Women's Page

'O Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering Aspen made,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering Angel thou.—Scott.

Yes, and she is at her best, too, when she is planning a Thanksgiving dinner with its brown roasted turkey with stuffing made the right way, and hominy, gravy potatoes, green vegetables and delicious cranberry sauce, topped with pumpkin or mince pieces,

AN OLD ENGLISH COSTUME

It is characteristic of Charles Laughton that, to prepare himself for his picture Mutiny on the Bounty, he read all the available books on the subject. In one book he found that Capt. Wm. Bligh, whose part he was to take, had his naval uniforms made at th Bond Street firm of Gieves. So, when he was in London, Laughton droppe into Gieves and said: 'I wish to inquir about some uniforms you made som time ago for Capt. William Bligh.'

'Yes sir,' said the man, 'and abou what was the date, sir?'

1789.'

'Just a minute, sir,' and in a very few minutes the employee was back with an old volume containing not only the record of Capt. William Bligh's uniforms, but a description of how many buttons there were on the coats, how they were spaced, and which buttonholes were worked and which ones were there merely for display. Laughton ordered a complete set for use in the picture.—Landmark.

Hearing that the picture of 'The Mutiny of the Bounty' and of Pitcairn Island is to be shown next week we are repeating the article which was published in 'The Transcript' on November 2nd, about the Island which was a refuge to the Mutineers.

PITCAIRN ISLAND

There was a certain Captain Bligh, who sailed from England to the South Sea Island. He was very cruel to the sailors and after they had reached Tabiti, a bright young sailor, Fletcher Christian by name, persuaded his comrades to mutiny, and they seized the ship, Bounty and began to sail over the uncharted seas. They finally reached the little island of Pitcairn and decided to stop there. Since that time the settlers then have never left it. Many people now stop at the little island where the people seem happy and contented living there the simple life.

Below is a description of the life on the island, written by a native there.

I am an Englishman, by name Richard Bently Fairclough. My widowed sister, Mrs. Jessie Westall, also lives here. I have been six years, seven months on Pitcairn. We came here from New Zealand.

Pitcairn Island lies in South Pacific Ocean in Latitude 25 degrees 4 minutes South, Longitude 130 degrees 8 minutes West, on the track of ships from Panama to New Zealand.

Pitcairn was first reported in 1765 and called Pitcairn after the midshipman who sighted it. Afterwards, in 1790, the mutineers of the Bountly, under Fletcher Christian, came, bringing with them native men and women from Tabiti. The people of Pitcairn are descended from the British sailors and the native women. Since that time other British and Americans have come here and intermarried with the Pitcairners.

The government of the island consists of a Magistrate, two Assessors, a Secretary, and the Public Work Committee, who are elected every year on December 25. Both men and women have votes, but we come under control of the British High Commissioners for the Western Pacific at Seeva Figii. The most of the people belong to the Seventh-day Adventist Church. They observe the Sabboth from Friday sunset to Sat urday sunset. There are no rates or taxes except six pence a year for gun license.

The people pay no rent, as they own their houses and land. There is no wage paid for public works, repairing roads, public buildings, or building and repairing the surf boats used for going out to passing ships. They belong to the community. There are a number of fishing canoes, which are private property.

There is a mistaken idea that everyone shares with everyone else the money earned selling baskets, shells, and so forth, to passing ships. What they earn is their own, but there is usually public fruit given to ships in exchange for stores. Those stores are divided among the house-holders.

We have no doctor. At times of need we get a doctor from a ship to come ashore. We have no horses. The last one died last November. No cattle. No sheep, We have goats, chickens, turkeys, dogs and cats and rats. There are only a few wild birds. Scarcely any sea birds. There are no carts or ploughs. There are a large number of wheelbarrows which are an unsusual shape, with sled runners which act as a brake coming down the steep pathways.

The dwelling houses are built of timber with corrugated iron roofs, with six or seven rooms in each house. The kitchen is usually built separate from the dwelling house. There are a few cooking ranges, but usually the oven is built of stone. A fire is made inside; when hot, the fire is drawn, food put in, the front closed with a sheet of iron, and the food left to cook. For kettles and pans, two iron bars are laid over the fire. Timber is our only fuel.

The highest point is about 1200 feet above the sea. The village stands on ground rising from about 150 to 300 feet above the sea. There are only a few small springs. Our main water supply is rain water caught in iron tanks, or stone cisterns lined with cement, about six feet square and six feet doop. The ground is very fertile. No manures used. Vegetables and all subtropical fruits grow in profusion. The climate is healthy, no swamps.

