Women's Page

BY A WOMAN



MRS. WOODROW WILSON

There are few of the ex-presidents widows of who are living, but perhaps the one that is most in the public eye is Mrs. Wilson who still lives in the S. Street house which President Wilson bought before he died, Mrs. Wilson was born in Virginia, but though, belonging to the F. F. V.'s she is very democratic and cordial to everybody. Chosen by the Women's Democratic Club in Washington as its president she attends many of the functions, held there, and is interested in all that concerns it.

She is a very handsome woman, and shows excellent taste in dressing.

But her thoughts and ambitions are to preserve the memory of her husband. She has erected a crusader's tomb for him in the Cathedral at Washington, and every year she goes over to hear the conferences of the League of Nations, the league that Wilson began, and for which he died.

No wonder that in Geneva they treat her as an honored guest.

This year, she went to Poland, to be at the unveriling of a statue of Wilson, which was given by Paderewski, in memory of him who did so much for Poland.

Seeing this in the Washington Post, written by the "Girl about Town," we have copied it.

Early yesterday morning I took my collie Princess Pat out for a walk along upper Massachusetts avenue. It was a glorious, crisp morning and Princess Pat and I romped like two children. On our way home we cut through S. street to reach the avenue of the Presidents, a few blocks away. As we approached the home of former President Wilson, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, smiling, and a perfect picture in a dainty morning dress, came out of the front door. She had returned from Poland only last Monday, but Washington called to her, as it always does, and she did not linger in New York.

With utter devotion to the memory of the war President, Mrs. Wilson has treasured every memento of his boyhood and youth. In the stately library of the Wilson home is a quaint book shelf, quite plain, yet rich in historical memories. It was bought by Woodrow Wilson with the proceeds of the first story he ever sold.. The editor of the periodical, curiously enough, was the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. On this book shelf Mrs. Wilson has placed all the books written by President Wilson, together with all books concerning him, which she considers authentic and worth while.

HOW TO KEEP WELL IN SUMMER

Well, first do not think about the weather, but keep busy.. Every little while take in deep breaths of fresh air breathing deeply. Drink plenty of water and dress cool wearing simple dresses for furbelows and much trimming make one warm. And lastly try to keep cheerful for fret and worry are very heating.

HOW TO GET RID OF A DOUBLE CHIN

1. Stand erect with chin in, head up and eyes front. Turn the head as far right as possible then back to the first position and then as far to the left as possible.

2. Stretch the chin forward as far as possible, then bend the head backward until you feel the muscles under the chin stretch. Hold a moment and repeat without jerking.

Force the lower jaw ahead of the upper one. Hold this position and stretch the chin forward and up.

LA MODE

Contrasting afternoon ensembles often feature the two-piece frock, it is preferred to cover it with a three-quarter coat, and this is more becoming to a great many women. A plain crepe de chine skirt with the jumper and coat in printed crepe de chine is a favorite formula. The jumper usually has tiny cap sleeves and the coat has elbow or three-quarter sleeves that bell out toward the bottom. Coats are invariably collarless and are worn with new capelet collars, that resemble really a shoulder yoke of the costume fabric trimmed with a high fur collar that stands well out from the neck all round.

IN THE HOUSEKEEPER'S HANDY BOOK

Let the children help prepare the picnic food. It gives them pleasure and saves your time.

Before putting silver away for the summer it should be washed, polished and placed in flannel.

Overdrapes which reach to the floor add to the effect of height in a low-ceilinged room.

Felt hats may be freshened by rubbing them briskly with a dry, soft sponge to remove the dust and grime.

Old pillow slips make good covers for blouses, sweaters and children's dress while they hang in the closet.

A good way to mend cut oilcoth is to place a strip of adhesive tape underneath the cut and press the oil cloth down on it.

RECIPES

Maple Sugar Pie.—Beat well one whole egg and one yolk, keeping the other white for the meringue. Blend well one tabelspoons of butter and two of flour. When blended add to this the egg, cooking all in a double boiler with a large cup of maple sugar until thick and creamy. Cool and pour into a baked pastry shell. Spread with meringue made of the reserved egg white beaten with one tablespoon of 4x sugar. Bake in Slow oven.

HARVARD BEETS

(Bureau of Home Eocnomics)

"Sweet-sour" beets, theyl are sometimes called. Harvard beets are not only tasty but colorful and attractive to look at, and because of the vinegar used in the sauce, they take the place of a relish. The Bureau of Home Economics tells how to make them.

6 medium-sized beets.
1-2 cup sugar.
1 teaspoon cornstarch.
1-2 teaspoon salt.
1-2 cup vinegar.
2 tablespoons butter or other fat.

