

Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

AFTERNOON CALLERS

(By OYREL JAMES)

Echoes of the Lufton scandal are still heard in club-rooms and places where yesterday's scandal is just as good as today's.

Every detail of that startling interruption in a married life of almost unexampled happiness has been thrashed out and thrashed out again by the queer cartoon-folk who pick on the bones of others' misfortunes.

The strange fascination which the beautiful Lola Van Berg seemed to exert, from the moment of their first meeting, on Jason Lufton, Academician and fashionable portrait painter, has been discussed in its every aspect.

Jason, as a husband, had become a by-word for recititude and fidelity, even in face of the languishing admiration which a famous artist usually attracts. Then suddenly the news leaked out that he had left for Rome with a pair of sea-green eyes, a vivid reputation, and a pendant fortune of colossal proportions.

Most people agreed that it was a shame on Angela Lufton, for had the positions been reversed, Jason would almost certainly have flown into a blind, endless rage. Possibly he would have killed himself—and her.

On this last point, Edmee Frayne was particularly emphatic. Whenever a scandal of major proportions troubles the waters of Society—or, as it usually does, sits up the dregs beneath an apparently untroubled surface—there appears the Hon. Mrs. Edmee Frayne, willing, eager to observe every bubble, every speck of dirt. The secret scandals of the past decide have been the joyful hobby of Edmee Frayne: her calling cards stand like tiny milestones on the way.

Sugary-sweet friend and yet implacable foe of everything good and sweet and beautiful, she drifts around Mayfair with an oh-so-tired air that cloaks a fiendish intelligence and an ability of making five out of two twos, that is unmatched in our time.

A week after Jason Lufton ran away, the Hon. Mrs. Edmee Frayne's rather antiquated coupe pulled up in Portman Square and the connoisseur of other people's business prepared to consider the details of this most interesting case. And she really was interested. She had always been puzzled by Angela Lufton. There was something serene, something still and deep, in the woman that attracted her and yet at the same time defied classification. Very well, here was a chance to see her squirming on the hook. It was surprising how enigmatically personalities revealed themselves as perfectly simple when dissected by Edmee Frayne in moments of crisis.

Angela was sitting in the drawing room when Mrs. Frayne sallied across to her with a cry of "My dear, what a dreadful thing! I can't tell you how much I suffered with you when I heard about Jason and that horrible Van Berg woman."

Angela shivered slightly but braced herself to the inevitable inquisition which lay ahead. She shrugged her shoulders and tried to catch Mrs. Frayne's flickering gaze. But Mrs. Frayne, having made a mental note of the fact that Angela had positively not been crying and was evidently taking the whole thing badly, continued to address her chatter to an invisible listener

situated slightly to the left of Angela.

"As I was saying to Gladie Trent this morning," she twittered, "you can never know where you are with a man of Jason's type. A deep-laying temperament, Angela, so restrained and yet so liable to burst out suddenly—don't you think? But—don't try to persuade me otherwise, Angela my dear—I will continue to blame that dreadful creature. Even when Van Berg was alive, there was that shocking affair at Capri with the youngest of the Bloomfield boys. Let me see, it was last Tuesday, wasn't it my dear, that they . . ."

She stopped suddenly, for Angela had arisen and walked over to the tall window, where she was gazing abstractedly at the lime trees in the square.

To tell the truth, she had been wondering why Edmee Frayne was allowed to meander from scandal to scandal without encountering the snub that would annihilate her. She halfheartedly meditated the snubbing of Mrs. Frayne, but like dozens of other women in similar circumstances, renounced the laudable efforts out of sheer cowardice.

Next moment, she was aware of Mrs. Frayne's closer presence. "Angela . . ."

"Yes."

"You mustn't give way, my dear. Men like Jason . . ."

And then Angela lost her composure. She turned upon the astounded Mrs. Frayne.