The village faces northeast and has the sun nearly all the day. Our summer season is the reverse to yours. Highest reading by thermometer this last summer was 35 degrees in the shade and 105 degrees in the sun. About 72 degrees through the night. The lowest reading I have seen was 59 degrees, which we thought rather cool. There are about sixty houses. The church is a large two-story building. There is a Court House, with Post Office, and a school, which has about thirty-two scholars. They attend school from six years to sixteen years of age. The present schoolmaster is an American named Roy Clarke, who has been here about twenty-five years. The in habitants are about 200.

Our landing place at Bounty Bay is very small and often dangerous, with heavy surf. On November 3 last, the rudder of the ship Bounty was pulled up after being 143 years under sea. Last week we had a party of Americans on Pitcairn from the schooner Yankee, Captain Johnson owner. They were delighted with our little island.

So now I will close and I hope th account will interest you.

Richard B. Fairclough,
Pitcairn Island

It is a wonder that some of th world way faring Americans who fee that they are too crowded in the bi country of America should not go to this peaceful little island where there are no taxes and no laws of any moment.

THE WORK CURE

The happy people are those who are producing something; the bored peopl are those who are consuming much and producing nothing. Boredom is a certain sign that we are allowing our faculties to rust in idleness. When people are bored, they generally look about for a new pleasuree, or take a holiday. There is no greater mistake what they want is some hard piece of work, some productive drudgery. Doctors are fond of sending their fashionable patients to take a rest cure. In nine case out of ten a work cure would do them for more good.—Wit and Wisdom of Dean Inge.

Cranberry Sauce.

Boil together one quart of water and one pound of sugar, then drop in a pound or a quart of Cranberries which have been carefuly picked over, and let them cook five minutes. They may be served by straining them and putting them in molds, or eating them as a sauce unstrained.

Candied Sweet Potatoes

Boil sweet potatoes until tender, boil water and sugar together until candied then pour over sliced potatoes and bake in oven.

Chocolate Sour Cream Cake

Croeam together 1 teaspoon soft butter and 1 1-2 cups sugar. Add 2 well beaten eggs, beat and add 1 cup thick sour cream. Dissolve 1-2 cup cocoa and 1 teaspoon soda in 1-2 cup boiling water and add this to the mixture Then beat in 2 cups flour sifted with 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Bake in loaf pan in a medium oven about 25 minutes.

Frozen Apple Pudding

2 cups unsweetened apple sauce
4 tablespoons sugar
1-3 cup orange marmalade
1-2 cup cream, whipped

Combine apple sauce, sugar, and marmalade. Fold in whipped cream. Turn into freezing tray of automatic refrigerator and freeze until firm (about 2 hours.) Makes 1 1-2 pints.

Raisin Creams

Chop raisins very fine and work in to them a scant third of their weight in granulated sugar, using a few drops of strained honey to hold together. Mold into any desired shape and dip into melted unsweetened chocolate. Lay well apart on waxed paper until quite cold and firm.

NOW AND THEN

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love that from our birth
Over and around us lies,

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and dale and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light.

For the joy of ear and eye
For the heart and mind's delight
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent child,
Friends on earth and friends above
For all gentle thoughts and mild,

For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine.
Flowers on earth and buds in heaven,
Lord of all to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

Be ye thankful! yesterday one was watching for the sunrise, with a firm conviction that it would rise, for the great Creator has promised that 'As long as Heaven and dearth shall endure seed time and harvest, summer and winter shall not cease.

Thankfulness for our blessings. Yesterday we heard some one complaining of things that had not gone the way expected, and then begun to speak of some people who had been aided and how ungrateful they were. Are we not like that when we complain, instead of thanking our heavenly Father for his mercies to us?

Thank God for our friends!
There is a little motto somewhere;
'God has given us our relations but thank Him that we can make our own friends.'

Golden Friendship

Time weaves a mystic pattern,
On this queer old loom of life.
His shuttle is the fleeting year,
His warp—the joy and strife;
His woof and web, the hopes and dreams,
Good fortune and despair;
But friendship is the golden thread
That makes it all so fair.

Maurice Hathaway.

Why are dogs so popular?

Because every man is a Napoleon to his dog, therefore each one likes t look at himself through his dog's eyes.

Ed. Wynn always has something to say of women. When asked the other day the reason why women live longer than man he replied, 'Becaus paint is a great preservative.'

It was a surprise to hear from some one who has been an attendant at the White House for years, that Calvin Coolidge was the greatest lover of fun of any of the others.

He tells of one instance when Coolidge saw a button at the door of the White House and asked what it was When told that it was an alarm tha would call all the detectives and secret service men, he rang it and in a second a crowd assembled from every direction. Three times during his presidency he did the same thing.

HALF THE BATTLE



"What's the first thing to do in teaching a girl to swim?"
"Find the right girl."

