Women's Page

BY A WOMAN



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

There has been playing in Broadway and, afterwards in the other leading cities, "The Brownings." Katherine Cornell is the star taking the part of Mrs. Browning. It is the most popular play of the season, and is very true to type, protraying as it does the love story of Robert and Elizabeth Browning. It makes one turn again to the little talented women who influenced so largely the life of Robert Browning, as well as being the leading women poet in the English language. She was born at Malvern Hill England in 1809. Her father Edward M. Barrett was a lover of books and he took the greatest pleasure in teaching his little daughter.

Unfortunately he never realized that she must have out door play and recreation which other children enjoy and kept her at work studying Greek and other languages and delighting to publish anything which she had written. She wrote poetry at eight years old and at seventeen, she wrote "The Essay on Mind." It was in 1832 that she wrote "Prometheus Bound," and a little latter she published a book of poems, called "The Seraphim and other poems." But this excessive study broke her health down and from the time that she was thirteen she was a frail delicate child often spending weeks in bed. It was a fortunate thing for her when her father engaged Hugh Boyd, a Greek scholar to be her tutor. He was blind, and a warm friendship sprang up between them. He relaxed the many hours of study. Under his tuition her health improved, and she delighted to take walks with him. There is nothing more healthful than real friendship and her condition improved under his leadership.

Mr. Barrett had his great fortune invested in sugar plantations in Jamaica, and when the blacks, who worked on his plantations were emancipated he lost out and he had to give up his splendid country home and go to the city Elizabeth's health was so frail that her father sent her to the south of France with her brother, but the brother was drowned there and the shock was very bad for the invalid.

Now there was a certain Robert Browning who was writing in these days, but his works were severely criticized. Elizabeth found in them a kindred spirit and in one of her poems, she praised his work.

Now Robert Browning was by no means a typical poet type of man. He was rather short and heavy and his frame compact and muscular. Elizabeth was thirty seven now, and her lovely dark curls were tinged with gray and her very sweet face was showing some lines when he was brought to see her.

They met, looked into each other's eyes and each there read his fate: No coyness, no affectation they loved at once.

It was then that she wrote those exquisite sonnets from the Portuguese telling of their mutual love.

Is it any wonder that the shades were thrown up in the hitherto darkened room and the sunlight came dancing in?

Her father was intensely angry. He tried to quarrel with Robert Browning, but Browning had a juiet pulse, a calm eye and an even temper and his will was as strong as Mr. Barrett's.

So they quietly eloped, were married at Marlybone Parish and then sailed for Calais, where they wrote back begging forgiveness. But the father never forgave, and this was one sore spot in Elizabeths otherwise happy life. Much has been writen about the very happy lives of these two who spent their time in Italy, encouraging and inspiring one another in their literary work. It was there that Mrs. Browning wrote what is considered her best poem, "Aurora Leigh," and "The Cry of the Children" a protest against the employment of Child labor. Perhaps her most popular work is "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." She died in Italy in the year 1861, before her husband, Robert Browning had won the fame which was later to be his.

LA MODE

Lattices

One of the new sleeves in Paris is nothing more from elbow to wrist than a latticework of the dress goods over a crepe foundation. The sleeve is on an afternoon dress of black crepe marocain and the green crepe foundation beneath the quaint lattice effect of the sleeves is matched by green crepe pipings around the waist and neckline.

Do You Want Red Hair?

The following is an old and quaintly expressed recipe for the benefit of girls who have access to a garden and crave red hair: Take of the water of radish and of privet as much as is sufficient, mix them and wash the hair.

Stand Up!

London women whose long, slim lines lend themselves well to the bustbows and frills on the backs of gown skirts, are trying to learn how to sit down without disarranging these bustles. The consensus of opinion is that it's better to stand up, with your back to the room—since the backs of these gowns are often more eye-arresting than the front.

Down the Back

Once again Paris is wearing a necklace down her back. In front it has a high choker effect—not becoming, by the way, to a plump neck—but in back the pendant hangs far toward the waistline. This type of ornament is used with the very backless gown which in Paris just now alternates with the gown that has a scarf modestly covering the shoulders.

Suggestions for Housewives

To prevent sausages from breaking or shrinking in the frying pan, boil them about eight minutes before frying.