"Men like Jason! . . . men like Jason! . . . is that all you ever have to say. Why not speak of women like myself?"

"My dear . . ."

"Temperament, artistic temperament! . . . the male's glorious prerogative. Oh, I know what you are going to say, Edmee. Jason has relied upon me, has looked upon me as the embodiment of cool common-sense, of stability and balance, of everything that he lacks himself. Do you think I have never wanted to relax, to escape from the role of human sheep-anchovy? Do you think I have seen nothing, dreamed of nothing but the Royal Academician, the successful husband, the paragon?"

(To be continued)

ROSE HEADS.

Grind fresh rose petals from twenty to twenty-five times in an ordinary food grinder. Before the last two or three grindings knead several spoonfuls of olive oil into the dough. To have the beads of equal size measure the dough with a rather wide gold band ring or something similar. String on a hat pin and let stand several days. They shrink to 1-3 their original size. To polish, rub with olive oil when they are thoroughly dry. String on dentists' cord.

If the beads cannot be made immediately after the grinding, the pulp will not be injured by standing for a day or so. Keep in a cool place. When ready to use regrain, adding more olive oil if very dry.

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Mothers Still Best Judges Dorothy Dix Says Girls Can Learn Of Life At Home

Daughters Will Find No One More Experienced in the Problems of Life Than the Mother Who Brought Them Into the World—and They Should Heed This Advice

At a recent convention attended entirely by mothers a youthful delegate threw a bomb into the meeting by declaring that "modern mothers have not sufficient knowledge to help their daughters cope with the problems of life."



along the rocky road the girl of today trends.

Considering that virtually all mothers read the daily papers and attend the movies, and not a few of them get around a bit themselves, hence cannot be wholly ignorant of playboys and lecherous employers, love nests, night clubs and what not, one wonders what phase of life girls think their mothers have not heard of. Also, considering that the woman who has known love and marriage and borne children has run the gamut of sex experiences, it is hard to understand why daughter thinks that Mother knows so little of what is euphemistically called the "facts of life" that she is incapable of teaching her little ewe lamb how to escape the big bad wolves in sheep's clothing.

But daughter does. She agrees with our egress that "present-day mothers have not sufficient knowledge to help their daughters cope with the problems of life." I wonder what are these problems of life of which modern mothers are so ignorant that they cannot teach their daughters how to meet them?

Possibly Mother could not tell Gladys how to be a cinema star, nor teach Portia how to win a law case, nor give Sally a tip on how to win out on Wall Street. But, after all, nobody can teach another the secret of how to achieve success in a career. The ability to do that is a gift from God and, anyway, few girls are seriously concerned with careers. Nor are they intent on money, and if Mother cannot teach them the art of making it she can at least teach them the science of spreading it over the need of life. For what the average housewife does with a limited income makes the juggling of financiers and bankers look like the bungling of amateurs.

The real problem in every girl's life is love, how to find it, how to win it, how to keep it, how to tell the spurious from the real, how to make it the crowning glory of her life instead of its undoing. Mother knows more about that than a whole college full of spinster professors who may be M. A.'s, but have never been M.A.'s, and when she sees daughter getting stony-eyed and beginning to hang around the telephone of an evening she could give her a lot of expert advice on what bait to use, how to cut it, how to play her fish and make her catch, if only daughter would listen to her.

Is it the modern girls' temptation that their mothers cannot understand? All temptations are old stuff. There hasn't been a new one invented since the serpent got in his dirty work on a bored woman in the Garden of Eden. The seducer, the glib talker, the man with a way with him, the misunderstood husband, the spender, the man who talks love instead of matrimony, Mother has met them all, and she knows just how appealing they can be and how easy it is for a girl who is hungry for love or starved for pleasure to let them lead her into the downward road.

