Serial Story

A Page of Interest to Women

Fashions Recipes

Orange Pekoe Blend
"SALADA" TEA
515

SHAM DEBUTANTE

BY Sharon Wynne

When Gay Needham, whose home is a Western ranch, inherits a large sum of money, her mother decides that it should be used to get Gay into society. Mrs. Needham moves the entire family to New York, where she connects with Bernal Van Gordon, an agent who arranges for Gay to have a joint debut with Irene Stromley—Gay to supply the money, and the Stromleys the social prestige. Meanwhile, Gay meets Rodney Sinclair, a wealthy young socialite. Irene has designs on Rodney, but he falls in love with Gay, and it is only because of him that Gay is willing to go through with the preparations for her debut.

"I—I—don't know, Mother, except —Irene's so clever, and I imagine if a man cared for her—she'd be cruel. There's something so hard about her. I feel, sometimes, as though she despises us—would do anything to harm. . . ."

"That's ridiculous!" Mrs. Needham retorted, but her voice lacked conviction. "If you feel like that, the sooner we get this debut over, the better. I'm going to phone Van Gordon right now—tell him to have Mrs. Stromley and Irene in his office in the morning to plan all the details."

* * *

The next morning, when they all met at Van Gordon's office, it was Irene who insisted, "Let's have the debut right away—the very first of next month."

Her eyes glittered. Rodney was hanging around Gay entirely too much. Society would show her up quicker than anything and, if it didn't— well, there was that weak Jock. Oh, there were ways and means, and she was not one to hesitate.

So the date for the debut was set for early the next month. Irene left everything to her mother, Mrs. Needham and Gay. She needed her own time for meetings with Rodney. Casual, accidental meetings, but carefully planned. If Rodney wondered why he was always running into Irene, he didn't seem to mind. He could talk to her about Gay.

Drinking Too Much

And Irene also needed time for Jock, if she were to keep him where she wanted him. Gay, even in all the flurry of excitement, worried about her brother. He was beginning to look dissipated.

"Mother, is Jock seeing that actress again?" she asked, one morning at breakfast. "He never gets home until dawn, and he's—he's always drunk."

"Oh, Jock is all right," Mrs. Needham answered complacently — "He's spending all his time with Irene. Honestly, I believe he's falling in love with her."

"You believe. . . ." Gay gasped. "Mother, we can't let that happen! Irene doesn't care anything about Jock. If it's her fault he's drinking so much—oh, I must talk to him!"

* * *

But Gay did not talk to Jock. She got little more than brief glimpses of him. Meanwhile, time flew by. It was impossible to crowd in all the things that waited to be done.

"I hate to allow you to do all this," Irene said, a few days before the scheduled debut, "but it is a matter of money now, and that belongs to you, Gay darling."

Was there cool scorn in the words? Gay tried to tell herself it was imagination.

"I'm fairly busy myself," Irene went on, lazily. "Rodney does rush one."

"Rodney!" A shiver of fear went through Gay. She hadn't seen Rodney for days.

"Ye-es." Irene yawned. "Between Rod and Jock. . ."

Gay said suddenly, "Jock. Then you are seeing him. I've been worried—intended to talk to him—you see, I'm afraid he's drinking too much."

"Drinking, my dear! You can't be that mid-Victorian. Surely you do not begrudge the lad a bit of fun."

"No-o-o, but if you'd just persuade him to use moderation. . ."

"Oh all right, my dear. We can't have you worried, with our debut just a few days off. Gay, aren't you thrilled?"

Gay wanted to say she was. This was the first step toward becoming a girl of whom Dowager Sinclair would approve—but "cold at the crest." Why did Celia's words come back to mock her?

No expense had been spared for the Needham - Stromley debut. Even nature was in a lavish mood when the evening finally came. It was a cool, perfect night with a gorgeous moon to add beauty to the roof garden when guests got tired of the ornate jade-and-silver ballroom in the big hotel where the party was held.

