Women's Page

BY A WOMAN

LADY TORRINGTON

A sad, sad story appeared in the London papers a few days ago. It was that the beautiful Lady Torrington was found dead in a gas filled room in a poor rooming house in London. When Eleanor Souray was young she was induced to become a gaity girl, and her beauty and grace was the admiration of the crowds who frequented the theatre. Then the worlds war came on, and the theatres were deserted and darkness reigned everywhere, Eleanor, who loved horses began to play at the races, and finally she bought a stud farm. But her fortunes changed, her horses lost and she was reduced to proverly. It was then that she met the Young Lord Torrington, a scion of an old family, who owned large ancestral estates. He, too, loved horses and when he met the lovely gaiety girl, he asked her to become Lady Torrington, and made over a large estate to her.

After their marriage they lived very happily until he was called to be an aviator in the war. His plane fell in a Bulgarian camp and he was taken prisoner all during the war, his wife not knowing whether he was living or dead. In the meanwhile she was still busy at the races. When the war was over and her husband returned they lived very happily for a while and then her husband was mentioned as a correspondent in the divorce suit of Harold Ferrens.

Then a sensational divorce suit followed, and the papers told of Lady Torrington winning her case, her husband meanwhile going from bad to worse. Lady Eleanor still owned a life estate in the ancestral lands of Lord Torrington, but the after war taxation made them more a liability than an asset.

Then it was that she pawned her jewels and started a tea shop. The public eager to drink tea and to see the lovely lady patronized her shop so well that she started a chain of tea shops and soon had relieved her broken fortune. But alas the old love for the races returned and she bought anothr stud farm. Thus she lost all the money and the tea rooms and everything but hope. A little while ago she wandered back to the scene of her former triumphs; the Gaity theatre, and at the door she saw her former rival sitting there selling matches. "So you are down and out too" said the match seller. "I am bearly making enough to keep body and soul together, so don't you come and sell matches here." "No, I will not" said Lady Eleanor, and she went back to her bare little room and turned on the gas.

The First Lady of The Land And Her Teas

Mrs. Hoover is entertaining by having afternoon teas.

It is a pretty fashion, this afternoon tea at the White House, when visitors, who have been specially asked by the First Lady, are graciously received and have an opportunity to see her at her best, have a cup of tea and a sandwich with her and enjoy a little "intimate" view of the stately old parlors. Mrs. Hoover is a charming conversationalist. She makes conversation when there is none, and she keeps it going brilliantly when there is some. She has lived in so many different countries during her youth and early womanhood, and imbibed the most interesting phases of life in them, that her conversation is not only intelligent and interesting, but educational many times.

She has a graceful way of twisting conversation into the very channels where she wants it, and an equal knack of guiding it right out of the channels she wishes to avoid. At a recent party she had, a guest made the comment that she (Mrs. Hoover) must be intensely interested in the news each day from China, and she replied quickly that she was and could hardly wait from one paper to another to scan the news dispatches. A bright young girl who was sipping tea near her put forth, in a conspicuous voice, the question, "Mrs. Hoover, have you ever been in China?" The First Lady replied, gently, she had "lived in China some years," without a hint of rebuke to her for not having read some of the many stories of Mrs. Hoover's rather thrilling experiences in the Orient when she was a young married woman.

LA MODE

TILTED HATS DICTATE COIFFURES IN 1932

Beauty Congress indicates Hair Will Be Parted Far to One Side So Curls May Flourish

Coiffures in 1932 will be influenced by the new tilted hats, it was indicated at the third annual American Beauty Congress which met at the Hotel Astor last night. The hair will be parted far to one side of the head so that waves and curls may flourish freenly in the space exposed by the saucy new hats.

The doom of the hair line eyebrow was pronounced by some of the experts at the congress, who asserted that the mode this year will require the following of the natural eyebrow line with merely enough shaping by the beauty artificer to make the result look "neat."

London's Goat

London is putting the angora goat to good use for spring, many of her smartest sports costumes being of real angora. Of course imitation angora will be seen here and there also. These pleasantly wooly costumes are very light in weight and very bright in colors.

Flowered Vestees

By Associated Press

Flowered silk vestees with tiny pockets when buttoned on give that new high-waisted effect that distinguishes the 1932 silhouette.

A rubber band wound several times around each end of a clothes hanger prevents dresses from slipping off.

RECIPES

My Neighbor Says:

When peeling onions, begin at the root end, peel upward, and the eyes will be affected very little, if at all.

Fish requires quick cooking at a high temperature to seal the juices. Fish cooked long is tasteless.

To remove chocolate stains apply a paste of borax and cold water. Let this remain on for a short time, rinse off, and apply boiling water.

