

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1923

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Social Notes
Of Interest

Many small parties are being enjoyed, informal but none the less pleasant. Gifts and trees are the centre of the happy meetings, when the ladies meet for a social cup of tea and to renew association with some of those who are visiting for the holiday season. Three large functions will occupy the younger set this week and a large tea will be the opening event for the coming out of Miss Agnes Hanington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hanington this afternoon, followed by a dance in the evening, both held in Pythian Castle Hall. Tomorrow evening Mrs. A. Pierce Patterson will hold a not-out dance for the young friends of her daughter, Miss Daphne Patterson, and her son, Mr. Pierce Patterson, who are home for the holidays.

Mrs. H. F. Puddington of Rothery, was a delightful hostess last evening at the Venetian Gardens for a jolly not-out dance for her daughter, Miss Florence Puddington, who is home for the holidays. Her school friend, Miss Esther Outerbridge, of Bermuda, was a young guest of honor. More than 100 young people enjoyed the evening. One of the pleasing features of the function was the balloon dance. The gowns were very pretty and of many colors. Miss Puddington wore a girlish frock of yellow georgette artistically beaded to simulate oriental trimming. Her headpiece was of rhinestones and pearls. Supper was served at 11 o'clock.

Miss Esther Outerbridge, of Bermuda, who is the guest of Miss Florence Puddington, Rothery, will return with Miss Puddington to Branksome Hall, Toronto, when she goes to her studies on Jan. 7. Miss Outerbridge is also a student at the same school.

Mr. Robert Anderson, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Anderson, is enjoying the holiday with his parents. Mr. Anderson is a student at St. Andrew's College, Toronto.

Mr. George K. McLeod is being welcomed home from New York by his many friends for the holiday season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barton, of the Earle Apartments, Lancaster Heights, entertained at an enjoyable family party for Christmas dinner. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lutz, of Sussex, the parents of Mrs. Barton; Messrs. Raymond and Norman Barton, brothers of the hostess; Mrs. Alice Barton, mother of Mr. Barton, and the Misses Louise and Ruth Barton, sisters of the host, residing at Elliot Row.

Miss Nan Fraser, of Fredericton, is visiting Miss Florence Warwick, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs.

"MAYORING IS NO WOMAN'S JOB!"
Yet One Who Says So Makes Big Success of It In Single Term

Salina, Utah—No widow pays for city water in this town.

No home lacks happiness for want of coal or groceries.

Bootleggers are so scarce prohibition agents never waste their time stopping off.

Last Christmas this town of 1,500 raised \$500 for the poor. Five caroling troops made rounds of the community during the holidays.

In two years there has been one case of a girl smoking cigarettes. It was at a party and "she" heard about it. / The "she" is Mayor Stena Scrup, club woman, school teacher, tall and blond.

Miss Scrup is Utah's only woman Mayor, now completing her first term of office and, trust her, her last. Her success will take office Jan. 1.

Oh, no! Not that the people of this town have written him to Mayor Scrup's political career, nor that "her honor" is afraid she couldn't make it a second time. It's just because there are some things about "mayoring" that don't appeal to this tall, efficient-looking and—well, she likes teaching school better.

This business of being Mayor is no woman's job, if you hearken to Miss Scrup.

"Possibly you know how dull things



MAYOR SCRUP.

get to be in a farming community and I thought the race for Mayor would break the monotony," is the way she tries to excuse her participation in

politics. "Really I had enough work as it was, but my friends urged me to go in and make the race."

Mayor Scrup is too modest to mention that she ran against her brother, I. C. Scrup, who has been city councilman for years, and beat him by 14 votes.

"I do not mean to say," after carefully explaining she did not want the office another term, "that a woman is not as good an executive as a man. I presided over meetings of five men and got along just beautifully, but I couldn't understand water mains, or irrigation ditches or paving and didn't care much whether I understood them or not."

"But there were other avenues of municipal endeavor which Mayor Scrup did understand."

Since this woman has been presiding at the City Hall, Salina has been given about the stiffest housecleaning morally that a town ever has had. Her Mayorship put smoking by juveniles under ban and it remained there. On her orders the city marshal not only arrested every boy under 18 who was caught smoking, but he put the official bee on those not yet 21. The marshal not only "pinched" them once, but he kept right on doing so until smoking in public by "nearly" voters has ceased.

Mayor Scrup went to the heart of

the amusement hall problem by making the managers responsible for what happened there.

"Check-to-check" dancing went into the forbidden class, as well as all other forms of objectionable

entertainment. Orchestra leaders were notified to put the soft pedal on jazz.

Objectionable motion pictures were censored entirely out of town.