To make muffins lighter, grease the pans and heat them in the oven for a few minutes before putting in the batter.

To freshen stale cake dip it for a moment in cold sweet milk, and then rebake it in a moderate oven.

RECIPES

Creamed Salsify

2 bunches salsify, or oyster plant.
2 tablespoons melted butter or other fat.
2 tablespoons flour.
1 cup milk.
1-2 teaspoon salt.
Pepper
1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Wash the salsify, scrape, cut into small pieces, and drop into cold water to prevent it from turning dark. Boil in an uncovered pan in a small quantity of unsalted water for 30 minutes, or until tender, and drain. Prepare a sauce of the fat, flour, milk, salt, and peper, pour this over the cooked salsify, reheat, and serve with the chopped parsley sprinkled over the top.

Potato Rolls

1 cup diced raw potato.
2 cups water.
1-2 cake yeast
4 cups sifted flour
1 1-2 teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon sugar
3 tablespoons fat

Cook the potatoes in the water until soft, drain, and save 1 cup of the potato water, or if necessary add more water to make 1 cup of liquid. Rice the potato. Soften the yeast in the lukewarm potato water. Sift 3 1-2 cups of flour with the salt and sugar. Rub in the fat with the tips of the fingers, and add the yeast liquid and the potatoes. Knead the dough until it springs back into place when pressed with the fingers, and add the remaining one-half cup of flour if required. Place in a greased bowl, grease the dough, cover, and let rise until double in bulk. Without kneading the dough again, pinch off small pieces, shape them lightly, and place by threes in greased muffin tins, to form clover leaf rolls. Let them rise again until double in bulk. Bake for about 25 minutes in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees to 400 degrees F.) until golden brown. Serve hot.

Popovers

2 eggs
1 cup milk
1 cup flour
1-4 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon melted butter

Beat the eggs slightly, add the milk and combine this slowly to the sifted flour and salt. Mix until there are no lumps, and add the fat. Pour the batter into hot greased popover pans until about half full. Bake for 30 minutes in a hot oven (450 degrees F.), then reduce the temperature to moderate (350 degrees F.) for 15 minutes longer.

Second Breeding Place of Blue Goose Found

Discovery of a second breeding ground of the mysterious blue goose on the dreary Southampton island in Hudson bay is reported in the Auk, organ of the American Ornithological association, by Dr. George M. Sutton of Cornell university.

The blue goose is very abundant in winter about the mouth of the Mississippi but, until two years ago, its summer quarters were unknown. It seemed to disappear entirely over the northern horizon. Then a large nesting ground was found in Baffin land.

On Southampton island, 600 miles to the westward and with an area of 19,000 square miles, Doctor Sutton found an enormous summer bird population, many thousands of blue geese mingling with their close relatives, the lesser snow geese. The whole island has only about 140 Eskimo inhabitants, so the birds are little molested. Their nests are scattered through the grass ranges between the numerous lakes, generally close to the shore. As soon as the young are able to take care of themselves the geese move inland in family groups, feeding until late August when all reassemble for the migration southward.

The blue goose family, Doctor Sutton found, is a rather stable organization, the male and female remaining devoted to each other and their young through the summer. Whether these families are broken up after the migration is unknown.

Wellington on Day of Downfall of Napoleon

Although Napoleon's mistakes served to heighten the disaster to the French at Waterloo, the allied victory never would have been possible without Wellington's cool, brilliant leadership and indomitable courage, writes Philip Guedalla in his biography, "The Iron Duke." It was a miracle that Wellington came out of the terrific battle alive, he continues, for "as usual, he was everywhere, fighting his line along the ridge as a commander fights his ship in action."

"He rode 'Copenhagen,' and all day long the chestnut carried him along the lanes of weary men. Each shift of the interminable battle elicited a gruff comment or an order scrawled on a scrap of parchment. . . . Late that night Blucher met in the road on horseback and clasped a weary duke. Wellington rode slowly back to Waterloo. There was no feeling of elation, and they were all exhausted. Besides, he had a solemn notion that, where so many had fallen close to him, he had somehow been preserved by Providence."