Gay was exquisite in silver net over Alice-blue taffeta. Irene was stunning in rose satin which clung daringly to her slim figure. The two girls were so different, it was not possible to compare them, but from the first it was easy to see which was the more popular. The men swarmed around Gay, constantly cutting in on her on the dance floor.

At midnight, she managed to slip away to the ladies' lounge to repair her make-up. Irene was there, sittitng moodily in a corner.

"Well, how do you like it?" she asked casually.

"It's—it's wonderful," said Gay.

"So you've decided that money and all that goes with it is not so bad, after all?" There was a hint of mockery in Irene's tone.

"Sometimes I think you misunderstand me, Irene," Gay answered earnestly. "I—of course, I think this is wonderful. Who could help it? But the cost—the expense for just one evening! It would do—that is, there was something back home—a purifying plant for people to . . ."

"Oh, so you're one of those dear souls who want to do something for the pee-pul!" Irene laughed. "But for a certain reason—is his name Rodney, darling?—you go through with all this."

Gay's face flamed. "You seem to want to be unpleasant!" she flared. "Well, I won't have it! Not tonight. We—think how we have planned and looked forward to this, Irene. Let's not spoil it. It's—everything is perfect. Please—can't you see?"

"Too well," Irene said curtly. "Go on out and enjoy it—Cinderella."

Eyes Only For Her

Rodney was waiting as Gay re-entered the ballroom. They moved out on the floor. Rodney was a marvelous dancer. And the thrill of his arms about her—the sheer happiness of his nearness! Gay was flushed and tremulous.

Someone cut in, then someone else, and someone else. Gay moved through it all in a daze of happiness. Surely this would mean the Dowager Sinclair wouldn't frown upon her. And Rodney had scarcely looked at Irene all evening. His eyes were only for her—Gay.

Jock and Irene danced by just then. Gay saw Irene laugh at something Jock had said, her face close to his. Her hand behind his head patted his hair a second, then nestled at the back of his neck caressingly.

Gay saw them stop at the punch bowl, and trembled as she saw Irene hold up a glass to Jock's lips. Her partner was guiding her out of vision. Gay was glad. She suddenly wished she wouldn't see Irene again the whole evening.

Her glance strayed toward the door. Bernal Van Gordon was standing there. Gay was startled. She hadn't known he planned to attend. He stood looking at the scene, smiling his sardonic smile. Gay closed her eyes. She didn't want to see Van Gordon, either.

The dance ended, and Rodney claimed her again. She forgot Van Gordon and Irene. Nothing mattered as long as Rodney looked at her that way.

It was dawn before Gay got home. But she wasn't tired. She sat before her mirror, starry-eyed. Yes, her mother had been right. If she hadn't come to New York, she would never have met Rodney. And there was no one in the ranch country like him. No one in the world!

Stole The Show

Gay slept until noon the next day. Then, her mother came in, carrying a stack of newspapers. 'Honey, look!"

There were pictures. Flashes of the splendor of the debut. Close-ups of Irene and Gay. One photographer had caught Gay with Rodney. She shouldn't look at him with her heart in her eyes like that!

The entrance of Jock interrupted her thoughts.

"Gosh, I'm all in," he groaned, sinking into a chair. "What do the papers say?"

(To be Continued.)

A Milanese housewife bought a chicken, and while preparing it for table found inside it a 200-lire share in an electrical company, carefully folded and in perfect preservation. It had been one of a number of fowls stuffed with valuable securities, and had escaped in the confusion when its owner was caught by Customs agents.

New French Minister to Canada Arrives

Bringing their French bulldog "Boulette" with them, the Count and Countess Robert de Dampierre are shown as they arrived in New York. Count de Dampierre is French Minister to Ottawa.

