

# THE YOUNG DEAN

Daughter of Ex-President Taft Elected at Bryn Mawr.

HAS WON HIGH HONORS.

Miss Taft Skipped Three Years at College in Order to Help Her Mother Entertain at the White House and Then Graduated With Praise.

Announcement was made recently at Bryn Mawr college that Miss Helen Herron Taft, the only daughter of ex-President Taft, had been unanimously elected dean of the college by the directors. Miss Taft is a graduate of Bryn Mawr college, having won the first matriculation scholarship of Pennsylvania and the southern states awarded purely on grade, when she entered Bryn Mawr in 1908. While she was in college her father was elected president of the United States, and after studying two years she returned to Washington to help her mother entertain in the White House and was there for three years. In 1913 she returned to Bryn Mawr and took her degree in 1915, specializing in history, economics and politics, "with great praise," with no grades below "merit," a remarkable achievement when one considers that three years in the White House were injected into the middle of her college course. Since then she has been studying in the graduate department of history in Yale university and has completed all the formal work for the degree of doctor of philosophy there.



MISS HELEN TAFT.

Miss Taft is regarded as one of the ablest of the younger graduates of Bryn Mawr college and as admirably fitted for executive and scholarly work. She is a forceful speaker and was prominent during the discussions in regard to the faculty "cut" rule during her senior year at Bryn Mawr, in which she led the student body in their successful effort to have the regulation of "cutting" put in their hands.

Miss Taft succeeds Miss Marlon Kelly of Philadelphia, who was dean of the college for eight years and was elected member of the board of directors on her resignation. The office has been held during the present year by Associate Professor Eunice Morgan Schenck of the French department, who prefers teaching to executive work and will continue her work in French. The announcement of the new dean has been enthusiastically received at the college. Miss Taft is twenty-six years old.

### Fly Swatting.

There were two maiden ladies, both sour and old. Who caused the hotel men to totter When seeing a fly, they would splutter and scold. And wildly rush round with a swatter They swooshed all the flies in their ranting and rage. The wall paper stained up with blood. They'd swat a fly on the very same piece of paper or letter you changed to be read.

They swatted a fly on a gentleman's nose. Who had a dinner with a lady and a host. He rose and asked sharply, "Now, what is this noise for, gentlemen, for?" This noise for gentlemen, for?

They swatted all the flies on the table, the dresses and books. They swooshed them on chairs and on tables. Till the men folks all begged them, with piteous looks To confine their attentions to stable.

### Your Dainties.

Lay your organdie collars flat on the cardboard that comes from the laundry in men's shirt bosoms, snap on half a dozen rubber bands to hold them in place.

The most delicate collars can be carried for weeks in the cover of a suitcase or trunk this way, taking up almost no room and remaining absolutely fresh.

### Stains on Hands.

To prevent staining fingers when blacking the stove just dig your nails into the laundry soap so as to fill space between nail and finger with soap, put a paper bar on each hand and wash through wash the hands and all black head comes off with the soap.

## SNAPPY MODES.

Colors, Fabrics and Lines That Are the Thing.

One cannot get away from capes, even in waterproofed garments. Long, all enveloping capes of rubberized silk in gay colors are provided for summer wear, the bright light rose and blue and yellow and purple tones having a certain bloom that softens and beautifies them delightfully. Often they have draped hoods, and it may be that they are lined throughout with contrasting color. One in bright rose is gray on the reverse side, and its hood is gray lined. There are checked silk rubber capes, too, one in frilly yellow and gray being especially good.

Raincoats without capes are made up also in the bright colored silk rubber and cut, colored, much like the smart motor coats. One of orange yellow with a softening whitish bloom was a stunning garment, and another in lettuce green was equally good.

The oldskin raincoats and hats in colors are now accepted favorites and, being impervious to the hardest rain, yet attractive in color, fill a long felt want.

For hot weather motoring many good coats are appearing, and every woman needs something of this sort in addition to her warm woolen motorcoat. Satin, pongee, alpaca, Palm Beach cloth and washed seersucker are the materials most often used, and of these satin is perhaps the smartest, though not the most serviceable.

Some particularly good looking satin coats are combined with gray or tan homespun, the body of the coat being of the satin for coyness sake, while below the hips the serviceable wool begins, and there is wool about the cuffs and collars.

Pongee in various weaves is always a popular summer motorcoat material, but is prone to ready soiling and in the lighter weaves to looking straggly.

Alpaca in its new, lustrous, the soft weaves is an admirable material for summer motor purposes, shedding dust easily, muzzling but little, cool and possessing of remarkable wearing qualities. It comes now in lovely shades of gray and beige and smartly made can be very chic as well as practical.

## HERE IS COOL CHARM.

The Kind of Frack You Can Easily Make at Home.

Striped white voile, the stripes being collections of polka dots, is here put up



on modish lines with no trimming but itself. The sailor collar extends in the stripes down to the waist, but on the double-breasted style.

Strawberry Shortcake. Sprinkle a layer of strawberry jam on the bottom of a shallow tin. Cover with a layer of shortcake. Repeat the layers until the tin is full. Bake in a hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes.