Bootleggers, too, found a determined

adversary in her. They smiled at first, paid their fines and went on selling moonshine. Then they were sent to county jail. And it twice didn't effect a cure they were introduced to the

federal enforcement squad.

"Yes, I have just one regret in leaving office this year," says Mayor Scrup reminiscingly. "I wish I could stay and worry the bootleggers a little

Girl of Ten Writes Love Rhymes To Red-Head;
World of Letters Aroused By Her Genius



ROGER JACKSON.

(By Josephine Van de Grift.)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Romance! It raced from a brown-eyed, red-headed janitor's son up to a window where a little girl was sitting.

And now ten-year-old Nathalia Clara Ruth Crane is writing poetry that is making venerable educators and elderly, gray-headed editors stand around and wonder.

For months editors who published her poetry thought she was an adult.

They needn't wonder, at all, for love can do anything—especially when it's love for a nice boy like Roger Jackson.

You see, Roger's father tended the furnace and looked after the walks in apartment at 781 Ocean Avenue where Nathalia lives with her father and mother.

And one day Roger and his gang needed somebody to help out in a game of hide-and-seek. Up at a window in the second story a pale little girl was sitting.

"Would you care to come down and play hide-and-seek with us?" queried Roger politely.

Nathalia said she would. And that was when the damage was done.

THE FLATHOUSE ROOF.
(By Nathalia Crane)
I linger on the flathouse roof, the moonlight is divine,
But my feet, they dance in answer to the washing on the line.

I long to be a heroine, I long to be serene,
But my feet, they dance in answer to a distant tambourine.

And, oh! the dreams of ecstasy. Oh, the janitor and his family moved away.

I've a hero in the basement, he's the janitor's red-haired boy.

There's the music of his mallet and the jingling of his saw;

I wonder what he's making on that lovely cellar floor?

He loves me, for he said it when we met upon the stair,
And that is why I'm on the roof to get a breath of air.

He said it! Oh! He said it! And the only thing I said

Was, "Roger Jones, I like you, for your hair is very red."

We parted when intruders came stamping through the hall;

He's got my pocket handkerchief and I have got his ball.

And so it is, I'm on the roof. Oh! Baby and Troy!

I'm very sure that I'm in love with someone else's boy.

Alone, upon the stary heights, I'm dancing on a green,

To the jingling and the jangling of a distant tambourine.

To the stamping of a hammer and the jingling of a saw,

And the secret sort of feeling I'm in love forever more.

Do you think it's any wonder, with the moonlight so divine,

That my heart is all a-flutter, like the washing on the line?



NATHALIA CRANE.

For days afterward Nathalia scribbled and scribbled. "Look, mamma," she said. "See my songs."

But Mrs. Clarence P. Crane, being a busy woman and not suspecting that there was genius in the family, put the "songs" down the dumb waiter.

In despair Nathalia turned to her father. And then for the first time it became known that a child prodigy was in the process of expressing herself.

Here are the first of the poems inspired by Nathalia's great love for Roger Jackson. In them Roger is generally given the name of Jones, because Jones makes better poetry and besides, one doesn't care to be too explicit about the object of one's tender sentiments.

But alas and alack, for true love, the janitor and his family moved away. It's been over a year since Nathalia has set eyes on Roger, but the image of the red-headed boy will not die. She still writes poetry about him.

"He's coming to my Christmas party, though," she says, "and I'll certainly be glad to see him again."

Over in another part of Brooklyn where Roger goes to school he is likewise expressing hopes for the Christmas party.

"Nathalia is a fine girl," he says, "and I guess she's going to be a great poet some day. I tried to write some poetry once but I didn't get very far with it. No, it wasn't about Nathalia. It was

ROMANCE.
(By Nathalia Crane)
Oh, I'm in love with the janitor's boy,
And the janitor's boy loves me;
He's going to turn for a desert isle in our geography.

A desert isle with spicy trees
Somewhere near Shesapeake Bay;
A right nice place, just fit for two
Where we can live away.

Oh, I'm in love with the janitor's boy,
He's busy as he can be;
And down in the cellar he's making
Of a rat.

Out of an old settee,
He'll carry me off, I know that he will,
For his hair is exceedingly red;
And the only thing that occurs to me

Is to dutifully shiver in bed.

The day that we sail, I shall leave this brief note:

For my parents I hate to annoy;
"I have flown far away to an isle in the bay
With the janitor's red-headed boy."

about a kid who was afraid to play for fear he'd get his clothes dirty."

OH, ROGER JONES.
(By Nathalia Crane.)

Oh, Roger Jones! Oh, Roger Jones! Oh, Prince! O, Knight! Ah! Me!