Coral beads may be cleaned by dissolving a teaspoonful of borax in a pint of warm water. Dip the coral, and when clean, put through tepid water.

Spanish Beans

Soak two cupfuls of pink or pinto beans over night after washing them. Cook in the water in which they were soaked. Wash a three-inch cube of salt pork and add to the beans, and then cook for about to hours. Remove the stems and seeds from four red or green and fresh or dry chill peppers, wash thoroughly, and add to the beans. If hot beans are wanted, add a few of the seeds. Add salt to taste and cook until done. Beans that are very hard to cook will become tender if these peppers are added.

The King's Oysters

King George is a connoisseur of oysters, receiving special consignments daily for his table during the season. It is said that the oysters he most favors are those grown in the beds maintained by the Prince of Wales in Cornwall.

"What's Jones So Puffed Up About?"

IT'S an old, old, story . . . mates. A few months ago, Jones was one of that short-sighted group that figured "Advertising just a waste of money." His business went from bad to worse until, in desperation, he decided to "try it just once."

The results wer so gratifying, that he's been ADVERTISING CONSTANTLY ever since. No wonder he's smiling and content now.

Moral:
He Profits Most Who Advertises Regularly

USE THE COLUMNS OF
The Chestertown Transcript

I Did It Because

The Story of a Jealous Heart

By Fannie Hurst

(©, 1932, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service)

THERE are certain things so closely enmeshed within the complicated pattern and fiber of the human heart, that to even try to explain the more subtle and terrifying of human motives and emotions were worse than useless. So felt Howard Bennet as he sat forward on his chair, with the steel-looking beads of sweat hanging from his brow. . . .

Who knows! Perhaps he should never have married. Perhaps that streak in his nature, destined to spoil his happiness from the first week of it, might have developed under any circumstances.

Ernest, sometimes trying to analyze his sickness, and it amounted to that, felt differently.

If, perchance, he had married a woman with whom he had been less passionately, less devastatingly in love than he had been with Elaine since the hour he laid eyes on her, it all would have been different.

How could one, he argued to himself in the bitter reaches of many a sleepless night, find one's mere traveling salesman of a self married to the frailest, whitest, most lily-like creature imaginable, and not fairly burn, as a smelting furnace burns, with the jealous terror of losing her.

The fact that this lily of a girl, this almost naively adoring, patient and confiding wife of his harbored neither a straying eye nor a straying fancy, did not serve to mitigate the chronic torture that befell the luckless youth, as more and more the precious truth of her desirability impressed itself upon him during the first few years of their alliance.

To add to anguish, his role of traveling salesman took him from home four, six and eight weeks at a time, and it was borne in upon Bennet, during these same few years, that his equipment fitted him for practically no other kind of work. Once, indeed, he went so far as to resign his nine-year position with a wholesale shoe firm and set about the perilous task of finding a position that did not take him from the home. After three months of one serious case of maladjustment after another, it was a chastened young husband who sought, and obtained, the old position, which owing to secret and utterly unjustified pangs of jealousy over his wife, he had resigned.

After that, realizing that his fears and suspicions amounted to insanity, and that his ceaseless jealous carpings were wearing down even the sweet and gentle resistance of his wife, there was a pronounced improvement in the manner and attitude of Bennet. He no longer reproached her for the slightest wandering of her glance if they happened to be walking together on the street; ceased dropping in from his trips, one, two and three days before he had announced himself due, and for a while it seemed to the luckless Elaine that now, at last, she had got her marriage on some kind of an even keel.

But slowly, surely, like a beast creeping up on its prey, there crept back into the heart of Bennet, while traveling, the old terrors and suspicions concerning his wife.

She was so fair. She was so infinitely desirable. She was so over and above any qualities that existed in any woman he had ever known. Naturally, men would covet her. Why not? She was something to be coveted. She was something worth coveting! And last, all her goodness and sweet patience to the contrary notwithstanding, she was only human.

And so there overshadowed the household, torment and fear and all the ugly anguish that follows in the wake of jealousy.

With her lovely blue eyes that had already cried more than their share, imploring sanity of her husband, it sometimes seemed to him, holding her closely after one of his tantrums over a trifling nothing and imploring to be forgiven, that the only way out of his dilemma of fear concerning this darling of his lifetime, was death. Death for them both. Then he could be sure . . . only then. . . .

There were so many possibilities for losing her. He was away at least six months of his year. Before her marriage Elaine had been courted and sought more than any girl in her set. God knows, he used to ask of himself, why she chose him. It must have been his adoration . . . his mad blinding adoration, that drew her.

