudolf was too overjoyed to care about his English, for he saw that the Vision's mail box belonged to the apartment whence issued the marvelous music. His adoration shone in his wide Saxon eyes.

Rudolf's dreams were now adorned with hazy pictures of operatic heroines that were won't to merge into the trim figure he had seen in the vestibule. Her playing spoke to his soul as her eyes had spoken that evening. He did not know it: but often those eyes were just behind his door as she listened in ecstasy to his songs.

Opening this door suddenly one evening, Rudolf nearly precipitated her into his arms. It was hard to say which, Ann Farris or Rudolf Straum, was more astounded.

"Himmel!" cried Rudolf, "pardon, Fraulein—I forget—I am—you—my bell ring and I rush—"

"Heavens, I've been leaning against the bell! Please forgive me—it's your glorious music—I crept out here to listen—"

Ann broke off, staring. The velvety tenor continued. She repressed her wonder.

"You see, I love music so. And your voice is—was—so perfect—that is, who is singing in your apartment? A friend?"

Rudolf would have shed his blood to claim the voice as his own.

"Fraulein, Fraulein, it iss Caruso. That iss the end. I turn him off now."

Rudolf returned to find Ann choking with laughter.

"It iss a joke, yes—to one who plays like you, Fraulein—"

"I'm Ann Farris."

"Mees Farris, forgive; do not laugh but Ach, you are a musician—it is natural you laugh at my phonograph music. I live on music, Mees Farris. I listen to you always." Rudolf glanced reverently at Ann's hands.

The girl bit her lip; laughter left and her face crimsoned. Then she met the worship in Rudolf's eyes with a sunny smile and said:

"That's the finest compliment I've ever had. You see—my music's a player piano!"

The two stood and stared. Then by mutual impulse they clasped hands and broke into peals of laughter.

The man and girl, rapt in each other and in music, sitting in the second row at the Carnegie Hall Symphony concert next night were—guess!

...ow Worse Than Storm

When a ship is rolling down to her scuppers in a heavy gale her passengers grow nervous and begin to regret their past sins, but when the same ship is groping her way slowly through a thick fog the passengers go to bed and sleep soundly. Yet, paradoxically enough, the ... at sea is the fog. It ... cause of more disast... storms that ever blo... Lord," by Stanley ...

Subscription to the T... per annum.

Spend Much Money to Talk Across Atlantic

Transatlantic telephone calls to the states—many of them quite unnecessary—are a way of getting rid of cash, says a writer in an English newspaper. A few months ago, for instance, a wealthy young American became engaged. A day or two after the happy announcement had been made he had to pay a visit to Europe.

He remained over here for five days. During that time he spoke to the lady of his choice on the Atlantic telephone for a quarter of an hour every morning. Each call cost him £75 ($370), making a grand total of £375 ($1,800).

Still more wasteful, perhaps—although it involved a smaller sum—was the action of an American woman while staying at one of London's most luxurious hotels. She was in the middle of her lunch on afternoon when an excited telephone attendant rushed into the restaurant to tell her that a friend had just rung her up from New York and was holding the line.

The lady's composure was not ruffled at all by the news.

"Tell him I'm lunching and can't possibly speak to him now," she said. "I'll give him a ring when I've finished."

Fifteen pounds ($70) were thus spent where a few of us would have sacrificed a few cents.

Fur Farms No Longer in Experimental Stage

It is no longer considered a novelty for the motor tourist to be able to tell of his visit to a fur farm while away on his vacation. Although a rarity a few years ago, they are now found in many locations, the majority in cooler latitudes or in mountain country. Some are in dense forests, in apple orchards, in woodlots, in open fields, on steep-sloping hills, on islands, in sandy deserts, or, in the case of muskrats, on tidal and other marshes. Some are near cities. While many of them are conducted as a side line on farms, those who have made a success of such experiments often go further and convert large farm properties into fur-farming ranches.

Foxes, fishers, martens, minks, otters, skunks, raccoons, opossums, otters, muskrats and rabbits are the animals usually kept in captivity. While they are not domesticated in the ordinary sense of the term, they tend to become more docile than those in the wild state and are frequently trained to do the tricks of the household pets.

