

PAGE DEVOTED TO THE ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN

Edited by Mrs. Winona E. Reeves

IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD, we knew the cause and trials. Knew the efforts all in vain. Knew the bitter disappointment. Understood the loss and pain—

Should we pity where we blame? We judge each other harshly. Knowing not life's hidden force—

The Gramm Collection in the Keokuk Library

The establishment of the Gramm collection in the Keokuk public library was a protest by Dr. Gramm against the reading of fiction and light literature to the exclusion of books of a more serious and worthwhile nature.

Only a beginning has been made in the selection of books for this collection, which in time will come to be one of the largest and finest scientific and sociological libraries to be found anywhere.

There are all sorts of books for mothers, on the care of babies, the safeguarding of children's health and their morals, books dealing with outdoor games and the play ground problems. A number of books on sex hygiene are in the collection.

KEOKUK WOMAN VISITS GIRLS' SCHOOL IN WARWICK ENGLAND

A Keokuk woman travelling in England several years ago gives the following interesting account of her visit to a girls' school in Warwick:

KEOKUK INTERESTED IN THE WORK OF LORADO TAFT

Lorado Taft in whom Keokuk feels a special interest because of his visits to this city, has recently finished a monument for the Midway Plaisance between Washington and Jackson parks in Chicago, which Gutzen Borglum has pronounced as one of America's greatest works of art.

room she rapped very politely on the door and as soon as the teacher opened it and we stepped inside the room, every girl rose and stood bowing and smiling as the head mistress introduced the lady from America.

The Iowa Women and Equal Suffrage

The Iowa Equal Suffrage association gives the following answer to the old argument that men represent women at the polls:

Who Represents Her? If a woman is responsible for an accident, if she defaults on her contracts, if she slanders her neighbors, is any man arrested, sued, bound over to keep the peace?

If a woman steals from her employer, does her father, husband, brother or son serve out her term in prison?

If a woman kills somebody, what man represents her in the prisoner's dock during her trial? What man represents her in the electric chair if she is convicted?

If a widow or an unmarried woman falls to pay her taxes, is the property of a male relative or of the man next door sold to satisfy the debt to the state?

If a woman forges a check, does her father, her husband, her employer, go to jail for felony?

Why is it that the only place in the world where man wants to represent woman is at the polls?

The following is the Iowa women's creed regarding a true democracy and they ask the men who believe also in this creed to vote for the suffrage amendment in June:

We Believe That governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

We Believe That a democracy is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

We Believe That men are people and are governed.

We Believe That no state can be a true democracy in which one-half the people are denied the right to vote.

We Believe That women need the vote for the same reason that men need it.

We Believe That because laws regulate a woman's life and the lives of her children, and because they tax her property and may even sentence her to death, she should have the right to share in the making of the laws.

We Believe That democracy bids everyone stand up and be counted, and that no decision day no one may be counted for more than one.

The argument on which some base their indifference to the suffrage question is that the women do not want it. Often a man will say, "I'm willing that the women should vote if they want to, but I don't believe they want the ballot."

The following women have said definitely, "We want the right of suffrage."

International Council of Women, representing over 1,000,000 women.

National Federation of Women's Clubs where women vote, and many women.

Every state Federation of Women's Clubs, where women vote, and many where they do not vote.

National Women's Trade Union League representing twenty-two leagues in thirteen different states.

National Council of Nurses, representing nine countries.

The following organizations representing millions of men and women in these United States have said by the adoption of definite resolutions favoring suffrage, that women should have the vote:

National Educational Association. National Grange (men and women engaged in farming).

GOING HOME

The Outlook has long been famed for its editorials. The following which appeared in a recent issue of that magazine, will find a responsive chord in the hearts of most readers:

GOING HOME.

There is no picture which touches the hearts of men more closely or tenderly than the figure of the tired man or woman going home at the end of the day. The fierce heat of the sun has passed, the intense high light of midday has softened into a restful glow, the strain of effort is over, and the passion of work has given place to the peace of deserted fields and streets.

It was a normal instinct which sent the worker forth eager and alert, in the morning; it is the response to a deep craving which sends him home at twilight. The reward of labor is the rest which it achieves, and the joy of rest is the sense that it has been earned.

The alternation of day and night is a symbol of the order of life in which is beyond price. The strain of other in a beautiful and health-giving rhythm. The worker goes out of his home when he takes up his tools; he returns to himself when he lays them down at the end of the day. He pours out his vitality as the water pours out of a hidden spring; if he is a real worker and not a mere drudge, he gives himself in the toil of his hand and his brain and when night falls his weariness is not mere fatigue of body, it is depletion of vitality. Before he can give himself again he must find himself; and when he goes home he finds himself.

