Women's Page

BY A WOMAN



ANASTASIA ROMANOFF

In the large cities of this country there are numberless members of the reigning families of the countries of Europe who having lost their possessions, have come to this country as an asylum, and to make new lives for themselves and in many cases to make their living.

In all history there is not a sadder episode than the murder of the Czar of Russia and his family. They were all taken to a cellar and shot one by one, and then, so it is said, their bodies were buried in quick lime. But one of those men who was employed to make away with the bodies, noticed that one of the daughters was not dead, and he put her in his cart unconscious, as she was, covered her up and carted her away. Afterwards he took her to Germany and when she was better, compelled her to marry him, so she says. By him she had a delicate child who only lived a short time. After her husband's death, she told some friends secretly that she was the Princess Anastasia. Many were convinced that the story was true, among them, her childhood playmate who had become a doctor in this country, Dr. Botkin says she is undoubtedly Princess Anastosia. Mrs. Wm. Leeds who was the Russian princess Zenia, brought her to this country and entertained her in her palatial home.

But it was found that the late Czar had great possessions in England, which the Sovets of Russia could not get hold of and Anastasis and Mrs. Leeds had many differences about it and the latter found Anastasia so unreasonable and violent tempered when ever she was approached on the subject that she was no longer welcome in her home. Then she found a resting place with Miss Jenning on Long Island where she staid for several years, then Miss Jennings, wearied with her moods and outbursts of temper had her put in a Home. It was a stormy time when she was put there. The policeman had to come into Miss Jennings house and break down the door to get her.

A few weeks ago she disappeared, but they think that she has sailed for Germany under an assumed name, and when there will endeavor to get proof together that she may claim her father's property.

Dr. Botkin said the other day that he was confident that she was his old playmate, but he thinks the terrible experiences through which she was gone, has made her very difficult to deal with. And meanwhile the vast treasures are accummulating in England so far unclaimed by any heirs, while Soviet Russia has taken the crown jewels and all that pertains to royalty in its own hands.

LA MODE

LOOSE COATS

NEW TREND APPROVED BY MANY HOUSES

There is nothing dull about the new fashions, whatever else any may think about them. Even the simplest morning clothes are enlivened by ingenious and original touches, those "little nothings," as the French call them, that make all the difference; while the afternoon and evening mode—what with pro-Victorian and pro Persian and near-Eastern and structly Western influences—is so full of style interest as to be almost too exciting.

LEG O' MUTTON SLEEVES ARE GROWING BIGGER AND BETTER

Redfern has one entirely new interpretation of the leg o' mutton sleeve. It creates the impression of a somewhat full sleeve at the shoulder, having been hung up on a colthesline by two clothespins right at the tip where it joins the shoulder so that when it is taken down the two little peaks still remain where it was pinned to the line.

Nor is this a bad effect. It gives a square line to the shoulder which is approved by Patou, who creates the effect of broadening the shoulders instead of attacking the sleeves.

Redfern introduces a new blue called "Blue de Paris," which is one of those practically impossible to describe because it is between a royal blue, a pencil and electric shade, neither sapphire, nor yet a turquoise—it is simply "Bleu de Paris" and that is all one can say about it.

WRIST WATCHES MATCH THE FROCK

By Associated Press.

Wrist watches to match the wearer's frock are the newest wrinkle in jewel accessories. The cases of the new watches are made of a colored opaque celluloid substance, and the wristbands are two matching silk cords. Emerald greens, sapphire blues, wine reds, black and white are among the most popular colors seen.

IN THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LITTLE HANDY BOOK

All young children need a daily nap.

Individual pumpkin pies served with plum jam and whipped cream make delicious autumn desserts.

The child who is allowed to learn household duties at the age of 3, 4 or 5, when he is most anxious to "help mother," learns also to enjoy them. An hour spent in guding childish fingers means many hours saved a few years later.

Add variety and vitamins to winter meals by preserving tomatoes as butter, puree, conserve, ketchup and pickles.

For successful laundering, thorough rinsing is as important as thorough washing. Soap or soda left in clothes tends to yellow them and makes them scorch more easily in ironing.

Cheese is likely to prove indigestible if much is eaten at the end of a heavy meal.

Knots and sharp bends in the cords of electrical appliances tend to break the fine wires.

Stuff the toes of fine shoes with tissue paper instead of shoetrees; it preserves the shape better.

The secret of appearing well dressed when traveling is to take just a few well-chosen clothes and pack them carefully.

A small funnel of stiff paper filled with bread crusts and stuck in the middle of the top crust of a fruit pie will hold the juices in baking.

BATTLE OF STATE ELEVENS WILL BE MARKED BY COLOR

NAVY AND MARYLAND WILL OFFER CLASSIC ON OCTOBER 10 IN WASHINGTON

Student Bodies, Cheering Sections, Bands to Vie For Honors

College Park, Md.—As the classic football game between the Navy and Maryland in Griffith Stadium in Washington on October 10 draws near it appears more and more as if it would be a duel similar to the one the Midshipmen won last year at Annapolis, 7 to 0.

