



In the Back Row: Otto Humberger of Rawlins, Louis Mullins of North Platte, Henry Cox of Beatrice, Charles McLaughlin of Laramie, I. G. Bond of Evanston.  
 In the Front Row: Edward McKittrick of Kansas City, Kan., G. H. Updegraff (secretary-treasurer) of Omaha, C. E. Engle (general chairman) of Ellis, Kan., U. P. Applegate (vice chairman) of Cheyenne, Fred Hansen of Denver.  
 OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL PROTECTIVE BOARD, BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN OF THE UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM, WHO RECENTLY MET IN OMAHA.

## What a Woman is at Thirty

**T**O POISE with solid sense a sprightly wit—that is what the present-day young woman has somehow caught the trick of doing, and it is largely this piquant and alluring union of wit and wisdom which distinguishes her from her grandmother. Not that wit, grace and beauty were not the grandmother's pre-eminently, but there is little evidence in history or tradition to show that solid sense was possessed or even desired in the young girls of her time. Men were required to be sensible; men were expected to be brave, strong, wise, serious and self-sacrificing, but the girl was encouraged and educated even to be a silly, cowardly, weak, frivolous, selfish and wayward as a carefully shielded, over-indulged, untrained and untried little animal, bipedal or quadrupedal, inevitably tends to become.

Nor was she in the least to blame for her short-comings. Our grandmothers, from all accounts, seem to have struggled up through the two stages of an abnormal, sunbonnetted, pantaletted, low-necked and short-sleeved, paper-soled, sentimental young ladyhood, into neurotic creatures of prematurely overtaxed organs and unstrung nerves, prone in moments of calm to unhealthy sentimentality, and in times of excitement to uncontrolled hysterics.

On the other hand, the young woman of today has been allowed to develop with nature's slow and healthy growth from a properly clothed, hygienically reared babyhood, through a rational childhood, girlhood and young ladyhood, during which, with a healthy young animal's keen delight in muscular exercise, she has learned to swim and row, dance and skate, play tennis and ride a bicycle. She has formed rather than filled her mind by a reading of the right books and by enough, but not too much, hard study. At 30 she is often unmarried, because girls of today are more and more cherishing in their hearts lofty ideals, not so much of their life-partners as of their own selves, which it takes time to create.

A gracious, self-possessed woman of the world is she at 30, as far removed from the old-time woman of that age as is the joyous, earnest, ambitious school girl of

today from the Dresden china shepherdess damsels of a hundred years ago—those fragile, ornamental, sentimental maidens of 16 or under whose most serious occupation was the ensnaring of beaux. In those days, when girls married at 16, the woman of thirty was the mother of a numerous family. Her highest ambition was to be called the best housekeeper in town, and all her thought was given to the hem-stitching of her linen sheets and the embroidering of her underclothes. All honor to her name, for her standards were high in the only things which were considered legitimate for women. Standards for women today are higher, but they will do well if they strive as strenuously to reach them as did she.

An exquisite creature was our grandmother in her girlhood; no one so dainty and so graceful as she; nowhere today is there so delicate a piece of femininity. Today, indeed, few women covet that praise. It is no longer the tiny hand, the milk-white skin, the trim ankle and the taper waist that women strive for and men demand, but rather the strong arm, the firm step, the bright eye, and the clear brain—no longer perfect femininity, but perfect womanhood.

It has been said that there is less physical beauty in the world today than there was a century ago. Certainly there is less talk about it. But, viewed by the new standards, our grandchildren will blossom into such beauty as the world has never seen; for it has been given to us to know many things that were undreamed of in the philosophy of those pretty little maids of long ago. Perhaps most important, most helpful of all, we have learned to see the fallacy of that time-honored aphorism, "Beauty is only skin deep," and we now set to work scientifically to make ourselves beautiful from the inside outward.

