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Women's Page

BY A WOMAN



AS YOU LIKE IT

This is one of the most sylvan of Shakspeare's plays, dealing as it does with woodland scenes and nature's children.

Duke Frederick, ruler of a dukedom, has been surplanted by his younger brother, and he is banished to the Forest of Arden, a beautiful woods in England. But so popular is the Duke that many of his friends went with him into exile. They all find happiness and content there, far away from the wiles and affectations of the Court.

As his friends all gather around him, the Duke says: "Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious jewel on its head;
And we exempt from public haunts,
Find tongues in trees,
Books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

But at the Court he has left his daughter Rosalind. The usurping Duke would not let her leave, as his own daughter, Celia is so fond of her. We find both of the maidens going down to see a wrestling match which is to take place in the garden between Charles the wrestler, and a young man, Orlanda. When Rosaland sees the slight young man and looked at the brawney muscles of Charles, she goes up to Orlanda and begs him not to wrestle. But Orlando, though charmed with her gentleness and beauty, tells her that the fight must go on. To the wonder of all, Orlanda is the victor and Rosalind throws a golden chain about his neck. Orlanda, inflamed with love for her, goes home, but is met by his old servant Adam who warns him not to go into the house as his older brother Oliver is laying wait to injure him. Thereupon Orlando resolves to go to the Forest of Arden and Adam begs leave to go with him. As Rosalind leaves the garden she is struck by the coldness of her uncle towards her. Finding out that he resents the love that the people show for her, Rosalind makes plans to leave the Court and retire to the woods in search of her father. When she tells Celia of her intention, the later insists upon going with her. Rosalind dons masculine clothes as a disguise and Celia stains her face, and they set out on their journey. When they get to the forest they are astonished to find the trees bearing messages to lovely Rosalind. Wondering who has written them they meet Orlando, who tells them of his misfortunes. He gazes at the fair boy and is struck with the great resemblance to Rosalind, and she suggests that though she is a man, he can make love to him instead, and so Orlando pours into her ears the sweet messages that he would say to his sweetheart. Rosalind is so charmed that when Orlando tells her he must leave, as he waits on the Duke and his followers, she makes him promise to return in two hours. Impatiently she waits, but alas! another man appears carrying with him a bloody handkerchief and then he tells them that Orlando sent him to them. He confesses to them that he is Orlando's brother Oliver. Finding out that his younger brother had escaped to the Forest of Arden, he starts after him in hot pursuit. He falls in with an old hermit on the way who convinces him that he is wrong in persecuting his brother, so Oliver proceeds on his way to find Orlando and make amends. Being weary with his journey, he lies down and falls asleep on the ground. Just then Orlando comes along and, seeing a wild beast about to spring upon Oliver, he kills the beast, but is wounded in the battle. Feeling faint and weak, he begs Oliver to go to the boy and his sister and tell them why he did not come. So Oliver goes to them and tells the story. Roselind, seeing the bloody handkerchief, faints, an unusual proceeding for a lad. At last Rosalind finds her father and he, thinking she is a young man, tells her of the faithfulness of Orlanda, and Rosalind repeats to him Orlanda's love for his daughter, Rosalind, and wins from him a promise that he would allow his daughter to marry Orlanda.

In the meantime, Oliver has fallen in love with Celia. The last scene of the play shows Hyman, the god of marriage, leading Rosalind, dressed as a maiden, and Orlanda rushing to her. Oliver and Celia also appear and the play onds with the music of wedding bells.

CURE FOR SUNBURN

Although it is considered quite fortunate to get a good coat of tan these days, doing away with the erstwhile lemon washes for bleaching the skin; yet frequently a case of sunburn makes one very sore and uncomfortable. In such cases, rub the affected parts with vinegar and then apply ungentine salve. The soreness almost immediately disappears.

Modern Dressmakers Aiding Women Of Reduced Means

The women who have been endeavoring to look chic and smartly dressed on their reduced incomes have been rescued by the modern dressmaker.

To this artist of pencil and scissors goes the credit for the new scheme of dressing successfully at a minimum cost. She has proved the solution for many difficulties that have arisen from this era of economy—in Hollywood as on Main street.

