Women's Page

Madam de Stael was the daughter of the great Minister of Finance for France, Jacque Necker. She was born in Paris in 1766 and lived through one of the most eventful periods of French history. Even as a child she showed a wonderful intellect and a talent for leadership. Her conversation was delightful and her wit scintilating like a diamond.. When she was twenty she married Baron de Stael, the Swedish Ambassador, a wealthy fine looking man but he was known only as Madame de Stael's husband.

To be a social leader was the leading ambition of Madme de Stael, and she set up a salon which became famous. Society shone as it never shone before. It is true it was during the French Revolution when no one knew when he would be carried to the guillotine yet society was never so gay. Madame de Stael was very busy in these days. Her house was was filled with refugees and she ran here and there begging for passports and pardons from the ministers and when her smiles could not win them, her tears would move a heart of brass.

Her salon was a Mecca for clever men and women attracted there by her brilliance. Early she was fond of literature, but she cultivated it chiefly that she might shine. Love, husband and children were all sacrificed that she might shine. Love, wealth husband and children were all sacrificed that she might lead society and shine. No one ever feared solitude more. She must have those about her who could minister to her vanity and on whom she could shower her wit. She wrote "L'Allemand" not mentioning Napoleon who was a rising star at that time, and for this he exiled her. They were rivals, and France was not big enough to hold them both. She sought her beautiful chalet at Coppet in Switzerland, where she remained until the great Conqueror had fallen from his high estate. Then she came back to Paris and to the scenes she loved so well, where she died at the age of fifty one, surrounded courtiers and women by the score. In the summer when tourists abound they eagerly seek the beautiful chateau where this sparkling brilliant women spent so many days in exile.

HEALTH

There is so much talk about the influence of mind over matter and while the mind cannot cure our ills it can certainly make them easier to bear if we try always to be cheerful in spite of them. Don't give away to the blues, but let us fill our minds with beautiful thoughts and they will help us in hours of need. When lying awake at nights the poems and other things which we have stored away in memory are comforting companions, and often soothe us to sleep. "As a man thinketh so is he," and we are treating ourselves very badly when we allow anger and resentment to linger in our minds.

RECIPES

COOKING EGGS

Properly to cook eggs "soft," put them into boiling water, cover the sauce pan and let stand five minutes over the hot burner with heat turned off. When served, the white will be jellylike and the yolk warm, but not an indigestible paste.

To poach an egg, break it into a saucer, lower to the surface of simmering water, and quickly slip it in. Dip water over it and, when jellylike, drain, holding a knife across the edge of the pan, and serve on toast.

BROILED HAM

For the best broiled ham, buy a center slice, and what is not needed at the time wrap in parchment paper. To pan-broil the remainder, sear it quickly over a high flame, on both sides, in a pan heated piping hot, then cover to keep from drying, and cook slowly until tender.

The pastry in fruit pies will be much lighter if the sugar is put over the fruit when the dish is helf full instead of on top and the juice is not so apt to run over.

Green tomatoes should be soaked in salt water before they are dipped in crackers and egg and fried.

WHAT FASHION SUGGESTS

Deeper Toned Hosiery

Without doubt the woman of fashion will choose darker toned hosiery for fall—dark hues being more in vogue than for some time. Hosiery keyed to the deeper shades in gloves will be a requisite of correct dress, it is predicted.

Non-Crushable Crepes

Silk crepe of a texture warranted not to crush or wrinkle is fashioned into smart, tailored frocks trimmed as to neckline with transparent velvet, repeated in a bow at the waistline. This is an excellent type for street wear, or for travel. The silk is patterned in very small designs.

Blouses of Dark Color

If the blouse of the new autumn tweed suit is in a darker but harmonizing tone to the tweed and the gloves are dark as well to match the blouse, the effect will be new and chic.

Blouses in dark colors accompanying lighter toned costumes impart a look of great distinction. Black and brown are especially modish, but dark blue, green and red will be worn also. Gloves to match blouses will be in suede and similar leathers.

The Two Great Surprises

By DUFORD JENNE

"NOW, look here, little girl, you have been my secretary too long to fool me," Mr. Cummings said gently. "You have something very much on your mind or your heart, Ellen. You better let me help you. Confession is good for the soul, you know."

"It's on my heart, I guess, Mr. Cummings," she said bravely, and then the story came—aided by his gentle questioning. The story of the love between her and Ted Hamlin, of their happiness together, their planning for a home together because he, like her, was fatherless and motherless; and then the trouble—the wedding date put off by Ted three times, the quarrel, and then—

Mr. Cummings was drumming on the table. He was looking out of the great window of his office, and he seemed to be dreaming. The hum of the factories around them came into the office, but his voice as he spoke a bit wistfully made the room seem very quiet to Ellen.

"Probably one of the most beautiful things in the world is absolute trust between a man and a woman," he mused in his gentle way. "I'm a bachelor, as you know, but—well, let me tell you a story."

