# WOMEN'S CLUBS AND WORK

*Edited by Mrs. Sarah A. Evans.*

AT the last meeting of the educational department of the Woman's club the matter of the lunch that is being served to the pupils of the East Side High school was under discussion and a committee volunteered to visit the school at the noon hour and make a personal investigation. This they did one day last week, with results which should be most gratifying to the parents whose responsibility ends when they give their children the price of a lunch and trust to others to see that it is wholesome and well-cooked food. In this case it was a pleasure for the committee to find the confidence was not misplaced.

Situated on the ground floor, the dining-room is large, light and well ventilated, comfortably warm and clean as a new pin. As one enters they find themselves confronted by a conveniently high counter, on which was arranged a most appetizing array of food, parceled out in good, generous proportions and just ready to put on the tray as the pupil passes by. The day the committee was there the following menu was written plainly on a conspicuously placed blackboard:

| | |
|---|---|
| Potato salad | 3c |
| Veal pie | 7c |
| Veal sandwiches | 3c |
| Snails | 3c |
| Hot rolls, 2 for | 5c |
| Chocolate cup cakes | 4c |
| Cream puff | 5c |
| Spanish cream | 3c |
| Lemon pie | 5c |
| Apple pie | 4c |
| Vermicelli soup | 4c |
| Chocolate | 4c |
| Milk | 3c |
| Shrimp salad | 3c |

From this it will be seen the pupil can get a good and sufficient lunch for from 10 to 15 cents.

The pupils enter at a door in the west end of the room and pass inside a railing, picking up as they enter a small tray and napkin from a pile that stands just inside the door. They pass along the counter selecting what they want, getting a ticket for the amount at the end of the counter, where they pass on to one of the tables. The tables, stools and other furniture are of that old mission style that adds an attractive and artistic appearance to the room which would be rather "barny" with light furnishings. Each table accommodates about 20 young people, and as they gathered around these tables—about 200 boys and girls—all with good, healthy appetites and plenty of healthful food to satisfy them, it would be hard to imagine a finer sight.

The matter that interested the committee most, next to the character of the food provided, was the character of the food selected by the pupils, and there was so much individuality displayed that before the 200 had gotten fairly started down the line the committee found itself displaying wide-eyed, open-mouthed interest in every tray that presented itself for checking. Some of the pupils brought little packages of lunch—a slice or two of bread and butter, a sandwich or bit of cake—and would supplement this with a bowl of hot soup, a glass of milk—and it was real milk with the cream still on it—or a cup of steaming chocolate, a piece of the much-abused pie, except the pie in this case was plain, well-baked pie, and not French pastry; while others took their entire lunch from the counter, some selecting the plain foods and those things that naturally harmonize, while others were utterly reckless regarding the fitness of things, and it was a regrettable fact that the girls showed far less judgment in the selection of their food than the boys. As a rule, it was the girls who took the pies and the cream puffs, and the boys who took the soup and meat pies. Each day the menu is changed, but the one given is a fair average.

But there were more things to learn from this school lunch than the kind of food that is served or eaten, and perhaps one of the most surprising was the ease and rapidity with which this large number of people was served and the fine conduct of the young people in the rather trying position of waiting their turn when they were hungry and impatiently noticing the very things they had set their hearts on vanishing before the "first-come-first-served" rule. Not an unkind word was exchanged, not a push, a shove or a rude act—just a well-behaved company of youthful American citizens. Then came the social comradeship of the meal, the social relaxation under the most refined and safe conditions—not sitting in pairs in obscure corners eating cold lunches and enjoying unobserved tete-a-tetes, but every surrounding calculated to uplift and encourage the pupil.

Like all these things, however, they must be in the hands of the right people and in the whole scheme of this school lunch the refined personality and parental care of Mr. and Mrs. Gage, who have charge of it, is visible. Few infractions have occurred among the pupils during the lunch, and at yet those that have have needed only the gentle word or kindly act to set them right again.

While as yet in Portland this school lunch is in but an experimental stage, if it proceeds as the committee of clubwomen found it beginning, its future success is assured. But mothers should not depend wholly upon the report of a committee; they should go themselves and see. Surely what a child eats is of vital importance, and Mr. and Mrs. Gage will welcome any clubwomen who show interest enough to want to know how and with what the children are fed at the high school.

