Special Interest to Women Readers

ALADA'
TEA
is delicious
301

HAM DEBUTANTE

BY
Sharon Wynne

SYNOPSIS

edham, whose home ich, inherits a large her mother decides be used to get Gay in-. Moving to New York, Mrs. n 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. When Rodney Sinclair, wealthy socialite, falls in love with Gay, Irene is enraged, for she herself had designs on Rodney. For reasons of her own, she plays up to Gay's young brother, Jock. Meanwhile, Van Gordon has sent a mysterious cable to a Marvin Ploame in Paris.

No Room For Both

Jock came sauntering up. His face flushed, and his step unsteady.

"She —" He made a motion toward Irene, dancing past with Rodney — 'she ma-makesh me tired!"

"I'll dance with you," Gay offered, but Jock shook his head gloomily.

"Too—too drunk to dansh. Her fault. She makesh me tired!"

Gay introduced Jock to Ploame just as Rodney and Irene came to a stop near by, as the music ended.

Rodney came over to Gay then. "Next dance?" he asked quietly.

'Yes, Rod." She couldn't disguise the relief in her tone. "Rodney, have you met Mr. Ploame?"

Rodney did not answer. Instead, he took her arm and led her away.

"I do not care to meet Marvin Ploame," he said, when they were out of hearing, "and you, Gay, will be better off if you steer clear of him. I understand he's been abroad. I wish he still were."

'I—I—notice he and Irene seem to be good friends," Gay said, as she glanced back to see Irene and Ploame in an obviously confidential conversation.

"Yes. He knows the Stromleys well. Let Irene have him! But you . . . you're different. I'd ignore him if I were you."

Gay did not answer. She could not promise to ignore Marvin Ploame, with that half-veiled threat of Bernal Van Gordon's still fresh in her mind.

Suddenly, she felt weary and tired and disgusted.

"This party," she said, "I—if it's all right with you, Rod, let's slip away."

"It's exactly what I'd like to do," Rodney answered quickly. 'The fact is, no room is large enough for both Marvin Ploame and me."

Sinister Talk

They slipped away soon after that. Gay was glad to go—glad to be alone with Rodney. It was so peaceful after the dark, troublesome undercurrents of the party. That Ploame man, and Van Gordon's insistence that she be nice to him; Jock, sullen and bitter; and Irene watching her from those half-closed, glinting eyes.

She was so quiet that Rodney noticed and said, "Tired tonight, aren't you? We'll drive right home, and you can get a few extra winks. Tomorrow night is the Unity League dinner. I'm counting on you to go with me."

"Oh, Rod, I'll love going — with you."

His arms suddenly closed about her.

"You're sweet, Gay. We're going to have a talk—about us—soon, aren't we?"

Gay's lips responded to his eagerly, but somehow, she couldn't find voice to say what she wanted to — "Rodney dear, of course. And make it very soon." She was tongue-tied. Choked up. Happy tears in her eyes.

It was just as well that she did not know that three people—two men and a woman—were talking together in a small room while the party guests made merry. Sinister talk that concerned her. Talk that included Jock, who lay in a drunken stupor on a divan near by, utterly oblivious to what was happening near him.

CHAPTER VI

Gay went about, the next day, in a daze of happiness. A date with Rod tonight for the Unity League dinner! The hours poked until he came for her.

The dinner was given in a private dining room of one of the city's most exclusive hotels. The guests had just been seated when there was a sudden hush.

Gay looked up. Conley Milbraum was entering with his bride. Irene had told Gay all about the misalliance. Conley, scion of the wealthy house of Milbraum, had eloped with Mary Starr, a housemaid in his mother's home. This, apparently, was their first appearance in public. Gay looked at the wistful girl, whose big blue eyes darted shyly about the room. She was lovely.

Then—to Gay's horror—couple after couple rose and left the room. Women lifted their heads haughtily. In a moment, the room was empty except for Gay and Rodney and the unfortunate couple.

And then, the little bride sank into the nearest chair, buried her head in her arms on the table, and sobbed heartbrokenly. Gay rose, went to her, and put both arms about her.