We used to play at keeping house, Beneath an old oak tree.

Your hair was red, your eyes were brown,

You were a freckled nose;

My husband—I suppose.

Oh, Roger! You were only nine,
And I was half-past eight;
It really was romantic, or

As good, at any rate.

Getting Used To Them Now



Mrs. Lee C. Gentle, her friends believe, should claim the "long-distance" motherhood record. At the age of 42 years, she has just given birth to her 21st child. Her husband is 62. She lives in Atlanta, Ga. A brother and a sister of the newcomer (at right) are taking a peep at the infant. Inset shows husband.

CHILDREN LEARN POLITICS FROM "YIPSEL" GROUPS SPREADING ALL OVER THE COUNTRY

By Alexander Herman.

New York—Close to 8,000 children in the United States are giving up part of their Sundays and hours of play after school to take up a serious study of politics and social organization.

They are youngsters ranging in age from six years up, who belong to the "Yipsels"—Young Peoples' Socialist League, its junior organization, and its Sunday Schools, branches of which exist in Cleveland, Akron and Toledo, O.; Chicago, Ill.; Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Louis, Mo.; New York, Albany, Buffalo and Rochester, N. Y.; Philadelphia and Reading, Pa.; Newark and Camden, N. J.; Baltimore, Md.; Boston, Quincy, Worcester, and six other cities in Massachusetts; Newport, N. H.; Ludlow, Vt.; Los Angeles and San Francisco, Cal.

Members of the National Security League brand the work of these groups as "red"; but the youthful "Yipsels" go them one better.

"We are not only red, but white and blue, too," says Miss Fannie Weren, one of the most active junior workers in New York. She is 14 years old now, but began her studies with the Sunday School group when she was six years old.

"We learn to be real Americans," she adds, "with a thorough grounding in civics, politics and social problems. We are able to think understandingly about those subjects which, to so many young persons—and old ones, too, I guess—seem so dry."

When Fannie was eight years old, she heard her mother complain about the rising cost of sugar. She heard her father discuss the entrance of the United States into the war.

So one day she began to lecture to her friends about it. They told her to hire a hall. She couldn't do that, but she did get a soap box.

Telling the World About It



FANNIE WEREN, A YOUTHFUL "YIPSEL"

And delivered a street corner address before a crowd of several hundred grown-ups!

"Because some children take a serious interest in things political," young Fannie went on, "they are called names, and abuse is heaped upon the heads of their parents and teachers!"

"A little 11-year-old is found prating about communism. In his pocket is a bit of revolutionary song and a card of some radical group. The youngster is arrested, his mother reprimanded by the court, and a cry of a new menace sweeps the country."

"Yet there really is nothing to get excited about."

In the Young People Sunday Schools which meet in most of the cities where the organization has centers, school children from six years up are entertained with songs and stories, are taken out for walks and visits to points of interest.

"They are allowed to ask questions," explains Morris Novik, head of the league in New York, "and are given the simplest answers. There is no attempt to foist political views on them."

"When they become a little older, 13 or 14, they are admitted to the junior groups of the league. Here they meet regularly to discuss simple problems of politics and civics. They learn where the clothes they wear come from, they are helped with those problems which they find hard in school."

"It is only when they get into the senior group, from 17 years and up, that they get a detailed study of political philosophy."

"Perhaps one out of every four children that start in the junior group later becomes a member of the so-called radical parties."

"But all of them get a more thorough slant on the issues of political life, a more serious discussion of which might make us all better citizens."

Novik himself is only 21. He and his fellow workers are putting a new note into childhood thought.

For he looks like a boy collegian, with a seriousness that dispels some of the rah-rah side of the student.

And young Fannie is a typical American school girl who has "crushes," likes athletics and dances.

"But I try to think seriously, too," she closes.

STORAGE FULL ON
WEST BRANCH NOW

Average Load of 1,426 Kilowatts Carried For Six Days

For the six days ending on Sunday there was generated at the Musquash power house 238,160 kilowatt hours of energy. The peak load was 2,900 kilowatts and the average load was 1,426 kilowatts, a load factor of 49 per cent. The load for last week was practically all carried on the West Branch and the storage on the West Branch is now full.

During Christmas week the service was maintained at 100 per cent efficiency. It was reported at the office of the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission, and as all the known causes of interruption on the transmission line had been remedied the service was naturally approaching full efficiency.

Her Sad Case.

"I dunno, I wanna get married, Masie. It wouldn't be excitin' like in th' movies. They ain't even one awful scandal in my past that I could worry about my husband findin' out."

Sister Mary's
KITCHEN

(Unless otherwise specified, these recipes are planned for four persons.)