« Desserts; Colorful, But Light »

Turkey is not the only creature stuffed during the holiday season for most of mankind seems to be satisfied with fine, rich foods. The rich food was awfully good while it lasted but not easy on the digestion, and in many cases, has left people feeling a bit groggy and over-fed.

Now is the time to serve light, but tasty foods and give the family a chance to get back into the normal eating routine once again.

When it comes to desserts, there is nothing that will appeal to everyone more than jellies. These tasty, quivering colorful moulds are a pleasure to look at and a delight to eat. During the rush of the holiday season they are especially handy because the busy housewife can make one of these desserts in practically no time at all and the ingredients used can be just what you have on hand. plain fruit jelly powders, attractively moulded and served with cream or custard sauces, make a lovely finale to the meal. They are delicious when moulded with fruits in unusual flavor combinations.

Amber Russet

1 package quick-setting orange jelly powder.
4 tablespons sugar
1½ cups warm prune juice.
Dash of salt
Juice of 1 lemon and maraschino cherry juice to make ½ cup.

Dissolve quick-setting jelly powder in 1½ cups prune juice which is slightly warmer than lukewarm. Add sugar, salt, and fruit juices. Turn into individual moulds. Chill until firm. Unmould and serve with whipped cream. Serves 6.

Cardinal Pear Mould

1 package quick-setting cherry jelly powder
½ tablespoon vinegar
⅛ teaspoon ginger
1½ cups warm water
½ cup juice from canned or cooked pears
⅛ teaspoon salt

Dissolve jelly powder in warm water, having water slightly above lukewarm in temperature. Add pear juice, vinegar, ginger, and salt. Turn into individual moulds. Chill until firm. Unmould. Serve garnished with sections of pears. Serves 6.

Here is a smooth Custard Sauce which can be served with plain jelly of any flavour.

Custard Sauce

2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon flour.
Dash of salt
1 egg yolk, well beaten
1¼ cups milk, scalded.
½ teaspoon vanilla

Combine sugar, flour, salt and egg yolk. Add small amount of milk, stirring constantly. Cool, Add vanilla. Makes 1½ cups sauce.

Claim Graduates Social Failures

Lacking Manners a New Course is Formed at Ohio University to Teach Rules of Etiquette.

Western Reserve University's downtown unit, Cleveland College, has a course in "the technique of social and business intercourse," adopted at the suggestion of Newton D. Baker, a university trustee.

The former secretary of war was said to have been amazed at the bad manners of college graduates. "He was astounded," explained Dr. A. Caswell Ellis of the college faculty, "when he saw a couple of them using the banjo grip on a fork at the dinner table."

The laboratory method of teaching will be used in the course. Classes will give teas and dinners so students will have an opportunity to practice good manners.

Persons not studying in the college will be permitted to enroll.

"Full-time students are advised to select this course," Dr. Ellis said. "Not merely the rules of acceptable social procedure are discussed, but also the underlying philosophy and psychology which give meaning to the procedures followed by people of culture and refinement.

"Among the topics to be studied are. "Correct forms of introduction under various circumstances, how to meet people easily and put them at ease, how to start and carry on interesting conversations, how to use the voice—quality, pitch, enunciation, inflection—posture, poise, detection and overcoming of unpleasant habits, getting away gracefully, the host and hostess in the home, the guest in another's home, conduct in public places and travelling, dress for different occasions, how to make friends, how to lose friends."

Britain Expects Lindberghs Back

Fact Two Children Left Behind Is Taken As Indication

British newspapers broke their months of comparative silence on the doings of Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh, last week, in dispatches announcing their arrival in the United States.

Some of the newspapers expressed pride that the Lindberghs had found in England the peace and seclusion they had been 'unable to find" in their native land.

Was Unobstrusive Host

They displayed prominently New York accounts asserting that "scenes of enthusiasm like those when Lindbergh returned after his Atlantic flight," marked the arrival of the Lone Eagle and his wife. These dispatches added that hundreds of automobiles blocked roads about Englewood, N.J., where the Lindberghs were staying, and that special police were posted about the Morrow estate.