* * *

DURING the past month several boys and girls were brought before the juvenile court for immoral conduct. They were pupils of one of the largest schools in the district. The ringleader amongst the boys was sent to the reform school and two of the girls to the Home of the Good Shepherd—the sins of the fathers and mothers being visited upon the children, according to the old command in the Bible. When shall this end? Not until our mothers know what motherhood means; not until our fathers know what fatherhood means; and not until the teacher realizes that she has a task that does not end with the text book.

We cannot get away from this fact, the mothers and fathers are directly to blame for the reform school sentence and years of wasted life in the Home of the Good Shepherd.

The mother who fails to tell her girl what the functions of her body are, who fails to point out that nature is inexorable in her laws, is doing her child as great an injury as if she starved her. The father is wickedly cruel to his son who allows him to grow up in ignorance of the laws of his sex life.

This is a serious subject and one that is too little spoken of either in our magazines or in our mother clubs. We are sowing the wind because we are failing to teach our children the sacredness of the life principle. We are surely reaping the whirlwind when we give our children to reformatory institutions for the best years of their lives.

What can we do and when shall it be done? We can do this: In our mothers' clubs, we can handle the subject without the poetical language of the idealist or without the coarse language of the sensualist. We can look the problem square in the face and talk over the way to tell our children what they should know. We must first teach ourselves not to be ashamed of parenthood, that it is too important to be ignorant about, too sacred to be joked about vulgarly. We are to blame for not knowing that our children are struggling with nature's awakenings—that they are attempting to solve life's mysteries for themselves.

We, the mothers and the teachers, must wake up; we must act; we must spend less time talking about the beauties of the soul, and more time about the beauties of the body; less time about the philosophy of Browning and about Shakespeare and more about the philosophy of advancement; less time about the art of Europe and ancient Greece and more about the art of motherhood and fatherhood. Less time about the laws of Russia and the French revolution; more time about the laws of society and the revolution of our children against them.

If our mothers' clubs cannot take up this question and discuss it thoroughly, fearlessly, and helpfully, what are they good for? The mothers' congress is ready to furnish literature or speakers whenever or wherever needed, only asking that sufficient time be given lest the request conflict with other engagements.

CLUBWOMAN.

* * *

MARCH 10 is to be known all over the club world as "Civics day." The civics committee of the General Federation has sent out an elaborate circular, with many valuable suggestions for civic work. Embraced in the work of this committee is the prevention of contagious diseases through educational methods, particularly applying to tuberculosis. Mrs. Rufus P. Williams of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has this work under her special supervision, and appends to the committee's circular letter some brief but comprehensive directions regarding the prevention of that dread disease. This circular may be had by applying either to Mrs. Williams, 86 Washington avenue north, Cambridge, or to the chairman of the Oregon state civic committee, Mrs. Turner Oliver, La Grande. The national civic committee urges several other matters upon the clubwomen, saying: "There are three things the establishment of which are necessary to insure the future good citizenship of our land—first, the free kindergarten, which trains the child in better ways in the early formative period; second, compulsory education, combined with trades schools and juvenile courts, whereby those incapable of higher education or incorrigible youth can be trained in ways of industry and usefulness; and, third, the child labor laws, which protect the young from the oppression of the parent or guardian, who should be the natural protector. The successful operation of these combined forces will obliterate human degradation and lift young and old into a higher atmosphere."

The committee also recommends that the women of every city work for a municipal art commission that will be an authority in fact as well as in name, and who shall pass upon all monuments, statues or exterior decorations, thereby preventing many monstrosities that are imposed upon a community, often by generous donors who take that way of perpetuating their names. In setting apart March 10 as civic day, the committee hopes to have every club in the United States take some part in it, if it is nothing more than to hold a meeting and discuss the needs of their special community, for among earnest women a intelligent discussion of a need means active work later for its accomplishment.

* * *

AMERICAN women have seldom had a finer tribute paid them than the following little poem by Beverly Doran in his little volume of poems, "The Breath of the Mountains," just out, and entitled "The American Woman":

"High on the rim of the world she stands,
Looking out toward a future day,
Which slowly brightens and expands
As earth and earth's unenlightened lands
Swing forward along their spiral way.