An Instant Liking

But the other girl continued to sob. "I—I—don't care about myself, b-b-but you, Conley. They are your friends!"

"What's the difference?" Conley spoke cheerfully. "As long as a fellow like Rod Sinclair stands by. Tell you what—let's make this a party. The four of us will do a show, then a night club."

"Yes—let's!" Gay spoke impulsively as she noticed a look of reluctance on Rodney's face.

And then, the four were in the Milbraum limousine, and Mary Milbraum was drying her eyes, powdering her nose. Gay and Mary liked each other instantly. The evening proved a success, despite its unhappy beginning.

But when Gay and Rodney were on their way home, he said:

'You shouldn't have done that, Gay. After all, the girl is just a housemaid. Nice of you to defend her but, after all, not even Con's parents have accepted her, you know."

"But, she's lovely!" Gay protested.

"Yes," Rodney agreed. "But when people step out of their class and pretend they're something they are not, it just means trouble."

Gay did not reply. So that was the way Rodney felt! Oh, he must never, never know the truth about her. Pretending to be something she was not!

Very Unwise Move

The next day, Irene stopped in to see Gay. "You certainly played the part of a fool last night," she said bluntly.

'But Mary Milbraum is sweet. I felt so . . ."

"Of all the people in that room, you could least afford to pull such a stunt!" Irene interposed.

Mrs. Needham entered the room just then.

"Van Gordon has just phoned," she said nervously. "He's terribly wrought up over something you did last night, Gay. What was it?"

Irene told her.

'Oh, dear," said Mrs. Needham. "I'm afraid that was very unwise, Gay."

Shortly afterward, Van Gordon himself appeared.

"This Milbraum mess is bad," he barked. "I thought you knew better, Miss Needham. I've been afraid that people were already getting a little suspicious. This will increase their suspicions."

"Well, then, why don't you do something!" Irene jumped up impatiently. "A scandal right now would . . ." She bit her lip.

Van Gordon was thoughtful a moment. "I think," he mused, "we might align ourselves with the racing set. That crowd just now is mainly at Southampton. I suggest, Mrs. Needham, that you close this house temporarily and take a place at Southampton until this blows over. Didn't you tell me you had a string of race horses at the ranch?"

"Why, yes. They . . ."

"Very well," Van Gordon interrupted. "Send for some of them. Meanwhile, move out to Southampton and string along with the racing and international crowd. Avoid the Newport clique."

"I suppose you know, Gay," Irene remarked smoothly, "that Rodney belongs to the Newport group. But you made quite a hit with Marvin Ploame. I'm sure he'll be glad to escort you about."

Gay did not answer. What would Rodney think of all this? She could not explain, no matter what happened. But she was saved an explanation. Rodney was called out of town. When he returned, the Needhams were already ensconced on an estate at Southampton.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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By Anne Adams

"Relax . . . Take your ease", say all the beauty articles—and what could help to brighten up your spirits more than this striking housecoat in which you'll lounge with comfort and glamour! 'Tis easy to make, too, a real "sewing treat"—for puffed-at-the-shoulder sleeves, jaunty revers, princess lines, and flared hem are all simple as can be to stitch up! And here's a tip . . . why not run up a gay little house frock from Pattern 4405 too? All you have to do is follow directions for a shorter hem-line for a dress! A cheery cretonne or taffeta is ideal for the housecoat, while the frock is smart in percale.

Pattern 4405 is available in misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 takes 5⅞ yards 36 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

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A Body Builder

WHEN you feel out-of-sorts, when you've no appetite, or stomach gives trouble, with gas or acid indigestion, why not try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery? If you want to put on healthy flesh—this is the tonic for you. Read what Mrs. Frank Lamothe, 27 North St., St. Catharines, Ont., said: "I had no appetite, was underweight, didn't sleep well at night and after eating I suffered a good bit with acid indigestion and gas. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery soon had me feeling better again. My appetite improved, my digestion was better and I was much stronger." It's a great blood tonic. Sold by druggists.

