

Babies that Challenge the World

Some of the Entries from Omaha and nearby towns for the Blue-Ribbon Award at the coming State Fair at Lincoln



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SKOLLUND PHOTO



By ELLA FLEISHMAN.
DOWN AT THE STATE FAIR in Lincoln next week the biggest attraction is going to be the baby show. And the biggest feature of the baby show will be the contest for the prize winning baby, the most perfect, nearest-the-100-mark baby.

Maybe you think it's easy to be a judge in a baby contest and would like to apply for the position. Just close your eyes and picture yourself surrounded by babies of every size and description until all look alike to you. Then people the background with the mothers of each of these precious infants, each one of them imbued with the conviction that no other baby in the universe can hold a candle to her own darling precious and then, hold—you're not going to be let off so easy—and then try to picture what would happen to you if you had to render a decision in favor of only one of these undisputed potentates.

Well, take it from us, the judges in a baby contest are about as popular, especially with the parents of the contestants, as an umpire who has given a rotten decision is with the losing team.

"Isn't him the sweetest, prettiest, 'tittle tootums in all this wide world? And, John, I do believe he looks just like you!"

From the moment of his advent into this world, John Junior, although to the impartial eye nothing but a red-faced, wrinkled, weakened little person resembling nothing so much as an Indian papoose, assumes such pulchritudinous claims in his mother's eyes as to warrant the stranger's belief that inveterate Puck has dropped some of his magic potion in her eyes.

And John, remembering that he had been quite a beau in his day and judged to cut some figure as men go for his good looks, can see no resemblance between his own Adonis-like cast of features and that of the red-visaged newcomer. But knowing that discretion is the better part of valor, he keeps his peace.

When the infant grows a little older and begins to manifest some interest in this terrestrial sphere, enough so that his mother exclaims in awe at his wondrous precocity, then John clears his throat, thrusts back his shoulders, puffs out his chest and admits that his son takes after him.

From henceforth, father and mother are in league to contest the claims of any other infant in the class of the most beautiful and smartest baby in existence.

The first baby contests I ever heard of were contests to decide which were the most beautiful babies. However, so dire were the consequences on the judges, who were forced to flee from the anger of irate mothers who insisted that any one with half an eye could see that their baby was far more beautiful than the prize winning baby, that these contests were given up.

In all recent baby shows, therefore, not beauty but health, size, weight, proportion, measurements and other new-fangled ideas are the basis on which baby contests are judged.

Imagine if you will, then, how much chance Julius Caesar, "the lean and hungry Cassius," William Howard Taft, Napoleon Bonaparte, John Ervers, Billy Sunday, or anybody else you please, would have to walk away with the prize if baby contests were popular in their day. Nary a one.

But do the mothers, and sometimes the fathers, display any more satisfaction over the decisions of these judges than they did over the results in the beauty contests? No, sir. They do not.

"What a thin, sickly-looking infant that was that won the prize!" exclaims the mother of one that gives promise of some day qualifying as a "white hope."

"What there is prize-winning about such an

overgrown, overfed hulk of a child is beyond me," is the vice-versa, and so it goes.

To hear some of the dotting mothers talk, you would imagine that their infants were so precocious that they cut their first tooth immediately upon arrival on this mundane sphere.

And as for walking early, why my own dear mother tells me I walked unassisted when I was eight months old. Having developed a fondness, however, for softly purring motor cars, I am tempted to qualify her statement as to my avidity for walking.

Why are baby contests always such a success despite the rivalry among the parents? That is just it. When "all his cousins and his uncles and his aunts" congregate to see a child carry off all honors, of which nary a one has a doubt but that he will, and when there are several hundred entered, the answer is easy.

While it may be the parents and relatives take kindly to the baby contests, I know full well the

babies themselves do not. I remember approaching the Auditorium, where the baby show was held in Omaha last year, and such Comanche Indian war-whoops, squalling, yelling and screaming, I never did hear before.

A passerby, ignorant of the goings-on inside, would surely imagine that the children were being murdered, to say the least. No, indeed, they do not submit passively to all the weighing, testing, measuring et cetera, with which the doctors and attendants regale them.

