

# THE HERALD'S PAGE FOR EVERY WOMAN

EDITED BY JULIA CHANDLER MANZ

## Can Your Daughters Keep House?

A Story in Real Life Which Should Interest All Mothers in Washington.

By JULIA CHANDLER MANZ.

Amid all the excitement of Christmas Day, did you take time yesterday to read Dorothy Dix's article on the Woman's Page in The Washington Herald on how young women should be trained to be helpful wives?

It was an interesting article, especially its reference to the law in Norway which compels young women to become proficient in sewing, cooking, &c. After the children had their presents on Christmas morning I read the article again, and I wondered how many mothers of grown-ups teach them to care for housekeeping. I take it for granted you are all sensible enough to wish that your girls should become practical housekeepers. If they are going to college and to adopt professions I hope you give them some instructions in their half-holidays and vacations which may make life easier for them when they have homes of their own.

Even in this advanced day of self-supporting women there are many who follow the good old plan of coming home after the school days are over, who cherish no thought of college or missions, but are content to live the life of the home daughter until they marry and enter homes of their own. How do you help them to live that home life and how do you fit them for that future establishment?

Here is the story of how one mother filled her duty in this respect. Perhaps her experience may be of service to some of the rest of you.

The daughter was a nice girl, a fairly good student at school, but with no special bent for any line of work or study. Neither did she display any fondness for housekeeping.

From her childhood she had been taught such details as caring for her own room, dusting and brushing up a little, helping with the dishes when she had time, but the strenuous demands of her work at school had interfered with her doing anything more than this, and during the last year of high school everything but the insistent study and corresponding exercises was put in one side.

After the final commencement performances and the breaking up there was the usual slump. The girl was tired and the reaction came which generally follows strain and stress. For the first fortnight she seemed to have energy for nothing but sleep. She lay about with a book, and "laze."

The mother did not interfere, but when she felt this had not allowed for recreation she began to institute a change. The daughter had already displayed some signs of discontent.

She had told of the girls among her schoolmates who were going to travel or to visit, and how she had been planning for the early fall—had said she hoped something interesting would happen to break the long dull summer when nearly every one was away.

Here was the mother's chance, and she seized it. One day she invited her daughter into the kitchen and showed her a shining clean corner in which had been placed a small assortment of new utensils. There were not many of them—all egg beater, a couple of long-handled spoons, a measuring cup, two or three mixing bowls of different sizes, a small vegetable knife, a cake turner, and one or two other articles.

"These are for you, my dear," she said brightly, "and it is her that some of the interesting things you long for are likely to happen."

"Have I got to learn to cook?" exclaimed the girl, with the way I am to spend my vacation?"

"When will you learn if you don't learn now?" said the mother. "Do you mean to wait until fall when all your friends will be at home and then think any one can keep house or cook just by studying about it in a book?"

"The girl had not owned it, but she had the idea that she could cook if she tried, without any difficulty, so long as she had a cook book, and she also cherished the notion that it was rather absurd to expect any one who had held a high place in her class at school to have to study housekeeping and cookery as though they were sciences or languages.

So it was with a little suppressed sulks and with some condescension that she fell into her mother's plans. Having been well trained in obedience, she did not quite dare to op-

pose active resistance to the scheme, but she felt that by a slight display of her own powers she would easily convince her mother that she needed very little training.

"I think I will begin with bread," she told her mother, with some private admiration for the common sense that here she had to take her first steps on cake or fudge. "Just give me the recipe and I'll make it."

"A very good notion," commented her mother, and having given her the directions, introduced her to the flour, the yeast cake, and other ingredients, she left the young graduate to her own device.

Any of you who recollect your beginning in cookery, or who have trained "green hands" can guess what followed. The recipe was explicit—but the flour lumped, she spilled it in the stirring, the dough stuck to the board and to her fingers, her arms ached from the kneading, and she did not know how to handle the dough, the consistency it should have been of an unknown quantity, and she was generally miserable by the time she had reached the "letting to rise" stage. But she was proud and would ask no questions—only how to know when it had risen enough? The book said "until light." What constituted lightness in bread? Was it color or weight?

Not until she was convinced that there was nothing in the directions to help her did she shamefacedly turn to her mother and learn the dough must swell to twice its original bulk before it was ready to be worked again and put in the pans. When this period was attained, the mother carefully made a few suggestions, both about the kneading and the making into loaves, and gave suggestions on rolls at the same time. She also intimated that good judgment in having the oven at the right temperature for bread, and dropped a word about the varying heats required for bread, meats, muffins, cake, &c.