Delicious Cakes For Winter Months

Along with your New Year's resolutions, add one about making fine cakes for the family, throughout the whole year. Gladden your table with home-made cakes which are so far ahead of store-bought ones that there just isn't any comparison. Make lots of different cakes too, the old standbys are good, but most people get tired of the same cake and the same old frosting.

Fine cakes are really a work of art and a credit to any cook. And the success of a cake is not just an accident. Cake bakers often experiment for a long time before they acquire the knack of always turning out a perfect product. Science has eliminated one hazard of cake baking by producing a fine cake flour. Flour that is sifted and sifted through silken sieves till it is twenty-seven times finer than ordinary flour, has been produced especially for cake making. The light, feathery texture of this flour provides a fool-proof main ingredient and provided the other rules of cake baking are followed exactly, every woman should be able to turn out light, evenly textured and delicious cakes every time.

Here is a brand new cake with which to start the New Year. It is a special kind of spice cake and easy to make. It will be especially popular with youngsters and is perfect for teas and luncheons.

Feathery Spice Cake

2½ cups sifted cake flour.
2½ teaspoons baking powder.
¼ teaspoon salt.
1 teaspoon cinnamon.
½ teaspoon cloves.
½ cup butter or other shortening.
1 cup sugar.
2 eggs, unbeaten.
1/3 cup molasses.
¾ cup milk.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and spices, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and molasses and beat well, add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) 30 minutes or until done.

This cake is delicious served warm and unfrosted with baked apples or apple sauce. It is especially good for tea with caramel frosting.

Caramel Frosting

1½ cups brown sugar, firmly packed.
½ cup granulated sugar.
1 cup milk.
1 tablespoon butter.

Boil brown sugar, granulated sugar, and milk until syrup forms a soft ball in cold water (232 deg. F.). Add butter, and remove from fire. Cool to lukewarm (110 deg. F.); beat until thick and creamy and of right consistency to spread. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers. Decorate with pecan halves or chopped nuts, if desired.

Here is a real treat in the form of Creole Fudge Loaf, a rich velvety, square loaf, beautifully frosted in a two-tone frosting of white and brown. For all its good looks and taste, this cake is surprisingly economical — it requires only one egg.

Creole Fudge Cake

2 cups sifted flour.
2 teaspoons baking powder.
½ teaspoon salt.
½ cup butter or other shortening.
1 cup sugar.
1 egg, well beaten.
2 squares unsweetened chocolate melted.
¾ cup milk.
1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well; then chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in greased pan, 8x8x2 inches, in moderate oven (325 deg. F.) about 1 hour. Cover cake with Creole Fudge Frosting.

Creole Fudge Frosting

2 egg whites, unbeaten.
1½ cups sugar.
5 tablespoons water.
1½ teaspoons light corn syrup.
1 teaspoon vanilla.

Put egg whites, sugar, water, and corn syrup in upper part of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from fire, add vanilla, and beat until thick enough to spread. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers. Melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate with 2 teaspoons butter. When frosting is set, pour chocolate mixture over cake, letting it run down on sides. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers.

Psychology Aids Human "Ticker"

Charles Hester, whose head started ticking when a shell burst beside him during the World War, has learned the cure of his strange ailment virtually is a matter of practice.

The Shawnee, Okla., "head ticker" was at Hines Hospital, Chicago, for three weeks. During that time several specialists in oral and cranial disorders have studied his peculiar affliction.

The sound of the ticking, audible a few inches from Hester's ear, travels through the eustachian tube to the middle ear and is caused by the palatal muscles, said a specialist.

Sound Heard By Others

"The movement is caused by an action that should not be termed voluntary, because we do not know that he wants to do it," explained the physician. "But he can control it. He is capable of starting and stopping the ticking at will.

"It is a hysterical sort of thing, and through psychological treatment at the hands of his own physician it may be possible for him to overcome the trouble."

The specialist said the ticking in Hester's head occurs when his conscious mind is off guard a moment, and that unlike a person with a muscular tick he can control it.

Hester's head ticking was stopped tempararily by passing a tube through the nose to the throat, which held the palate so he couldn't make it click.

The 43-year-old war veteran was urged by physicians to hope that psychological treatments will end the ticking and try not to worry about the eccentric ailment.