There had been many a heart ache over this marriage. Bennet could have counted them off on his ten fingers. Even the rector of her church, talented, young, sought after, the type of man who "had everything," had notoriously been in love with Elaine when she up and eloped with Bennet.

Elaine, who "had everything," could in turn have had Dr. Bradford Losee who "had everything" and miracle of miracles, she had married Bennet.

Well, when a man had a bequest like that, Bennet was apt to argue with himself, it made a maniac of him. It was like owning a jewel with no vault, casket, or case strong enough to protect it.

And strangely, adding fuel to this secret fire within Bennet, the only source of solace in these terrible years of the realization of her husband's folly lay in the quiet sympathetic moments she could manage to spend with her rector.

Dr. Bradford Losee, who since the marriage of Elaine and Bennet had become engaged to a now adored girl who was finishing a final year's missionary work in China before coming home to her marriage, seemed to realize better than anyone else, the quality of anguish that resided in the heart of Elaine, and at the same time to have a sympathetic understanding [illegible] plight of her husband.

"I think I'll have to leave him, Bradford," she cried to him over and over again, as time after time the fires of jealousy had raged and burned in the household, "I can't stand it. I love him. I'm truer than true to him, and in his heart he knows it, but he's killing me, Bradford. Killing me."

"God and time will work their miracles, Elaine. There is not evil in Howard's heart. Only weakness and doubt."

That was true. And true also was the fact that deep in that twisted forlorn heart of his Bennet knew his wife to be innocent; innocent of the suspicion he came more and more to harbor, that between her and Bradford old fires were rekindling.

He knew her to be innocent with his mind and with his heart he burned and hurt and raged and flayed.

Time after time, coming home according to his old ruse a few days before scheduled, there occurred in his household, because he had found her in the innocent company of this or that person, or in innocent tasks pertaining to this or that relationship, scenes too shameful to bear telling, and time after time she had crouched beside her rector, begging him for strength to go on, and time after time, out of the wide sympathetic understanding for both of them, Bradford had given her that strength.

It was on the occasion of one of the unexpected homecomings that, finding her on her knees beside Bradford in the library of their home, without a second's hesitation, Bennet reached for his hip pocket and fired.

. . . sitting there in the witness chair, the steel beads of sweat out all over him, and trying to begin to explain to the judge, why he had committed the heinous crime of killing his wife and her rector, suddenly Bennet knew the futility of the attempt.

There are certain things so closely enmeshed within the complicated pattern of the human heart, that to even try to explain the more subtle and terrifying of human motives and emotions were worse than useless. . . .

Always Springtime in Quito, on the Equator

The suburbs of Quito, the capital of Ecuador, nearly touch the equator, but its 100,000 inhabitants enjoy perpetual springtime, says a bulletin from the National Geographic society. The city nestles in a bowl-shaped depression nearly two miles high among the Andean peaks. Snow-capped mountains are visible from the streets. Before the completion of the Quito-Guayaquil railroad, connecting the capital with Ecuador's principal gateway and port, Quito was isolated. The few travelers that visited the city trekked for two weeks over difficult trails to reach Quito. Now, by rail, they may alight at the Quito depot the evening of the second day out of Guayaquil.

Many Indians make Quito their permanent residence; many come and go from the rural districts with the Quito sun. In the market place the bright shawls and ponchos of the natives add color to the piles of fruit and vegetables, homemade dolls and dyed cloth. Some of the bronze-skinned visitors, particularly those who specialize in selling blankets, prefer the streets to dispose of their merchandise. Nearly all of them wear Panama hats because Ecuador is the home of Panama hats.

In nearly three centuries that the Spanish ruled Ecuador they saturated the capital city with their customs. The principal square, Plaza Mayor, is laid out in Spanish style with a Spanish government building facing it. Here and there, throughout the city, ornate facades of Spanish churches rise above the roof tops. The narrow cobbled streets, flanked by white, red-roofed houses with balconied upper stories, recall streets of cities in Spain.

Justifiable Homicide

The Summer Cottager, who had been at the shore since May, closed the cottage for the season and stepped toward his car in which his family waited.

Suddenly he wheeled and fired a shot.

The Woman Year-Around Resident, standing on the porch of the cottage next door, uttered a sharp cry and fell dead, a bullet through her breast.

Police came and arrested the Summer Cottager, who made no resistance.

"Yes, I did it and it served her right," he said.

"But what was your provocation?" demanded the police.

"Plenty," snapped the man. "Just as we were leaving she came out and pulled that old one about the loveliest vacation days coming in September and October!"—Detroit Free Press.

Men Without Music

Australian natives are the only race in the world who have no musical instruments, not even drums or pipes. At a corroboree, or festival dance, a man chants a monotonous refrain while others keep time by beating two boomerangs together.

