Women's Page

Buy at home fair women, if you wish your town to grow and prosper. You say: We cannot get the selection here. But if you let your merchants know that you are going to buy at home, they will have plenty of goods for you. Some one was speaking of the towns down the shore being so much more progressive than our little burg. The reason is very plain. They cannot get to the city so easily as they do here, and they buy at home, thus making the town more prosperous. Town pride would help a great deal to improve our town which is so well situated for beauty and convenience.

There are so many people who dare not assert themselves because they are afraid of being different from other people, afraid to frown upon evil, afraid of being considered intellectual or afraid of following their own bent, lest they offend some one, that we are printing this article from The Atlantic magazine. Here it is:

THREE BLIND MICE

A man would be a fool to attempt a complete list of the sick souls who inhabit this globe, but after one has reached middle age certain ailments begin to stand out and lead one to think that if they could be cured the most important of our troubles would be over. There are three of these maladies which I have been observing for the last twenty-five years, and I should hazard the guess that they are among our most pernicious. They are three forms of blindness.

The first is that of the people who hate to be moral. I should be the last to admit that one could tell whether a bouillabaisse is good or not be applying the standards of ethics. There is nothing right or wrong ethically about a flavor. There are obviously scores of things which we have the right to praise or blame without reference to morality. But there are other things which it is insane to judge aesthetically or logically or whatever the other alternatives are, and a person who doesn't see that simply doesn't know how to think.

But when an occasion arises 'on which moral standards ought to be applied the first of our Three Blind Mice begins to squirm. He will object strongly to the behavior he is judging, but will immediately add, 'Not that I have any moral objections,' when moral objections are precisely the kind most in order. I heard a young graduate of a women's college recently condemning a friend for her disloyalty. 'I don't care what she does or doesn't do. Her life is her own. But to act like that is so ugly.'

'Why don't you call it wrong?' I asked from the heights of senility.

'Oh I don't say it was wrong. I shouldn't dream of calling it wrong. Moral standards are changing and we must be tolerant. But it's so ugly.'

It is, of course, true that moral standards are changing; so are metric standards. And a change in standards is always bewildering. But because one is bewildered doesn't prove that there is nothing to be bewildered about. The point is not that moral standards are changing, but that they are bad form. It is considered more sophisticated to call a thing 'ugly' than to call it 'wrong'. But even if one uses an adjective from the field of aesthetics, one has simply added to its already large burden of ambiguity—unless one has robbed it of all meaning.

So radical is this blindness to moral values that some people have been known to take on a disguise of immorality though living almost puritanical lives. I know of one couple in New York who, though legally married, insist on preserving all the outward signs of living in sin, thus making life at least twice as inconvenient as it normally it. The wife wears no wedding ring, keeps her maiden name, refuses to accept mail and telephone calls addressed to Mrs. Unetelle, has her own name as well as her husband's over the mailbox, and has a wonderful time raising Ned with what she calls 'conventions.' She forgets tht her own little convention is as narrow as those of society at large and much more annoying.

The second Blind Mouse hates to be intelligent, having been blinded by truth, I suppose. He has a deadly fear of seeming highbrow. This afflicts men more than women in this country, where the kingdom of the mind is largely in the hands of the Amazons. 'We are each of,' says Plotinus, 'an intelligible world,' but it is considered very ill-bred to admit it. Thus, if someone is discussing a play or a picture or a book, he will avoid fine discriminations and feel it enough to distinguish between the 'swell' and the 'lousy.' There must be some things in the world which are neither swell nor lousy: for instance, the novels of Jane Austen, the pictures of Hubert Robert, the music of Gluck, the Institut de France. But the second Blind Mouse does not find them. Or, if he does, he is ashamed to say so. For the discovery of even one of the grosser nuances might be a mark of intelligence; and that would degrade him in the eyes not only of his fellows but of himself.

College professors find this individual one of their greatest problems. For to teach him is to combat the resistance not so much of an individual as of a social class. It is as if one should try to induce the football squad to take up embroidery. Just how one can mould taste on a social scale is not very well understood and is probably impossible for one who stands without the group.