POLITICAL NOTE



"The man who praises himself is never popular."
"No; especially with the people who think he might be praising them."

OTHERS, TOO



"Gosh! I wish I was in Florida."

AH, HA!



Lady—I said "No," didn't I; why don't you go away?
Hobo—Ah, lady, a beautiful woman's "no" so often means "yes."

Rented Enthusiasm

"Do you favor the use of music in political demonstration?"

"Not much," said Senator Sorghum. "Musicians are like others of my constituents. No matter how much I pay 'em they reserve the right to hire out to the other side."

The Marriage Problem

By ARNOLD BENNETT

Author of "The Old Wives' Tales," "Hilda Lessways," "These Twain."

Marriage Bonds Will Be Greatly Loosened

A HUNDRED years is not a long time, in the history of manners. Nevertheless immense changes have occurred in the institution of matrimony during the last century; changes so immense and on the whole so beneficient that any serious attempt to return to the old state of things would produce a revolution.

Those changes have been mainly in two directions. First, toward the equalization of the rights of wives and husbands. Second, toward a loosening of the bonds of marriage.

There has been no appreciable sign of a reaction. Hence, seeing that much remains to be done before laws and social customs are brought into line with the more enlightened common sense of the country, it is reasonable to assume that further changes in the same direction will come about.

Indeed, I should suppose that the difference between 2035 and 1935 will be at least as marked as are the differences between 1935 and 1835.

But I admit that, as regards the equalization of rights, legal and customary, progress, having gone so far, can only go on in proportion to the advance of the wife's economic independence.

As regards the bonds of marriage, in both the legal and the customary sense, they are absolutely certain to be loosened still further. Despite recent ameliorations, gross injustice yet persists and the innocent are thereby martyrized. Divorce will be easier; and it will be cheaper; and it will be less humiliating.

At any given moment a considerable body of public opinion will say:

"Progress has gone far enough. To go further would be to damage irretrievably the structure of society."

I am convinced that in 2035, if one or both of a married pair demand a dissolution of the bond after having ceased to live together conjugally for a prescribed period, the bond will be dissolved on the strength of that plea alone. Such a development, when the time comes, will be generally welcomed and approved.

And it may, and probably will, lead to the practice of experimental marriage. Experimental marriage would be disguised and called by another name; for there is likely to be just as much hypocrisy then as there is now.

But that young people should be irrevocably bound by a step which in the very nature of the case they must take in the dark will doubtless strike posterity as absurd. Anyhow, I hope it will. And this development, too, when the time comes, will be welcomed and approved. There will be disadvantages, but the advantages will outweigh them.

I hear the warning phrase, "The thin edge of the wedge." And to this admonition I reply that I once had an aged relative who always refused to touch cards, "lest they should get a hold on her."

So much for the legal aspect of the future.

Turning to the customs of and habit of mind toward married life, I believe that 2035 will have clearly perceived that the origin of trouble in most marriages is the too close and too constant companionship of the twain, who get sick of one another.

In our day this evil is almost unavoidable for the great majority, because money and leisure are necessary to avoid it, and the majority have not enough of either. A holiday from the everlasting dailiness of married life is a luxury obtainable at present only by the rich (who wisely take care to obtain it).

Luxury and leisure are, however, steadily increasing and will increase much more; and in the days to come it will not be considered a tremendous and dangerous event for any husband or wife to leave the partner at home.

There is a type of mind obsessed by the notion that all married persons who suggest a furlough are straining at the leash. It merely is not so.

Twenty thirty-five will see a delightful but temperate elasticity in the geographical movements of husband and wife, an elasticity by which society will assuredly profit.

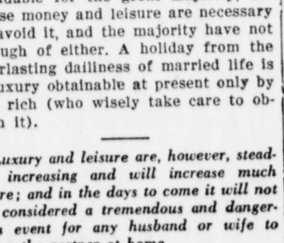
Of course, the existence of numerous young children is an obstacle to such elasticity. But there will then be among all classes, as there are already among the upper classes, fewer young children.

Except by those who invoke a divine sanction against it (and I respect their view), family limitation is universally practiced by educated people today, and in 2035 it will be universally practiced by all ranks, with measureless benefit to the body politic.

Twenty thirty-five will refuse to be intimidated by a silly phrase such as "race suicide."

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NOW THERE, MISTER



Miss Bug—Tee hee, if we walk through that tunnel, you must promise not to kiss me.

CONSIDERATE



Mrs. Hardtack—Why are you leaving us, James?

The Butler—Well, mum, my reasons are unselfish wans. I want to give some other man a chance at the joy of living with yez.

GOOD AND BAD



"She's been divorced twice."
"Had bad luck, eh?"
"No, good luck, but mighty bad judgment."

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