Wash the beets, cook them in boiling water until tender,. remove the skins, and cut the beets into thin slices or cubes. Mix the sugar and the cornstarch and salt. Add the vinegar, and let the sauce boil for five minutes, stirring constantly. Add the fat. Pour the sauce over the beets. Let them stand for a few minutes to absorb the sweet-sour flavor of the sauce. For variety 2 tablespoons freshly grated horseradish may be added just before serving.

Spaghetti, Green Pepper

1-2 package spaghetti
1 onion, cut fine
1-4 teaspoon pepper
6 large green peppers
1 tablespoon salt
6 clices of bacon
1 larg can tomato soup

Boil the spaghetti for nine minutes in two quarts rapidly boiling water to which one-half tablespoon salt has been added. Drain. Combine the spaghetti with the onion and season with pepper. Fill each pepper with enough spaghetti to cover the top. Add the salt. Place a slice of bacon over each pepper. Lay the peppers in a casserole and pour tomato soup over all. Bake in a moderate oven 3 to 35 minutes. Macaroni can be substituted for the spaghetti.

PERPETUAL MOTION

Jimmie—"Wot's perpetshul moshun, paw?"

Paw—"Keep your eye on your mother when she talks."

QUITE SO

Ella: "Your suit looks rusty."

Bert: "Well, the tailor did say it would wear like iron."

MARION HOWLAND'S DAUGHTER

By FANNIE HURST

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service.)

MARION HOWLAND'S boarding house had grown under her capable fingers from a small, six-room dwelling in an obscure part of the city, to a twenty-room old mansion that had once belonged to one of the prominent families in the city. She was a worker of the kind of indefatigability that seems to be fed by the secret springs of a mysterious vitality.

The boarders used laughingly to declare that Marion Howland had some sort of a sixth sense by which she could detect that towels were lacking in Mr. Ayer's room; a washstand was leaking in Miss Van Antrip's room; the Gadsby youngster was scuffing the parlor woodwork or that the kitchen plumbing had developed a leak.

With all these earmarks of efficiency for her work, Marion Howland was far from being the conventional landlady. She was a good-looking, well-preserved woman, who showed little of the wear and tear of her nineteen years of widowhood. Many of her boarders even loyally declared that from the rear you could scarcely tell her and her daughter Shirley apart. That, of course, was exaggeration, and Marion Howland was the first to laugh it away as such. She laughed a great deal, and her laugh was infectious. Her boarders enjoyed these strains of her good-humor sounding through the hallways of the house, and as Shirley herself declared, she found her mother a better all-around companion than the majority of the younger people of her own set. And yet this "set" was the pride of Marion Howland's life. It represented the peak of her achievement. It was the realization of one of the brightest of her ideals. Shirley Howland's "set" was one that was planes removed from the realm of the boarding house in which she had been reared.

Marion Howland had steadfastly set out to keep her small daughter's life clear of as much as possible of the environment into which stress of financial circumstance had forced her. When the little Shirley was three years old, Marion was already beginning carefully to see to it that her social affiliations were made outside the boarding house.

The social world into which Marion had married, only to be widowed before she had had time to place her foot on the rung of social advancement, was the one thing she coveted for her daughter. Marion herself had missed it, marrying from her role of saleslady into her brief period as wife of Kenneth Howland, well-known society-man-about-town.

It was extraordinary that in all the lean, even ferocious years of her struggle as a widow, unexpectedly left penniless with a child to rear, how Marion's congenital good nature blossomed and the bloomed. Her struggle in the none too congenial atmosphere of the boarding house had left her unembittered. At forty she was personable, indeed highly attractive, and in no uncertain manner, successful. Her boarding house was known as a first-class, conservative residence for first-class conservative people. Her daughter, eighteen and lovely, had accomplished the miracle her mother had planned for her. Shirley moved in the first social realms of the city. Her friends were the daughters of the town's wealthiest and most exclusive, and never once, in her bright career as a society girl, was Shirley forced to feel inability to cope, in clothes at least, with the performances of her more prosperous girl friends.

Inevitably, of course, there came times when the peculiarities of her environment embarrassed, but there, fortunately again, Shirley was blessed with some of her mother's fine resiliency of spirit. She had audacity, courage, and a fine, but not overemphasized pride that in many ways helped her somewhat anomalous situation. Shirley had her hearthurts all right, her secret regrets that her home background was not the home background of many of her friends, but no one was ever to know it, least of all her mother, who nevertheless sensed it and sensed it deeply.

It was inevitable then, as Shirley blossomed into adolescence, that from time to time there should occur in the boarding house of shifting scenes and shifting personalities, little situations that were troublesome to Marion and to Shirley alike. For instance, shockingly, it was rumored all over town, that young Hammond Johnson, an architect who had occupied Marion Howland's third-floor front for over a period of three years, had drowned himself of despair over his hopeless passion for the daughter of his landlady, who treated him in the same aloof manner she treated all of her mother's boarders. Calm, courteous, polite.

