THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS

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The [illegible]

By GEORGE ADE

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ONCE there was a Good Woman who, next to Mary Queen of Scots, probably suffered more than any other Prominent Lady of whom we have Record. It will be recalled that Mary started out as a proud Monarch, and finished up as a Martyr, while Mrs. Wambo started out as a Democratic Fixture and finished up as a Gazelle. The unfortunate Queen of Scots had her head cut off. Mrs. Wambo did not go quite that far, but she underwent a Major Operation, which seemed just as important, and which was preceded by as much Suspense, Doubt and Trepidation as that which racked the Royal Prisoner.

Mrs. Wambo, before she got into the Jam, had been married so many Years that she had concealed all the Records and changed the Subject when some careless Friend began to dig up Dates. She owned up to remembering the Spanish-American War, but the Details were all blurred, because she was so young at the Time.

Whatever may have been her Vintage, she had a holy Horror of looking old, or feeling old, or acting as if on the Retired List. She referred to the other Bridgers as "Girls" and would warn any Bachelor, on the slightest Provocation, that her Husband was jealous.

She had a Pair of Scales in her Bath Room and had tried a Facial Mask and six or seven Years ago had learned to walk loose and slouchy, like a Leading Lady in a $3 show. Also she wore a one-piece Contraption which concealed her Knee Caps unless she had to sit in a Steamer Chair.

Exit for the Seven Sutherland Sisters.

She had a perfectly laudable Ambition to keep on looking an Ingenue until they chopped her down. When she got red in the face after dancing continuously for about forty Minutes, she kidded herself that the High Color was the Flush of Girlhood instead of a warning against Apoplexy.

She wore Beads and took a swing at a Golf Ball once in a while and used to sit out in the Evening and sing with the College Boys before the Ukulele was pushed aside by the Saxophone and Cross-Word Puzzle.

From this Preamble it will be evident that her name should have been Mrs. Ponce de Leon. If there was any Fountain of Youth, she wanted to hunt it up and dive in, headfirst.

It happened that one morning Mrs. Wambo awoke and discovered that the Seven Sutherland Sisters had become a Joke. It may be remembered that these Girls had Tresses which swept the Ground and were copious all the way down. When all of the seven were bunched, the View from behind was like that of Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Wambo recalled that, in her Seminary Days, it was the longing of every Sub-Deb to be a Sutherland, so that when the Mop was let down it would reach to the Ankles. In fact, it seemed that Long Hair had been the Rage from the Days of Eve, Cleopatra and Lady Godiva. The last named, for instance, certainly would have caught cold if the Modern Style had been in Vogue in Coventry in the 11th Century.

Imagine the Shock which came to Mrs. Wambo when she learned that the Flappers, instead of wearing it down to the Ankles, had decided to wear it only as far as the first Cervical Vertebra. Some modern Joan of Arc, residing in Paris, had taken a Tip from the Dutch Kids and Buster Brown and had amputated the whole Works just below the Ears. It seemed that within 24 hours all the Cuties in the world were throbbing with Excitement and wondering if they would dare to follow Suit.

The Situation Looks Grave.

The answer was not long delayed. All of the Young Ones fell for the Fad. Within a short time the Village Barber Shop ceased to be the Place at which the local Bootlegger studied the Pictures in the Police Gazette. It became a Salon—the Social Center of the Community, congested, for Hours at a time, with the very Pick and Flower of young Womanhood. Prominent Citizens who did not know how to shave themselves began to resemble Ernest Torrence, all bushed up for a Western.

Hairpins and Side Combs suddenly became a Drug on the Market but all the Factories making Toilet Soap began to work Night Shifts.

When the new Craze began to sweep the Woodlands and Prairies, Mrs. Wambo spoke right up and said it was Terrible. She pulled the Old One about a Woman's Chief Glory being her Hair and she couldn't imagine what some of the Young Girls were thinking of when they sacrificed a Knot on which they had been [illegible] for Years.