She is an altogether different person from the old-time seamstress, who used to come to the house equipped with an armload of fashion magazines and a cushionful of pins. She is clever and original and has a way of creating clothes of quality and individuality.

She has arrived at a time when the world has been turned topsy turvy by enforcing frugality. She is following in the footsteps of designers who have for a number of years been carrying out this same plan in fashioning clothes worn by motion picture actresses.

The method the studios have practiced has brought forth individual designs without relying on the ready-to-wear styles, introducing by this means original ideas and fashions more suited to the personality.

Adrian, creator of countless Hollywood styles, is enthusiastic over this turn in fashions.

"Heretofore, the average woman has been content to dress in the same manner as her neighbor. There have been few illustrations of expressions of personal taste. All this pigeonholeing will be overcome when the dressmaker holds sway."

This stylist recognizes that fashions all carry out the same basic idea, but the charm of a costume can not be accomplished by the treatment given.

Printed Hosiery

Did you know that stockings, too, come in prints this summer? Dots, checks, or more intricate designs can continue the motif of your hemline, all the way down to your heel. One pair, in solid color beige which used decorative polka dots of lighter shade as clocks, would look dashing for spectator sports.

Likes Pink And White

Black and white are one of the favorate color combinations of Mme. Lebrun, wife of the newest president of the French republic. Mme. Lebrun chose as her costume for the Grand Prix, which the grand racing week, a frock of black chiffon designed with a pale pink chiffon yoke. With it she wore a wide brimmed hat of black milan straw trimmed on the left side with a cluster of pale pink roses. Her gloves and slippers were black.

Skirts for all occasions are cleverly flared.

The style slant on hats this season is straight.

Striped blouses are being shown in smart shops.

RECIPES

Olive Sauce

Mix together one tablespoon each of melted butter and flour, add one cupful of good stock. Stir and cook until smooth and thick. Add a scant teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and one dozen finely chopped olives. Season with a little salt and pepper. Let the mixture simmer gently for three minutes.

Egg Sauce For Fish

Mash the yolks of three hard cooked eggs with two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of rich cream and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Another is prepared with a white sauce, two hard cooked eggs chopped fine and salt and pepper to taste. Allow two eggs to each pint of white sauce. This is good served with cauliflower.

Cracked Whole Wheat Porridge

2 cups cracked whole wheat
1 tablespoon salt
4 cups boiling water

Stir the cracked whole wheat into the boiling water until thoroughly mixed. Cook slowly over the direct flame for 20 to 30 minutes, and stir occasionally. The hot cracked whole wheat porridge may be poured into an oblong mold that has been rinsed with cold water. When cold cut into thin slices, and brown in hot fat in a frying pan. Serve hot with brown sugar sirup.

Whole Wheat Muffins

2 cups cracked whole wheat
3 teaspoons baking powder
3 teaspoons brown suger
1-2 teaspoon salt
1 egg
3-4 cup milk
2 tablespoons fat (melted or liquid)

Mix all the dry ingredients thoroughly. Beat the egg, add the milk, and stir with the fat into the dry ingredients. Do not stir the batter any more than is necessary. Bake in greased muffin pans for 25 to 30 minutes in a hot oven (400 degrees to 425 degrees Fahrenheit). The egg may be omitted by increasing the milk to one cup.

Whole Wheat Cookies

1 1-2 cups siften flour
3-4 teaspoon salt
1-4 teaspoon cinnamon
1-4 teaspoon nutmeg
3-4 cup brown sugar
1-3 cup fat (melted or liquid)
1-2 cup chopped raisins
1 1-2 cups cracked whole wheat
1 egg
6 tablespoons milk

Sift the flour, salt and spices. Mix the sugar with the fat and the raisins with the cracked whole wheat. Put all of these ingredients together and add the beaten egg and milk. Stir until well mixed. Drop by teaspoonfuls, about two inches apart, on greased pans. Bake in a moderate hot oven (375 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) from 10 to 12 minutes or until lightly browned. Makes about 36 cookies.