One or two parents I have met who will tell me without batting an eye that they have entered their Johnnie or their Sallie in the contest, not because they thought their offspring would win a prize, but because of the instruction and examinations that they receive. That may be all very well, but I have me doots!

I do know this: There are two persons the judges can count on to stand by their decision. The father and mother of the prize baby will freely agree that the judges are fair and impartial.



Elizabeth Jane Sheldon
NEHAWKA



Catherine Truman
WEEPING WATER



Kieth Krall
WEEPIING WATER



Raymond Mayfield
LOUISVILLE

Bohemian Cookery Unexcelled—Six Sample Recipes

BOHEMIAN cookery is world-famed, and Bohemian dishes are acclaimed everywhere as notable contributions to good living. The Bohemian cooks and bakers, however, have usually kept their art to themselves, and the recipes for special Bohemian confections are not always accessible.

To let others besides native Bohemians have a taste of Bohemian cookery is the object of a cook book compiled by an Omaha woman, which has just been put out in printed form, and in the English language, to accommodate the American-born daughters of Bohemian families who do not read the Bohemian language well, and also to serve American housewives who may wish to try foreign dishes.

This particular cook book is made up of the recipes used by the late Mrs. Mary Rosicky, one of the pioneers of the Bohemian colony in this city, and edited and translated by her daughter, Miss Rose Rosicky.

A few sample recipes of the most characteristic Bohemian culinary achievements are here given. The use of baking powder, it is interesting to note, is entirely unknown in Bohemian kitchens.

Roast Beef, Bohemian Style

Wash a rib roast, salt, stick whole ginger and cloves of garlic here and there into the meat, place



Mrs. Mary Rosicky

in a baking pan, add several small onions into each of which you have stuck a clove, several bay leaves, one small sliced carrot and a little water. Roast three or four hours, turning and basting it frequently. If the meat dries out, add hot water from time to time. When the meat is done, place on a platter, surround with boiled and peeled pota-

toes, pour over the meat the strained gravy and serve.

Potatoes—Skubanky.

Boil about a quart of peeled potatoes, add a teaspoonful of salt, and when nearly done add a small cupful of flour and boil five minutes longer. Then drain, salt the potatoes, add a piece of butter and mash smooth. Take out by the spoonful, arrange one next to the other and pour over them melted butter and sprinkle with milk cheese or poppy seed.

Poppy Seed Puffed Pudding.

Pound or grind fine four tablespoonfuls of poppy seed, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of almond paste, the grated rind of one lemon, seven cloves powdered, five yolks, and cream or beat fifteen minutes; then add five whites beaten stiff and pour into a dish that has been buttered and sprinkled with crumbs. Steam one hour. Serve with chocolate sauce.

Chicken with Herring.

Wash two chickens and stew in beef soup until half done; then take them out and cool. Wash and cut in fine strips one herring, interlard the breasts of chickens with it, then cut them in halves, place them in a saucepan, pour over them the liquor in which they stewed, add a piece of butter, a dash each of mace, grated lemon rind and

lemon juice and the remainder of the herring. Mince the milt of the herring and add it to the rest, then dust with flour and stew until the chickens are tender. When done take them out, strain the gravy over them and serve.

Bohemian Tarts.

Cream one cup of butter, add four to six yolks, one at a time, one cake of compressed yeast dissolved in tepid milk, four whites beaten stiff, one quart of sweet cream, a handful of sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, a dash of salt, one quart of sifted flour, and beat until the dough does not stick; then set in a warm place. When it has risen to double its bulk take out by the tablespoonful on a floured board, roll each into a ball, then roll out like a cookie, about half an inch thick; arrange in a pan, brush with melted butter, spread with fruit jam, cottage cheese or other filling; let them rise again in the pan and then bake in a hot oven.

Anise Pretzels.

Rub two tablespoonfuls of butter with two cupfuls of flour; add two eggs, half a cup of powdered sugar and two teaspoonfuls of powdered anise seed; mix into smooth dough. Form pretzels by rolling long, thin rolls, and then forming these into pretzels; place on a tin rubbed with beeswax, brush with a beaten egg and bake a light brown.