[illegible]ambo stuck to her Waves [illegible]ges and the artificial Stuffing [illegible] suggestion that some day she [illegible] join the great Sisterhood of [illegible] would have given her the Hibby-Jibbies. Besides, she and the other young Matrons who toiled at the Card Tables every day predicted that the whole Thing was just a temporary Craze and some of those who had fallen would be in an awful Hole when the Styles shifted back and they tried to wear it long again.

As Month after Month passed by and the number of Victims increased and Rumor had it that Elsie Janis, Carrie Chapman Catt, Elsie Ferguson, Ethel Barrymore, Bebe Daniels, Queen Mary, Glenna Collett and Galli-Curci had succumbed, the situation began to look serious. It seemed that a good many Girls who were no longer Kittens and who in the Old Days, would have been knitting instead of Jazz-Jumping, had been clipped and were shamelessly exhibiting their Necks for the first time.

Signs of Wobbling.

Mr. Wambo began to notice that the Missus, instead of saying that any Woman beyond 30 who got shingled was a Hussy, began to stall and ask Questions. She wanted to know of him if he thought it was Dignified of a Woman who had a Daughter in Smith College to trim herself up like a Soubrette and try to step out when she should have no ambition except to create a Home. Atmosphere for her Husband and Children. Mr. Wambo was twice foxy and said he thought that the Modern Woman had a Right to do Anything which would not be stopped by the Police. He had read the Signs and seen the Handwriting on the Wall. He knew that Friend Wife was getting ready to Fall and, when the Time came, she wanted to be pushed and make out that she had been talked into it.

She showed him in the paper where Mrs. Pillsbury of Rockfill, Pa., had been Bobbed at the age of eighty-two and said it made her look and feel Forty Years Younger and she wanted to know if he didn't think it was ridiculous but he said that if Mrs. Pillsbury was satisfied, he thought it was Great.

Then there came a Day when she pulled a False Giggle and said that Lib and Gert were both after her to go to a Place in the Union Central Building where there was a man who had learned it in New York and who could advise one as to which Style would be most becoming. She had no Intention of going but it was a Fact that a great many Women ever so much older than She had been done over and you'd be surprised what a Change it made. Mr. Wambo, a Diplomat of the First Water, said that no matter what she did to the Hirsute Crop she would always look like a Million Dollars to him and if she wanted to make the Supreme Venture to go ahead and he hoped that her Conscience would be her Guide.

No Ether Used.

Weeks before the big Event every one but Mrs. Wambo knew that she was slipping. She kept on protesting that the Whole Thing was silly but the Fact that she couldn't talk about anything else proved that she was a Marked Woman.

Finally she hung the whole Responsibility on to Wambo. She said that if he insisted on it, she would go ahead and have it done.

Then came the tense Weeks during which she was trying to decide whether to have a Boyish Bob or a Shingle or a Terrace Effect or the Fish-Hook Dingle-Dangles or some Scallops.

On the Day when she went to the Union Central Building the Sun stood still and Traffic was suspended. She refused to take any Anesthetics and went through the Ordeal absolutely alone except for Lib and Gert Ella and Jess. After it was over she didn't know whether to go and sit in Peacock Alley or hurry Home and hide in a closet.

Just after she took the Fatal Step a Convention of Hair-Dressers in Atlantic City decreed against the Bob, but it was a False Alarm. Mrs. Wambo is now High Priestess of the Cult and will tell you what a Relief it is not to be compelled to hang your head out of the Bath-Room Window for Hours at a time.

MORAL: A woman is as old as her Husband tells her she is.

Gives Up Own People

In arranging the marriage of a daughter a profitable exchange is the prime consideration, because the subsequent separation after her departure is so complete. Thereafter the young girl owes to her parents-in-law the obedience and respect she formerly gave her own parents. She no longer pays worship to the ancestors of her family, but severs her relations with the dead as with the living. Henceforth she can worship only at the shrine of her husband's family.—Fu-Jen, Peiping.