Or Barb Wire

To many a doubtful statesman the fence he is trying to sit on in these controversal times must seem to be constructed exclusively of pickets.—Boston Herald.

Venezuela's Milk Trees

Trees native to Venezuela yield a sweet fluid like milk when the bark is pierced. Tests show that it is even richer than cow's milk in phosphates and sugar.

Apricots Yield Almond Oil

Almond oil in the Middle ages was prepared from bitter almonds by distillation in water. Nowadays it is obtained almost entirely from apricot kernels.

Dogfish Eggs

The eggs of the dogfish are deposited in tough pouches which are anchored to weeds by means of small tendrils.

And Odd, Isn't It?

The person who would be missed the least is usually the first to arrive and the last to leave.

Subject to Change

Life is what you make it until somebody comes along and makes it worse.

Irate Woman Probably Had Time for Regrets

The bus terminal had been reorganized since the Woman's last trip, but she eventually located her bus, and, having three minutes to spare, paced up and down beside it.

From the waiting room emerged a couple engaged in wordy combat, the husband, as usual, losing in the battle. On and on raged the wife, her spouse meekly following with his arms full of bundles. As she got on the bus, he handed the bundles to her and prepared to turn away.

"Don't you dare be late for supper!" shrieked his spouse. The unfortunate male, his downcast gaze roving humbly over the bus, started suddenly.

"Lily—" he began.

"Don't you 'Lily' me!" shrieked the woman, starting off again. "You—"

"Lissen a minute!" begged the husband.

"Lissen to you! Every time I lissen—" She finished an irate monologue and disappeared into the bus.

"Lissen," the little man called after her. But she was already seated inside. As the little man made toward the bus it jerked suddenly and drove off, leaving him standing, mouth open.

The Woman met his eyes with an involuntary smile. A slow grin spread over his face.

"Don't that beat all?" he asked the Woman, shrugging his thin shoulders. "I only wanted to tell her she's on the wrong bus!" He chuckled. "I hope she finds out soon. The first stop for that one is Philadelphia. And we live in Long Island!"—New York Sun.

"Pure" English Defined as of Elizabethan Era

The oft-quoted saying that the purest English is spoken in Dublin, particularly at Trinity college, is of unknown origin, says the Pathfinder Magazine. Inverness, Scotland and Belfast, Ireland, are often linked with Dublin as places where exceptionally pure and correct English is spoken by the inhabitants. The saying probably means little more than that the common speech in these places contains an unusually large number of Elizabethan words now regarded as "archaic" or "classical" in England and the United States. Speech in small countries or isolated communities seldom changes as rapidly as it does in the more populous centers. Both Dublin and Belfast were settled by colonists from England and the speech of their descendants did not undergo the same development that the language of the parent country did. The English language of the periods of Elizabeth and King James was, as it were, kept in cold storage in Ireland and many words and phrases were retained in everyday speech which became obsolete in England. Thus it happens that the language of Belfast and Dublin more nearly approaches the language in use during England's golden era of literature.

Long Welsh Name

Does it not seem curious that any place should be named "Llanfairpullgwyngyllgogerchwyrandrobwllantysiliogogogoch, but to a Welshman this is one of the most poetical names on his map. To the stranger who goes there and sees the place it is also a locality of charm and beauty. But the name itself is poetry. Llan is "church." Fair is "of Mary," pull gwyngyll is "the pool of white hazels," goger is "rather near," while chwyran drobwll is "the swift whirlpool" and Tysilio gogo goch is "of Tysilio of the red cave." Is it not, therefore, suggestive of romance and beauty enough to visit the village of the church of St. Mary by the pool of white hazels, near the swift whirlpool of St. Tysilio's church of the red cave?

In Use

Mrs. —— started to get ready to go to church. She hunted the house over for her rubber reducing corset. It simply could not be found.

In desperation she went to her young daughter's room to awaken her and see if she knew anything about the all-important article. Sleepy little Miss Fifteen was aroused sufficiently to reply to the almost demand:

"Where is my rubber corset?"

"I got it on."

Toulson's Drug Store

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Purifies and enriches the blood, clears the complexion.

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Chestertown, Md.

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"Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin" *is a doctor's prescription for the bowels.* Tested by 47 years' practice, it has been found thoroughly effective in relieving constipation and its ills for men, women and children of all ages. It has proven perfectly safe even for babies. Made from fresh laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other harmless ingredients, it cannot gripe; will not sicken you or weaken you; can be used without harm as often as your breath is bad, or when your tongue is coated; whenever a headachy, bilious, gassy condition warns of constipation.

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