



THE HOME MAGAZINE PAGE



The High School Age

A WONDERFUL PERIOD OF LIFE

Professor McKeever Thinks It Has Great Possibilities When Mobilized for the Public Good

By Dr. W. A. McKeever.

One of the Nation's Best-known Educational Writers.

At the age of adolescence, when the young are properly enrolled in the high school, the future and the past of the human race meet each in a fourfold embrace and then part, each to its separate way. To the charmed and charming youth it is now time to put away childish things and to take up the ideals of the man about to be.

This delightful high-school age is my mascot. As I travel about this busy country of ours lecturing and promoting as best I can the cause of young humanity I am learning to depend on the high-school group to help me put things over.

If I want placards and advertisements distributed; if I want cartoons and comic posters; if I want an appeal for support carried direct to the homes of the city; if I want a noisy procession upon the streets, with bands and banners to accompany; if I want a rollicking song at assembly hour, or a yell to stimulate my waning spirits before giving an address; if I want to play up a bit of humor and win a round of thunderous applause; if I want to awaken a lazy old town that has been sleeping along for a generation; if I want to clean up the physical trash or the social slime which has long bedeviled a community—

If I want to undertake these or a score of other valuable purposes for the general welfare I make a bee-line for that wonderful high-school age.

Here among all the ages of mankind we find the most mobile and pliable mass formation. True, the boys of the scout age quickly form a gang but it is an affair with but a limited idea, the banding together for mutual protection and for a wild life out of doors.

But the high school age may be quickly mobilized for the general good. Also it may be as easily formed into a mob for some wicked design. There are some towns and village communities where the while putting on a campaign of their mis-directed mob mind, are all

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

A great saving in gas mantles is effected by keeping the lid of an old cocoa-box over the globe when the gas is not in use. This keeps the dust out, as it is due to the dust gathering on the top of the mantle that the light is sometimes bad. Another plan is to lift off the brass top and mantle together and stow through the holes in the brackets. Better light and more economy in mantles will result from these precautions.

When bathing the baby do not slip your hand in the water to find out if it is too hot. Your hand is not a good indicator of heat for a baby's tender skin. Put your elbow in the water; if not too hot for that, it is safe for the baby.

When an umbrella is old and worn out do not throw it away. Remove the cover and enamel the framework to prevent its rusting. Suspend the frame by the handle from a hook in the ceiling. Many small articles can be hung on each rib and dried readily, and when ironing collars, neckties, etc., they can be aired in the same way. It can be closed up and put out of sight when not in use.

When doing much ironing it will be found to be a great help to have two or three iron-boards ready, so that you can change from one to the other occasionally. This prevents the hand from getting as hot and tired as it would otherwise do.

The baking of large cakes is more important than the mixing. When any cake is put in the oven should be fairly hot to start with, and a regular heat should be maintained until it is cooked through. The usual method of young cooks is to bake their cakes nice and brown outside, but to omit to cook them through and a cake that is crispy or sticky in the center is most unpleasant to the taste as well as being very unwholesome. When you think your cake is sufficiently cooked, take a perfectly clean bright skewer or knitting needle, insert it in the center of the cake, and draw it out slowly. If it is clean and bright the cake is done, but if it is sticky the cake needs more cooking.

A good window wedge can be made by splitting a clothes peg in half. If windows stick, rub a little melted lard on the sashcord and between the frame and the casing.

Smart Wrap and Summer Dress



The separate skirt is no longer a prosaic affair; it may be of white organdy, daintily tucked. With a pretty slip-on waist of white organdy it makes an inexpensive dress.

Summer winds oft penetrate chiffon bodices, and this graceful wrap of rose chiffon and satin, with bands of mule, will prove a blessing as well as a luxury.

Exercise for Women

MAKING IT DELIGHTFUL AND BENEFICIAL

Eleanor Gilbert Cites the Example of a New York Club as an Ideal Example

By Eleanor Gilbert.

EVERY woman who works in doors admits she needs exercise. She wants exercise. She agrees when a course of exercise is suggested and sometimes she even acts on it—once or twice. For there is a business woman with energy so crippled that at least once she hasn't stood by the window, breathing deeply, for ten minutes in the morning. Or swayed from the hips? Or stretched arms according to callisthenic rule? All these methods of exercise are splendid—if adhered to. The only objection to solo exercises of any kind is that they are solo. There's no impetus to continuation. The first time you try them you are enthusiastic in resolve to continue each day, for five or ten minutes or half an hour. And sometimes that's the end. The next day or the one thereafter there's a good reason for not exercising, and that ends it.