We may indeed have lost some of the fineness and fastidiousness which marked the young women of our grandmother's time—the belief that a cotton handkerchief would injure the nose; that cotton under-clothing was not only vulgar, but unwholesome; that a soft, white hand was the hall mark of a lady; that a knowledge of dancing, singing, playing, embroidering and letter writing stood next in importance to

the art of personal adornment. But we must still admit that there is a certain mental elegance which comes of intimate association with linens and expresses itself somehow in the body, and which we lack nowadays through close familiarity with cottons; a certain fineness betokened by a soft, white, shapely hand that our modern athletic women, with their hard, brown hands, sometimes fail of, and a certain culture that even a superficial study of the arts cannot fail to impart.

On the other hand, women, to a greater degree than ever before, have common sense, and utilitarianism, and the calmness and poise that go with strength, but in their eagerness for this physical and mental power they may have sometimes lost in grace and sweetness. It remains for those of the next generation harmoniously to combine the two.

There are still to be met young women who cling and faint and shriek and pinch their waists and toes. So are there those who, to quote Senator John J. Ingalls, go to the races with one man and bet, drink cocktails, smoke cigarettes and go to midnight suppers with another; who are introduced to pugilists by a third and who listen to innuendoes, double entendres and unprintable stories from a fourth.

The two types represent the extremes produced on the one hand by beginning-of-the-century restraint, and, on the other, by end-of-the-century freedom. In the one case modesty, carried to extremes, degenerated into artificiality and affectation; in the other, liberty, indiscriminately exercised, has expanded into license and indecorum. The latter is but a passing phase in the evolution of womanhood from absolute dependence and repression toward independence and individuality.

But the best type of the young woman of today has steered the craft of her womanhood safely between the Scylla of effeminaey and the Charybdis of mannishness; between the hidden rock of prudery and the whirlpool of unrestraint, holding her course straight toward the haven of the sort of womanhood that fills our ideal of what the mothers ought to be in the wonderful future. ALICE CARROLL.

## Chestnuts for Thanksgiving Dinners

**A**N optimistic writer in one of the dietetic journals recently declared chestnuts to be "the food of the future." The nursery catalogues sent out this fall would certainly seem to justify his faith, for while the latest novelty in apple trees can be purchased for 60 cents, a single three-year-old chestnut tree of the most approved pedigree sells for \$3. This looks as if the demand for chestnuts were "looking up."

Chestnuts are to the south European peasant what the potato is to the Irish, the staple article of diet, and it has every advantage in its favor. A nut tree will grow in a stony hedge where a potato would scorn to sprout, and while the latter food must be obtained by the sweat of the brow, one has but to stoop to pick up the latter when the crisp autumn frosts open the burrs.

But the crowning virtue of the chestnut is its versatility, so to speak, for it is equally good as soup or roast or dessert,

as the following recipes will show. The small American chestnut is best for sweets, while the large Spanish or Japanese are more serviceable for other cooking:

**Chestnut Soup**—Remove the outside shell from a pint of chestnuts and let them stand in boiling water until the inner skin will peel off. Then cover them with water, to which a pinch of salt has been added, and boil until quite tender, with a leek and a sprig of parsley. A slice of bacon may be added if desired. Press through a colander, add a lump of butter, a dash of black pepper, a quart of milk and a spoonful of finely minced parsley, and let all come to the boiling point.

**Turkey Dressing**—The following recipe is very much used in France for stuffing turkey: Peel and blanch your chestnuts and boil until tender enough to mash. When mashed mix one pound of chestnuts with one-half pound of sausage meat. Take a slice of very dry bread and rub down on it a clove of garlic until the garlic is

rubbed away. Then grate the bread and add to your dressing. Into a saucepan put a lump of butter, a little chopped parsley and a bit of shallot; add to this the chestnuts and sausage and let all cook gently for fifteen minutes.

**Nesselrode Pudding**—Break up a pint of sweet boiled chestnuts in a mortar, but do not mash them smooth; add half a pint of mixed candied peel and candied cherries which have stood for some time in enough sherry or brandy to cover them. Into a double boiler put one pint of milk and one pint of cream and a heaping teaspoonful of sugar. Add to this four eggs, beaten light, and stir constantly until it thickens. When cold beat this cream into the chestnut and fruit mixture. Stir well together and freeze.

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