Both teams are shaping up well in their preparation, with Maryland having a shade more players than Navy of those who took part in the stirring 1930 engagement on Farragut Field. A check-up shows that Navy has ten men available of the 18 who faced the Old Liners last November while 13 of a like number who played for Maryland still are on the job.

Navy has twenty more men, though, to choose from, having 88 on its squad while Maryland is able to muster an aggregation of just half that size.

It will be a football duel marked with plenty of color, as the entire body of Midshipmen, noted for their unusual and attractive stunts, will make the trip to the Nation's Capital for the game, the first Navy has played there since it met Penn State in Griffith Stadium back in 1922.

Navy's goat, which Maryland hopes to get, figuratively speaking, will be there in all his glory, while the bands and cheering sections of both institutions will vie for honors just as earnestly as the rival elevens.

President Hoover has been invited Governor Ritchie may be there, Senator Tydings probably will sit on the Maryland bench, and a host of others high in Navy circles and public life will grace the seats at the home of the Washington ball club.

All in all, it easily should be the football classic of the entire South Atlantic section for the 1931 campaign.

And if a third of the fans who wanted to see the game at Annapolis last Fall are on hand on October 10, the 35,000 seats at Gritffih Stadium all will be occupied. Only 25,000 could be packed into Farragut Field last November, but there were more than 60,000 applications for the tickets.

The best and surest way to get seats which are $3, is through Griffith Stadium in Washington, although it still is possible to obtain them either from the Navy or Maryland athletic offices.

Motorists' Term

"Vapor lock" means the interruption in the flow of gasoline from the fuel tank to the carburetor, due to the boiling of the liquid fuel at some point in the feed system.

MARION'S PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCE

By FANNIE HURST

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

MARION JOYCE did not realize that there was nothing unusual about her predicament. Analyzing it, it used to seem to her that no one had ever been harassed and harrowed as much as she in her peculiar circumstance.

The peculiar circumstance was that there was a particular person, who ever since Marion Joyce could remember, had been in her way. Not that there had been ever the slightest degree of conflict between Marion Joyce and this unconscious party to her discontent. They had grown up in the same town together, they had attended the same schools and occasionally had met socially. But from her earliest memories of Alice Laidlaw, there had been something about this attractive, vigorous personality, that had set to gnawing within Marion, dull pangs of jealousies and resentments.

It is true that in a way Alice Laidlaw had always been a leader, yet Marion, in her way, had by no means been an inconspicuous or incompetent student or member of the social life of her community. While their paths had crossed only casually, each of these girls, Marion Joyce and Alice Laidlaw, had been endowed with the gifts of personality and charm.

Of the two, Alice Laidlaw had more of the quality of aggressiveness which makes for general popularity. She was president of school-and-social organizations, where under the same circumstances Marion would only have been an active and respective member. Alice Laidlaw had an executive capacity for running things. Even when she was sixteen and in high school, she had been a potential club woman. She was then already a frequent feature in the newspapers, president of a literary society, member of a debating team, leader of a conspicuous student rebellion against faculty restrictions.

That was probably where the shoe pinched Marion. Although she would never admit it, even to herself, it must have been, that incorporated in the capable and intelligent figure of her colleague Alice Laidlaw, Marion beheld qualities that she herself yearned to possess. That was why, again without even admitting it to herself, Alice Laidlaw was in Marion's way. Every conquest of the Laidlaw girl was anathema to Marion. Without even her nearest and dearest friends suspecting it, Alice's election to this and that presidency, her graduation with honors, her subsequent prominence as a club woman, political woman, social worker, world traveler, were actually elements in making Marion Joyce's life, even after she was married to the man of her choice, Fred Markus, one of rankling discontent.

Curious how seldom the paths of these two women crossed, and yet come to think of it, by no means inexplicable. It was doubtless due to the fact that Marion could not bear to look upon the attainments and achievements of this girl who had always walked in paths that Marion yearned to tread.

To pick up the evening paper and find Alice Laidlaw's photograph confronting her, was sufficient to spoil her dinner and make her querulous with Fred. And with a dogged kind of perversity, it seemed to Marion that the successes of Alice Laidlaw took pains to thrust themselves under her very nose. A chance newspaper dropped in a public place would fall in a position to reveal a photograph of Alice Laidlaw to Marion. With frequency that seemed to Marion almost psychic, scraps of conversation which she overheard in theaters or in public conveyances, were as often as not, about Alice Laidlaw, her brilliancy, her success, her prominence. Seldom, if ever, was it Marion's good fortune to hear a slurring word or behold a slurring line spoken of Alice, and then, even when that happened, it only seemed to enhance her position among the great.