The Society Column

By H. IRVING KING

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(WNU Service)

LAWRENCE CARPENTER had a very pretty and very prim young lady in his office who did his stenography and typewriting for him. Her name was Florence Capwell—and her other name was efficiency. He likewise had a daughter, who was very pretty and not at all prim. Her name was Rose, and she was of about the same age as Florence, that is, about twenty-five. Rose came often to the office and always stopped to chat with Florence. In fact, they had become exceedingly good friends, although Rose was decidedly in the social swim and Florence as decidedly was not.

She had got into the habit of reading the society column in the newspapers. And she noticed that whenever in a list of "Among those present were" Rose's name appeared the name of Lucius Dartmore began to appear, too—and with increasing frequency. This added to her discontent. For she knew Lucius Dartmore and he had every outward quality calculated to attract the admiration of an unmarried young lady of twenty-five, looks, wealth and a most captivating manner. He was Mr. Carpenter's wife's nephew. Whenever he visited his uncle's office, which was frequently, he was always very polite to Florence. She had even taken "dictation" from him upon occasions and enjoyed the work.

"Of course, Rose will marry Lucius," she thought, "and they will live happy ever after with yachts and country houses, and expensive cars with liveried chauffeurs, and—oh, everything; and I shall make shorthand notes and pound this infernal old typewriter until I get too old to work any more."

Florence made three mistakes in taking dictation that day and was so cross that Raymond Hartley, who was deeply in love with her, was heartbroken. Raymond was one of Mr. Carpenter's "bright young men," a sort of confidential clerk.

Florence liked Raymond—he was, to her, the most companionable person in the office. She even allowed him to take her to dinner occasionally. But what a commonplace fellow he was compared to the gorgeous and all-conquering Dartmore! "No more to be compared to Lucius than I am to Rose," thought Florence a little bittedly. But the day after she had been so cross with him she was sorry, and made atonement by being unusually agreeable; whereat Raymond's pessimism vanished.

Then things began to happen rapidly. Three days after "Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Carpenter announced the engagement of their daughter, Rose, to Mr. Lucius Dartmore," Rose eloped with a lieutenant of marines—of good family, it is true, but no money—and was married. The matter was smoothed over as well as it could be—as such things always are among sensible people of the world—the truant bride was forgiven by her parents, in form at least, and the bridegroom escaped court-martial.

It was a sensation, of course, while it lasted, but a new style of bobbing the hair, or some other important event, happened about that time, and it was soon forgotten. The manner in which Dartmore accepted the situation was delightful to see. His manner took on just the proper tinge of resignation, just the becoming hint of heartbreak, just the admirable air of rising superior to the blows of fate. In his heart Lucius felt rather relieved. The match between Rose and himself had been made by his aunt and he had accepted the proposition. With all his good qualities it must be admitted that Lucius was, after all, of a rather shallow nature.

But having got the idea of marriage into his head Lucius did not readily get it out again. "No more heiresses for me," he thought. "I've enough money of my own. And no society butterflies either. Now there's that little Puritan in Uncle Lawrence's office. She's just my idea of what a girl ought to be to make a good wife. No desire for society, no longings for all the flubdub which makes up the life of the wealthy." Little did he guess how with longings and envy Florence had read the society column when he and Rose were cavorting about the social arena. "Miss Florence Capwell," mused he, "I think we will change your name to Florence Dartmore."

It is needless to go into the details of how Lucius sought out Florence and paid court to her. He did it all very properly, deftly and dexterously; as became an adept in good practice. At first Florence was flattered—and fluttered. All the glittering visions which had arisen from the mists of the society column became realities within her reach. But as realities she found she did not fancy them—they did not glitter worth a cent near at hand.

The day after Lucius had proposed—and been rejected—Florence went to the office as usual; but in an unusually thoughtful mood. "Raymond," she said about four o'clock that afternoon, "you may take me out to dinner at Archambeau's tonight, if you want to." He did want to. But it was six months before they were married. Raymond, on Mr. Carpenter's death, took over the business. In the society column you sometimes see the name of Miss Florence Hartley. That's the daughter of our Florence.

REPRIEVED!

Jones (meeting friend): "Why the broad grin?"

Brown: "I've just come from my dentist's."

Jones: "Is that anything to laugh about?"

Brown: "Yes, he wasn't in and won't be for two days."

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