The girl's eyes opened a little and her respect for her mother and for trained housekeeping rose together. By the time the bread was finally out of the oven she had found that certain cookery was something which could not be acquired altogether from books, and that it resembled a language, in that while you might be able to gain knowledge of the grammar and vocabulary by study, you could not speak it without some practice.

This was the first step, and others followed it. Gradually the girl became interested in cooking. She perceived that there was as much mystery in mixing and baking a successful cake or pan of muffins as there was in solving a problem in geometry, and that the enjoyment she found in seeing a dish succeed with satisfaction was as gratifying as winning a good mark in recitation.

She learned also that cookery is as much of an exact science as any of the branches she had studied at school and that her mother's mental equipment was not to be despised, even if she knew nothing of physics and trigonometry only as names.

Of course, the girl was not always successful in her cookery. She had the usual checks and disasters of the way, but once she had grown into fellowship with her mother she did not mind confessing her mistakes and being instructed how to avoid them in future.

Moreover, the two developed one another. They devised fresh combinations, they tried new recipes together, they became close companions in the novel interest, and the mother's well-trodden routine was enlivened by the daughter's experiments, while the latter learned the small economies, the wise savings long drill had taught the older woman.

This is not a fairy tale or a goodly story, but an account of what really happened to one mother and daughter, and that may happen again, in a home where the mother is a trained housekeeper and has the patience and ambition to help her daughter to learn to keep house in a rational way. If I have not spent too much of the culinary side of the home-making, it is because this is the side which cannot be picked up at random or learned by chance or from a book, as some other details of housekeeping can be gained, but must be acquired by actual practice and apprenticeship.

**An Unfailing Pie Crust Recipe.**

One cupful sifted flour.  
One half-pintlard  
One half-pinch salt  
Mix. Add enough cold water to combine ingredients, just flinging them together. Be careful not to knead, as it makes dough tough.

## YOUNG IRISH WOMAN BECOMES MARQUISE

Wife of Marconi Has Had a Picturesque Career.

The world, which has a surprising way of turning around and of breeding few ill-winds that don't blow somebody good, has just placed high in the Italian court a handsome Irish girl who, a little over a dozen years ago, had no more notion of being an Italian countess than she had of getting wireless messages out of the air from warring Africa or of flying.

Yet, all these things have come to pass; a couple of them, at least, directly connected with each other.

The good-looking Irish girl was then the Hon. Miss Beatrice O'Brien, sister of Baron Incequin, and heired to \$20,000 a year. She became the Signora Guglielmo Marconi, and the war between Italy and Turkey was hardly well under way ere the fates decreed that she should be the Marquise Marconi and hold the distinguished post of lady-in-waiting to Italy's queen, Helena, Romanov—the modern sort of romance, which mixes up affairs so astonishingly—has apparently been looking after this popular Irish belle from the very beginning, and she's only half a woman if she doesn't believe that the world had to receive the benefits of wireless telegraphy partly for the sake of giving an ambitious inventor the fame and fortune that enabled him to lay his triumphs at her feet.

## GIRL'S ENGAGEMENT IS HAPPY EVENT

Some Ideas as to Making Announcement to Friends.

The announcement of an engagement marks a joyous period in a girl's life, and the news should be made known amid the happiest of surroundings. Here is the way one young woman told the glad tidings: Invitations for luncheon were sent to eight of her chosen companions, who were those she first wished to tell. The centerpieces, which were low vases filled with tall stalks of larkspur. At each place was small sponge cake "lady finger" encircled by a paste diamond ring, while the bride-elect wore her own engagement ring with a spray of artificial orange blossoms tied to it. All the other girls had knots of blue ribbon, her chosen color.

Another simple but effective way of announcing the news is to have ribbons running to each place from the center with hearts attached with just one letter on it; the whole spelling "congratulations." This scheme, of course, requires as many guests as there are letters. The one holding letter C should be seated next to the bride-elect, and if the lucky man is present, the one having the first letter should be placed next to him. Of course every one immediately showers him with congratulations. Some times the letters spell "congratulate us," or "congratulate us two," according to how many are being entertained.

## WAGING WAR ON THE CIGARETTE

Nation-wide Campaign Being Conducted from Chicago.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"Boys who smoke cigarettes are like wormy apples—they drop long before harvest time."

