

Women Workers-- Fancy Cake Maker

Imagine a long room full of the odors of good things, of row upon row of shelves filled with cakes of all shapes, sizes and colors, of bustling girls in tidy caps and aprons, putting the finishing touches upon the cakes as they are received from the baking room and you have the first impressions of a visit to the cake department.

Mixing Dough and Baking. "Nearly all the heavy work in a cake and cracker factory is now done by machinery. Of course the work is carried on in a wholesale way, several hundred cakes being in the oven at the same time, and large



MISS EMMA RILEY—FANCY CAKE MAKER—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

of the large cake and cracker factory where Miss Emma Riley, the bright-looking young brunette in the accompanying picture, works as a fancy cake finisher. She had no objections to the special artist for The Bee taking her photograph in working costume, with sleeves rolled up ready for work. The time has come when it is an honor for a woman to be able to earn her own living and they must be recognized as a factor in the industrial world. The last few years of the nineteenth century mark the beginning of the great woman's age. Today scores of occupations which ten years ago were confined exclusively to the male sex furnish employment for women.

Cakes to Suit All Tastes.

"You are surprised at seeing so many different kinds of cakes," said Miss Riley, "but what you see on the shelves today are only a small part of what we turn out. Tomorrow we will be making an entirely different class of goods. We manufacture 150 to 200 different kinds of cakes. All these goods come to this department in small cakes about the size and shape of a common ginger snap. All the work in finishing up the higher grades is done by hand. Each cake must be handled separately. These are marshmallow cakes we are working on today. First a layer of small cakes are spread out on the tray, then this bag is filled with the marshmallow, which is made in different shapes by squeezing it through a small opening at the bottom of the bag, from which it is dropped into the cakes as shown in the photograph. Another small cake is placed on top of the marshmallow, which is practically a filler. These cakes are next dipped in chocolate and put on wax paper to dry. It usually takes about half a day for the drying, but that depends on the weather. When the cakes are dried they are sent to the packing room.

"You wonder how we can make so many varieties of goods from the same kind of cakes. This is simple. The difference is in the icings or fillings, which may be jelly, of which there are many kinds. Then there are the different kinds of nut cakes and an almost endless variety of frosted creams. This frosting is done with a brush and is put on like you would whitewash a wall. Of course we do not make all these varieties regularly, only what the trade demands. The most popular in the marshmallow goods are chocolate, apricot, cream fingers, walnut cretons, chocolate tulips and royal rose. The tinted goods are very pretty, but require a great deal of work, as they must pass through two colors. The dark color is put on first, then they are

'mixed' with the other necessary ingredients. The 'mixer' is a semi-cylindrical trough about four feet long, in which is a shaft having scythe-like arms running spirally around it, and this mixer becomes a 'kneading' machine when the dough is made up and the sponger shifts the belt to the tight pulley. The iron arms revolve in the dough, working the dough over and over and kneading it thoroughly.

"After the dough is kneaded it is sliced out of the trough and taken to the cake machine, which has a large, square, box-shaped receptacle, into which the dough is placed. It is pressed down by an arrangement similar to the top of a letter copying press, which fits into the box containing the dough, pressing it through openings in the bottom, which shapes the cakes. They are cut off by a small wire, dropping onto trays, and are ready for the oven.

"The dough for oyster crackers, after it is mixed, goes through a rolling machine, then into a long machine which rolls it to the thickness of a common pie crust, such as are made by all good housewives. It keeps moving, passing under a stamper that cuts the dough into shape ready for the oven. The ordinary oven is about sixteen feet in diameter and is circular in shape, with a revolving mechanism moved by steam power. It has twelve pans, or wings, like the paddles on a steamboat wheel. Oyster crackers will bake in one revolution of the wheel, about eleven minutes, as each pan is stopped long enough to be unloaded and reloaded by the oven man.