"Vocal" Fishes

According to Doctor Jordon's "Guide to the Study of Fishes," some fishes do make distinct noises, variously described as quivering, grunting, grating or singing. The name grunt is applied to species of Haemulon and related genera, and fairly describes the sound these fishes make. The Spanish name "ronco" or "roncador" (grunter or snorer) is applied to several fishes. The noise made by these fishes may be produced by forcing air from part to part of the complex air-bladder or it may be due to grating one on another of the large pharyndeals. The grating sounds arise, no doubt, from the pharyngeals, while the quivering or singing sounds arise in the air-bladder. The midshipman, Porichthys notatus, is often called the singing fish, from the peculiar sounds it emits. These sounds have not yet been carefully investigated.

Grains Used by Colonials

Rye was more important to Colonial America than it is to the present-day Americans, because the Colonials cultivated it. While they were still living in Europe their main cereals were rye and oats. Naturally when they came to the new country they brought with them these two grains. Over here they found corn or Indian maize. The portion of North America which was first settled was not particularly suitable for the raising of wheat.

Alchemy and Chemistry

Alchemy, which deals in its narrowest sense with the art of making gold and silver from baser metals, is thought to have originated with the Alexandrian Greeks. In its broadest interpretation, however, alchemy may be considered the earliest form of the study of systematic chemistry, and as such was the beginning of a science which has made remarkable contributions to the progress and welfare of the world.

Perfect Foot Measured

In a book on "Beautiful Feet," written by an Austrian professor, the perfect foot is described. The author says that the perfect foot should be three times as long as its greatest breadth, and in length exactly one-seventh of its owner's height. A person 5 feet 10 inches tall should have a foot exactly 10 inches long. Many beauty contest winners in Europe are inclined to dispute the professor, but he stands by his statements.

Digestible?

Out on San Fernanda boulevard there is an amusing sign displayed in front of one of the numerous eating places that line the thoroughfare. It says they serve Bolshevist chickens.

"What do you mean by Bolshevist chickens?" the writer asked of the proprietor.

"Rhode Island Reds," he replied with grin.—Los Angeles Times.

Railroad on Stilts

Trains negotiating the Swiss Alps have been placed on stilts to span the mountain crags. The trains on this line twist and turn, clinging to the walls of precipitous gorges, plunging into tunnels, gliding down a spiral inside a mountain and then on stilts leaping across a ...

He Was a Back Number

By CORONA REMINGTON

(Copyright.)

"WHY, grandpa, you here!" exclaimed eighteen-year-old Elizabeth Wheeler, as her grandfather walked into the dining room. "Thought this was your morning out," she went on to explain.

Elizabeth's mother, hearing her father's voice, put a flushed face in the doorway leading from the kitchen and stared at the two.

Mr. MacNichols laughed nervously. "Fact is, children"—he tried to speak lightly—"I'm a back number. Had to give up my job to a younger fellow."

"Oh, grandpa!" came from both in a chorus.

"Why, why, you're the youngest man I know," defended Elizabeth, springing up and putting her arms around her grandfather's shoulders.

"I know, child. That's the way I feel, too; but the railroad says I'm old."

"Oh, oh, it's cruel!" Mrs. Wheeler cried out.

"It's life, Mary. We've got to face it." He tried to be philosophical and treat the matter lightly, but it was a rather tragic breakfast the three had together.

After breakfast Jim MacNichols, or Cap'n Jimmy, as he was affectionately called by his friends, went up to his room and stared at himself in the mirror. Was he old? Did he look old? There was a dreary little droop to his mouth that he had never seen there before and a thousand wrinkles seemed to have appeared over night.

Strange, he had never noticed all that before; those marks of age simply weren't there before.

As the days dragged by MacNichols grew more and more depressed. He wandered about the house hunting for something to do. He would hang around Mrs. Wheeler in the kitchen and dry the dishes and try to pare the potatoes.

He was probably in the way and she merely tolerated him in the hope of cheering him up. He felt their sympathy and chafed under it. They were pitying him, he knew it; they were so sorry—sorry for him!

Several times he slipped off uptown and tried to get a job, but nobody wanted him. He was too old. And he didn't know how to do anything except punch tickets and sign train orders.

He never told his family of his fruitless pilgrimages nor of his gnawing unhappiness and discontent.

