

Episodes Concerning Evolution of Home Economics

II. The Ladies Battalion

By RUTH ELAINE WILSON

HAVE you ever heard how the girls in the "Ladies Course" went to the World's Fair? Ah, that IS an episode. It happened way back in '93. There was Miss _____, well, perhaps names are of minor importance anyhow, they were all there, many you do not know, a few whose names would surprise you. Can you imagine any of your revered faculty parading with broom sticks and wearing brass buttons and jumping over tables—and at the World's Fair?

But I perceive that I have made my beginning at the end. Let us do a "right about" and begin where things so often do begin, with a reform.

Way back, well not so far back either, let us say perhaps some distance back, the girls in the "Ladies Course" were not the athletic creatures of the present day home economics course. Perhaps they were in need of especial development. Perhaps they, even they, were in the throes of a reducing period. Perhaps there was another more abstruse reason. At all events they joined the R. O. T. C.

Nothing unique about that you say? Granted it has been done recently, but wait. It was not the pleasing and dainty affair of pastel colored organdies, silver loving cups and equestrienne classes on cool autumn evenings. No indeed! It was an entirely grim and serious affair. Riding in an artillery truck and eating Norris chocolates at an all-college celebration, and being a member of the Ladies' Battalion are two quite different things.

It was chiefly General Lincoln's doing so we are told. He thought it would be a fine thing for the girls, which indeed it was. Over one hundred girls assembled at stated periods on the campus before Old Main, for drill. Yes, drill! You see I told you it was a serious affair.

At first it was mostly a shirt waist and skirt affair with sticks and old broom handles for rifles. Together the fair members of the "Ladies' Course" went thru all the prescribed maneuvers and, if reports be true, a goodly amount of unprescribed. Generally it was great sport, but sometimes it was a bit of a bore. The boys were a great liability as it became somewhat difficult to "shoulder arms" with an audience, of grinning "ags" on your right and gaping engineers on your left. Many a bruised shoulder and stinging shin resulted from the then unearthed "complex" in various feminine minds.

But persistence was even then a quality peculiar to Iowa State college and the girls somehow continued to "column left" and "column right" and then one morning came the reward, inevitable and glorious. The "Ladies Spear Brigade" was to go to Chicago and become part of that Cosmopolitan event, the World's Fair.

Such an anticipatory patting of bangs and straightening of belts as there was



Do you alumni recognize any of the officers of the Ladies' Battalion?

when it was finally authentically announced! And how the broom sticks flourished and with what painful accuracy and concentration did the "Ladies' Battalion" maneuver thereafter. No powers that be, tennis game or other more magnificent prospect, could drag one raw recruit from the drill fields. "Patience is a virtue," "Science with Practice" and a legion of other commendable mottos lurked in the back of each serious mind.

And then came the fulfillment. It was a glorious September morning. The sun smiled on the prospect of a week in the "White City" but what well-behaved sun would not? And the girls with hastily gulped breakfasts and carefully packed suitcases arrived at the station a bit after five o'clock. The suspense was prolonged somewhat, as the train was an hour late. Eventually it arrived. Trains almost always do even for excursions to the World's Fair, and one hundred excited girls settled themselves and one hundred handkerchiefs waved a farewell to the "old faithfuls" who watched their glorious departure.

The trip was one long series of thrills punctuated by "the college yell" at every station, twelve hundred sandwiches thoughtfully laid in stock by General Lincoln and raids on small town lunch counters by the boys. Oh yes, the boys went along.

Five o'clock that evening the train julled in at the Union station and the "Ladies' Battalion" descended with all the dignity they could command. "Tenshun! For'ard march!" And they set off for the elevated, each putting her best foot forward you may be sure. It wasn't every day one paraded for Chicago itself in natty uniforms of—well,

I have forgotten to mention those uniforms! They were new and blue and worthy of a more eloquent typewriter than mine, nothing overdone about them either. They had simple tight fitting waists with a double-breasted effect of brass buttons for the commanding officers and what imposing arrays of insigna and belts and "broad swords by their knees," I cannot attempt to describe. Their wearers clanked along in the most approved style, each head with its bellhop hat proudly erect and eyes carefully "front"—for the first block.

At 65th street and Woodlawn avenue they "fell out" and were at leisure to explore their quarters. Can you believe it, they took up four apartments, two floors to each! Single beds in insane asylum rows greeted their eyes and—horrors! Two sinks and ONE six by eighteen inch mirror. The "Ladies Battalion" was aghast. It looked at each other with despairing eyes. How could one hundred girls do as many bangs and "figure eights" and report for duty in presentable shape? However, it is the duty of every soldier worthy of the name to bear unarmurously what hardships may befall, and to everlasting credit of the Ladies' Spear Brigade it made its appearances with its collective bangs under perfect control.

And oh those appearances in public! Before the Iowa building they drilled without a break. On the lines of march, which were hard and as fatiguing as marches usually are, altho some of them were too long, they never faltered. One morning they covered eight miles without a halt. It was after this particular march that one of the girls was reported to have jumped a table. Let me call your attention to the word "reported," how-

ever, and remind you meanwhile that one simply can't pin faith on Chicago reporters. Incidentally, and to prove my point, the morning's paper after the arrival of the ladies gave a detailed account of their "Zouave jackets"—imagine that—and their "blouse waists."—A tight fitting blouse, who ever heard of the like? And their "healthy complexions unspoiled by paint or powder," when every girl had carefully packed her box of "rice!" But, as I said, there is simply no accounting for reporters, and people are so gullible. Now this same brigade passed for a Salvation Army, Columbian Guards, Relief Corps, G. A. R.'s, and one miserable morning for a walking advertisement of Spearhead tobacco. But recall what I said of the duty of every soldier worthy of a new blue uniform. The "Ladies' Battalion" rose above these "catching briars" and were in all, a most astounding success.