GRAPHIC GOLF

POSITION OF STANCE VARIES IN MASHIE SHOTS

CHANGING the position of the stance in respect to the ball varies in mashie shots according to the carry desired. When a short quick rise is the objective, either over a tree or obstruction or to a green much above the player, the ball should be played off the left foot. The clubhead is then taken back in an upright arc. Instead of a direct hit the stroke is more of a swing. Marion Bennett is making such a shot in the above illustration.

On a downhill lie or where the aim is to keep the ball at a low trajectory the ball is played near the right foot. The clubhead is taken back closer to the ground in a shorter swing, the blow being more of a punch. Hit with a firm grip downward, the blade turned slightly inward and the hands and arms a bit in advance of the clubhead, the ball will stop quickly.

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Pretty Spring Dress

Here is a smart spring daytime dress of ribbed sheer bemberg in light navy, with scarf print bishop sleeves and new Patou neckline. Silver fastening provides a bright accent.

SOUPS AND SALADS

BEEF soup of consomme may be made the base of many interesting dishes such as molded meat, fish or vegetable combinations, when thickened with gelatin. Beef soup treated with gelatin is fine for stuffed vegetables such as tomatoes and green peppers. Oxtail soup makes a fine filling for stuffed cabbage. This soup when served with dumplings is especially well liked. Add a binding of flour and butter.

Try the mulligatawny heated and served with hot boiled rice, garnished with pimentos cut into strips or with chopped green pepper.

With the mock turtle soup add a bit of lemon juice and a dash of worcestershire or tabasco. Serve with a slice of hard-cooked egg, a slice of lemon cut very thin and pour the hot soup over them. Serve at once.

Frozen Asparagus Salad.

Now that it is so easy to freeze various things in the ice chests, one may enjoy a variety of frozen dishes.

Cook a small bunch of fresh asparagus in as little water as possible, until tender. Remove the tips and rub the stalks through a strainer. Season well with salt and pepper and a little lemon juice. Cool, add a cupful of cream and one of mayonnaise dressing. Fold in the aspargus tips, pack in molds and freeze.

Molded Vegetable Salad.

Take two bunches of young carrots, scrape, cut and cook until tender in two cupfuls of water. Drain and press the carrots through a ricer. To the water in which the carrots were cooked add salt, paprika, a tablespoonful of worcestershire sauce, one teaspoonful of chili powder, two level teaspoonfuls of gelatin; reheat and dissolve the gelatin, then pour into a ring mold and set away to chill with the vegetable mixture placed in layers with the gelatin. Chill and serve on lettuce with the center filled with cubed pickled beets.

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Senate Pages Start Own Newspaper

PAGES of the United States senate have started a newspaper of their own. Our photograph shows Senator R. D. Carey of Wyoming inspecting the mimeograph machine which is being operated by Editor John Nelley and his assistant, Quentin Porter.

THE CHILDREN'S STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

TWO TO ONE

IT WAS very early in the morning. Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun had but just kicked off his rosy blankets and was hardly yet started for his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky. The birds were just starting out after the early worms and twittering and singing happily as they went. Behind the old stone wall where it makes a corner close by the dusty road that runs past one side of the Old Orchard, two forms in red lay crouching among the bushes at a point where the wall had partly fallen.

Who were they? Why, you know. They were Reddy Fox and Mrs. Reddy. From the place where they lay they could see over the fallen wall and their eyes were fixed on the entrance to a certain house, a new house in the corner made by the old wall, a new house with a doorstep of shining sand.

Of Course He Saw Reddy and Mrs. Reddy Instantly.

Presently, a head appeared, a head becoming rather gray. Then out on the doorstep of shining sand appeared a stout form, which sat up very straight for a few minutes while a pair of bright eyes looked keenly in all directions save at the old stone wall which formed two sides of the corner.

Reddy Fox nudged Mrs. Reddy. "What did I tell you?" he whispered. "Did you ever see anything so easy? Johnny Chuck must be in his second childhood. He seems to have forgotten entirely that it is possible for anyone to jump over this wall."