Is it the wild women Mother can't understand? Nothing new and strange about them. Mother has seen so many reckless girls throw their caps over the windmill. She has seen so many girls who drank just to be good sports and because boys wouldn't take them out unless they did. She has seen so many liaisons that didn't last, so many women who have given all for the sake of men who abandoned them, so many bedraggled, whisky-soaked, bleary-eyed women whose end was the gutter. It isn't because Mother doesn't know what she is talking about that makes her warn daughter that the straight path is the only one for women. It is because she knows so well.

So, after all, what are these great problems that confront the modern girl that her mothers not intelligent enough to understand? We pause for an answer.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

JOURNEY

Loved little gardens Where people go First thing in the morning Eager to know What went on in the night In each place of delight.

Green-shadowed distances Brown rivers trace; Elm trees holding Each drapery in place. And a glimpse near and cool Where ferns dipped to a pool.

Outlines of hills By trees overgrown— One tree in a field Musing alone— How blest man must be Who wears a lone tree!

But of all marvels Each year come back Ars wind-sown gardens By-railroad track— Flower bracken and leaf In wealth past belief. —Amy Campbell in The New Outlook.

The chiseler is busy on his own epitaph, but never realizes it until it's too late.

The man who is always waiting for things to turn up usually finds that his toes do it first.

Some people are so busy preparing for a rainy day, they don't take time to enjoy the sunshine.

A day of sunshine worth a pound of pills. Those who go to college and never get out are called professors. Human creatures are very plentiful, but real men are very scarce.

The man who has no friends may be envied by the man who has too many. Women demand equality with men, but they don't want to grow whiskers.

An ideal wife is she who never burns her husband's money nor his biscuits.

A lady is a woman who always takes off her glove before slapping a gentleman.

The serpent in the Garden of Eden may well be called the original public enemy No. 1.

The best thing about woman's part in public affairs is that the affairs are kept public.

If most men had their lives to live over again they'd keep on living them on the same old schedule.

CANDLES IN SUMMER The safest method for summer candles, if you like to keep your holders filled, is to have decorative wooden candles for the warmer months. These come in any coloring with all sorts of attractive decorations and can take the place of the wax candles up until the very moment of lighting. Very warm weather will ruin the shape of a wax candle if constantly exposed.

Castor oil will give a fine polish to leather furniture.

TOASTING SANDWICHES. There are comparatively few sandwiches which are not improved by toasting; the most convenient way to prepare sandwiches ahead for toasting and serving hot is to brown the bread on one side only, spread with butter and fill. Then at serving time toast the sandwiches on the outside.

LOW HEAT FOOD All egg mixtures should be cooked at low heat; when baking, place all except those egg mixtures which contain flour (sponge cake, heavy fruit cakes, etc.) in a pan of hot water before placing in the oven—mixtures which are to be cooked on top of the stove should be placed over gently boiling water, in a double boiler.

TAKING THE CURSE OFF SPINACH—"SO GOOD FOR YOU" Since mothers have learned of this vegetable, spinach, the demand has increased and so stimulated its culture that you can buy the vegetable at markets the year around. However, the early spring harvest is the heaviest and of the finest quality.

When you market for spinach look for plants with plenty of good healthy leaves. The conditions of the leaves is of prime importance. Medium-sized plants of good, dark green color, leaves fresh and crisp, free from sand or dirt, are desirable and mean that the vegetable will be tender and an attractive vivid green.

SAND WON'T DRAIN OFF Nowadays it's seldom that a shipping of spinach is weedy. However, weedy spinach means loss of weight as well as time in sorting out the weeds. Spinach which is very sandy or dirty is difficult to clean, for the dirt seems to defy all washing. I never did blame the little girl who said she didn't like spinach because the vitamins got in her teeth. She was served gritty spinach. If the leaves are light colored, of a yellowish tinge and tightly curled, tiny insects are apt to be present and I'd look further for my dinner vegetable.

In washing, always lift the leaves from one water bath to the other. In this way the sand settles to the bottom and is not disturbed. If you pour the water off without removing the leaves the sand is distributed back through them and they're very little cleaner after several baths. I always cut the leaves from the stems, discarding both the root and stems.