"This is the daughter of all the past,
Who holds as a gift the keys of fate,
Who will lead the way thro' doors at last
To human temples new and vast
Which only she may consecrate."

* * *

ONE of the most important announcements that has been made to clubwomen for some time has just come from the managers of the Chautauqua assembly to the effect that Miss Anna Lewis Clark of Brownsville, Missouri, has been engaged to make one public lecture—subject to be announced later—and to remain during the entire Chautauqua season and give a series of morning classes on various phases of club work. Miss Clark is chairman of the national civil service committee and thoroughly conversant with all phases of club activity. She is a bright, forceful speaker and extremely popular in national club circles, and her coming means a great deal not only to the Chautauqua course but to the clubwomen of the entire state.

It is the intention of the officers of the State Federation and the Chauauqua committee to take a more active part in the Gladstone assembly than ever before, believing that these Chautauqua assemblies are among the most efficient of our various methods of education.

The Chautauqua club committee has many plans for the pleasure and instruction of the clubwomen which will be published as soon as they are completed. The large tents have been ordered and all the Chautauqua work is well in hand.

* * *

AND now a St. Louis man says that if there be such a thing as "the secretive sex," that sex is woman. He said it in explanation of his announced determination never to employ another man as his private secretary. He has had men in confidential positions, and he has had women, and his vote is for women every time.

"A woman doesn't betray her employer," is the terse way in which he puts it. A woman will not jeopardize the interests of her employer by using knowledge gained in the office for her own benefit. He gives a specific case. A certain railroad was to build a new spur. In some way it became known throughout the office of the road where the right of way was to be. Most of the men in the office made hurried attempts to buy the land, in order to make a profit off it. There were as many women in the office as men, and some of them had the financial sense as strongly developed; but not one woman tried to buy the land. By the activity of the men of the office, the plans of the road were revealed long before the time. The men were willing to take the risk of embarrassing the company which employed them. The women were not. Of the less subtle treacheries, the St. Louis man cites cases, also. He says he has never known a woman who would deliberately sell information to a rival about her employer, but he has known man men who would.

* * *

MRS. MAUD WOOD PARK addressed the students of the University of California a few days ago on equal suffrage. She spoke in the chapel. The Oakland Times says that Mrs. Park is the first woman ever invited by President Wheeler to address the students of the State university at one of their Friday morning assemblies, and that it is also "the first time the cause of equal suffrage has been formally discussed and advocated from the platform of the University of California."

* * *

MRS. SHERWOOD, the enthusiastic chairman of the traveling art galleries of the General Federation, has just written the following report for the Keystone, the club organ for most of the southern states.

The traveling galleries are making a great record this year. The art committee have three in the field. The third one was placed in our hands by the Chicago Water Color club December 1, and is a fine collection of 45 paintings. This gallery is now in Wisconsin, the western gallery in Missouri, and the eastern gallery in Florida. If you would kindly give this route in the next Keystone I believe it would be helpful to the eastern clubs. This eastern gallery is the finest we have ever sent out. It will pass through South Carolina early in January, visiting four towns, then to North Carolina, Virginia, Delaware, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky, where 28 towns have asked for the gallery, though I feel sure that the time will not permit of so many, and we hope that several towns will be able to combine and hold the exhibition together in Kentucky. The last stopping place is Ohio, reaching Chicago the first of June. The paintings will then be turned to the artists who have kindly loaned them.

* * *

MRS. EVELYN WRIGHT ALLEN, a graduate of Leland Stanford university, has been appointed dean of women for that institution. In filling this newly created position, she will have supervision of all matters relating to the women students.

Miss Frances Buffington of Smith college, '01, who has returned from teaching in the Philippines, was for three years superintendent of the primary schools in Ernete and Malta. Recently she has been principal of the normal school for native teachers in Manila. She is to be the head of the Spanish department of Smith for the rest of the college year.