The third Blind Mouse is more pathetic than the others. He is the person who is afraid to be himself. By the time a person has reached maturity his character is pretty well determined and most people by then have access to their inner natures. Yet, instead of taking stock and being faithful to their real desires and abilities, most of them try to be anything other than what they are. Here again social pressure has its influence; there are certain approved occupations in every group and it is next to impossible to persuade anyone to engage in any other. Mothers, fathers, rich relatives, teachers, clergymen, friends, professionel writers—everyone is ready and eager to advise the young on what they should be. But they already are. And all the advice in the world won't turn a girl who really wants to be a woman into a happy archaeologist or a highly paid secretary or a musician. In the case of girls, womanhood is definitely looked down upon; a woman who is in love with her husband and happy in educating her children feels disgraced. How often one hears remarks like these: 'What a pity Clara has done nothing with her music!' 'Poor Helen hasn't written a line since her marriage!' 'Mary used to be the life of the Current Events Club, but now it's nothing but John and the children.' No one stops to think that Clara and Helen and Mary are much better off—and society is too—than would be the case were they playing Liszt in a concert hall or banging out short stories on a typewriter or delivering 'reports' on the Future of Democracy.

But women are not the only victims. Every year I have five or ten students who go into law or business or medicine because Dad would be sore if they didn't. Good mechanics, farmers, haberdashers, are lost every year because boys are afraid to be what they are. Like Peter Bell's primrose they must be everything but a primrose.

CLEANING SOLUTION

A cleaning solution which may be used on painted or enameled walls, varnished or enameled woodwork, or furniture can be made by mixing one cup sal soda, one cup ammonia, and one cup of vinegar with one gallon of water. This solution will remove oil or grease stains. It is an effective cleaner but must be used carefully to avoid damaging the surfaces which are being cleaned.

Small amounts of the surface of walls or woodwork should be cleaned with it at one time and then this surface should be rinsed immediately with clear water. Do not permit the cleaner to remain on the surface long. The solution is quite strongly alkaline and rubber gloves may be worn while using it.—Michigan State College.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS



By EUNICE ELLIS
Home Economist Eastern Shore Public Service

PLUM PUDDING

1-2 lb. stale bread crumbs.
1 C scalded milk
1-4 lb. Sugar
4 eggs
1-2 lb. chopped raisins floured
1-4 lb. currants
1-4 lb. finely chopped figs
2 oz. finely cut citron
1-2 lb. suet
1-4 C wine, brandy, or grape juice
1-2 t grated nutmeg
3-4 t cinnamon
1-3 t cloves
1-3 t Mace
1 1-2 t salt

Soak crumbs in milk and let stand until cool. Add sugar, beaten, yolks, raisins, currants, figs, and citron. Cream suet by using hand and add wine, spices, and stiffly beaten whites. Steam 4 to 6 hours.

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STILL POND

Miss Charlotte Cornelius, of Easton, and Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Micheael, of Centreville, were the guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Cornelius of near town on Thanksgiving Day.

Miss Eloise Hepbron, of Baltimore, was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hepburn over the holiday.

Miss Ellen Hogans, of Strayer-Stratten and Bryan College in Washington spent part of last week with her mother, Mrs. L. P. Atwell.

Mrs. E. J. Casterline, Miss Elizabeth Drake, Mrs. Harriett Bacon, of Philadelphia, returned home Monday after spending sometime with Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Fellows, Mrs. Margaret Walmsley returned with them for a few days.

Misses Hannah and Elizabeth Scotten and Mr. Will Irving, of Kennedyville, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Meeks last Friday.

The Coin Card Sociay which was held in the Sunday School room last Friday evening by the Ladies Aid was a success and enjoyed by many.

Mr. John Johnston and son, Johnny, of New York, were guests of Mr .and Mrs. William Clark a few days last week.

Mr. Clayton Bunning, of Selbyville, visited with Rev. and Mrs. Vaughn Moore and other friends here Friday.

Mrs. Charles Clark returned home last Thursday after spending a week with her mother in Wilmington.