Rose Jelly. Steep three pounds of fresh rose leaves in a quart of clear water until the leaves are shriveled and the water is well colored. Strain and add three quarters of a pint of sugar to each pint of juice. Boil fifteen to twenty minutes until the jelly sets when tried on a cold plate. Skim carefully. Turn into small jelly glasses to harden. Pink and white rose leaves give the most delicate color to the jelly.

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Sleepy Time Story About Little Boy Who Went on a Journey.

PEOPLE HE MET ON THE WAY.

How He Won Fortune by Following Advice—The Queer Happenings That Occurred Along the Road—Procession Follows Him Into the Capital.

I think, said Uncle Ben to Little Ned and Polly Ann, I shall tell you the story of

### THE GOOSE BOY.

In the heart of a very old wood there once lived a boy named Hans.

Hans had no parents, and the people with whom he lived did not treat him well. When he was old enough he packed all he owned into a big red cotton handkerchief and started out to make his way in the world.

He had not gone far when he met a little old woman for whom he had once done a kindness.

"Where are you going, little Hans?"

"Out into the world to make my fortune," he replied.

"Very well. Perhaps I can help you a little with that," said the old woman. "Walk straight on over your hill till you come to two roads that cross. Under an oak tree this evening you will find a man asleep. Tied to the tree you will see a fat goose. Untie it and lead it away. Should any one ask you for a feather from this fine fowl tell that person to take it. If the bird cries out you must say, 'Hold fast.' Then, no matter who they are, they must follow the goose. By and by, if you keep to the road on the right, you will reach a fine big town in which is a big castle. Lead your goose and all who may follow him right past the castle gate, and I am sure your fortune will be made. When you wish to free the people who follow the goose, touch them with this wand."

Hans did as he was told. He found the goose and led it off. Soon he had a line of queer people following the fat fowl. There were a vain young girl who had asked for a feather; her lover, who tried to pull her away from the goose; his mother, who wished to set him free; the fat widow of a town; his wife and the village chimney sweep, with many others.

When the queer procession reached the big town Hans led his goose right up the street toward the castle. A carriage was coming out of the gate and in it the loveliest young girl he had ever seen. When she saw the goose and the queer train hurrying after it she laughed heartily.

The laughter reached the ears of the king and queen, who were in the castle garden, and they hurried out to see what was the matter.

The princess had long been a sufferer from melancholy, and the king had promised to make rich the first person who should make her laugh.

So Hans' fortune was made. He touched each of the persons who followed the goose with the wand the old woman had given him, and they ran home as fast as they could.

And Hans sent a handsome present to the old woman who had made his fortune.

A Brave Soldier. Private Robert Dorn, four years old, is an enthusiastic soldier and loves the flag. He lives in Brooklyn and is near



Photo by American Press Association

SALTING THE COLORS. Always present when the navy yard found its way to the water. The uniforms of Uncle Sam with great pride. His attitude respects the fact that he is a well trained soldier.

Happiness. Chicken for my part. And nice apple pie. With dolls for company. How happy am I!

## SLEEVELESS SWEATER.

Slip-ons and Draw-ons Over Your Head Yield to This.



A REAL PICTURE.

With a fitted serge skirt and regular white satin shirt waist Mary Pickford wears this good looking sleeveless sweater, belted and patched with blue pockets. Wool jersey in an old rose shade and there you have it.

## IF BABY COULD TALK.

He Might Say Something That Sounds Like This.

(Prepared by the Kansas state board of health)

Do not kiss me on the mouth. Do not let the sun shine in my eyes nor the wind fill them with dust.

Do not sneeze or cough in my face, for I may take cold, and that would be bad for me.

Do not expose me to whooping cough or measles or other catching diseases, or I may get sick and die.

Do not pick me up by the arms. Be careful how you handle me and lay me down.

Do not give me candy or other things which are not good for me.

Do not give me a dirty pacifier to suck nor allow me to suck my thumb, for it will spoil the shape of my mouth.

Do not rock me to sleep nor teach me other bad habits.

Do not take me to the motion picture show nor keep me up nights, for it robs me of my sleep and makes me cross.

Do not dose me with patent medicines or nasty mixtures.

Do not give me wine, beer or whisky, coffee or tea, for I want to keep well.

Do not jolt me or trot me on your knee when I cry.

I want the right things to eat, and I want my meals on time.

I want some pure cold water to drink between meals, for I get very thirsty.

I want a bath every day and plenty of clean clothes.

I want my own bed, a comfortable room with the windows open and plenty of time for sleep, for I must have it in order to grow.

I want to be taken out of doors every day for the fresh air.

I want mother to love me and always be gentle with me.

I want to be a good baby.

## A PATRIOTIC SOUP

Hildegarde Hawthorne of the Vigilantes Gives Us the Recipe.

HOW FRENCH WOMEN MANAGE

Begin Your Wartime Economy Sensibly by Starting a Pot-au-feu and Treat Your Family to a Real Meal While Helping Your Country Save.