It did seem that way, for after a minute or two Johnny dropped down on all fours and trotted off towards the patch of sweet clover where he was in the habit of getting his breakfast, and although it was some distance away he never once looked back. Reddy and Mrs. Reddy watched him and grinned. Johnny couldn't possibly have done anything to suit their plans better than he was now doing. Straight to the patch of clover he trotted. There he sat up for a moment or two for a last look to see that all was well. Satisfied that it was, he dropped down and began to eat, and once he had begun to eat he forgot everything but the taste of that delicious clover.

Reddy looked at Mrs. Reddy, then lightly leaped over the old stone wall. Mrs. Reddy followed right at his heels. In a second they were between Johnny Chuck and his house. Then side by side they began to steal towards where Johnny Chuck was stuffing himself with clover. Johnny hadn't heard a sound and he was still wholly unsuspicious.

At just that instant Sammy Jay arrived for his usual morning call on Johnny Chuck. In an instant Sammy saw Johnny's danger and began to shriek as only Sammy can when he sees a Fox. Johnny knew what it meant. Of course. He sat up as suddenly as if he possessed a spring for a backbone. Of course he saw Reddy and Mrs. Reddy instantly. Also he saw that they were between him and his house and that it was two to one. For an instant all his courage left him. He turned and started to run. But what was the use? There was no place to run to. Johnny whirled and showed all his teeth in an ugly snarl. Two to one wasn't fair. It wasn't fair at all. But he would fight just as long as there was any fight in him. You know, Johnny Chuck is no coward.

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PAPA KNOWS—

"Pop, what is consequence?"
"Often a spanking."

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THE MYSTERY

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

ALL of the pins, where do they go to?
Before the phonograph or photo
Men started making pins by the millions,
And since have manufactured billions,
But still they have to go on making,
Though tons and tons of steel it's taking,
And then can sell them without trying,
For others have to keep on buying.

But women have another wonder
That has them just about snowed under.
It makes the thinnest woman thinner,
And generally right after dinner.
We do not set so big a table;
In fact, of late we are not able,
Yet wonder, as we scrape each crumb from
Each plate, where all the dishes come from?

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BONERS

William the Conqueror fitted out some vessels and marched across the land.

BONERS are actual humorous tid-bits found in examination papers, essays, etc., by teachers.

Christopher Morley was a tramp because he was a "roads scholar."

• • •

An incinerator is a person who hints bad things instead of coming right out and tell you.

• • •

The correct way to find the key to a piece of music is to use a pitchfork.

• • •

The Greeks wore scandals on their feet.

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Pioneer of the Iceboat Policemen

PATROLMAN GEORGE CHAMPINE of the Grosse Pointe Farms (Mich.) police force, is the pioneer of iceboat policemen, and is the first cop to use an ice craft for patrol duty. Champine patrols the shores of Lake St. Clair in search of rum runners or other law evaders who may attempt to cross on the ice from Canada. In a good wind his craft is far faster than a speed boat or an automobile.

Lavish Use of Shirring and Tucki[illegible]

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

THERE is a vast amount of shirring, tucking, and we might add, braiding going on in the realm of costume design today. Every once in a while creators of our styles-beautiful do just that—delve into the past for inspiration.

This time research among fashions of yore has caused creators of our styles-beautiful to feel a strong urge to shirr or tuck or braid not only in a trimming way, but according to news from Paris some of the most successful frocks in late collections are either shirred or tucked or braided from head to foot.

The heavy sheers and chiffons which are so enthusiastically exploited for general daytime wear, respond beautifully to these treatments. The effectiveness of allover shirring is convincingly illustrated in the model shown to the left in the picture. In gray, in the new string shade, in black, navy or any of the fashionable colors, for that matter, this costume would be as successfully outstanding. Not only does it carry all the feminine graces but it is thoroughly practical and wearable.