Toward the end of winter Elizabeth went to the country to visit her aunt and while she was gone the house seemed to the old man unbearably lonely. Each day was like a week and when at last she came back he was so happy to see her that he could scarcely keep the tears out of his eyes. "Weeping now like an old woman," he said angrily to himself as he brushed a hard hand across his face.

"Oh, grandpa, grandpa, I've got the most wonderful news," said Elizabeth, throwing her arms around his neck. "But you've got to promise to do something for me before I'll be perfectly happy. I'm going to need you so and I'm so afraid you won't want to do it."

Need him! At the magic words a thrill passed over him and a brightness came into his eyes that had not been there for many a day.

"Tell me all about it," he said.

"Oh, grandpa, I'm going to marry the wonderfulest man. He lives next to Aunt Anna's. That's how I met him. And we're going to live in a little bungalow 'way out in the country. The plans are all made and he's going to begin building this week, but John's away all week and I'll be so dreadfully lonely. Won't you, won't you come out and live with us and help me make the garden and feed the chickens? John says he'll worry all the time he's away if I'm alone there. Oh, do say you will!"

She looked up at him with all the winsome pleading of eighteen, and Cap'n Jimmy's voice trembled with excitement and happiness as he answered casually enough:

"I reckon that'd just suit me fine I was raised in the country and there ain't a thing I don't know about farm life. We'll have White Leghorns, Betty. They're grand layers, and they always look so pretty against the green grass And there'll have to be a couple o' pigs to butcher for Thanksgiving and Christmas. And the garden—it's about time to plant now. I better run down to Carleton and see about it right off. I'll go downtown and buy the seeds today."

"Oh, grandpa, you old angel!" cried Elizabeth, happily.

It was a joyful family group that discussed their plans for the future that afternoon, and a little later tears sprang into Mrs. Wheeler's eyes as she heard Cap'n Jimmy's quick businesslike step in the hallway as he hurried out the front door and down the street in quest of the garden seeds.

"Listen, Betty, he's whistling. It's the first time I've heard the 'Swanee River' since he lost his job," she said.

"Dear, dear old grandpa!" said Betty softly. "He's been so brave and so miserable."

Advice for the Youthful

The best rules to form a young man are to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions and value others that deserve it.—Temple.

Yule Trees Profitable

Most of the holiday supply of spruce and evergreen is grown on Christmas tree farms, an industry concerning which little is heard. One Ohio nursery has more than 400,000 trees grow... on 75 acres of land, ranging in ... tiny year-old Norway ... trees 30 feet tall, ... Magazine.

The incubator is a success, which has com to stay and which should be considered as necessary upon the farm as a plow or separator. Its operation calls for no heavy manual labor and no remarkable degree of skill.

Painter's Notice

His Girl—"What would you do if I should cry?"

Her Beau—"I'd hang out a sign, 'Wet Paint.'"

Various Names for Ranch

A ranch or plantation in Peru is called a hacienda, in Venezuela it is a hatos, in Chile a rancho. In Argentina an estrancia and in Uruguay a finca.

That a farmr is ahead in applying a preservative treatment to his fence posts has been clearly demonstrated from the dollars and cents viwpoint.



Welcome 1930

A Happy and Prosperous Year Is Our Wish For All Our Friends.

If you would make a real New Year's Resolution RESOLVE to save money in 1930 by dealing at the store with the big stock and the little prices.

NOLAND

Long Distance Telephone Rates Again Reduced

Effective January 1, 1930

ANOTHER reduction in various rates for Long Distance service—the fourth reduction in three years—will go into effect on January 1, 1930. It will involve a saving to Maryland telephone subscribers of about $56,000 a year.

On calls to points approximately 60 to 300 miles distant, the station-to-station day rates will be reduced 10¢ in most cases and 5¢ in the few remaining cases. A partial list of cities to which the rates have been reduced appeared in the pamphlet which was sent to all subscribers with the December, 1929, bills.

In addition to the reduction on station-to-station calls, there will be a reduction in the overtime rates per minute after the first 10 minutes on person-to-person calls. These charges will be reduced about 20% to 30% to practically all points. Also report charges on person-to-person calls to points approximately 100 to 2200 miles distant will be reduced by amounts varying from 5¢ to 40¢.

These reductions are in line with the fundamental policy of the Bell System, which is to provide the best possible telephone service at the least cost to the public.

The Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Co... of Baltimore

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