Now I haven't said one word so far concerning the activities of this Spear Brigade during their hours off duty. Somehow I hesitate there. How could one attempt to account for one hundred girls in the fairy land of the World's

Fair? To do that I should have to keep at my elbow that book of colorful illustration and vivid description entitled, "The Columbian Exposition." For part of the account I shall quote from the inspired pen of one of the poets in the Ladies' Brigade. (There's no accounting for the whereabouts of a poet.)

".....And then in chosen squads of two,

Or more, we bade the shore adieu.
We walked thru lofty corridors,
Where thousands of competitors
Displayed the fruits of industry,
Of art and careful husbandry.
Sculpturings there and paintings e'en
More beauteous than the lake's blue
sheen,

On every side what works of art,
Please the eye, delight the heart!
When all around grew wan and pale
'Neath evening's dark and misty veil,
The harps of merry gondoliers
Paid homage to our listening ears.
Rockets shot up with trails of fire
As if trying to vent their ire
On the calm night. And everywhere
Most beauteous lights flashed in the
air....."

For the rest of the account; use your imagination.

And now I have reached the end. Not the actual end, for of course you understand there would be no end to the relation of the happenings on that memorable occasion but more properly, the place where I shall, perforce, make my ending. I am not a preacher either by vocation or avocation, but I really feel the call to an exhortation in closing. Those who do not care for it; make your own conclusion.

Time was in 1893 when perseverance had its own reward and science did come with actual practice. Sometimes it seems in the words of the popular cartoon, "Them days is gone forever!" Be that as it may, I am convinced that whether you be a soldier of the Ladies' Battalion or a member of the League of Student Voters perseverance will bring its eventual reward and for inspiration and to deepen your determination you might well adopt for your solgan, "Remember the Ladies' Battalion at the World's Fair!"

Tea—Suggestive of the Rainbow

Perhaps It's The "Pot of Gold"

By ESTHER ELLEN RAYBURN

"PINK and yellow tulips growing in the yard," sings the happy housewife. Perhaps it is late for tulips but as the words leave her lips she remembers the lovely party she had planned for summer and decides it is not too late even yet for a pink and yellow flower time party.

Summer delights us with her many colors. As soon as the flowers are blooming well in the gardens, suggestive of a rainbow earth, nature is sure to send a sunshine shower so the sky can have as gay a dress. To be in keeping with the beauties of nature, folks must wear their pastel shade dresses and have dainty rainbow teas. •

You may call any party a tea and yet not actually serve your guests the oriental beverage by that name. With summer warmth it is so much more delightful to hear glasses tinkling faintly on the way to you than to have steaming tea slip quietly in before you are aware of anything at all. Tall glasses are of course a prerequisite to a cooling drink.

It is indeed a fairy land to watch the many kinds of punches grow from a few of the simplest fruits when a rainbow tea is planned. The fruits of the most delicate colors are the ones to choose. Lemonade, orangeade, currantade, pineapple-lemonade, strawberryade, grape punch and mint punch are some of the most popular drinks at such a tea.

You may know just the punch you want and yet wonder how a sandwich (some of the hardest guests must be pleased) may be made in keeping with a rainbow. Plain bread and butter tied with tiny rainbow ribbons is delightful but in fancy or rolled shapes they are

more appetizing to eat and much fun to make. Fillings are a problem but if you would like a pink one use cottage cheese and pimentos mixed together. If yellow is your goal hard cooked eggs, mayonaisse and nuts is the proper mixture. Crisp lettuce leaves supply the green. Whatever the filling, the sandwich must be petite and tasty because rainbow teas are light, airy sort of things and daintiness is the aim.

It isn't always necessary to serve sandwiches as the menu can be made to suit any kind of tea given by any kind of person. Each person has his own idea of the way the rainbow really looks. If there are not to be sandwiches, little cakes must take their place.

The loveliest of all the cakes that ever were or ever will be (and I'm sure they're straight from fairy land) are fairy wafers. They come in all colors—pink, green, lavender, yellow, blue and even orange. These cakes are very small, thin, crisp, and easy to make.

Pastries decorated with various colored flowers, even in basket effects are always good. Any little cake you happen to make can be dressed in wings to fit your rainbow.

At the very end, when there seems to be a restless feeling as if something more were needed, there are the dainty colored candies to match every color in the rainbow.

So that your tea and mine will be the kind we want it to be, it might help to add a few of the best recipes.

Currantade

1 qt. of red currants
½ pt. raspberries

1 qt. syrup
2 qt. water
1 lemon (juice only)

Put crushed fruits and water thru a jelly bag. Add cooked syrup to fruit juice. Cool and ice before serving.

Pineapple-Lemonade

2 c. sugar
1 pt. water
Juice 3 or 4 lemons
1 grated pineapple
1 qt. water

Boil sugar and the pint of water ten minutes. Cool and add lemon juice and pineapple. Add remaining quart of water, ice and serve.

Strawberryade

1 qt. syrup
1 pt. strawberry juice
Juice 3 lemons
2 qt. water

Strain mashed berries (or use juice of preserved berries if out of season) and lemon into cold syrup. Add the water and ice. Additional water may be needed.

Grape Punch

To one quart of grape juice add the juice of four lemons and six oranges with one cup of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved, add a quart of water and chill on ice.

Mint Punch

Shake together in a quart jar one cup of cold water, one cup of sugar and some leaves from a bunch of mint. When the sugar is dissolved, add the juice of six lemons and one cup of currant juice.

(Continued on page 15.)