Unimportant people had no enemies.

Fred Marcus, who loved his wife had no even the slightest inkling of this canker at her soul. If there were in her makeup certain human delinquencies, certain shortcomings, it seemed to Fred that she had fewer of them than the run-of-the-mill of wives, and it never occurred to him that even these few delinquencies in the woman he loved, such as her occasional irritabilities, were due to the subterranean fact that a woman named Alice Laidlaw was in her way.

To Fred Marcus, Alice Laidlaw was just a local woman of prominence. He had met her a few times and had even discussed her upon occasion with his wife, admiring her accomplishment without knowing that he was turning a knife in the heart of Marion.

There was to come a lull in this chronic soul-hurt of Marion's. The papers came out one day blaring the fact that Alice Laidlaw was to take up residence abroad for a period of five years where she was to study certain sociological conditions in the various capitals of Europe. There was a great hullabaloo over this enterprise, functions, entertainments, farewells, were staged in honor of the departing celebrity, and no prophet in her own country ever departed with more adulation than the local favorite, Miss Alice Laidlaw.

During the next five years word of Alice's accomplishments in foreign lands; tidings of her presentation at this and that court, and of her manner of projecting her home city into international prominence came floating back. But there was something in distance that seemed to ease the hurt in the heart of Marion. Besides in that period of five years, three children were born to the Fred Markuses, a new home had been planned and built, and the affairs of life had flowed in busily and happily. It was not that Marion forgot; it was not that her curious capacity to stumble across evidences of the success of Alice Laidlaw had in any way diminished, it was simply that distance had dimmed the picture and time had mitigated it.

Also, in that interval, even with the birth of her babies, Marion had tried to keep up contacts. She was member of several women's clubs, and while never an executive, her standing locally was that of an able woman. She was a member of important organizations, of the mayor's reception committee and had created in her home the air of culture and camaraderie that made it a focal point for social gatherings of distinction.

Ironically enough, the most important event in which Marion was called upon to participate as member of the mayor's reception committee was the return of Alice Laidlaw after an absence of five years.

It seemed to Marion that this was the straw that broke the camel's back. Nothing in the world could save her from the ordeal of standing in line to welcome back into the fold the triumphant figure of the returning native except the plea of illness. And despising herself, hating herself, berating herself, Marion remained at home on the day of Miss Laidlaw's arrival on that very plea.

It was more than she could endure to behold this woman who had succeeded in walking the paths she yearned to walk, return in triumph.

Triumph it was.

For two weeks after her return, the local newspapers carried stories of this or that opinion, exploit or happening connected with Alice Laidlaw.

While sitting in the railroad station one day waiting for the return of her husband Fred, who had been away on a business trip, Marion's eye, with its usual cruel capacity for overlooking no printed word that had to do with Alice Laidlaw, lit on an article in a newspaper held by the man in front of her on the waiting-room bench. Sitting there with her fingers clinched, as always under such circumstances, Marion flagellated herself by reading the article from end to end.

It was a feature story in which Alice Laidlaw related to a woman reporter her idea of "an ideal woman."

How could Marion refrain from reading such an article? What was Alice Laidlaw's idea of an "ideal woman"—Alice Laidlaw, who was herself an ideal woman to so many others, Alice Laidlaw, who had always been a leader since her earliest school days, who was the subject of so many conversations, who had won international prominence and for whom everybody worthwhile in the whole town turned out to welcome home?

Marion read on excitedly. The "ideal woman" was a mother and a home-keeper; she was intelligently interested in civic affairs, but to her, home affairs came first; she had not one child, but several; her home was the focal point for social gatherings of distinction.

At the conclusion of the article, Alice Laidlaw cited a local figure to typify a woman whose life, activities and characteristics embodied all the fine qualities that went to make up Alice Laidlaw's composite version of the ideal woman.

The figure whom she had chosen from the local community as her symbol was Marion.

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ORDER NISI

In the Matter of the Estate of Mamie G. Brown Deceased,
In the Orphan's Court for Kent County, Maryland

Ordered this first day of September, 1931, by the Orphan's Court for Kent County, Maryland that the sale of the real estate mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by George W. Ayres Executor under the last Will and Testament of Mamie G. Brown, late of Kent County, deceased, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the sixth day of November next povided a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County once in each of four successive weeks before the fifth day of October next. The Report of Sale shows the amount of sale to be fifteen hundred dollars.

Judges of the Orphan's Court for
EDWARD A. SCOTT,
JAMES H. GROVES,
J. HENRY THOMPSON,
Kent County Maryland.
True Copy:
FRANK W. SMITH, Register of Wills.

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Chestertown, Maryland

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

CLAUDE M. BLACKISTON

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 1st day of March, 1932, 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 1st day of September, 1931.

PEARL BLACKISTON
s5. Executrix.

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