Our hearts have been thrilled by the visit of Papa Joffre, with all the reprints of French heroism, courage and steadfastness. Not one of us but wants to help him win this war of freedom. And as we look about for ways to do so we find that patriotism, like many another good quality, begins at home.

It can even begin in the soup pot. Long before this year of probable scarcity and hardship for all the world, the French have been known for their economy, not parsimony, but strict and sweet wisdom in refusing to waste whatever is fit and good for human consumption. To throw away half or a quarter of a loaf of stale bread would be thought a crime in France. How often have American housewives thrown away as much each week!

That stale loaf in France, cut into thick slices and toasted or browned in the oven, is laid in the bottom of soup plates, and over it is poured a generous portion of the great national dish of the country, pot-au-feu. A better or more satisfying meal does not exist.

And this pot-au-feu is made of scraps and bits of food that with us are thrown away. Let every housekeeper in this country set up her own pot-au-feu this year as a patriotic act, as a distinct assistance to Papa Joffre and his fighting countrymen, as a help to England in her struggle against the U-boats, as a prime effort to do her bit behind our president.

The only requisite is an earthenware pot or plikin of a size commensurate with the family it is to feed. This must have a tight fitting lid and find its place on the range where it can cook slowly and steadily, hour after hour, all day long.

Into this pot, as a starter, goes about two pounds of soup meat, scored deeply across and across; also any bones that may be handy. Three quarts of water cover this meat. Let it come to a boil, skim, then add pepper and salt to taste and set it back closely covered where it is to stay all day. To it add an onion or two, peeled and sliced, a potato or more, cut up, slices and tops from any vegetables you may be using, a couple of tablespoonsful of shredded parsley, a little barley if you like, chicken feet that have been parboiled and scraped necks of the same quality fowl.

In fact, any little odds and ends that turn up during the day's cooking and that would be thrown away without the haven of the pot-au-feu for their succulent refuge.

When evening comes take off the soup and remove the bones and such pieces of vegetables as have been put in only for flavor. Cut up the meat small, and remove from it most of the fat. Put it back in the soup, and stand the whole where it will get thoroughly chilled through the night. In the morning skim carefully from the top the sheer of fat that will have risen. The soup should be thick and rich.

When you want to serve it heat it quickly and pour over the toast on each plate. Nothing else is required to make a perfect luncheon except a little fruit as dessert, and for dinner it will take the place of a roast. With skill in seasoning you will find it to be one of the most delicious dishes on your menu.

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## BEAUTIFUL LINES.

Charming in Simplicity is This Formal Gown.



DINNER FROCK.

Fashioned of pale blue satin and relying upon its graceful drape for effect rather than upon garniture, this gown takes velvet ribbon for shoulder strapping and a huge yelvet rose on the corsage. The drape is the thing.

## RECIPE FOR POTPOURRI.

How to Make This Dainty While the Rose Blooms.

Put on a large tray or on layers of newspapers as many rose leaves as you may have. Sprinkle them well with salt. Place them in a dry, sunny spot. Toss them about each day for several days. If you use a newspaper to spread your leaves upon, care must be taken to change this paper frequently to avoid moisture.

It usually takes ten days for the leaves to become perfectly dry. You are then ready to mix the odors. Spices are very necessary, any particular ones which you may fancy or all, such as cloves, cinnamon, ginger and nutmeg. These may be mixed with the rose petals while they are still on the paper or tray. At this time, too, may be added dried orange and lemon peel and a few pinches of lavender flowers.

Select a jar. Any close fitting covered jar will do for the ripening. It must be absolutely air tight. After the mixture is seasoned you can then ridose in any of the many beautiful rose jar specimens to be had for the searching.

As you fill the jar first selected scatter a layer of the spiced dry petals, then add alternately a few drops of any preferred perfumes or flower oils. We will suggest rose, geranium, verbena, lotus flower, arbutus and perhaps a bouquet. Add a few drops only on alternate layers until the jar is filled; then, after all the petals are in and perfumed and spiced, pour over the mixture a little pure cologne spirits. Cover tightly and allow to stand for a month. After that you can add from time to time any bits of dried sweet flowers, such as violets, geranium, hellebore or tuberoses.

One pint of dried leaves will require a half ounce each of spices and a half ounce each of three selected perfumes. This mix-out will give an idea of proportion.

After your poems have been dried open your rose jar for a few moments and they will be quickly filled with a delightful fragrance which will be a joy to all who enter.

All housekeepers have at times had the experience of having bread frosting on off the cake. It is pretty hard to judge just when to remove the streusel from the fire. Use a cupful of sugar and half cupful of water and boil till it spines to the white of two eggs, beating with a spoon all the time while pouring. After heating thoroughly put into the double boiler and cook for two or three minutes. Flavor and it is ready to use.

After using the gas oven leave the door of your oven open until the oven has become cold before closing the door. This allows the steam that condenses and forms moisture on the inside of your oven to evaporate quickly, and this prevents your oven from rusting.

Whip cream in a fruit jar by shaking it up and down for about five minutes. This saves much whipping in the ordinary way and also saves the cream, as not a drop escapes.

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