There were confident predictions that the couple would return shortly to the country which had been their unobtrusive host for nearly two years in order to take up again their secluded life with their children.

Sons Left Behind

The fact that their two sons — Jon aged 5, and seven-months old Land Morrow — were left behind was taken as an indication that the surprise visit to their homeland would be a brief one.

The children were believed to be either at the Lindbergh estate, "Long Barn," near Sevenoaks, England, or in Wales, with Mrs. Lindbergh's sister, Mrs. Aubrey Niel Morgan.

Since the taciturn flier arrived in England, December 31st, 1935, he has had no cause to complain of his treatment by the British press and public. As he wished, the Lindbergh family has been left strictly alone.

Traces Mother Love To Three Chemicals

Compound of Magnesium, Calcium, Prolactin Produces Maternal Affection, Medical Expert Says.

Human mother love was traced to magnesium, calcium and prolactin last week by Dr. Charles R. Stockard of Cornell Medical College in a talk to the New York Academy of Medicine.

There are other elements in such love, but lack of these three chemicals, he said, may account for the often observed cases of distorted maternal affection, such as the women who show violent dislike for their babies. Both magnesium and calcium may be present in her body, but be out of balance.

These two are essential chemicals in living tissues. Prolactin is a complex chemical, a hormone, manufactured in the pituitary gland at the base of the brain. Its primary use is to stimulate production of milk.

Studies of the endocrine glands of dogs, Dr. Stockard said, led to the human clues. The endocrines are the glands of internal secretion, and the principal ones are pituitary, thyroid, adrenals and suprarenals and the gonads, or sex glands.

Bulldogs, Dr. Stockard explained, owe their massive heads and ugly faces to a peculiarity of their thyroid glands. In them this organ has an unusual disproportion of cells with affinity for acids and bases.

Female bulldogs frequently have distorted maternal instincts and will even eat their puupies. This distortion, said Dr. Stockard, is attributed to the thyroids.

Women Spend More But Donate Less

Both Sexes Would Rather Will Money Than Bestow It While Living

American women possess more of the private wealth of the country but contribute less to private charity than men, a man and a woman speaker said last week at a meeting in New York of the National Committee for Religion and Welfare Recovery.

"Women do not give as generously as men nor do they give to as many types of organizations," said Miss Mary E. Hughes, director of the National Committee's women's division. "They have not as yet accepted the principle of stewardship, although the wealth of the country is rapidly getting into their hands.

"Women hold 60 per cent of bonds and savings and 80 per cent of insurance policies. They buy 85 per cent of all retail merchandise. They spend, but they do not give."

Efficient Aprons That Are Easy to Make

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By ANNE ADAMS

"Upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber" these attractive aprons go . . . ready to protect you through all your household tasks. Both are quickly made from the same pattern. The U and square necks are cut to slip-over your head easily. The pointed waistline creates a flattering line and when you tie the sash you'll find yourself looking slim and trim. Skirt section goes way around in back to give you plenty of protection. Big, splashy, fast-color prints lend gaiety and cheer, and, by the way, won't get soiled so quickly.

Pattern 4568 is available in sizes small, medium and large. Small size apron A takes 2 yards 36 inch fabric and 2⅜ yards ruffling; apron B, 1⅞ yards and 2⅜ yards ric-rac braid. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions are included.

Send TWENTY CENTS (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS and STYLE NUMBER.

Send your order to Anne Adams, Room 425, Wilson Buildings, Toronto.

Dr. Guy E. Morrill, of the Presbyterian Church's Department of Missions, said that although women were richer, a survey showed that they gave away only one-half as much money as men. Miss Hughes said that women gave principally to churches and health groups, and comparatively seldom to education.

"Investigations have showed that both men and women are seven times as willing to give by will as they are to give when alive," Dr. Morrill revealed.

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