

Calm Feminine by Helen Lawthorne

THE MENACE OF CHILD LABOR

IN SUCH a republic as ours the one thing that we cannot afford to neglect is the problem of turning out decent citizens. The future of the nation depends upon the citizenship of the generations to come. The children of today are those who tomorrow will shape the destiny of our land, and we cannot afford to neglect them. Theodore Roosevelt is right. It is the question of our future citizens that we are considering when we try to abolish child labor. It is a menace to the future manhood and womanhood of America. What is the remedy? We need no more proof that this evil exists, no argument on the fact of its being an evil, but only to know wherein lies the remedy. How shall we most benefit the child? The most pressing consideration is the monetary, and the only way to really put an end to child labor is to supply some other source of revenue. You cannot take away the child's wage-earning capacity and put nothing in its place—the child who wants bread is not likely to appreciate the "Ode to Immortality."

What is to be done? Send them to school, of course, but where is the money to come from to keep them there if the parents find it almost impossible to keep the family even with the added earnings of the children? What will happen when this small pittance is gone? The inherent right of every child to education and a well-developed body is apparent, but where is the money? Charity is good; organized charity is better, but no charity at all is the best in this case. Child labor is an economic condition and must be solved from other than a sentimental viewpoint. The child labor committee says that the child shall be compelled to go to school a certain length of time, and endeavors to raise the state age limit, good—but what is the result? Children who are supposed to have received the required amount of education—and cannot read or write intelligibly; parents, aided by the children themselves, wear to false age certificates and the employer seems to think that he is throwing a sop to conscience by taking a few pennies off

the child's wages and then passes him into the "brotherhood of woe." When the inspector comes around these children hide. Do they want to stop working when to stop in some cases would be actual starvation, and in every case mere privation? Poor little children, who barter their lives not even for the promise of a morsel of potato. They do not know that the door of hope and opportunity is shut in their faces—they do not know there is a door. The future is a blank and the present is ceaseless work. Will it be a wonder if these blighted children of toil strike blindly some day? If the future "homenes and women" are roused to a fury made more terrible by ignorant blindness and brutality—and when brute force we may expect them to fight like brutes, not men—what awful atrocities may be committed in the name of labor fights! Capital today is master of the situation, but who shall be master tomorrow? The roots of the child labor problem are so deep and so wide that they undermine the nation. And the question remains: What and where is the remedy?

MRS. ASTOR GLAD TO RETURN



Snapshot of Mrs. Astor, accompanied by the ship's steward, leaving La



Provence upon her arrival from Europe. Mrs. Astor is on her way to join the Newport colony.

"Like all good Americans, I'm glad to get home," remarked Mrs. William Astor, as she left the French liner La Provence the other day after her eight months' trip abroad. Mrs. Astor came home full of plans for the coming social season. The healthy glow on her cheeks belied the report that she was ill, and as she walked down the gangplank, leaning on the arms of her nurse and maid, she smiled and really seemed glad to see New York again. "I don't usually give interviews," she said. "I gave that up years ago, because I was misquoted so much, but in this instance I think I shall make an exception just to see if what I say gets in the paper right. As a matter of fact, there isn't much to say. "It has been said you were not well. Do you plan to entertain this season?" "Oh, yes, I expect to do a great deal of entertaining. I have in mind now several large functions, but I don't care to say much about them. I shall stay in New York just a couple of days. In that time I expect to get out some of my lighter clothes and then I shall go to Newport. Of course, there will be very little more here this season, but still I always want to go to Newport." "Will you say what you think of the marriage of William Waldorf Astor's son to Manning Langhorne Shaw?" "No, I do not care to discuss family affairs at all." "What new impressions did you get from this trip?" "Well, you know I run off to Europe every once in a while, but traveling there is not like it used to be. There was a time when one met few relatives or acquaintances, but now it is different. Wherever I went I saw Americans, and among them many persons I know. Seeing so many from home takes away the idea of distance to some extent and makes it much pleasanter." Mrs. Astor wore a brown toque with fancy aigrettes on one side and huge pearl and diamond earrings. A pair of her shoulders hung an old-fashioned gold chain, and she carried a gemstone chateau bag. Her blue silk dress was shot with white and trimmed with Oriental embroidery in coral and white shades. None of Mrs. Astor's friends were at the pier to meet her, the only ones to greet her being two old servants. The guest elevator on the La Provence was used for the first time when Mrs. Astor landed, and the chief steward not only accompanied her off the steamer, but to the end of the dock where her carriage was waiting.