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

A good deal has been said about the evils of cigarette smoking, but one-half the truth has never been told. Cigarette smoking first dulls the whole moral nature. It has an appalling effect upon the physical system as well. It first stimulates and then stupefies the nerves. It sends boys into consumption. It gives them enlargement of the heart and sends them to the insane asylum. I have seen bright boys turned into dunces, and straightforward boys made into miserable cowards by cigarette smoking."

A. G. CLIFTON.  
President to Several Boys' Societies.

The Anti-Cigarette League of America, with general headquarters at the Woman's Temple in Chicago, is conducting an America-wide campaign of education, law enforcement, and legislation against the cigarette evildoer.

It depends for success upon the cooperation of parents, teachers, preachers, doctors, legislators, and other friends of the boys.

Judge Burke, of Chicago, has stated that "Our laws and wiles would not tolerate for one single moment the cigarette evil if the denunciation which it works could be fully realized."

FACTS:

- 1,150 to 1,500 boys begin smoking every day—estimated.
- Bad habits are the starting point in criminal careers.
- Crime is keeping pace with the cigarette habit. Ninety per cent of youthful offenders are cigarette smokers.
- \$54,837,000 cigarettes were consumed in the United States in 1910, an increase of 1,546,487,398 over 1906, not including those imported and rolled by hand.
- Tuberculosis fatalities are greatest among cigarette smokers.
- The cigarette is considered a key to the insane asylum.
- Most school dullards and truants are cigarette smokers.
- Many colleges are distributing centers for cigarettes.
- Students' mental and physical efficiency is lowered by cigarette smoking.
- The cigarette torch imperils life and property everywhere.
- Eleven States have prohibited the manufacture and sale of cigarettes.
- Prohibitory laws are upheld by the United States Supreme Court.
- All right-thinking people demand the extermination of this pest of society.
- Prohibitory laws are in honor of its injurious nature. However, owing to the rapid decline of the race during the past few decades and the increase of crime, insanity, and other diseases, special attention has of recent years again been called by leading medical men, scientists, religious teachers, and commissions appointed by various nations to investigate the causes of the almost universal physical, intellectual, and moral degeneracy to the fact that tobacco is responsible for much that has, in the past, been attributed to other causes. To ascertain the real injury to the race from such a habit we must necessarily go to the third or fourth generation of its devotees. Naturally the sad havoc wrought by tobacco upon the race is more manifest now than it has been in the past.
- If you are a parent, a teacher, a preacher, a legislator, or a boy, hear, thirty-three times a day, the voice of the American campaign against the cigarette evil by writing to the Woman's Temple, in Chicago, and asking what you can do to push the cause along. And send a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

Ammonia caused seventy-one deaths in England last year, and thirty-three deaths of three being accidents, the rest suicides.

## Not Too Busy To Solve Puzzle

Readers of Woman's Page Are Sending In Many Answers to Candy Enigma.

It seemed to me that perhaps my friends, the readers of this woman's page, would be too busy with Christmas to spend much time in solving the Christmas Candy Puzzle.

But, bless you, the answers have come piling in upon my desk just as if this was the lazy summer time. It is a sweet task to find the name of some candy which would be purchased by the lover, the schoolmaster, the fatterer, the butcher, and all the rest of mankind and woman-kind. The zeal with which the puzzle has been taken up shows that the subject is attractive.

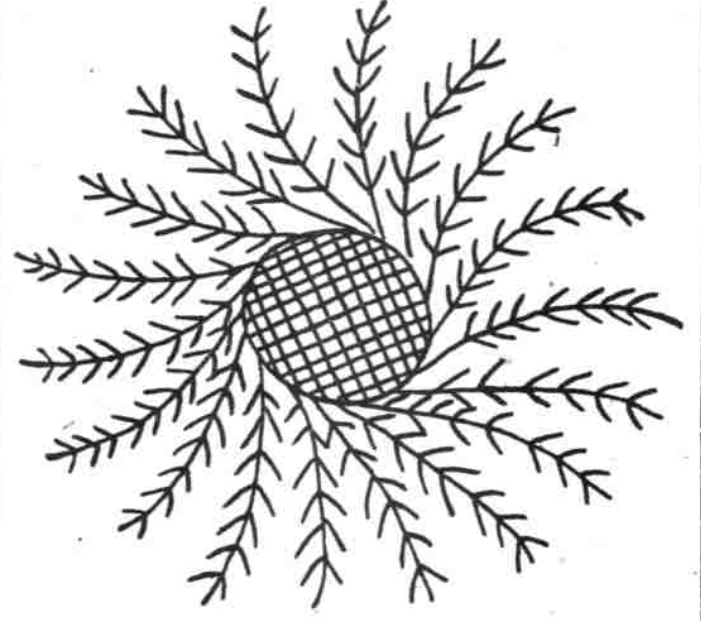
Remember that the contest closes on Friday. Send in your solutions—the puzzle was printed in full in yesterday's Herald—and add your name to the many already on my list.