POTATOES.

As potatoes seem to be necessary to every man's dinner, no matter what other vegetables appear, a few "different" ways to serve them may appeal to the cook.

Potatoes are most wholesome when baked. The intense heat changes the starch, to sugar to a certain extent making them more easily assimilated by the body. There is an authority on foods and eating who tells us that "if a person wishes to do it, he can live in splendid health on baked potato, milk and water, indefinitely."

In many recipes using boiled potatoes made potatoes can be substituted if desired.

Potato timbales are made with either baked or boiled potatoes.

Potato Timbales.

Four or five medium sized potatoes, 2 tablespoons butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, 1 egg yolk, left over meat, chili sauce, canned tomatoes, parsley.

Bake or boil potatoes in their skins.

When tender peel and rub through a potato ricer or a wire sieve. Melt butter in a sauce pan. Add potato, salt and pepper and egg yolk and cook and stir until hot and thoroughly mixed.

Line some well-buttered custard cups with the mixture. The layer of potato should be about one-half inch thick.

Chop meat. To one and one-quarter to one and one-half cups of chopped meat add two tablespoons chili sauce and enough strained tomato to make moist. Heat this mixture and use to fill potato cups. Put in a hot oven for 15 minutes to brown. Remove from molds and serve at once.

This dish provides the same nourishment as hash in a different form.

Savory Potatoes.

One onion, 3 tablespoons butter or bacon fat, 1 teaspoon salt or less, 1/4 teaspoon paprika, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, 3 cups diced parsley, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, 3 cups boiling water, parsley.

The amount of salt used depends on the saltiness of the fat. Melt butter or fat and add onion cut in thin slices. Sauté until tender and a very pale straw color. Add potatoes, boiling water, paprika and pepper. Cover and boil until tender. The water should almost be evaporated when the potatoes are done. Sprinkle with minced parsley and serve very hot.

Potatoes Various.

Two cups diced potatoes or small balls made with a vegetable cutter, 2 cups small onions, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 1/2 tablespoon sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, coarse buttered crumbs.

Boil onions in water to more than cover until nearly done. The sauce pan should be uncovered. Add one teaspoon salt and potatoes and cook until both are tender. Drain. Put vegetables in a well-buttered baking dish and pour over a white sauce made with the milk, butter, flour, salt and paprika. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake until brown in a hot oven.

HOTELS STRICT ON
NEW MAIL RULE

Declare it Will be Delivered Only to One Who is Addressed.

Boston, Dec. 27.—Wives who worry about their husbands, take an interest in their personal mail and feel they must protect them from possible clandestine affairs, no longer will have the co-operation of Boston hotel clerks. The latter have issued their ultimatum. Chances for blackmail.

A hard and fast rule now in force at most of the important local hotels provides that mail shall be delivered only to the person to whom it is addressed. Too many letters, it is said, have found their way into the wrong hands—causing trouble not only to the principals, but embarrassment to both hotels and hotel clerks.

Many a wife, it is said, has secured much desired divorce evidence by smiling at a hotel clerk. Or it may be that the letter, perfectly innocent in itself, was misinterpreted by eyes for whom the message was not intended. In any case all this is a threat of the past. The hotel clerks have sworn off.

One of the most serious phases of the situation—in fact, probably the main reason for the new rule—is that not a few letters, it develops, have found their way into the hands of women who had no claim whatever on the men to whom the mail was forwarded. Men, also, representing themselves as the husbands of certain women guests, have been given their letters without question.

As in the past, when both husband and wife are registered at a hotel, and it is tacitly understood that either may receive the mail for both, the clerks will, of course, prove accommodating.

"But they've got to show us," declared one of the clerks. "We have enough trouble connected with our jobs without walking up any hornet's nests."

The Chinese Free Masons of the World in their convention at San Francisco pledged \$100,000 for a peace temple in Shanghai.

Every Minute Counts in the
fight against constipation!

Once let constipation get a grip on you, and your system is wide open to 90% of human ailments. Statisticians show that to be the proportion of illness that has constipation for a starting point. Pills and cathartics are as dangerous to the system as constipation!

Your physician will recommend Kellogg's Bran, because it is nature's own relief from constipation. It is scientifically prepared to relieve suffering humanity from constipation and it will do what no other food can do! It will give every sufferer permanent relief if it is eaten regularly—at least two tablespoons daily; as much with each meal in chronic cases!

Kellogg's Bran is wonderful in its natural, positive action. It sweeps and cleanses and purifies the bowels.

First-class hotels and clubs serve Kellogg's Bran in individual packages. Ask for it at your restaurant.