"O, you are interested in knowing what wages we earn. Well, it depends on what department we work in and also how industrious we are. The girls in the icing or finishing department average \$4.50 per week for ten hours' work a day. As you will notice, there are very few women in this department. The work is light and most of the girls live at home and so can afford to work for less, but the wages are not sufficient for older girls to live on, so we younger girls who live at home have a chance in this line of work. In the packing room the women and girls work by the piece, earning from \$2.50 to \$4.50 per week."

What Hurt Most

Colorado Springs Gazette: "I am so sorry for Maude," exclaimed the summer girl in the sailor hat. "She's just about heart-broken."

"Yes, isn't it too bad?" gushed the other in the duck suit. "I didn't know until yesterday that her engagement to Jack Gay-boy is broken."

"Goodness! It isn't that! But he acted so disgustingly mean about it."

"What did he do?"

"Why, when she broke the engagement and told him she expected to marry Bob Hugemall, Jack insisted upon having back that magnificent diamond ring he gave her."

"The brute!"

An Amusing Story

An amusing story is told of General de Galliffet. One day in the corridors of the Chamber of Deputies he was talking to a friend, when he suddenly heard cries from the chamber of "Assassin! Assassin!" With a laugh he said to his friend, "They are calling for me," and with perfect calm he entered and called at the top of his voice, "Volla! Volla!"

Women Organize to Fool Unprincipled Men

"Oh, for a man!—any kind of a man!" is not the heart cry of all young women. There are some of the sex who, much as they desire to "settle down in life," have too much good sense to jump at the first man who offers himself in marriage, irrespective of his moral character or financial standing. Among these are a considerable number of the leading society girls of Plymouth, Mass., who have organized themselves into a society for mutual protection against worthless members of the opposite sex.

The organization was prompted by an incident that occurred last summer. A young man summering at Plymouth became engaged to one of the pretty little puritans there and their marriage was thought to be one of the future's surest promises. But to the utter amazement and great shock of the good townspeople a dark beauty turned up one day, claimed the prospective bridegroom as her husband and took him away with her.

The shocked young woman who had thought herself soon to be married collapsed at the revelation and was very ill for a long time. She had friends in town and about the countryside, and some of them, remembering for their part the evanescent character of the wooing of summer men, quietly banded together for mutual protection.

No member will tell who another member is; no one will hardly admit that she is a member, but still the society does exist and no one can say how many have been the unhappy marriages which it has prevented.

To be a member of the society one must be between 17 and 30 years of age. It is during this period of life, say the young ladies, that one is most apt to be sought by swains, sincere or otherwise, and so needs protection. Meetings are held at stated intervals, or a member can call a special meeting if she wishes that the others may consider some especial and pressing case.

The first president of the society, elected last October, and who will hold office for a year, is Miss Jeanette B. Corley. The vice president and the young woman who will, says Miss Corley, be made president next October, is Miss Alice Pierce. Under Miss Corley's leadership the association has grown to a strength of nearly half a hundred, and it is said that almost every young woman who has been approached and asked to join has done so.

The method of looking into the character of a young man is simple. The society holds one of its stated meetings and each young woman who has a swain of whom she is at all doubtful gives his name and as many particulars as she deems desirable to the club. All is held in strict secrecy. A committee is appointed from among those present, and then there commences an investigation. Woe to the young man who has been engaged and broken it off without very good cause, to him who runs off to Boston—to "the city," as they call it—and puts poison into his mouth to steal away his brains, or to him who is mixed up in any matrimonial entanglement.

Quietly inquiries are made, and when by half a dozen curious young women there are

not many stones left unturned, one may be sure. Then at the next meeting the young women come together with their judgments formed. That no one may know just who does the blackballing, should any be necessary, ballots are dropped into a hat, as at any club, and then read by the president. While the committee works together as a whole, still individual members may find something alone, and it is on the result of these findings that young man's chances rest. "Drinks and swears," "Was engaged to two girls at once," "Has been divorced," "Has no money" and "A saloon lifer" are some of the wordings of the little cards which are tossed into the box.