The only way for the business woman to take regular exercise is to select the kind of exercise that will be interesting enough to make her want it. When you look on exercise as a necessary duty, it becomes a task. But when exercise is

associated with pleasure, you forget that you're getting some good out of it! It's not a physical specific, but a social joy to be looked forward to.

And that is why clubs for exercise are about the best kind of insurance to the business woman that she will take exercise regularly. She may join the club with only a very mild intention to take part in its physical exercise—she wants much more the pleasant social contacts with women or men in the club. But gradually she begins to enjoy the exercise for itself too—the outdoor tramp, the horseback riding, canoeing, skating, tennis or golfing or other good outdoor sports.

There's a club in New York devoted entirely to the purpose of interesting business and professional women in exercise. They have a delightful clubhouse on the outskirts of town, where members can spend week-ends, have at-home teas or other social functions. In addition, the club maintains a beautiful outdoor camp up in the hills where business women may spend delightful informal vacations in the outdoors.

But most important of its activities are the regular walks and drives and outdoor sports which the club manages during the year round. Here's an example of one week's varied activities:

Monday—Horseback riding in the forenoon. Afternoon, long hikes in the woods studying birds, under the direction of a bird specialist. Bring camp fire supper.

Tuesday—Roller skating and walk relief work at clubhouse.

Friday—Swimming at one of the outdoor pools. Then there is work on the garden adjoining the clubhouse, canoe trips, tramps to the woods and to points of historic interest, frequently accompanied by an authority who gives informal talks and there are no end of outdoor picnics and campfire suppers.

An intelligent board of directors guides these activities so that the cost is kept low. But it's worth a big price to every business woman who is indoors and who won't exercise until interest drags her to it.

The Bitter Orange.

The bitter orange tree was originally introduced to the shores of the Mediterranean by travellers from India and China. Most of the Spanish and Italian groves goes to London to be made into marmalade, since very few people in the south of Europe seem to understand the simple art of composing this preserve. There is also a valuable oil, called bitter orange, which is extracted from the fruit of the sweet orange, essence of Bergamot. The distillers extract it by pressing the rind forcibly against a flat sponge, which absorbs the contents of the crushed oil-cells. They wring out the sponge under water and skim off the floating oil. This oil, after purification is used as a flavoring agent in curries and soups. Bitter orange is one of the ingredients of Eau-de-Cologne and other perfumes, and a drop of it on sugar in a tumblerful of hot water makes the popular summer drink of the French. Like oil of lemon, it cannot be extracted by distillation; it is the usual way, since a high temperature injures its flavor.

The fruit-buds of the bitter orange also give an essential oil known as essence de petit grain; and from the white flowers is extracted a delightful perfume called essence de Neroli. That is prepared chiefly at Nice, Cannes and Grasse, in the south of France. All the flowers of a fine tree will yield only a single ounce of Neroli oil. The peel also yields an aromatic principle that the ancient Arab physicians esteemed highly as a tonic; it is still considered a useful stomachic.

Very Much at Sea.

A fair member of a yachting party observed that the captain wore an anxious look. "What's the matter, captain?" she inquired anxiously. "The fact is," responded the captain in a low voice, "our rudder's broken." "Oh, don't fret about that!" replied the young woman consolingly. "As it's under the water no one will notice."

Difficult Navigation.

An old lady was on her first ocean voyage. "What's that down there?" she asked the captain. "That's the steering, madam," he replied. "Really?" she exclaimed in surprise. "And does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?"

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

Blind by Taffy, stopped stroking Puss Junior, and said in a kindly voice:

"Well, my little cat, what can he do for you?" Puss Junior didn't know just what to answer. In fact, he hadn't come for anything, he couldn't think of anything to do the question. But little Tom Thumb, however, called over from where he was sitting in the Welshwoman's lap that they had come to call, and that they were strangers in town, travelling through on a journey of adventure.

"Did you hear what they say about me?" asked Taffy.

"Yes, we did," replied Puss, and some how, I don't believe it true, and I'm very sure I'm not going to do it now."

"Bless you for that," said the little Welshwoman. "My husband is so kind there has been a great deal of talk about it."

"You think I'm a good boy, don't you?" Puss Junior asked the little Welshwoman. "I don't know," she said, "but I've never seen him before, and I've never heard his name, nor do I know his name or his home."

At the moment there came a loud knocking at the front door, and when the little Welshwoman opened it, a woman came in and said to the butcherman: "Look what I have brought to show you," he said, holding up a fat red head. "I found this to-day behind a barrel in my shop. It's very like your Taffy's head." At this the little Welshwoman opened her eyes very wide and tried to speak, but she was so surprised she couldn't.