THE TRAINED NURSE

THE noblest of all professions for a woman is nursing, but unless a girl is willing to sacrifice much she should not choose the life of the professional nurse. To succeed in this arduous work requires the giving up of many things. She must put her work above all else. There will be no time for society, nor for any of the little vanities of life. It is a world apart—a world where there is no salary, but an allowance of \$7 a month for the first half and \$10 a month for the second half is made for books, uniforms and necessary surgical supplies. Pupils receive clear instruction from the superintendent of nurses and hear lectures by the physicians and surgeons of the hospital. They are required to pass examinations on the subjects studied. Nurses reside in a hospital "or nurses' home, and board, lodging and washing is provided. The hours of work are from 7 to 7 with an afternoon of each week. There is a cottage at the hospital where the nurses may spend their vacation. A registry is kept of the graduates of the school and they receive cases as there is a call for them. Graduate nurses have a residence on Third and Montgomery streets, where they live when not out on cases. Miss Loweridge, superintendent of nurses at Good Samaritan hospital, says that the call for trained nurses is growing larger every day. "It is one profession," she said, "where there is plenty of room at the top. I have more calls than I can fill for capable nurses to take charge of small hospitals."

At the Good Samaritan hospital all applicants are on trial for the first month and at the end of that time an examination is given in some of the English branches of an American nurse. The length of the course of training varies in different hospitals. In the Good Samaritan it is three years and during this time no salary is paid, but an allowance of \$7 a month for the first half and \$10 a month for the second half is made for books, uniforms and necessary surgical supplies. Pupils receive clear instruction from the superintendent of nurses and hear lectures by the physicians and surgeons of the hospital. They are required to pass examinations on the subjects studied. Nurses reside in a hospital "or nurses' home, and board, lodging and washing is provided. The hours of work are from 7 to 7 with an afternoon of each week. There is a cottage at the hospital where the nurses may spend their vacation. A registry is kept of the graduates of the school and they receive cases as there is a call for them. Graduate nurses have a residence on Third and Montgomery streets, where they live when not out on cases. Miss Loweridge, superintendent of nurses at Good Samaritan hospital, says that the call for trained nurses is growing larger every day. "It is one profession," she said, "where there is plenty of room at the top. I have more calls than I can fill for capable nurses to take charge of small hospitals."

WOMEN IN POLITICS

THE Englishwoman's influence in politics may be said to date from the campaign of 1788, when the Duchess of Devonshire kissed a butcher in order to gain his vote for Charles J. Fox, the candidate to parliament from the borough of Westminster. Fox was elected by 285 majority and through the electioneering of the duchess. Today the three organizations that practically control British politics—the Primrose League, the Women's Liberal Federation, and the Liberal Unionists. All of these associations show woman's way and depend in a measure on her aid. Englishwomen work for the men in whom they are interested while the American women work for themselves. The women of Great Britain exert their influence in the drawing-room and on the terrace of the houses of country. It is said that they never do any lobbying—they only work on the quiet and "terrace influence" has been instrumental in getting many bills through the lower house of parliament. It is an essentially feminine influence.