An Athletic Girl

Margaret Carberry of New York, 17 years old, and very pretty, is a heroine today. Besides being athletic she is brave, as Burglar Robert Archer can testify, for at 3 o'clock Friday morning she tackled a burglar in her room at 197 Tillary street and with the aid of her father threw the marauder out of a second story window to the stone flagging below.

Miss Carberry was awakened by hearing some one cough. Thinking it was her brother, who occupies a room near her, she asked:

"Is that you, Robert?"

The burglar, thus challenged, blurted out: "If you scream I'll kill you."

Now a threat like that was just pie for a pretty girl who can row and box and use the foils with the best of them. In a second Miss Carberry did three things. She screamed for her father, yelled for her brother and leaped at the burglar.

Then began a wrestling match that was nearly to the death. The young thief had no time to draw a slungshot and brain the girl. The minute he felt those piano wire fingers about his throat he knew that he had no child, no screaming woman to deal with. That basket ball grip tightened on his windpipe and he felt himself being forced toward the open window. Suddenly there bounded into the room Michael Carberry, too, and the athletic son.

The girl brushed her brother aside, as her father seized the other half of the burglar. "Out with him!" she panted, and without even the "one, two, three," the burglar was shot with a crash through the half-opened wire screen down into the backyard thirty feet below.

Young Carberry rushed down the front stairs and found a policeman, John Heath. Together they caught the burglar, whose bloodspots across fences they easily followed. He was limping.

"I give up," he cried. "That was too fierce a game for me. What a girl! Whew! I can feel her fingers yet around my neck!"

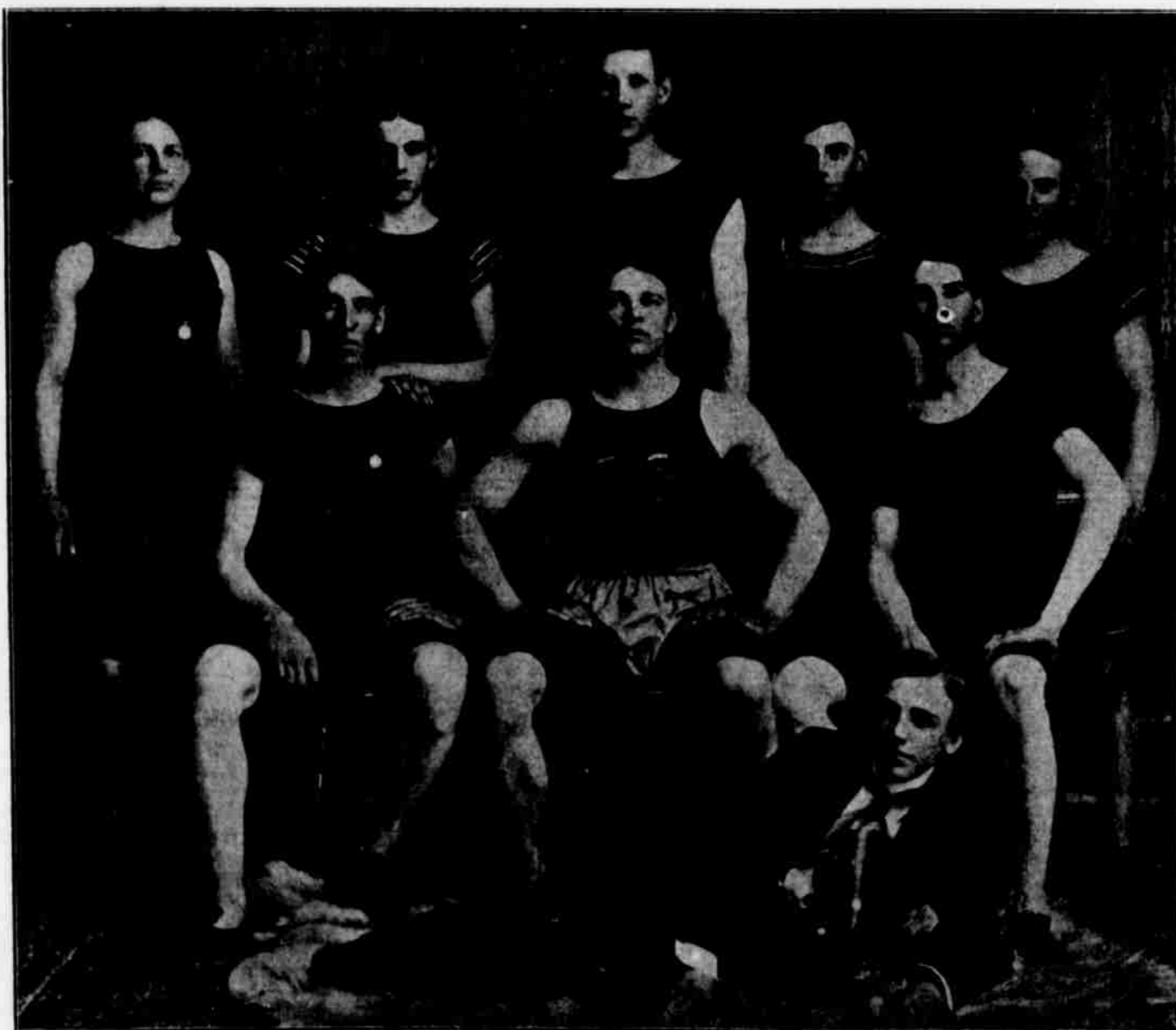
He was recognized as Robert Archer, well known about the neighborhood.