It makes quite a difference as to what sort of a blouse is worn with this jacket suit of shirred heavy sheer. For instance the blouse shown giv[illegible] it a tailored look thus [illegible] costume to the practical ho[illegible] day. Substitute for this tailo[illegible] blouse a frilly affair of lace, or [illegible]ing chiffon, or a net in some intriguing pastel tint and this lovely ensemble takes on the air of a most beguiling afternoon costume which is on its way to a bridge party, perhaps, or tea at some fashionable rendezvous or a musicale, a matinee or any of the smart gatherings where guests are expected to dress pictorially to the occasion.

You'll love the other frock here pictured. Every one does at very first glimpsing. It is of tucked black chiffon. Its apparent simplicity is positively baffling for it is really ultra sophisticated so far as high style is concerned. The white organdie accents at neckline and sleeves are to be expected, for organdie furbelows have become a passion with fashion's followers this season. The hat is in milan. This fine straw is outstanding in latest millinery showings.

Used in a trimming way shirring and tucking are also immensely popular. Particularly do the smartest blouses show generous and decorative groups of shirrings. Then, too, the fanciful little wraps mostly of taffeta or velvet, which are more in evidence than ever, are largely a matter of intricate and novel shirrings.

As has been mentioned before, this revival of quaint trimming treatments has also [illegible]ut braiding into fashion [illegible] that many charm[illegible]s are design[illegible] the in self [illegible]

IT'S FINE BRIMS OR SWELL TOQUES

If you like brims, fine. If you prefer toques, swell. If you lean to tailored sailors, that's all right. If you yearn for floppy and romantic hats, wear them.

Because the millinery mode of the moment is so flexible that you may appear in practically any style that your conscience dictates, and still be in style.

You may wear shallow crowns, or deep ones. You may wear berets or wide capeline hats. You may wear severe sailors or Turkish fezzes.

It's all agreeable to the style dictators. For they're presenting models in every one of these groups. And each one is new, they say, and correct.

The new high-back tricorne toques are smart—especially one of black felt with a stitched cuff of black silk shantung, a self-bow and a scroll-patterned veil.

For your sports things, you'll want one of the new casual brimmed hats of ballibuntl.

Women Now Have Yen for Fancy Striped Suitings

Men's wear houses are surprised to see how many of their fancy striped men's suitings are ordered for women's suits. Hairline flannels and pinhead checks with plain companions are best sellers for the tailored spring suit. In these, mannish oxfords and other grays are strong.

Worsted twill is another mannish woolen type that is being sponsored. Crisp, springy and ideal for tailoring, worsted twill reaches its heights in that old-fashioned tan tone most closely associated with twills of the past.

Milliners Are Stressing Colored Ribbon Trimming

Milliners are emphasizing multi-color ribbon trimmings, often in crude combination, such as yellow, vivid green and black, or else a combination like orange, green and navy.

Talbot combines pale gray with turquoise (both of which colors are high style favorites), using this combination for one of her high crowned directoire sailors.

Tiny crin horsehair veils and tortoise shell motifs are among the smart millinery trimmings.

To the uninitiated this evening wrap made of cherry colored matelasse velvet may seem a bit quaint but to those who know, it is an ultra modern fashion. It qualifies as such in that firstly it is the new finger-tip length. Secondly its full sleeves are crinoline lined so as to give the broad-shouldered look which style leaders say we must have. Thirdly its collarless neckline buttons close up about the throat which obeys the latest edict of fashion. Lastly but of outstanding significance is the fact that the velvet of which it is made is the very new matelasse type which is sort of crinkly surfaced. The handsome jeweled buttons also convey an important style message. With the younger set particularly this type of wrap is meeting with high favor.

Great Minds That Saw Blessing in Adversity

However much pessimists, like Schopenhauer and Hartmann, may rail at the suffering, as distinct from the sin, that is in the world, it is an incontestable fact of experience that suffering can fashion human character as nothing else can be. Bacon and Shakespeare are no mean authorities where a knowledge of human nature is concerned; and we are all familiar with Shakespeare's "Sweet are the uses of adversity," while Bacon forcibly says "Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New." "That misery does not make all virtuous," says Doctor Johnson, "experience too clearly informs us; but it is no less certain that of what virtue there is, misery produces far the greater part." These are not the words of morose fanatics, but of thoughtful men of the world. And an equally impartial modern moralist makes the striking observation that "the older the men grow in life, the more work becomes their real play, and suffering their real work."

