Women's Page

BY A WOMAN



CHRISTINE ROSSETTI

Christine Rosetti is generally regarded as next to Mrs. Browning of the women writers of England in the nineteenth century.

Gabriel Rossetti, her father was an Italian poet who wrote and sang patriotic songs so well that he was asked to sing them elsewhere. This edict of banishment was followed by an order that the poet be arrested and executed, but he departed one dark night from Italy, and escaped with his violin to England. There he obtained a position as professor at Oxford. He came to know the Polidori family—Tuscan refugees—proud, intellectual and rich, and he fell in love with one of the daughters, and she loved him. So they were married and from this marriage were born four geniuses, Maria, Dante, William, and Christine Rossetti. The mother of this quartette was a sturdy little woman, who used to say as her children were all the same size it was no more trouble to bring up four than one. But when her husband died she found that four mouths required more to feed than one.

Her two maiden sisters came to live with them, and when Maria, Christine's older sister died the care of the house fell on Christine. So she devoted her life to her family giving up the idea of marriage, and as she worked, she sang and composed rhymes.

She never thought of having them published, but her proud grandfather had them published at his own expense and presented her with a book of her own poems, as a great surprise.

Christine's brother Dante Rossetti was a great artist as well as a poet and there were gathered at their home many of the leading writers and painters of the day. Burne Jones. Ruskin, William Morris and the MacDonells. So it was in a very literary atmosphere that she lived. When her brother married and moved to his own home he insisted upon the family coming with him, but his wise little mother thought best not to accept. He painted Christine as the Virgin Mary, and he quarrelled mightily with Hall Caine, who in his list of the best poets of the time was about to leave Christine's name out of it. When Dante lost his wife to whom he was devoted, he fell into evil ways, and began to take narcotics. So he became mentally ill and one by one, he drove away his old associates.

Finally he was taken to the isle of Thanet and there his mother and Christine came to nurse him, and show him all the tender care that he needed. Sometimes his mind would be clear and then the three would hold sweet converse again. After his death his mother died and Christine was left alone in the big house with its echoing walls.

She felt that her work was done and the end soon came. She died on December 29, 1894 passing from a world that she had never much loved, where she had lived a life of sacrific, suffering many pangs. Sh was glad to go feeling sure that beyond this life there was a bright future. Christine had a faculty of seizing beautiful moments, exalted feelings, and sublime emotions and working them up into limpid song. Among her best poems are: Up Hill and Passing Away.

HEALTH

There is nothing with which we should exercise more care than in eating. Our bodies like engines need refueling often, but just as the engine does not do good work if the fuel is not good so our bodies suffer if given unproper food. One thing our stomach must resent is being kept constantly at work. So after a heavy meal or a light one for that matter, the stomach need a rest.

When you have eaten let your stomach rest, do not eat again in half an hour.

There is no end of ills which come from overeating and neglect of the digestive tract. Indigestion, dyspepsa, heartburn, bloating of the stomach, colic and other troubles, bring much suffering. Constipation is probably the most widespread of any ailment of man. Fermentation and auto-intoxication set up their poisons in the system to make us miserable. All these symptoms occur because we have mistreated our stomachs.

Nature is long suffering and forgiving. But there is a limit to what it will endure.

Diet is of paramount importance in keeping the stomach in good condition. Eat what you like if it happens to agree with you.

Those who have dyspepsia, or other minor troubles of the stomach, should eat sparingly of starches, sugars and fats.

Most dyspeptics can eat the green, fresh vegetables, toast, raw oysters, soft-boiled eggs, baked apples and prunes. Milk is also a food that can be taken by most people and nobody will ever starve if he can drink milk. It is the one perfect food for any-one.

Irregular eating, all sorts of emotional tendencies like fear, worry, anger and the like tend to upset the stomach.

Are you treating your stomach right?

STYLES

Long Hair Wins.

Defeating more than 200 rivals who had their hair bobbed, Miss Mary Crothers won the $200 prize in a "beautiful head of hair" competition at Leeds, England.

Sleeveless Dresses

In spite of the advent of short sleeves in the mode, sleeveless dresses are destined to compete for many honors. Surely, they will hold their own in the resort world.