Last of Co-Capitals

The electors of Rhode Island, the last of the states of the country with two legislative capitals, are, at the general November election, to vote upon a constitutional amendment abolishing Newport as a capital and making thereafter Providence the exclusive legislative capital of the state. Originally a most curious provision for so small a state, says the New York Sun, Rhode Island had five capitals—Newport, South Kingstown, East Greenwich, Bristol and Providence. In 1854, however, the number was limited to two by constitutional provision, Newport and Providence, and the date of the meeting of the legislature was fixed on the first Tuesday of May. Until a few years ago Connecticut also had two capitals, Hartford and New Haven, and the legislature met in these two cities alternately until the "J int capital" plan was abandoned and Hartford is now the only capital of Connecticut.

With one capital it is practicable to construct an appropriate state building, whereas with two capitals an obstacle to it is found, and moreover the uncertainty as to the permanence of a capital is a barrier to the establishment in a city of the interests which a capital ordinarily attracts. By the last census the population of Providence was 132,000, while that of Newport was but 19,000. Providence has long been the commercial and political capital of the state. It is the chief railroad terminus of the roads connecting various parts of Rhode Island; it is on the mainland, and the retention of Newport, a town of no political importance, as a capital can be described only as an anachronism, which Rhode Island will be the last of the states to do away with—provided, of course, that the constitutional amendment submitted to the voters in November receives the approval of the requisite three-fifths. Section 13 of the Rhode Island constitution provides that the general assembly, as the legislature of the state is called, may propose amendments to the constitution if a majority of the members elected to each house approve, and, if so, the amendment in the form agreed to is submitted to the voters and "if approved by three-fifths of the electors of the state present and voting thereon in town and ward meeting" it becomes a part of the constitution.

In proportion to its population Newport, with appraised property to the value of \$35,000,000 to \$175,000,000 in Providence, is the richer city of the two, but it owes no part of its prosperity to the capital and will have no reason for opposing the acceptance of Providence as the official, as it has long been the political, capital of the state.



HIGH SCHOOL TRACK TEAM, YORK, Neb.—Photo by Van Liew.