DRESS ACCESSORIES

Armllet bracelets have developed since short sleeves came in fashion. They are seen with cloth tailor-mades and kid gloves, made of leather clasped with gilt buckles. With dressy costumes, chain bands clasped with pearl-studded buckles keep the armllet or long glove up. You lace the Oxford tie from top downward, of course, since the wide ends lace came to town. The bow just at the top of the vamp of the shoe has long loops and ends that just escape getting under the foot in walking. The fancy for dog collars, which are useful in holding up lingers stocks, has brought out a great variety of collar-like neck fixings. Among them are bands from three quarters of an inch to an inch and a half wide, made of gold or silver openwork braid, jeweled. The jewels come in imitation of all the precious stones and can be bought by the dozen or on tapes by the yard. The braid is curved slightly to shape it to the neck. The lace trims are the best for the purpose. Sometimes two are sewed together through the middle, instead of one wide one being used; then the top and bottom edges are outlined with the jewels. Enamelled studs the color of her hat and parasol are worn by the particular girl in her white shirtwaist. These studs come in blue, pink, green and mauve sets. A new belt is of old gold leather, very pliable, with a rhinestone studded buckle of the same shade of the leather. The smart belt is not less than four inches in width, and the same width all around. On a slender woman, however, the girdle may point up at the back just a little. Motorists are using the leather-headed hat pin. Brown malines or mullet neck ruffs are a trifle more popular than the other colors. Handkerchiefs in light dainty colors are becoming more and more popular. Light blues are seen, with borders of white flowers. Great Growing Country. William Bookwith of Hadlyme, Connecticut, who was such a tiny baby that his parents could place him in a sugar bowl and put the cover on, now weighs 263 pounds and is the fattest man of the lower Connecticut river valley.

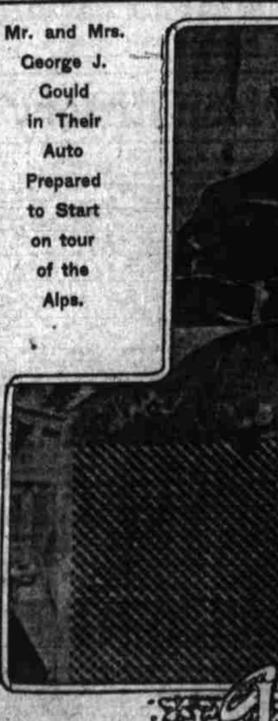
FAMOUS WOMEN I HAVE MET

I HAVE only met one eminent woman in my life, and of her I am not qualified to speak with authority. In knowing her I lost my perspective, the essentials were lost in the non-essentials. To write of one whom you have known long is like looking at a large painting at close range—relative values are lost—but get the right perspective, values are restored, you see the high lights and the shadows; non-essentials are there, but lost in the essentials. Rather my worst enemy should write my biography than my dearest friend. Now, I have never met Clara Morris, and probably wouldn't recognize her as the personality that I call by that name. As it is, I feel as if I knew exactly what her views are and what she would think and do under various circumstances. She has the intimate personality that seems to make you her essential confidante. In her writings she speaks to each individual reader—you like her or you don't—you are never merely indifferent. Some years ago Miss Morris retired from the stage and since that time has devoted herself to literature. Her work shows the influence of the stage—this defect is a virtue in her reminiscences but works havoc with her stories; they have the theatrical claptrap without real dramatic strength. She makes use of the most overworn plots and her characters seem to be taken from cheap melodramas instead of life. Miss Morris learned to act by acting; she is learning to write by writing, and as she accomplished much on the stage through tireless effort and ambition, it may be expected that she will also accomplish much in the world of letters. A comparison of her earlier with her later writings shows a distinct gain both in powers of expression and in smoothness of style. She has strength, but she sometimes uses it in the wrong direction—she is not a novelist and never will be, but she is a great actress and an interesting writer on all subjects that pertain to the stage.

FLATTERY

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. In her tiny little bathing suit she sat on the white sand. "I adore intelligence!" she cried. "So do I," said he. "All the same, though, beauty and intellect never go together." "And do you think me intellectual?" she flung for party, but only for questions of reform and private interest. If our women would pay more attention to party politics and make fewer attempts at reform, woman suffrage would soon become general throughout the United States.

THE GEORGE GOULDS ON TOUR OF THE ALPS



Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould and their two daughters, Maxine and Helen, have left Paris for the Hotel Bellevue, Neuchâtel, where they will start on a motor trip through Switzerland. The automobile trip of the Goulds through Switzerland is a part of the itinerary outlined by Mr. Gould before his departure for Europe on June 11. Their other children are spending the summer at their country place in the Catskills, with the exception of Jay Gould, who has been playing tennis in England and who met his parents upon their arrival in Cherbourg.