Items Popular In Grandma's Day Are Coming Back — Ear-Muffs and Mittens

The feminine younger generation has gone "sensible" in wearing apparel. It is their mothers and grandmothers, who still think they must freeze in sheer this-and-thats to be fashionable.

Their college-age daughters have gone in for such items as:

Ear-muffs, hoods, mittens, wool socks, galoshes, flannel night gowns, long-sleeved and high-neck cotton pajamas and woolen heavies. Some of the latter are in the red.

Silk and wool underwear in the knee length variety in colors—red, green, blue, yellow — are favored by the younger generation for winter sports.

It was observed co-eds crowded the counters in department stores where long-sleeved and high neck lightweight flannel gowns—some with tiny rose-bud patterns—and ski-suit pajamas were being sold. Their mothers were at other counters buying sleeveless, backless gowns.

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Princess Takes To Shoplifting

Starving Woman Thief Identified As Member of Royalty

A thin, gray-haired woman, dressed in old clothes, walked up to the counter of a Warsaw grocery store, glanced over her shoulder, and put a packet of butter into her bag.

Then a shop detective stopped her. An hour later—at police headquarters—faded identification papers revealed her as Princess Maria Tatiana Tungutov, born 56 years ago—a Russian princess, once famous for her big-scale entertainments.

Her husband, Prince Tungutov, shot by Bolsheviks in 1921, was one of Czarist Russia's wealthiest men and owned gold and silver mines in Siberia.

She told the police. "For ten years I have lived in Poland, struggling to keep alive. Recently I have been almost starving."

"Ah!" said Giovanni, "I see you are in the same business"—and handed back to the man the tobacco which he had taken from him.

Some of the men in the audience were serving life sentences.

FILM INDUSTRY ENCOUNTERS ODD IDEAS OF CENSORSHIP

In Other Countries — Japan Is One of the Most Difficult Markets to Supply With Movies.

A film censor exists in every country to-day. But he works by very different standards in different countries. What goes for one nation will not please another. So difficult are these people to please, that the film makers of Hollywood and Britain have a constant headache deciding whether certain pictures will pass the censor and make money for them in the various countries that buy these films.

Here in Britain the censor is, perhaps, the most broadminded of any country, says Pearson's Weekly. But even Britain lays down certain taboos for foreign films. American film magnates know that the British censor is perhaps more careful about the dignity of the British Army and Navy than about whether some adolescent is going to carry away a moral blot from seeing a picture.

Certain Nations Susceptible

But more worying to the film producer in search of world markets are the growing susceptibilities of various nationals. Make your villain in the film a Japanese, and the picture is promptly banned in Japan and a protest forwarded to Washington by the Japanese government.

No Kissing Allowed

Japan, in fact, is one of the most difficult markets to supply with films. Close-ups of kissing — considered obscene—must be cut out as a matter of course.

Nor is anything savouring of revolutionary ideas permitted. Scenes which are hostile to royalty or police are cut on sight. And I myself have experienced the uneasiness of a Japanese audience when a man is seen opening a door for a woman. Such politenesses are considered to give false ideas to Japanese women, and not to be encouraged.

Choice of Killers Stuns Italy

America discovered during its gangster warfare that many of the ruthless killers were of Italian origin, some coming from that island of hot-blooded killers—Sicily. So it was that in nearly all gangster films the most murderous character was an Itaian. Mussolini and his advisers writhed under this indictment of the Italian in America. They proceeded to ban all films in which the Italian is not the hero.

The Scandinavian countries have an almost fanatical dislike of horror, and this has led to the banning of several Walt Disney cartoons and all the Dracula and Frankenstein thrillers. France, on the other hand, seems one of the most tolerant of nations. France resents no legitimate French villains or comics, but will not permit a slur upon the French nation.

Where Censorship Is Strictest

In Quebec divorce may not even be mentioned on the screen, while affectionate scenes even between actors who are playing happily married folk, are forbidden.

Ask film producers where they find censorship most strict, and they point to two cities on the world map—Quebec (Canada) and Singapore (Malaya).

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