LET EXCESS WATER DRAIN OFF After thoroughly washing spinach let it drain in a colander for a few minutes to remove excess water, then cook it covered about five minutes. Remove cover and toss lightly with a fork. Cook, uncovered, until tender and almost dry. Season with salt just before removing from the fire. If you chop the vegetables finely it will be necessary to reheat it before service. Careless serving has done more to make spinach unpopular than the taste of the green itself. Be sure it is very hot and well seasoned. Some men like a bit of horseradish for seasoning, or tomato catsup or mushrooms.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program (All time, in Eastern Standard)

MONDAY, JULY 27

2:30 p. m.—Theatrical Broadcast, by the actors of the Paris Odeon Theatre. TPAS, 26.2 m., 11.88 meg.

Moscow 4 p. m.—A Broadcast for Workers at the Canal and River Transport System. RNE, 25 m., 12 meg.

Berlin 6:00 p. m.—Some Cheerful Hours. The German Choral Union. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

Rome 6:00 p. m.—News bulletin in English. Special program arranged by the Federation of Business and Professional Women. Abruzzese songs. RRO's "Mail Bag". RRO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.

London 6:55 p. m.—Regional King and his Orchestra. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg. GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg. GSD, 26.5 m., 11.75 meg.

Madrid 7 p. m.—News and bull-fight review. EAQ 30.5 m., 9.87 meg.

Berlin 9:15 p. m.—Concert of Light Music. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

London 9:55 p. m.—"Moccasin Telegraph," a thrilling story of the Arctic, told by Serge Zola. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg., GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

Toronto 10:30 p. m.—Lullaby Lagoon. CJRO, Winnipeg, 48.7 m., 6:15 meg.; CJRX, Winnipeg, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

A Morning Smile

ON EQUAL TERMS A recruit joined the cavalry, and, going on parade the first morning in a somewhat nervous state, he said to the instructor:

"I have never ridden a horse before, so I hope you won't expect too much of me."

"That's all right," said the instructor. "Don't worry. You take that black horse over there. It's never been ridden before, so you will both start level."

WHAT A SHAME! Two burglars had broken into a tailor's shop and were busy sorting out some suits, when one of them saw one marked \$75.

"Bert, look at the price of that one," he said. "Why, it's downright robbery, ain't it?"

Glorious Fruits Beckon Today! plan your jam and jelly cupboard USE CERTO it sets—it saves

WHAT A SURE AND EASY WAY TO MAKE JAMS AND JELLIES! A PERFECT 'SET' TOO! WITH THIS SHORT BOIL THE FRUIT FLAVOUR CAN'T BOIL AWAY IN STEAM

HERE'S MY BATCH FINISHED IN LESS THAN 15 MINUTES AFTER MY FRUIT WAS PREPARED I'VE ACTUALLY AVERAGED HALF AGAIN MORE GLASSES (10 INSTEAD OF 6) THAN BY LONG BOILING.

3. How that short boil saves time, work and money! That's because you boil jellies only 1/2 minute . . . jams only a little longer. 4. Order Certo now, and make lots of jam and jelly secure in the knowledge that only Certo assures success.

FREE RECIPE BOOK Special Offer 60 Assorted labels for Jelly Glasses Wouldn't you like the attractive book of jelly glass labels shown at the right? Just mail this coupon, along with the label from one bottle of Certo and a 3c stamp to Consumer Service Department, General Foods Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making



You must have these fascinating new slacks with halter top for vacation. It is a perfect costume for the beach. You can wear it right over your swim suit.

The slacks widen at the hem. They give a jolly sailor boy silhouette, which is most attractive. You'll see, however, that they fit very snugly at the hips. The halter top is beautifully cool.

This model also includes the classic shorts for tennis or for sun bathing.