News was received here of the death of Mrs. Annie Busick, of Baltimore, who was a beloved citizen of our community many years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwin Ford and daughter, Ella,was the guests of their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. James Collins, of Easton on Sunday.

Miss Louise Toulson, of Wilmington, spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. William Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. William Medders were guests of their daughter, Rev. and Mrs. O. G. Robinson, of Westminster over the Thanksgiving Holidays.

Mr. Gale Dasin, of Wilmington, spent Thursday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rasin.

Mr. and Mrs. Brice Williams, daughter, Anna and son, Tom of Mount Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Moore, daughter, Betty and son, Ralph, of Wilmington, were week-end guests of Rev. and Mrs. Vaughn Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemont Hackett, Mr. and Mrs. Linheart, of Baltimore, visited with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hackett last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Clough, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hepburn.

Miss Kate Howard visited in Federalsburg, with her sister, Mr. and Mrs. Hyland on last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Feairheller and daughter, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Howard Hurlock, of Wilmington, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Toulson last week-end.

Miss Estelle Beaver, of Chestertown, spent the week-end with Miss Ellen Hogans.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Coleman, Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Coleman, Jr., spent the week end with Mrs. John Boulden and sister, Pearl.

The Christian Endeavor of St. James and Lynch M. P. Church visited Still Pond Epworth League Sunday evening. The subject being :Missionary Work in Cities,' which was well rendered by the leaders, Misses Viola Ford and Rebecca Dodd and those taking part in the discussions. The special music was enjoyed by all present, especially the last number put on by the Young Men and boys which consisted of several well selected hymns, lead by their most efficient leader, Mr. H. S. Startt. 'We say come again.'

Mr. James Watson and friend, of Baltimore, visited with hs mother, Mrs. Florence Watson and grandmother, Mrs. Ange Rasin last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Hyland and daughter, of Wilmington, Mr. and Mrs. Rayard Vandergrift and family, of Claymont, visited with Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Harper on Sunday.

Mr. James Greenwood spent this week in Philadelphia, having special treatment for an infected eye.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Murphy and brother and wife visited with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Thompson on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Hadaway and son spent last Friday in Dover.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Haddaway and Mr. Charles Guiser, of Worton, visited with Mr. Haddaway's mother in Philadelphia on Sunday.

WORTON

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Clayville entertained Mr. and Mrs. Everett Clayville and son, Everett, of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Draper and little son, of Chestertown, Mrs. Viola Conoway and friend, Mr. Jack Kelly, of Dover Sunday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Crossley is spending some time with Mrs. Ida Loller.

Miss Jane Cooper, of Baltimore, and Miss Ann Matthews, of Scarsdale, N. Y., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Matthews.

Mr. Lawrence Lee, of Wilmington, spent last week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Rouse and daughter, Ann, of Aberdeen, visited relatives here last week end. Mrs. Henrietta Rasin who spent last week here accompanied them home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Coleman and little son, Jimmie, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coleman, of near Massey, Sunday.

Mrs. May McCloskey and friend, Mr. Moore, of Wilmington, spent Thanksgiving Day with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Crouch.

Miss Elizabeth Morris, of Baltimore, spent the holiday with her grand-mother, Mrs. R. A. Loud.

Mr. B. F. Sewell left Monday for a weeks visit with relatives in Baltimore.

Master Billy Smith spent Thanksgivingwith his aunt, Mrs. Lester Spry, of Ingleside.



THE JOY
THAT IS A LITTLE CHILD'S

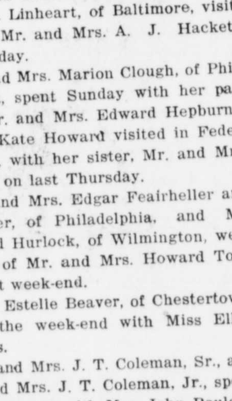
AFTER all, we adults are but children grown up. The joy that is a little child's at Christmas is also ours in full measure if only we have it in our hearts. We express Christmas joy by gifts, which are but the physical tokens of our desire to share our happiness with our friends.

See to it, therefore, that your Christmas gifts carry their burden of your joy all year 'round.

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