Washable flat crepe in white or pastel colors is fashioned into a charming two-piece dress. The blouse has a scalloped motif at the closing around the armholes and at the shoulder seams. The skirt worn over it is belted and gains fullness by circular sections.

Scarfs, both separate and attached, may be outstandingly smart when cleverly designed and worn as a deft accent to a costume. For sports wear, the silk square has become classic. Newer, however, is the short scarf of silk ribbon worn as a cravat.

RECIPES

Gold Cake—2 1-2 cups sifted self-rising flour, 3-4 cup shortening, 3-4 cup milk, 1 1-4 cups sugar, 8 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon colored, 1-2 teaspoon lemon extract.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and sift together three times. Cream shortening thoroughly, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks and beat wel. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add lemon extract. Bake in three greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350 degree Farienheit) 25 minutes. Put layers together with orange marmalade and cover top and sides with frosting.

Orange Muffins.—2 cups sifted self-rising flour, 2-3 cup sugar, 4 tablespoons shortening, 3-4 cup orange juice Grated rind of 1 orange, 2 eggs, well beaten, 3-4 teaspoon salt.

Sift flour once, add baking powder and sift again. Cream shortening thoroughly, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, then flour alternately with orange juice and rind, a small amount at a time. Beat well after each addition. Fold in 1 cup of grapenuts. Bake in hot greased muffin pans in oven 425 degrees Farenhiet for 25 minutes. Makes 18 muffins.

All-round Icing.—2 1-2 cups sugar, 2 egg whites, 1-2 cup syrup, 1 1-2 teaspoons vanilla, 1-2 cup water.

Combine sugar, syrup and water. Cook to 235 to 240 degrees, or soft ball stage. Pour slowly over the stiffly beaten whites, beating constantly, add vanilla and beat until almost cold. This icing can be kept in covered jar for a week. If necessary soften with boiling water.

Pineapple-Meringue Cake.—1-2 cup shortening, 1-2 cup sugar, 4 egg yolks, 1-2 cup self-rising flour, 4 tablespoons cake folur, 1-4 teaspoon salt.

Cream the shortening and sugar together, separate the eggs, add the yolks, well beaten, and mix thoroughly. Add the flour, which has been sifted before measuring, alternately with the milk. Sift the remaining 2 tablespoons of flour with the baking powder and salt and add last, mixing thoroughly. Pour into two 8-inch round layer cake pans and add:

Meringue Topping.—4 egg whites, 3-4 cup sugar. 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3-4 cup chopped nut meats. Beat the egg whites to a froth and then add a light sifting of the sugar, continuing to add some while beating until all of it has been added gradually. The meringue should hold a point when the beater is drawn out of it. Then add the vanilla and spread the meringue on top of each of the unbaked layers. Sprinkle the choped nutmeats on top of the meringue. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes at 325 to 350 degrees Farenheit. Allow to cool, then remove from the pans and fill with:

Pineapple filling.—1 cup whipping cream, 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained, 1 1-2 tablespoons powdered sugar, 1-4 teaspoon vanilla. Place one layer, meringue side down on a cake plate. Whip the cream, add the powdered sugar, drained pineapple and vanilla. Spread this filling on the first layer. Then place the other layer on top of the pineapple filling, meringue side up.

Once Famous Port

Though Cowes is now almost synonymous with pleasure yachting, the little town was famous for its dockyards long before the annual regatta was thought of, says "Looker On" in the London Daily Chronicle. Many a tall ship for war or merchant service came off the slips at Cowes in the old days, including Nelson's famous Vanguard, and during the World war its shipyards were adapted again to contribute worthily to British naval strength, both in regard to new building and repairs. How the town came by its name has some interest. Really the names is plural, and derives from the two "cowes" or circular forts, which Henry VIII erected to guard the entrance to Portsmouth harbor. One fort is now the headquarters of the Royal Yacht squadron.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50

The Lady Scarecrow

By LILLIACE M. MITCHELL

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BILL BENNETT drove along the country road swiftly, eyes turning now and again from side to side as if he expected to see some one he knew And, in truth, he was hoping to see some one.