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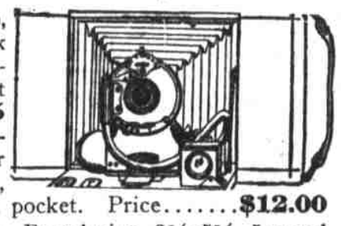

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| "Tayama" Japanese Crepe, roll; regular 25c each | 14¢ |
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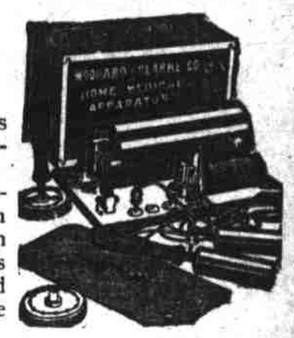

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# AMERICA'S CIVIC AWAKENING---By JACOB A. RIIS

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It has been my fortune to travel much, these latter years, until there are few corners of our country which I do not know. Call it good or bad fortune, as you please. But here by my study fire I look back over past journeys to the enduring friendships I made by the way, and review the lessons I learned of hope and of cheer and of faith in our bounteous land and its destiny. I account my travels among my chief blessings. And no wonder, for to anyone fighting the slums in the metropolis there will come times of discouragement when it seems as if we were everlastingly, just marking time and not getting anywhere. You chop off three of the serpent's heads and six new ones stick up somewhere.

The tenement house law, upon which depends the health and security of a city of 4,000,000 people, since nearly three fourths of them live in tenements, has to be watched and warded like a sick baby. Its friends have to sit up nights with it all through every session of the legislature, repelling attacks upon it by greedy self interest, and when the legislature is not in session the assault is upon tenement house department. It was the only branch of the city government which had its appropriation reduced last fall. It seems, say, as if we were not getting anywhere; in reality we are. Witness the very existence of that department itself. The truth is that fighting the slums in New York is a stern chase in the big, growing cities of the west, they are heading it off. They are borrowing our experience and taking no chances.

**Chicago Was Bad.**

Which is not saying that they never did. They did, took lots of them. Chicago half a dozen years ago was so early a copy of New York in the middle of the last century, in the poor quarters, that one coming from the east had to rub his eyes to make sure he had not been transported 50 years back instead of 1,000 miles west, and St. Louis was as bad. But see now what Chicago has done in the way of giving its children a chance to play, and therefore grow up straight and strong. And mind you, where that wedge is driven in all the rest follows naturally and speedily. And here upon my table lies a report of a St. Louis housing committee and a city plan for St. Louis proposed by its civic league more daring than the one Cleveland sketched out for itself, and which it has partly carried out. One of its features is a sketch of civic centers which we all have been dreaming of and aiming at in a kind of way with our social settlements.

Mr. Riis has been called New York's best citizen" and "her most expensive citizen." The part he has taken in awaking the metropolis to its duty toward its citizens, and particularly toward its children, has been one of the most stirring and positive factors in a public demand for parks and playgrounds and decent homes and good government generally, which has cost millions of dollars. Now that he is spreading the gospel of fair play and sunshine across the land through lecture tours, he bids fair to turn the same trick for the whole country. A lecture by Jacob Riis will soon have to be reckoned a direct element in the budget of a town where he speaks, and city councils will be figuring whether they can afford him. Viewing him only as a promoter of big enterprises and measuring results in the dollars and cents of public and private money expended, he ranks with many a captain of industry.

It was only the other day that I rode along the shore of the Mississippi river with that man of the magic name, Dr. Justus Ohage, and stopped at the wonder island which he has made of a barren reef, unsightly and mean, and given to his city of St. Paul a precious heritage forever to its children and to the children of the sister city across the river. Many of us know as health commissioner he created an ideal picnic ground, nursery, menagery and what not; and how refusing to do the bidding of politicians he was turned down for reappointment, exactly as Colonel Waring was in New York after cleaning the streets that had been unswept for ages. And now as we rode along, passing every few blocks people who stopped our horses to shake the doctor's hand, I heard talk of running him for mayor at the next election as a people's candidate and a people's revenge. That was the awakening of St. Paul, or the beginning of it.