One of my correspondents wrote that she would hand her guests the list at a Christmas supper last night, and ask them to find the answers. I am really curious to know how many gave correct solutions. It was a clever idea, anyway, to entertain her friends with the puzzle. Send in your answers, and if you have a word of suggestion as to future puzzles or any feature of the woman's page so much the better.

J. C. M.

- Christmas Candy Puzzle.**
- What kind of Christmas candy will be purchased by—
1. The lover?
  2. The schoolmaster?
  3. The fatterer?
  4. The colner?
  5. The pickle manufacturer?
  6. The minister?
  7. The miller?
  8. The German?
  9. The dentist?
  10. The pugilist?
  11. The shoemaker?
  12. The dairymaid?
  13. The calendar designer?
  14. The cranberry picker?
  15. The milkman?
  16. The editor?
  17. The butcher?
  18. The halfbreed?
  19. The sailor?
  20. The stonemason?
  21. The Mormon?
  22. The old maid?

## PRETTY LITTLE MOTIF FOR GOWNS OR FANCY WORK



This dainty motif makes a charming decoration for gowns or fancy articles. It is done entirely in the outline stitch in either white or colors. Use mercerized cotton No. 15 for the work.

## HER GREAT-GRANDSON HAD XMAS DINNER BY HER SIDE

Mrs. Danenhower, Aged 88, Surrounded by Her Many Decendants.

A family reunion with four generations represented at an old-time Christmas dinner—no music except that of the human voice and the clatter of silver and china.

Rare, indeed, was the privilege of being the one outsider, or, properly speaking, the invited guest at the dinner where Mrs. Elizabeth S. Danenhower, active, alert and beaming, albeit she is on her way to life's eighty-ninth milestone, was the chief figure.

There were fifteen at the table, including the "stranger within the gates." The purely informal gathering was in a private dining-room of the New Fredonia. A way back in 1861 that place was known as the "Old Chain House," famed as the stopping-place of Gen. Winfield Scott when he was a candidate for the Presidency. William W. Danenhower, government officer, friend of Lincoln, lawyer, and real estate man, with his wife, the now venerable but sprightly gentleman, purchased the "Chain House" for a home.

At the dinner yesterday there were sons, daughters, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, nephews, nieces, grandchildren, and one great-grandson, a wee sprig, sent close to the elder Mrs. Danenhower.

Between times the interesting gentleman was led to speak of the holiday season. She expressed her delight at having so many of her family around the board and observed:

"That scarf or veil which appeared in my picture in The Washington Herald on my birthday anniversary, November 7, was brought to me by my son, Lieut. John Danenhower, of the United States navy, who, on the Vandalla, accompanied Gen. Grant on his world tour. I prized it highly, as I did a Bible, bound in olive wood, from a tree of the Holy Land, both souvenirs of my son's journey with the great soldier. I sent both scarf and Bible to my daughter in Hartford, Conn., as Christmas remembrances."

After the nuts, raisins, and coffee, Mrs. Danenhower, mother of nine sons and two daughters, five of whom are living, expressed a willingness for a "get-to" at backgammon with her stalwart son, "Will." She talked reminiscently and entertainingly of Washington in civil war days, of the "contrabands" coming up New York avenue, then a mudhole, and of the progress in the real estate line, of which she is to-day one of the keenest observers.

## Revival of Homely Customs.

From Leslie's.

A revival of the old customs of our great-grandmothers is the commendable task to which the newly organized Illinois Colony Club has set itself. "The women," says Mrs. George E. Colby, president of the organization, "may bring their darning to the meeting, or their sewing. Then we are going to study the lives of the colonial women and emulate them. For example, we shall make our own preserves and pickles and attend to other household duties as women once did." There are a lot of women who have never given these customs of our grandmothers up, but it sounds good to hear women of leisure talking about darning, pickling, and preserving.