He could hardly believe that Rosanne would have run away from him as she had. And yet, when a man tells a girl to expect him to call on a certain Wednesday night because he has a certain question he wants to ask her and when Wednesday and Thursday and Friday pass along without his going near her—well, who can blame a girl for going some place without leaving any address behind her? That was ju t the very thing that Bill Bennett had done.

The last time he had seen her, for instance, had been on a Sunday afternoon. When he had called for her at the little apartment she shared with three other girls, he had found a newspaper folded open and marked at the help wanted columns.

"Which of the girls is out of a job?" he had asked casually.

"Why—none of them as far as I know," she had answered.

"Then you are the one hunting a job, eh?" he had asked her.

She had nodded. "There's a place out in the country on a large commercial farm of some sort where they need a stenographer and bookkeeper and secretary and everything else combined. It would be just like vacation on pay, I should think. It . . ."

Bill Bennett had been doing some quick thinking as she talked. This much he heard and nothing more. His mind was traveling ahead to a point where he was furnishing an apartment.

Yet Bill Bennett was not a man to rush into things too headlong. He decided to wait until Wednesday night to ask her so that he could figure accurately exactly how much they would have to spend on furnishings and how much he could safely put into the ring he wanted for her.

"You look for me Wednesday night," he had said when he left her. "I've something special I want to ask you, Rosanne—dear."

And Wednesday evening as he hustled along Wabash avenue on his way to his room he forgot about automobiles turning right-hand turns and the next thing he knew it was the following Monday morning. A pleasant nurse bent over him solicitously, as nurses often do when the patient is an extraordinarily good looking young man.

"I hope Rosanne will wear that rose-colored georgette," he heard himself saying.

The nurse straightened up stiffly. "Just so," she said in a nurselike, soothing tone. "Quite so."

"Say—let me up," he had said hastily. "I've got to get down to Rosanne's—" but the effort was too much.

He had the feeling that tons and tons of feathers had blown about him and that he was being not only pulled down by them and smothered by them, but buried completely beneath them.

"Where am I?" he asked the nurse.

"A car ran over you and your head was—hurt a little," she answered evasively. "Just lie back and rest a little."

And when the nurse came back again he asked her to telephone Rosanne and explain things. The same nurse had not returned to the room again and the other nurses all avoided his questions adroitly. When he himself was able to rush to Rosanne he found that she had left the city.

"She waited and waited for you that Wednesday night—wore her rose georgette, too," one of the girls told him.

Weeks passed, but nothing had made Rosanne come to light as yet. Now an inspection tour for the firm had given him the opportunity to travel about the country region of the state a little and Bill Bennett searched unendingly for Rosanne.

Just how he expected to find her he could not have said. He did recall that the farm advertisement she had answered had been a large farm and so whenever he passed an exceptionally large farm he looked hopefully for signs of Rosanne. Right now, for instance, long green barns met his eye—a large farm where possibly Rosanne might by ticking away somewhere in a tiny office.

Then of a sudden he jammed on his brakes. In a tiny square patch hung a scarecrow—not the traditional man scarecrow topped by an ancient hat, but a lady scarecrow with a fluttery rose pink georgette frock.

With two bounds he reached the barbed wire fence and jumped across it. With one snatch he had the georgette dress in his arms.

"Hey!" yelled a man's voice unpleasantly. "Put that back again!"

He turned to find a young farmer with a pitchfork moving towards him rapidly.

"I'm hunting Rosanne—the girl who owns this frock," said Bill.

"Um—so that's the way the land lies, eh?" grinned Masters. "Well, come along. I guess the farm's already lost the best secretary it ever had, eh? If she's as moonstruck as you are—snatching off a lady scarecrow's clothes, mind you! Shame on you!"

But Bill Bennett did not mind the teasing. He was already running towards the door that was marked in tall letters: Office.

Why Things Become Cold

The weather bureau says that how cold the air or anything else feels is determined by the rate at which we lose heat to it. Now, the more humid the air the more humid in general our clothing and our skins, and the dryer the air the dryer they are. Furthermore, the more humid our skins and our clothing, the better conductors they are of heat, and the dryer they are the better they insulate. Clearly, then, when the air is very dry the interiors of our bodies are comparatively insulated from loss of heat, and when the air is damp relatively exposed to such loss.