**Women's Club Work.**

Nor would I be understood as saying that it is only in the west you come upon these evidences of awakening. This summer I saw in the staid old city of Portland, Maine, playgrounds that had grown out of the activity of a club of women; and the one of them all who chaperoned me about with a bustling interest that went deeper than the mere momentary happiness of the children, to their homes and what they stood for as the final factor in their lives, was the wife of Portland's twice-or-three-time mayor, Colonel Boothby.

This autumn, upon my return from the west, I spent an afternoon with the City Club of Philadelphia in a consultation about ways and means of getting a better grip on the elements for citizenship which the tide of immigration rolls up on our shores year after year. Pietro must be counted for righteousness, or the enemy will enroll him, and political unrighteousness will be the crop. And here while I am writing, the postman brings me a letter from a teacher in a school in my own state who has formed a club among his boys "to bring out from their class better, nobler, more active and more willing citizens."

**Birmingham's Activity.**

I spoke in Birmingham, Alabama where the new south is breaking through the old traditions, upon the need of looking after the boys that are to be the men of tomorrow, and I had barely got home when a letter came from the minister in whose church I had met such an audience as I had seldom seen in lecture-loving Iowa, or Wisconsin, or New England—a letter telling me how a gentleman had called him up to say that "he was willing to spend $10,000 in the establishment of a boys' club." Nor was it just in Alabama, at Birmingham, or at Tuskogee where ground is being broken to do away with that which is harder to deal with than the traditions of a people, namely, its prejudices, that I caught this welcome note. Wherever I went, it was the same.

Everywhere, north, east, west and south, I saw the civic conscience rousing itself to a task which often enough was unrecognized, outside the large national lines, or but vaguely made out. If there was nothing else, it took the shape of cleaning up the town, as if in preparation for greater things, a task in which often and very properly the women lead. Indeed, in Kalamazoo, Michigan, it was a single woman, the Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, who preached and swept the town a long way toward righteousness. It has occurred to me many times that Mr. Carnegie did things he did not dream of when he set his beautiful libraries in the towns and cities throughout the land.

Set suddenly down in an environment of tin cans and communal neglect, more than one of them has been to its town what the flowering plant which the missionary brought was to a sick child in her slum home. It had to have light, and a window pane that was black was promptly scoured clean. Whereupon it so shamed the others, that a general wash-day was decreed at once.

**New Courage Came.**

When the unwonted light, streaming in, shone upon the dirt and disorder and desolation of that wretched home, it just had to be set to rights. With the sight of it transformed, new courage came to the broken wife and mother, and that day began the upward trend of her home and of all it held. The slum had been beaten where alone it can be beaten to a finish—in the home.

No, the west is not alone in its reach upward toward the new and higher things. But the west is the land of promise, of the future still, though frontiers have gone and the midday sun shines bright upon it, the land where they do things. And this thing which they are doing now, each community literally sweeping before its own door, is a long step toward heading off the slum, which assuredly we must do unless we will own that the promise of the republic of better days for a better people was but sham and pretense.

## DENTISTRY FOR DOGS.

**Diamonds and Gold and False Teeth Inserted in Canine Mouths.**

From the New York Sun.

"Painless dentistry for dogs is now as highly developed as for humans," said a specialist in dog diseases. "The operator needs four, five or even six assistants, according to the size and energy of the patient, even after cocaine has been applied, and often we use gas if the patient proves to be too much for us. But with dogs, as with people, care must be taken that the heart is in good condition before the gas is administered.

"For filling a dog's teeth gold, silver and platinum are used, and frequently if the filling is very large and conspicuous a gold filling is used with a small diamond inserted in the middle.

"And if milady's pet poodle has a tooth missing, particularly one of the four front teeth, which show when he smiles, a porcelain or gold tooth can easily be substituted. Often when one of these teeth is broken a gold cap is put on.

"For the more pugnacious bull pup who has an opportunity for all kinds of warfare a whole row of false teeth is sometimes needed. This can always be done as long as there is a tooth on each end to which the false teeth may be fastened.

"Many dogs have to have their teeth cleaned regularly, especially those who live on a bonbon diet."

Chairman New of the Republican national committee has appointed Alvah H. Martin of Portsmouth, Virginia, to fill the vacancy in the national committee occasioned by the death of George E. Bowden, the Virginia member of the committee.