Laplanders, as a Race, Ruled by Superstition

The story of a race that inhabits an area three times as large as New York state, that never engages in physical combat of any kind, that believes in trolls and fairies, that subsists on reindeer meat and fish and that knows not of stealing was told by Capt. Arthur W. North, who headed a three months' "family expedition" to Lapland with his wife, their two children and a young Cornell student. He said:

"There are three classes of Laplanders—the nomad, the fisher and the farmer—all bound together by similar customs, similar superstitions and similar language, irrespective of whether the territory which they roam is Russian, Norwegian, Finnish or Swedish.

"They are the most superstitious people in the world. Trolls and fairies control their everyday life, they believe, and their religion, which is based on the Lutheran, is the wildest combination of holy rolling, shouting and screaming one could imagine. When a child is lost the family runs about the tundra pushing needles and pins in the ground to hold down the trolls or fairies they believe have captured the child. Bits of money and small objects are dropped down wells and into rivers to soothe the wrath of the trolls, and sacrifices of reindeer meat are made to them, which the childlike Laplanders take back and eat themselves when they think the trolls have finished."

World's Youngest King

The distinction of being the youngest king in history is claimed for Alfonso XIII, deposed ruler of Spain. When his father died, November 25, 1885, he left no male issue, but the queen was expecting a child and all Spain awaited the event with breathless interest as to whether they were to have a king. Alfonso was born May 17, 1886, and a government manifesto was immediately issued announcing the birth of "Alfonso XIII, by the grace of God and the constitution, the Catholic king of Spain." He was thus a king from birth, and he said of himself that he was the youngest king ever known in the civilized world.

Birds of a Feather

By JANE OSBORN

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service)

THERE was always something cheerful about the atmosphere of O'Grady's store that stood on one of the corners where the state highway crossed the old Main street of the village called North Hill.

There were always plenty of people waiting for the bus, young men who bought cigarettes as an excuse to hang around an hour or more, older men occasionally talking politics, girls sitting at the tables giggling over their ice cream. If you had been a resident of North Hill and had had a son you would have taken it for granted probably that he would occasionally join the loiterers at O'Grady's.

But if you had had a daughter you would have passed on to her the unwritten law that girls didn't hang about O'Grady's. They went there for ice cream, or to buy a paper or candy or a quart of milk. But having made their purchase or eaten their ice cream they left. Even boys who spent too much time at O'Grady's were looked upon as idlers and loafers.

It was at O'Grady's that Lois Granger first saw Malcolm Kent. She had gone to buy bird seed and Malcolm was with the loafers leaning against the tobacco counter. Lois cast a glance in that direction just to see who was there and naturally enough noticed Kent. He was a stranger and looked so different from the usual O'Grady frequenter, she assumed that he was waiting for a bus.

But when a day or so later she went to O'Grady's with her little sister to get an ice cream cone and noticed again the tall, rather well-dressed young man loitering there beside the cigarette counter apparently feeling very much at home, she concluded that he had got the O'Grady habit.

"Who is the good-looking stranger that's been hanging around O'Grady's lately?" Lois' uncle asked that evening at supper.

Lois tried to look indifferent, while her older brother informed the family that the loafer was named Malcolm Kent and that he was a cousin or something of the Robinsons who had a big farm out beyond the creek. Tom further announced that he had met the young man, liked him and if there was no family objection, would bring him around to supper.

"He can't be much account," observed Lois' mother, "if he's always hanging around O'Grady's."

"Still, just because he goes there isn't any sign he's like the other O'Grady loafers," Lois said.

"Birds of a feather flock together," pronounced her mother.

"You're right," said the uncle. "Every time I've been in there he was having the time of his life."

Still it was agreed to permit Tom to bring the young man to supper. And that was where Lois met him.

Malcolm called again two nights later and when he was told that Tom was not at home he asked whether he might see Miss Lois. Yes, he had actually come to see her. He had an idea that Tom wouldn't be home.

Almost every night at supper when Malcolm wasn't present Lois' family spent some time in discussing Mr. Kent. He had said something about having had some sort of a job on a newspaper. But certainly he couldn't be doing any news gathering out here at North Hill. And always Lois' mother would observe that birds of a feather flocked together. It was a matter of common talk that he spent more than half his waking hours at O'Grady's.