There had also been the rather difficult situation of Otis Greer, a married man who had boarded with his wife in the Howland house for at least five years, confessing excitedly one night, while in his cups, to a dining room filled with boarders, that he desired to divorce his wife and marry Shirley Howland.

Situations such as these did not make it any easier for Marion to conduct her establishment along the lines she had laid out for herself. An alluring and grown daughter complicated matters. More than that, the boarders were beginning to take on a resentful attitude toward the alleged snobbishness of the daughter of the landlady. Marion, had it been a matter of choosing between the success of her boarding house and the necessity for Shirley to live more closely in its environment, would have sacrificed the former. It was due to her own rigid discipline that Shirley had learned that her world, her mother's choice of world for her, must lie outside the boarding souse.

And in the end, all of Marion's carefully laid schemes for her daughter bore richer fruits than even she had dared to visualize. The sweet Shirley, impeccably lovely at eighteen, met, became engaged to and married, all within ten days, a young radio magnate who at thirty-two, socially secure, and full of the vitality that matched Shirley's, was already regarded as one of the important financial men of the country.

Overnight, Marion Howland's boarding house became a thing of the past, that is, in so far as Marion's proprietorship was concerned. Llewellyn Lewes literally sold his mother-in-law's boarding house over her head, making, as he laughingly put it, a "fat profit." The first year that Shirley was married Marion's son-in-law, with a largesse characterisetic of him in everything he did, settled the modest nest egg of one million dollars upon her. As Marion herself was fond of explaining, it might just as well have been one-tenth that amount, since her senses reeled after the first one hundred thousand mark had been passed.

But Marion Howland, well set-up, attractive, full of energies and interests at forty-five, was thoroughly capable of entering her new estate. She bloomed with happiness in her own well being and in her daughter's. Her son-in-law was congenial to her. The new and dizzying environment of creature comforts in which she found herself was ever gratifying. Also, Marion Howland had known too much of the deprivation of life not to see to it that out of her own empty some of it poured into the empty hands of others.

Marion, being mutually congenial to her daughter and son-in-law, was not permitted out of the regime of their household. The Llewellyn Lewes occupied, along with Marion Howland, a twelve-room suite on the top floor of the most exclusive family hotel in town.

Yet Marion Howland was determined, that with the new life of ease, her interests were not to deteriorate. She determined to keep up her activities, and yet try as she would, there was something about the condition of being relieved from the routine of the running of the boarding house, that left her with a stranded feeling. Part of her credo was to interfere as little as possible in the lives and activities of her two children. She insisted that they travel, go about, regardless of her, and refused to mingle more than casually in their social activities.

One day, when the realization had settled quite definitely uon Marion that she was on her own hands, and that time was beginning to pall, she did a characteristic thing and one that ultimately was to make her, in her own way, as nationally prominent as her son-in-law.

Observing one day during the absence of her son-in-law and daughter on an European jaunt, that the family hotel in which they were living was run along lines that seemed inefficient, she bought the hotel, paid for it one-third cash, and a few weeks later had established herself as proprietor.

That was the beginning of the international hotel series now known as the Howland Chain.

Veteran Explorer Lost His Poise Telling Yarn

Old Mace Liverwurst was sitting on the banister at the Verdigris river bridge last Sunday talking to some of his cronies. They were discussing the feat of the man who went over Niagara falls in a barrel.

Mace said that was nothing—that he and Henry M. Stanley in their travels through darkest Africa went over Victoria falls in a canoe, and just as he made this remark he became overbalanced and fell into the cold water below the bridge. His cronies were greatly excited. Some one ran to a nearby place and got a rope, while another rang the fire bell. Soon quite a crowd had gathered and Mace was blowing bubbles and spouting water higher than a whale could have done. Finally, he was rescued and Mrs. Liverwurst was ready to receive him in her arms as he walked up the slippery bank to where she was standing. Mace assured her that there was no danger.

She led her hero home so he could put on some dry clothing. We asked him the next day if he had noticed any ill-effects from his ice cold plunge, and he repiled that he had not, that he hee-hawed for five minutes and said he certainly had the old lady scared for awhile. He said she was glad he was not drowned that she refused to let him deliver the washings this week.

A neighbor woman tells us that Mrs. Liverwurst told her Mace hadn't been returning much money lately when he delivered the washings, and that, maybe, is why she is doing the delivering and collecting. She knows Mace.—Altoona (Pa.) Tribune.

If This Be Treason—

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NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters of Administration c. t. a. on the personal estate of

MARY F. USILTON

late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 23rd day of December, 1931, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 24th day of June, 1931.

C. ROMIE SKIRVEN,
Administrator c. t. a.

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