White crash printed in nautical motifs is very effective for these play tops.

Daring and smart is cotton challis in fireman red patterned in green.

Or you can choose from the plain cottons in gay colors as coral, Kelly green, orange-red, etc.

Style No. 1786 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years. Size 13 requires 3 1/2 yards of 30-inch material; for patterns with 2 yards of 30-inch material for shorts.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

No. 1786 Size Name Street Address City State

"SOFT" GAME HAWANA—(G.T.) Because Jal Alai, the Spanish game, was too rough, a "softer" game for less reckless athletes was needed. So "softball" is being introduced.

JUST KIDS

TREASURY AND BRANDED—THE STRIBING TWINE, STILL OCCUPY THE SPOT-LIGHT IN BARNVILLE

MOM—IT'S ANWFUL HOT—AIN'T IT? (IT CERTAINLY IS A WARM DAY!)

I'VE DONE SOME SERIOUS THINKING...

WELL? I WAS WONDERIN' IF IT WOULDN'T BE A GOOD IDEA TO TAKE THE TWINS DOWN TO THE DRUG STORE AN' LEARN 'EM HOW TO DRINK SODIES?

By Ad Carter

THE COOK'S CORNER

NEVER FAIL ANGEL CAKE 1 cupful cake flour; 3-4 teaspoon cream of tartar; 1 cupful egg white; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1-2 teaspoon almond extract; 1-2 teaspoon salt; 1 1-4 cupfuls sugar.

Sift the flour and measure, then sift four times. Sift the cream of tartar into the egg whites and beat until the egg whites will hold a point. Then add the flavoring extract and the salt. Add the sugar by sifting through a sifter into egg mixture and mix together by cutting and folding (that is, mix the eggs deftly with sugar so that as little as possible of the air enclosed in the eggs escapes.) Add the flour through a sifter and cut and fold into other ingredients. Turn the batter into an unbuttered deep tube cake pan whose diameter is about 9 1-2 inches and bake in a slow oven (300 to 325 degrees) for 1 1-2 hours. When the cake is done remove from the oven and invert the pan to cool. Then remove it from the pan and store in a tight tin box until served.

Sifting flour or sugar for a cake can be done conveniently by using two pieces of paper, each crased through the centre so the dry material can be poured easily from the paper.

VARIATION 1 To make a chocolate angel cake in place of the 1 cupful of cake flour substitute 3-4 cupful of cake flour and 1-4 cupful of cocoa sifted together four times.

VARIATION 2 For the nut angel food, fold in 3-4 cupful of nut meats just before placing in pan to bake or half nut meat and half chopped macaroon cherries may be used.

The cook should use fine granulated sugar, never the coarse, and better still fruit sugar, and always

place a folded piece of paper over the cake in the oven for the first 15 minutes, then remove, being careful not to drag it in your cake. Just fold a double sheet of newspaper. It keeps the cake from forming a crust until it starts to rise.

RELIABLE SPONGE CAKE 4 eggs, 3 tablespoons cold water; 1 cupful sugar; 1 1-2 tablespoons cornstarch; 1 cupful cake flour; 1 teaspoon baking powder; 1-4 teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon lemon extract.

Separate the eggs and beat the egg yolks till lemon colored with the cold water. Add the sugar very gradually and beat at least two minutes after the sugar has been added. Put the corn starch in a cup and fill to brimming with sifted flour. Mix and sift twice the cornstarch and flour with the baking powder and the salt. Add gradually to the first mixture. When well mixed add the egg whites beaten very stiff and add lemon flavoring. Bake in an ungreased tube pan 45 minutes using a modern oven (325 to 335 degrees.) After taking cake from oven invert it over a cool.

Turn the cake upside down with a round stick in the tube of the pan so it will stay in and put stick in a quart milk bottle, as it is heavy and will not tip. Be sure it is tight in the pan before turning it over.

PIMPLES CUTIGURA