Then, one Saturday afternoon, Malcolm and Lois went walking down country lanes in the mellow autumn sunshine, and Malcolm asked Lois to be his wife.

"I think I'd like to, but I don't know how my family will feel about it. They know you aren't working, and you spend so much time at O'Grady's."

"Just because I hang around O'Grady's doesn't mean that I am like other O'Grady habitues, does it?" asked Malcolm with a mystifying smile.

"Only mother says that birds of a feather flock together."

"Well, it happens that the reason why this bird flocks around O'Grady's is because he is of an entirely different feather."

Lois told him, in a rather hurt tone, that she hadn't the least idea what he was talking about. "It seems to me that if you really care enough about me to want to marry me, you wouldn't hang out there all the time—that you'd be making plans to do something some time."

So Malcolm explained, but he made Lois promise not to tell the others until he left. He had written a novel—a darned good novel, too, Malcolm frankly admitted. "But, you see, I've always been something of a bookworm, never spent enough time talking with the kind of birds that stick around O'Grady's. And there are chapters in that book of mine that need the kind of talk you get at O'Grady's. Came out to see the Robinsons one day and happened in at O'Grady's—found it was just the sort of thing I needed—the publishers have accepted the book—that is, when I put in a bit more first-hand work on those chapters. And now I've got my regular job on my paper. Book reviewing, you know—I've been carrying on as usual while I've been away."

And Lois was satisfied.

Fuel Problem Met by Hardy Swiss Woodsmen

The hardiness of the Swiss people is traditional and this hardiness is due to the terrific physical hardships under which a large portion of the population exists. The rugged slopes up and down which they toil, the year-round snow-capped mountains and the lack of many of the conveniences to which people of our country are accustomed make of the peasant folk of Switzerland people as rugged as the mountains among which they make their living.

Fuel is one problem which takes the natives back to elements. There is no coal of any sort in Switzerland and the cost of bringing it in is prohibitive so far as the general run of the population is concerned. This puts the question of warmth up to the woodsmen, the hardiest among a hardy race.

The snow and steep hillsides, problems in many cases, come as a blessing to the woodsmen. He is able to fall his logs during the open season and then when the snows of winter come he is able to slide his logs easily along the upper levels and shoot them with no effort down the steep hillsides. In the lower areas, where the streams are not so turbulent, the logs are made into rafts and floated downstream to the larger centers of population. The roaring logs in the huge fireplaces add greatly to the romance of life in this nation of the mountains. —Washington Star Sunday Magazine.

"Poor Richard's" Power

The world listened to "Poor Richard" for 25 years while he published his Almanack and for two centuries afterward. And the reason, after all, is that he spoke plainly of plain matters to plain people. Not always wisely, but usually with wit and invariably with clarity. If he were here today he might prefer to renew the publication of his Almanack rather than to play an impressive part in politics or diplomacy. He would know from old experience and the second thought of two centuries that a handful of phrases and a hatful of homespun sense may have more effect on the affairs of men than was ever accomplished by cleverness.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Colorado's Great Gorge

The Grand canyon of the state of Colorado has a total length of about 280 miles from head of Marble gorge, near the northern boundary of Arizona, to Grand Wash cliffs, near the Nevada line. Its most impressibly beautiful part, 105 miles long, lies within the Grand Canyon National park in northern Arizona. The width varies from 5 to 15 miles, while the maximum depth is more than a mile. The characteristic portion so often seen in pictures is the point near the town of Grand Canyon, Ariz., where the gorge is almost 15 miles from rim to rim.

Corn's Origin Unknown

The cereal variously known as maize, Indian corn or simply corn is undoubtedly a native of some part of the New world, although kernels of corn found in ancient ruins at Athens and representations resembling corn plants in ancient Chinese books have led some to believe that this cereal may have been indigenous to Asia also. Some botanists believe that maize was developed from the heavy-seeded grass known as tosinte, but the wild progenitor of corn has not been identified for certain.—Pathfinder Magazine.

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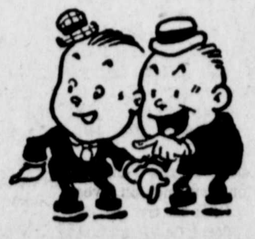
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