So the letters waited and the factories hummed on, while Mr. Cummings, hesitating at times, dreamed over the days of his youth and the girl he had loved.

Mr. Cummings came to with a start. He turned to her. "So you see, Ellen, a little more trust, a little more faith. You better get in touch with Ted. Perhaps he put off the wedding date, not because he was losing his love for you, but for some other reason."

But Ellen's mind was full of the story she had heard. "But do you still love her, Mr. Cummings?" she queried.

He smiled at her wide serious eyes, reached into his desk, and drew out a photograph. Ellen looked at it in silence. An imperious but lovely face looked out at her.

That evening Ellen pondered the matter long, but she had somethhng else to think of. When she finally made up her mind that she simply could not write to Ted, her pride still strong, she turned to the other thing she had in mind. It fascinated her. Could she bring Mr. Cummings and his sweetheart of long ago together? On the back of the photograph she had noticed an address and a name—Ruth Densmore.

The next day, she put the plan in operation, and the result was, on the following Monday, when her vacation began, she took the train to the Northern village where Ruth Densmore lived.

When, later on, she stood before the stately home back among the elms, her courage almost failed her, and she felt that she was on a fool's errand. When the door opened, and she faced a tall woman, with hair slightly silvered but with dark eyes and lovely face, her courage revived.

In the comfortable living room, Ellen told her errand, brokenly at times, but with a rush of words at other times. She watched the older woman's face change from sadness to tenderness, then to great longing. In the end, she said with a voice that trembled slightly:

"I thought Will had forgotten me though I have never forgotten him. How foolish we were—how foolish we were! But this dear little scheme of yours—I don't know." She mused.

"Is it pride still?" Ellen asked shyly.

The other started and smiled. "I'm afraid it is. Stay with me for dinner and we will talk it over."

On Monday morning, two weeks later, the clerks in the outer office looked up with interest at Ellen, her cheeks flushed and her eyes bright with excitement, and they saw following her a woman whose youth had passed without taking some of youth's immortal charm.

Ellen stepped into the office. Mr. Cummings was there and—another—Ted!

Mr. Cummings chuckled as he saw her face. "Now, Ellen, forgive me for mixing in your affairs, but I made up my mind I would have a surprise for you when you returned. Ted and I have become good friends. The reason why he put off the wedding was because he was building a surprise home for you—and he couldn't quite make it go. I've given him some business—and the home will be ready! Now what do you say?"

Ellen sank back against the door, staring at Ted. His eyes were shining. She wanted to rush into his arms; she fought back her emotion as she remembered—and turned.

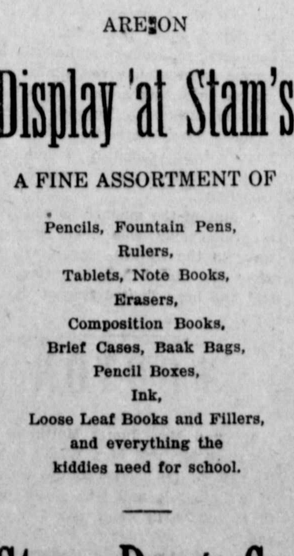
"And I have a surprise for you, Mr. Cummings, I have some one here," she said breathlessly, and opened the door back of her.

She saw Mr. Cummings rise from his desk as he saw who entered. His lips moved but though no sound came the hunger and joy in his eyes made Ellen's heart sing.

"Ruth—my dear!" were his broken words.

Then Ellen felt strong arms around her. She was hurried out, the door closed, and she looked up into Ted's eyes, and then his lips were on hers; and Ellen did not even think of the astounded clerks who were looking on—she had a few kisses herself to give back.

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The Lure of Corn Bread

By JANE OSBORN

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IT MIGHT not have made your mouth water—that street car picture of corn bread—but Hope Mawson had lunched early and lightly, and the yellow square of corn bread made, as the ad said, steaming hot, with a cup of coffee at the side—also steaming—and two nice, neat butter balls on a butter plate—all this was pleasantly tantalizing to Hope Mawson, even though the picture was only an advertisement for Folger's famous cornmeal.

Hope was riding homeward on the street car and the advertisement was directly opposite her, so it was not difficult for her to dwell upon the tempting sight for many minutes.

It was Diana's night to cook dinner, to be sure, but Hope would stop at the corner grocery store, buy some Folger's cornmeal and make some corn bread and have it ready by the time Diana had finished the rest of the dinner.

Here Hope's meditations were suddenly cut short. The conductor was calling "Love-a-lavenue," and Hope knew that Lovel avenue was five blocks beyond her own street.

Brandon Jones, who had been sitting beside her, rose with her and also went toward the door. Hope walked three blocks and then stopped at the grocery store. Oddly enough, Brandon Jones went into the grocery store, watched her as she made her purchase and stammered out with considerable embarrassment: "Dog biscuits, please," when the grocer's clerk asked him what he wanted.