To a vast multitude of men the thought of going home makes the heaviest burdens bearable, the most crushing responsibilities a spur to effort, the most complete surrender of ease and pleasure, not a sacrifice, but a price gladly paid for a happiness which is beyond price. The strain of the day is forgotten at the door which opens into the peace of perfect understanding, the pressure of hours and tasks is relaxed by the sound of a voice which is musical with love and faith and peace. In such a homecoming there is not only the supreme reward for the work which is beyond price, there is also the renewal of strength and courage for the day that is to bring new strife and toil.

The joy of going home is not in the ease and comfort that are waiting there; it is in the peace that flows from love, the stillness that follows the tumult of the storm, the clear atmosphere in which the dust of the highway is laid and the worker sees again the ends for which he is striving. In the quietness of such a home the toll of life is not only sweetened, but its spiritual meaning shines clear again after the confusion of details has vanished. Under the heat and burden of the day the strongest man sometimes wonders if life means anything but prolonged strain of muscle and brain; in the stillness of home, shining like the stars above the highway, when the dust has been laid, the home is not primarily a place for work but for life; work lies below and beyond it, but the companionship which transforms a house into a home is a sharing of the rewards of work; freedom, repose, refreshment, vision. There are houses full of convenience and luxuries in which no one is at home; the men and women who live in them are homeless. To such men and women, as to the men and women to whom marriage is a mere social contract and the family a mere social arrangement, there is no going home, no refuge for the spirit, no place of understanding and vision. There are no more pathetic figures in the world of today than these homeless men and women; restless, discontented, and unhappy, and utterly blind to the tragedy of a life in which there is no going home.

Many historic sites in Lee county were overlooked by Lake Cooper, as for example, the site of the first school house in Iowa, the first orchard planted in Iowa, the spot where Father Marquette landed, the first white man who set foot on Iowa, the first white man who was the first built in Iowa, and there is no end of pioneer and Indian history connected with it.

If western states would as carefully mark all historic spots, as do the eastern states, it would serve to keep fresh in the minds of the people the interesting places and incidents, which are now only dimly recalled.

The Amarna colony near Iowa City is a colony different from any other in all the world. A communion which his endured since the early fifties, a communion which has common sense mixed with its idealism. To read the history of the founding of the Holland village at Pella, and to visit it in the light of that knowledge would be an experience long to be remembered.

Spirit Lake is not only a charming spot in a scenic way, but is interesting because there occurred the only Indian massacre Iowa ever saw. The slain still stands and the little girl, Abbie Gardner, who was taken captive, now an old woman, lives there and has a melancholy pleasure in recounting the tragic scenes.

A few years ago an automobile party started at Council Bluffs and came to Keokuk and on to Montrose, tracing the old Mormon trail, the first great highway across Iowa. They saw the tracks made by the wheels of the huge great caravan, still plainly marked across the pasture and timber lands.

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on exhibition. That the stone is very hard is proven by the fact that it took the best part of a half day with a geologist's hammer to break off the small pieces. A few small pieces of conglomerate are said to have been found in the glacial drift above Burlington, but no stones of any size.

A stone of such rarity and scientific interest should be marked in some way, so that visitors to the city as well as our own citizens may take off their hats metaphorically to it.

Spots in Iowa of Historic Interest

Many Keokuk people every summer go to New England and when they return they always say "the east is so full of historic interest." Of course there is more history than in the west, because it is several hundred years older, just as Europe has more history than America, because it is older. It wouldn't be a bad slogan to say "see Iowa first," because Iowa has many interesting spots connected with the state's history if only Iowa people knew about them.

A group of Burlington women last summer studied the history of Black Hawk, perhaps the greatest of all the American Indians, and in an automobile trip, followed his trail from the site of the Sac village at the mouth of the Rock river, where he was born, to Rock Island, in the Mississippi, which was the garden of the Sac tribe, to that spot on Rock Island where the Indians thought the good spirit dwelt in the form of a white swan, and then down the Mississippi to the mouth of the river, where he died, ending the journey in Daviess county, where the old chief was buried. The inspiration for this journey came from seeing Taft's wonderful statue of Black Hawk.

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privilege to introduce to you tonight the greatest woman whom I have ever been privileged to know; the only woman I have ever met who has the mind of a man."

Whereat Dr. Shaw, unassuming, arose, and in a small, plaintive voice remarked: "I wish I knew which man's mind I had."

Quotable Lines From Many Books

"Some children are like little human scrawl books, blotted all over with the sins and mistakes of their ancestors."—The Story of Patsy, by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"Hit a man and help a woman; you won't be far wrong anyways."—Private Melony, by Kipling.

"Well," said Eliza, "a mother she's always got love enough to go around somehow. I wish you could say the same of shoes."—Philip and His Wife, by Margaret Deland.

"Sorrow we forget by a merciful dispensation. Joys ever cling to the phials of memory like a scent which nought can obliterate."—The Bride of Jennico, by Alice and Edgerton Castle.

"A little seriousness is a dangerous thing, too much is absolutely fatal."—Elbert Hubbard.