Tanning Rabbit Skin

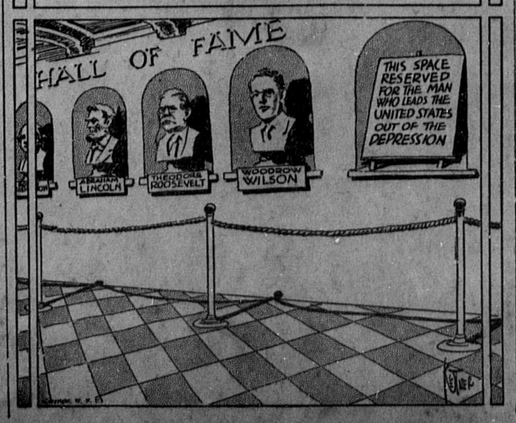
The method of treating rabbit skins at home, so that they can be used for coat trimmings is as follows:

First remove fat and flesh from the skin, then cover the flesh side with salt and allow to stand three or four days in a fairly cool place to dry out. Make a tanning solution of 4 pounds of salt and 5 gallons of water in a wooden tub, adding carefully 2 fluid ounces of sulphuric acid. Allow the skin to remain in this for one to three weeks, then rinse and dry in a shady place. Work and stretch the skin to make it pliable and rub in a little neatsfoot oil.

Travelers Kept Amused

One Paris railway station has installed movies for the entertainment of travelers, forced to wait for trains, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The entertainment is continuous and consists mainly of news reels and short comic films. The little railway theater makes a small charge, and the innovation has proved popular among those having half an hour to kill before train time.

Fame Awaits Somebody



THROUGH A Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

WHY NOT THE CHILD?

THE tantrums of the "spoiled" child, says the child psychologist, are merely a means of "putting himself across." They are the expression of his ego, his effort for a sense of importance. And parents are told that if they will satisfy the child's craving for importance in a constructive way, they can cure his desire to be the storm center of dramatic scenes.

Those of us with years "of discretion" suffer from a desire for prestige. Why not the child who can't be expected to know better? All humanity is groping, struggling away short lives in a beautiful world for a "place in the sun," a movement of distinction. Why not the child, who makes no pretense of possessing a sense of values?

To anyone who allows himself a detached viewpoint of human nature, it is plain that the most universal Achilles' heel, the most vulnerable spot of the whole human family is that little weakness of seeking strength in self-importance. More loves have been threatened and more friendships broken by one offense than any other. That is an offense against one's amour propre. So why not the child?

The wise parent tries to put this fact to constructive use. Instead of publicizing a child's lapses from grace, she holds up to notice in the family circle his achievements in the realm of character and good behavior. Instead of emphasizing incidents that show lack of self-control, she dramatizes his victories. It is his importance in maintaining his responsibility, his importance in bringing joy to the household, his importance in setting an example in living up to the best that is in him—that is the accent that will make a child hitch his wagon to the star of virtue and good behavior rather than resort to the tantrum to find his place in the sun.

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Spring Fashion Hints From Style Centers

Bracelets are getting wider and wider.

Chanel has a group of new evening gowns, all in printed Chiffon.

Mannish pajamas have not given way as a beach and sun deck fashion.

The revival of dog collars in costume jewelry is another fashion note.

A clear, yellow red, called in Paris "lipstick rouge," is an important color.

Plaid taffeta for the evening gown is a new feature.

Gold and silver Paillettes are woven in silk and wool fabrics.

Daffodil green, yellow and a deep ice cream pink are among the shades that are mentioned.

The two most [illegible]lar [illegible]ion det[illegible] [illegible] si[illegible]