"OUR CHESTER RIVER"

This famous stream, with records so great,
Affording vast pleasure, we could continuously relate,
Until it would seem, like getting up a book,
And mention each name, who fish with line and hook.

However we will try to state in a few lines,
And mention some attractions of various kinds,
As one vast hobby for many is going after fish,
And they usually afford a mighty tempting dish.

Crabbing also entertain and if by chance are caught,
When the law will permit, no matter where sought,
Although experienced people, have a certain location,
To make a large haul and create a sensation.

Then others indulge in oystering as their work,
Which is an outdoor job for those who labor like a turk,
But in the winter, shooting at geese or else a duck,
Is a marvelous hobby, for those having such good luck.

Then bathing in Summer, down at Rolphs or Bookers,
Is indulged in by many, with a plenty of onlookers,
For these two locations, seem perfectly grand,
With water clear as crystal and fine beaches of sand.

And on that side of our above named stream,
Where the bathing so delightful, as appears in a dream,
As is often the case, when you are feeling so weak,
Especially after an afternoon's swim, playing hide and seek.

Another great amusement, is a boat ride also,
On the dear old Chester River, when permitted to go,
By seasonable weather, with a group of friendly guests,
Of people who all love, this amusement the best.

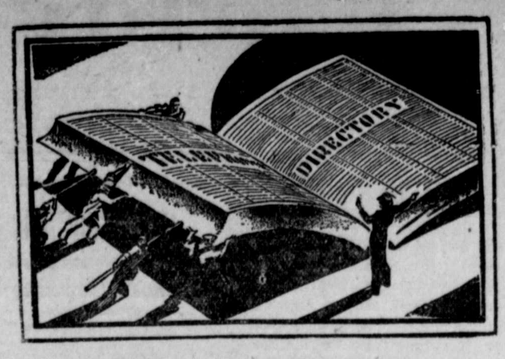
Then think what it will mean, when the new bridge is built,
Over this river near our town, thus avoiding many a tilt,
By cars of all kinds and pedestrians out for a walk,
Enjoying a lovely stroll or else a horse about to balk.

The river is known to afford great delight,
No matter when indulged in, either daytime or night,
And if it could speak, these words would it utter,
I am the greatest in your life, except your bread and butter.

A pleasure to your eye, if you are looking for views,
A comfort to many, a sure cure for the Blues,
And if possessed with an appetite, regardless of taste,
You can get from her waters, enough and plenty without waste.

Jesse Medders.

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The new issue of the telephone directory is going to press on MARCH 6, 1930 Now is the time to get your name in it or change your present listing.

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If you wish a new telephone
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READ DOWN			All runs daily and Sunday unless otherwise noted		READ UP	
	P. M.	X A. M.			A. M.	P. M.
		7.10	Lv.	HURLOCK Ar.		8.00
		7.25		FEDERALSBURG		7.45
		8.00		DENTON		7.05
		8.20		GREENSBORO		6.45
		8.30		GOLDSBORO		6.35
		8.45		INGLESIDE		6.20
		9.00		SUDLERSVILLE		6.05
		9.15		CHURCH HILL		5.45
		9.30	Ar.	CHESTERTOWN Lv.		5.30
	4.15	9.35	Lv.	CHESTERTOWN Ar.	10.40	5.25
	4.30	9.50		FAIRLEE	10.25	5.10
	4.40	10.00	Ar.	TOLCHESTER Lv.	10.15	5.00
	P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.

XThis run one-half hour later on Sundays.

TOLCHESTER— CHESTERTOWN—CENTREVILLE
EFFECTIVE SEPT. 3, 1929

READ DOWN					READ UP	
	A. M.				P. M.	
	10.15	Lv.	TOLCHESTER	Ar.	4.40	
	10.25		FAIRLEE		4.30	
	10.40	Ar.	CHESTERTOWN	Lv.	4.15	
Daily Except Sunday	10.40	Lv.	CHESTERTOWN	Ar.	3.55	Daily Except Sunday
	10.55		CHURCH HILL		3.40	
	11.20	Ar.	CENTREVILLE	Lv.	3.15	
	P. M.				P. M.	

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