"Flats are but showy tenements. There is not one of them big enough to let in Santa Claus and you might as well give up at once as to have him excluded."—The Perils and Preservation of the Home, Jacob Riis.

"When you come to get married always hunt up the grandfather. It saves such a lot of trouble afterward."—Peter, by F. Hopkinson Smith.

"There are always lots of other folks you can be sorry for 'stid of yourself."—Mrs. Wiggs.

The recipe for eternal ignorance is: Be satisfied with your own opinions and content with your knowledge.—Raycrofter.

"Did you ever think of that text of scripture that says 'all things work together for good.' Not some things, honey, but all things. The things you want and the things you don't want; the things you complain about and the things you rejoice about; the things you laugh over and the things you cry over; all of them working not against each other, but together and all for good. And then there's that verse of Browning's which says, 'God's in his heaven, all's right with the world.' So I guess in spite of all our worrying the world is in safe hands and moving in the right way."—Aunt Jane of Kentucky.

"As long as you've got hope, child, you've got everything."—The Land of Long Ago.

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duced themselves; it was Billy Sunday and his singer. They took charge of the meeting that day and the next, giving the young minister the rest he so much needed.

Many years afterward, Dr. Beardsley was one of a committee of eight who met Billy Sunday to make arrangements for a series of meetings in Kansas City. He asked Mr. Sunday if he remembered going over to Webster to help a boy who was conducting a series of meetings there, and Mr. Sunday said "Yes, I remember, are you that boy?" And Dr. Beardsley said: "Yes, I'm that boy and I've never forgotten it," and Mr. Sunday said with the characteristic smile which spreads over his whole face: "Well, I assure you I haven't forgotten it either."

The New Schools

There assembled in the public schools this week several hundred wiggling boys and girls, some of them seemingly most unpromising and yet they represent Keokuk's future and deserve all the money and time and energy expended on them. The fine new school buildings made some of the taxpayers wince, and the expense account of the schools is mentally checked up by many citizens and yet everyone recognizes it as being about the most worth-while item of expense the city has. The ignorant population of a city is always its lawless, dangerous and most expensive element and so as to the question of dollars and cents it's a paying proposition, which is a trite truth having been said thousands of times.

The possibilities of the children assembled in the public schools is infinite and almost never is a budding genius recognized in the teacher's face or in the sky, giggling girl, over in the Wells school in the 18's. Over went to school a little girl, who later became one of the greatest actresses of her time, who played with Emma Mansfield, Salvini and others of his fame.

In the Carlisle school a little boy learned to read and write, who continues to write what many thousands of others read—short stories, books, plays and occasional verses. In that same school a boy learned to dance on the scale and later became a grand opera singer; another became a musical composer whose work is becoming very well known. A Keokuk school girl developed into a portrait painter whose pictures hang in well known galleries. The long list of those who became politically great is too known to every eye, and many little girls grew up who became national figures in a social way.

But the point is this, that every boy and girl deserves the best that modern schools and modern methods can give them, not because they may some day develop unusual talent but because "The public school is the institution which says that the poor boy, though he may eat coarser food and wear a shabbier coat and live in a smaller house and work earlier and later and harder than his neighbor still have his eyes trained to behold the same glory in the heavens, the same beauty in the earth; shall have his mind developed to appreciate the same sweetness in music and the same loveliness in art; shall have his heart opened to enjoy the same literary treasures and the same philosophic truths; shall have his soul stirred by the same social influences and the same spiritual ideals as his wealthier neighbor."

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enough powdered sugar to make a very soft icing. Add a cup of English walnuts, chopped very fine, and a tea spoonful of lemon juice. Add more powdered sugar if necessary to make it the consistency to spread easily.

Some Tempting Recipes

Below are given recipes from some well known American women of dishes which their distinguished husbands especially enjoy. Maybe some husbands who are not "distinguished" will enjoy them, too.

From Mrs. William Howard Taft: Sponge pudding. 1/2 cup sugar. 1/2 cup flour. 1/2 cup butter. 1 pint of boiled milk. 5 eggs. 1/2 cup water.

Mix sugar and flour and dampen with the 1/2 cup of water, keeping the mixture smooth. Stir this into the boiling milk and cook until it thickens, stirring it to keep it smooth. Add the butter and when well mixed, add the well beaten yolks of the eggs. Beat the whites of the eggs until very stiff and fold them into the mixture. Bake in a pan set in a shallow pan of hot water. Serve with a cream sauce.

From Mrs. Reed Smoot: Five Egg Orange Cake. 5 eggs. 1/2 cup butter. 1 cup sugar. 1/2 cup milk. 1/2 cup flour. 1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla. 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder.

Beat sugar and butter to a cream, add the well beaten yolks of the eggs, add 1 cup of flour, then the milk and the second cup of flour, beating all the while. Add the remainder of the flour and lastly fold in the beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in layer