Then Hope proceeded, and the man proceeded. He even crossed the street where she wanted to, and preceded her into the hall of the apartment where she and her companions, Diana and Daphne, lived. The hall boy spoke and let him pass. Obviously he was a resident. Yet why, if he lived in that apartment, did he ride on to Lovel avenue?

Hope was interested in this apparent mystery, but not so interested as to forget her cornmeal. She quickly changed from her office clothes to a washable house frock, and in five minutes more had the cornmeal and flour and milk beaten up as she had seen old Sally do so many times in her childhood.

Daphne and Diana declared the corn bread to be exactly like the corn bread old Sally used to make. They were feasting merrily on it when the bell of the apartment rang. They exchanged surprised glances, for callers never came unannounced in that apartment. Hope fled to the door, and there stood Brandon Jones.

"Excuse me," he began, and before he had time to go further with his apologies he sniffed and said: "My, but that smells good! I smelled it way up in my apartment, and that's why I came. You see—"

"I'm sure we all would like to have you come in and share it with us," said Hope, looking at Daphne and Diana, who had now appeared in the hall.

And so Brandon Jones was ushered into the living room, where the large table had been spread for dinner. Brandon then explained. He hoped Miss Mawson—the elevator boy told him her name—would accept his apologies.

He had sat beside her on the car and had been interested in the interest she showed in that corn bread advertisement. He had seen her before and knew that she lived in this apartment, so when she rode past her street he knew it must be because of her preoccupation in this advertisement.

He got off where she did and followed her into the grocery store, and to his delight she bought the cornmeal. Later he got the tempting smell of baking corn bread through his open window above—corn bread and coffee, just as the picture had suggested. He was looking for a good rule for corn bread—he thought perhaps he might be able to secure hers.

"You see, I'm an advertising man—Jones of Jones & Hancock—"

"Oh, I didn't know you were that Mr. Jones," said Daphne, with much respect, hearing the name of the largest advertising concern in the city.

"And we just took over the account of Folger's corn products—want to make a big thing of it. I thought a picture of corn bread would make a good street car card—tried to get our artist to make it as real as possible. Mr. Hancock thought that was a little too simple—wanted to try something clever, you know. But we thought we'd try it out. So when I saw you, Miss Mawson, reading the advertisement I felt that at least one street car rider was interested. And then, by jove, you went to the store and bought the cornmeal. I'll have to tell Hancock—"

Mr. Jones ate two, then three pieces of the corn bread and declared that Miss Mawson was the best cook in the world, and he never said a word about Diana who had cooked all the rest of the dinner.

But then right from the first Mr. Jones had eyes only for Hope.

"And that was as it should be," said the practical Daphne a month later when Hope and Brandon announced their engagement, because usually the men they knew admired all three—"and divided admiration," continued Daphne, "is not conducive to diamond solitaires."

Sleepy, but Not Hungry

C. I. J. was spending the day with relatives, and had been warned by mother, not to ask for anything to eat between meals. He did as he was told very satifactorily until late in the afternoon, when he yielded to an inward desire for a "handout."

"Uncle," said the boy, I always get sleepy when I am hungry."

"Well," said the uncle, "maybe the child is hungry."

"Are you hungry?" asked uncle.

"No," said the little fellow, "but I am terribly sleepy."

ATTENDANCE MARKS FOR SEPTEMBER

Turner's Creek School Has Perfect Record

Turner's Creek School, with a perfect attendance mark, led Kent schools for the month of September. Swan Creek school, with a mark of 80.2 had the lowest per centage of any of the county schools.

Galena with a mark of 94.6 led the High School of the county in attendance for the month. The per centage for each of the county schools in September was as follows:

1.	Turner's Creek	100
2.	Worton	99.2
3.	Janvier	98.2
4.	St. Paul	97.1
5.	Lynch	96.9
6.	Kennedyville	95.8
7.	Galena	95.8
8.	Chestertown	95.7
9.	Skinner's Neck	95.2
10.	Rock Hall	95.2
11.	Still Pond	93.9
12.	Cherry Lane	93.4
13.	Morgnec	93.4
14.	Millington	93.2
15.	Pomona	93.2
16.	Cliffs	92.6
17.	Betterton	92.6
18.	Piney Neck	92.1
19.	Flatland	91.3
20.	Fairlee	91.1
21.	Massey	90.9
22.	Broad Neck	90.4
23.	Locust Grove	89.9
24.	Worton Point	89.
25.	Sassafras	86.5
26.	Hanesville	85.7
27.	Lankford	84.2
28.	Golt	82.8
29.	Chesterville	81.1
30.	Swan Creek	80.2

High Schools

1.	Galena	94.6
2.	Millington	93.2
3.	Chestertown	93.
4.	Rock Hall	89.

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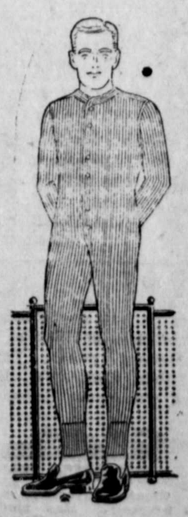
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