When the butcher went out to say that perhaps the man who wore this head was the one who had stolen his beef. And then the little Welshwoman began to cry very softly, and the big butcher, who had a very kind heart, said, "Don't cry, my good woman, I don't think now your Taffy stole the beef, and that's the reason I've come all the way up here to show you this head. So you see, Taffy that I shall tell everybody to know that it wasn't he who stole my beef, but some thief who wore a red head, and then I'll show them what I found in my shop, and that will prove what I say. Everybody will be glad to know that Taffy isn't a thief."

As soon as the butcher was gone, she flew upstairs to tell Taffy the good news. And it almost made Taffy cry. If he hadn't been a man, he would have. But it was hard work not to, just the same. "My head feels better already," he said with a laugh that had a big catch in it.

"Take off the bandages, little woman, I'll come down to supper, and these two small friends of ours shall spend the night with us, for they have brought us good luck to-day, that they have." And in the next story you shall have what happened after that.

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Correct Information.

"Mary," said Mrs. Watkins to her maid, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Mary returned. "Mrs. Jones is seventy-two years seven months and two days old," she reported.

The Record of a Noble Redman

By Garrett P. Serviss.

THE story of Chief White Eagle, the Cheyenne Indian, who died while fighting in the American Army in France and who bequeathed his war dress to the American Museum of Natural History, is one of the most interesting that I know. It is a very significant story, too, as showing what education can and cannot do.

White Eagle was a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School. He knew both sides of American history—the white man's side from his books, and the Red Man's side from the traditions of his ancestors. He cherished the memory, and retained some of the customs and ideas of his people, but he was a thoroughly loyal American, and, with three of his brothers, offered his life to defend the life and the honor of his country—a country whose broad acres, whose mountains, forests and valleys were fundamentally his rather than the white man's.

His gallant deeds in France and his death under the flag and in the uniform of the United States were a sharp rebuke to that brutal and too often approvingly quoted phrase of some narrow-minded, selfish, white-skinned rooster for fortune: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."

Why should White Eagle not have fought and died for America? This could call him an interloper? Who land belonged to his race before the walls of Babylon arose, before King Minos built the labyrinth, before Rome was founded. Even pre-history is not long enough to suggest a date for the beginning

of the red man's occupation of the American continent. That occupation runs back into the geological ages. If it was the result of an immigration from the eastern world, which is not certain, its beginning must be sought in that remote and uncalculated time when the ocean waters were spanned by "land-bridges"—if they ever were so spanned.

Perhaps those speculative thinkers who believe that the human race originated around the north pole, at a period when a general climate prevailed there, may be on the right track, in which case the red man may be as old, and as independent in origin, as the white man and the yellow man, and coincidently with them may have set out from the polar Eden, choosing the American side of the world for his own.

The only serious indictment that has ever been lodged against the American red man is based upon the fact that he did not develop the white man's type of civilization, and did not increase and multiply and overtake the earth and nature with swarming numbers and insistent, spurring demands, as we have done. Possibly a cosmic court would not find him guilty of any crime on that score. Did the history of America in pre-Columbian days offer anything more hellish than what White Eagle faced when he fought with and against white men in Europe?

Here, as I write, glancing at an open history of America, I read this sentence: "The most hopeless feature in connection with the Indian problem is that the race seems incapable of civilization."

Disregarding the gigantic assumption made in that sentence about the saving value of the kind of civilization that his white con-

querors have tried to force upon the red man, what becomes of the assertion that he is incapable of civilization when tested by White Eagle's last act, that of bequeathing his war costume to a white man's museum—a costume carefully made with his own hands after the ancient model—leaving it as a historic document for future generations to study and ponder? That act seems to me a very notable example of the broadest and best kind of civilization. And what about his three brothers, who, as we saw, and about the hundreds of other members of their race who battled on the same bloody fields for the freedom of the world? Were they "incapable of civilization?" No, the Indian has proved that he is capable even of the white man's civilization in its essential elements. But he has also proved that education in the white man's schools and ways does not, as it should not, entirely remake his nature. In the way of religion he has, as good a foundation as we have. He believes and always has believed in the Great Spirit. He has, to be sure, associated many superstitious notions and practices with his religion.

Very well, have we, in the long course of our history, done better in that respect? Perhaps he cannot give you a very clear definition of what he means by the Great Spirit, but can we do any better? Have we found out God, or caught Him in a formula? For my part I believe the Indian is just as near God as we are. And I believe God is just as near to an Indian totem as He is to a Wall Street broker's office, or to a great, smoking, champing, nerve-deadening industrial establishment. The Indian's industries did not make the world a purgatory for half its inhabitants.