**Lady Baltimore Gingerbread.**

One-half pound butter.  
One cup sour cream or clabber.  
Two cups brown, dark, moist sugar (sugar-cane sugar, not beet).  
One cup New Orleans or Porto Rico molasses.  
One teaspoonful soda.  
Four cups flour measured after twice sifted.  
Spices to taste, omitted altogether.  
Bake in very low oven and test with broom straw, being careful not to have batter too stiff.

## Philadelphia Pepper Pot.

Cleanse and boil for an hour three pounds of honeycomb tripe and three pounds of "velvet" tripe. At the end of the hour pour off the water; add fresh boiling hot from the kettle, and cook until the tripe is tender. In another kettle boil a knuckle of veal slowly for three hours. Then cut the lean meat and the tripe into inch pieces and return to the veal broth. Pour into this kettle more than half of the tripe broth, and add a tablespoonful of sweet marjoram (dried) and summer savory with thyme. Mix the dried herbs well together before they go into the broth, and use rather more of the thyme than of either of the others. Now put into the pot a few peppercorns, one red pepper (minced), and salt to taste. Cut raw white potatoes into small cubes; make small, light dumplings—not larger than a marble—drop into the boiling pot, and cook thirty minutes.

This recipe should make rather more than a gallon. When cold if it is not all eaten while hot, it should form a perfect jelly. It will keep for a week, and is as good when warmed up as at first, not losing its flavor. If desired, a few allspice may be added. This is done sometimes, but it is not so good as in the original state.

Buckingham Palace has a press-clipping bureau of its own.

OPEN UNTIL 6 P. M. DAILY.

# The Bluestein Co.

WOMEN'S AND MISSES' APPAREL AT REASONABLE PRICES.

F STREET, CORNER THIRTEENTH.

## Our Rebuilding Sale

CONTINUES TO-DAY WITH THE OFFERING OF OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF SUITS, COATS, STREET AND CALLING DRESSES WITHOUT RESERVATION.

### At 1-2 Price.

ONE LOT OF SUITS AND COATS THAT SOLD UP TO BE PICKED FOR QUICK CLEARANCE AT..... \$9.95

MILLINERY SECTION. ALL FRENCH UNTRIMMED SHAPES AT..... \$2.95

WAIST SECTION. ENTIRE STOCK OF WAISTS OFFERED AT..... 1/2 OFF Marked Prices.

F STREET, CORNER THIRTEENTH.

Change in Store Hours—Open 8:30 a. m.; Close 6 p. m.—Saturday 9 p. m.

# W. KANN'SONS & CO.

8th St. & Pa. Ave. "THE BUSY CORNER"

## AGAIN—OUR TWICE YEARLY SALE OF SAMPLE SHOES and Makers' Surplus Stocks

With every size and width, we can fit any one from these great lots.

Women's \$3.50, \$4, \$5, and \$6 Dress and Street Boots, all sizes . . . . .	\$2.00 pair	Misses' and Children's \$2.50, \$3, and \$3.50 Shoes, all sizes . . . . .	\$1.00 pair
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Again we expect the large crowds that always attend these sales. Our regular patrons who see this announcement (and many are looking for it) will surely be here—and many new customers will be attracted to it because of the great values which represent the entire clean-up of one of the best makers of shoes to sell at \$3.50 to \$6.00. All new models. We cleared his floors at our own price of every sample pair and every surplus lot, which enables us to fit any size or width you may ask for.

**Many extra salespeople to expedite selling**

And what an array of materials and leathers.

Black Suede—Tan Suede—Gray Suede—Blue Velvet—Black Velvet—Brown Velvet—Gray Velvet—Colored Silks—White Canvas—White Cravette—Gun Metal Calf—Vici Kid—Tan Calfskin—Tan Kid—Patent Coltskin—Patent Kid—Brown and Blue Corduroy.

Remember, sample sizes for women are 3 1/2 A, B, and C; 4 A and B, and 4 1/2 A—of these we have the greatest quantity, but there is plenty of every other size.

The Misses' and Children's Shoes in all sizes, 8 1/2 to 2, are in Tan Calfskin, Tan Kid, Gun Metal, Vici Kid, Patent Coltskin, Patent Kidskin.

Each in button, blucher, and lace styles. They are the best leathers, and made for service. Come early for your share. The majority are in sizes 10 C to 13 1/2 B, but plenty of every other size. \$2.50 to \$3.50 shoes, at one price—\$1.00 a pair.