TRY THESE RECIPES

- Pear Croquettes.** Choose pears of equal size, remove the skin, but leave the stems remain. Cook these in syrup until tender, then carefully drain. Boil the syrup until it becomes thickened like a jelly, place each pear on a fork, immerse in the jelly. Blanch some almonds, halve them and decorate the pears. Cover the stems with a paper quill. Each pear is then placed upon a small sponge cake; spread a tasty marmalade or whipped cream.
- Tea Nectar.** Make one pint and a half of strong tea and when it has drawn for three minutes, pour it off into the bowl in which it is to be served. Sweeten to taste, adding the juice of a lemon and a wineglassful of brandy. Place on ice for an hour, and decorate with thin slices of lemon cut into quarters, and serve in small sherbet glasses.
- Baked Peppers and Corn.** Score and scrape from the ribs enough raw corn to make a pint. Open two sweet green peppers, remove the seeds and white veins and shave very fine. Put corn and peppers in a buttered baking dish, seasoning with salt. Pour over the top a cupful of thin cream which has been mixed one beaten egg and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Bake for 40 minutes in a quick oven.
- Beet Salad.** Boil eight young beets tender; drain and lay in cold water until thoroughly chilled. Drain once more and scrape off the skins. Pour into a bowl six tablespoonfuls of olive oil with one tablespoonful of vinegar, and stir into them two tablespoonfuls each of salt and pepper. Mix this dressing thoroughly. With a sharp knife cut the chilled beets into thin slices of uniform size, and as you do so drop these slices into the
- French dressing in the bowl.** When all the beets are cut, turn them over and over in the dressing that they may become well coated. Set the bowl and its contents on ice for an hour, or until very cold. Line a chilled salad bowl with crisp lettuce leaves. Drain all the dressing from the beets into a small glass bowl. Upon each lettuce leaf put a spoonful of the beet dice. When serving, put a spoonful of dressing upon each leaf.
- Lime Sherbet.** A delicious dessert drink is lime sherbet. Squeeze the juice from four lemons; strain and add a cup of raspberry vinegar, two cups of pulverized sugar and half a cup of grated cocoanut. Cover and place directly on the ice for two hours, then pour in gradually a cup of coffee tea, adding three sliced oranges and the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs. Prepare a lime syrup by boiling two quarts of water with one quart of sugar for 20 minutes, adding the juice and grated rind of four lemons; remove from the fire, and when thoroughly chilled add to the rest.
- Walking Clubs Popular.** About the nicest way to acquire a good complexion and keep good health is to belong to a walking club. If there isn't one in your neighborhood, start one. Several walking clubs throughout the country are pursuing health and happiness afoot. The members pledge themselves to walk at least 400 miles a year. At this average of a little over a mile a day anybody with feet should be able to live up to the regulations. Once a week the members take a cross-country tramp of from five to thirty miles in company. Generally their summer vacation includes a walking trip through some section of country worth seeing. All the club members are said to be good looking and possessors of perfect health, which is a recommendation, besides the very strong one that this is a good deal more accessible source of fun to the average person than automobiles and yachts.

LEISURE IS PRECIOUS

LEISURE is precious and we should make the best possible use of it. The only way to truly know a woman is to know how she spends her leisure time. Every woman has a few minutes spare time during the day and in many cases it would be possible for her to increase her leisure by planning her work differently—the leaving out of nonessentials. William Morris, the apostle of simplicity in furniture, said that true beauty was always useful and that a piece of furniture fulfilled its mission if it were perfectly adapted to the use for which it was intended. Not so very long ago it was the fad to decorate the dustpan by painting a sickly bunch of roses thereon and hanging it in the "best room" for an ornament. We congratulate ourselves that we are very superior to those foolish women of day before yesterday—but are we? For painted dustpans and satin tidies we have substituted "Art Nouveau"

vases (pronounced "vases" if the price is less than \$5 and "vases" if marked higher), and tapestries. Sometimes, of course, they do have real value, but generally they are mostly "novelty," and very little "art"—things that require continuous work and worry, and the loss of which would only afford us lasting benefit—unless we replaced them with others as atrocious. Make more leisure, and then spend it according to the highest dictates of heart and brain. It is of no benefit to read a book because it is "dear," or to pray because it is the proper thing for a church member to do. But read the best book you can appreciate, and pray when you feel God's nearness and need his help. Out of your leisure is built your character, your future usefulness and happiness, and what that shall be depends on each one of us and the effort we make day by day. For "today this day's madness did prepare, tomorrow's silence, triumph or despair."

CRY OF THE CHILDREN

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers, Ere the sorrow comes with years? They are leaning their young heads against their mothers' tears, And there cannot stop their tears. The young lambs are bleating in the meadows, The young birds are chirping in the nest, The young fawns are playing with the shadows, The young flowers are blowing toward the west— But the young children, O my brothers, They are weeping in the playtime of the others. In the country of the free. Do you ask the young children in their sorrow, Why tears are falling so? Do you ask them why they stand Weeping before the bosoms of their mothers? "For oh," say the children, "we are weary And we cannot run or leap. If we cared for any meadows, it were merely

To drop down in them and sleep. Our knees tremble sorely in the sleeping, We fall upon our faces, trying to go; And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping, The reddest flower would look as pale as snow. For 'all day we drag our burdened things Through the coal-dark underground— Or, all day we drive the wheels of iron In the factories, round and round." Still, all day the iron wheels go onward, Grinding life down from its mark; And the children's souls, which God is calling upward, Spin on blindly in the dark. "How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation, Will you stand to move the world on a child's heart? Stifle down with matted heel its population, And tread onward to your thrones amid the mart? Our bloods are splashing upward, O gold-heaper, And your purple shows your path; But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper Than the strong man in his wrath."

Modern Elopements.

The automobile is changing everything in France, says the Sketch. It has powdered the hedge rows and forests with white dust, it has awakened the old villages, it has changed even the marriages. In the good old days, when there was no deaf test vibrating beneath my lady's bowers, when Romeo and Juliet meant to elope, the lady from her father's castle, an elopement was a difficult and dangerous operation. Now it has become as easy as the smoke of petrol (and of course the motor waits beneath the garden wall. The gate opens, revealing a vista of rose trees and a maiden fair. Quick! there is no time for poetry. Manly arms encircle the feminine waist, and the dainty burden is hoisted into the car. Romeo is disguised in great goggles and a chauffeur's coat of leather. The engine throbs—so do their hearts. A touch of the lever away! Papa pines; a huge outcry. Fifteen days pass, rapturous days. Married in distant town; receive tardy blessing of parents, who recognize the game is up. And this is how the top of a French girl is lifted the fashion. A recent instance comes from Versailles, and concerns a farmer's daughter. Same old story with a happy ending.

Bare Arms and Rheumatism.

The front seat of the trolley was filled with bare-armed maidens, who were revelling in the cool breeze. A physician who sat behind them shook his head disapprovingly. "I know it seems lovely now," he said, "but it means rheumatism in the fall. I'm very much mistaken if there isn't an epidemic of rheumatism in the arms by the last of September. Already I've had young women consult me about such a soreness in my arms, and that soreness is going to increase rapidly if the short-sleeved craze continues. "It would be all right if the women bared their arms merely on very warm days, but they go out in spandex-breezes, go sailing, go out in rain-storms, go on long trolley rides and on automobile trips, with their sleeves up above their elbows. And it's going to mean a fine harvest of old rheumatism."

To Woo Morpheus.

Sleeplessness is one of the many ills of our modern life. Too induce sleep have a small flat pillow; sleep with the head very little raised above the level of the body and before composing yourself to rest take one or two spoonfuls of Eau de Fleurs d'Oranger (orange flower water) in a glass of slightly sweetened water. This acts as an admirable sedative to the nerves. If the body is well massaged with pure olive oil before going to bed there will be every chance of a restful sleep. Rheumatism and chills will be avoided and the skin will be nourished and consequently supple and smooth. Oil and alcohol are excellent for the hair in mixed equal parts. A few drops of orange water in the water we wash in is excellent for the skin. The hands should be well massaged, every finger separately, with olive oil every night, and soft suede gloves two

Ministers Trolley Car.

The greatest piece of mechanism and ingenuity that has been seen in Portland, Maine, for a long time, in the miniature trolley car which the City of Portland has just completed and has in working order. This trolley car is a miniature counterpart of the Old Orchard car, but not one little detail being neglected in its construction. Mr. Henry Lee, who has just completed it, says that it is a truck to enable the trolley car to run on the curves upon the track, which runs in Mr. Gerry's shop.