

WOMAN'S HERALD

Devoted to the Household, the Fashions and the Activities of Women. MARY MARSHALL, Editor. DAILY DEPARTMENT OF THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

HOUSE-WIVES

DAILY ECONOMY CALENDAR. OLIVE OIL SECRETS.

By this time everybody knows that olive oil is wholesome. At least, we have been told often enough that this is a fact, so that we ought to know it.

But even so, many of us might use more olive oil to advantage. In its purest form it is an admirable food, and has a flavor that tempts the gourmand. But the taste for it is not natural to everybody. It is acquired by many, and it is not difficult to acquire. If you don't like olive oil and yet feel that it would be good for you, begin educating your taste outward by adding a few drops of it to a boiled salad dressing, well seasoned. Gradually increase the amount of oil used until you like the taste. Or try making a sandwich of two thin slices of bread, spread with olive oil, and sprinkled with salt.

Olive oil is useful in cooking, and it is in cooking that most persons use so little of it. The next time you are baking beans add five tablespoonsful of olive oil instead of pork to a quart of beans and make them hot as desired. If you think oil more wholesome than lard or butter for frying, as it doubtless is, and yet do not like the taste of oil, get the oil very hot and then brown a little piece of onion in it. Remove the onion and the oil taste will have gone with it. Use a few drops of olive oil to polish needles that are to be sent to the tailor. This brightens the skins beautifully.

Keep olive oil in the dark to preserve its color. A dark corner of a pantry cupboard or the refrigerator will do. Give olive oil spread on bread, and sprinkled with salt, to children who are thin and anaemic.

HOROSCOPE.

"The stars incline, but do not compel." Wednesday, September 29, 1915.

On this day counterbalancing influences prevail, according to astrology. Venus, Uranus and Saturn are in benefic aspect, while Mars, Mercury, and Neptune are adverse. Under this rule men and women are believed to be unusually susceptible to romance and the old are likely to be foolish, the young are wiser.

Marriages will increase in number next month. It is held, and persons in high places will be particularly sensitive to love and easily won by flattery. Danger of scandals and gossip is foreshadowed. A cause celebre will fill the newspapers. There is a promising sign for mines and mining. Stocks will soar, although there will be a flurry in Wall street on a date not far off.

Dealers in gowns, millinery, and whatever is mentioned in this column will prosper in the winter. Owing to the kindly way of Saturn the aged should benefit today. Mars indicates new alarms concerning war and Neptune foretells activity in the navy. College students should make the best of the coming year as they come under the direction which guides them toward high achievement. Girls should profit by conditions that are arising. New vocations will open for them, and all classes will prepare for business or professional careers, astrologers declare.

The death of a famous American minister is prophesied. A Catholic priest will gain fame by an act of supreme heroism. Astrologists declare that the Panama-Pacific Exposition will produce results that are historic. An incident of great moment in international affairs will be recorded before the first of the year. Persons whose birthdays it is should be careful of letters and writings during the coming year. Business and financial affairs will be satisfactory. The young will court or marry. Children born on this day will be strong in character, reliable, and prosperous in all probability. These subjects of Libra have Venus as their principal ruling planet.

MRS. JOHN ASTOR GOES TO FRANCE AS A WAR NURSE



Paris, Sept. 28.—Mrs. John Astor has left for the French coast to join the staff of the Duchesse of Westminster's Hospital as a nurse. She recently completed a course of training at the Charing Cross Hospital in London to fit her for duties in the war zone.

At the Charing Cross Hospital Mrs. Astor began work every morning at 8 o'clock and was often there until late at night. Before leaving for the coast Mrs. Astor dispatched an ambulance which she presented to the hospital, and will also place two other ambulances in service under her own management when she officially takes up her new duties.

FROM THE PARIS OPENINGS

"More fascinating than ever," is the verdict of buyers who attended the millinery openings in Paris this year.



Skunk fur holds down a wreath of ostrich feathers, around the crown of the black velvet hat above from Lewis, which is worn with a neckpiece of ostrich feathers and fur to match, while in the creation to the right the return of the Prince of Wales feather is heralded by Maria Guy with a model of maroon panne velvet. The feathers of maroon are attached high on the crown.

In the model below Jean Castel combines all the warm tones of autumn in a toque of brown velvet with leaves of velvet.

—Reproduced by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar.

Aunt Chatty's Mothers' Club Conducted by Mrs. Charity Brush

APOLOGIZING TO THE CHILDREN.

THIS is a real Mothers' Club, for the benefit of mothers everywhere who are struggling with questions of discipline, training, education, clothing, for the children. Write to Aunt Chatty of problems which are vexing you, and she will advise and help you to a solution of them. Write to her, too, of your own discoveries, of methods you have found successful in smoothing the rough paths of life for the tender, childish feet, that through the Mothers' Club your experience may be of benefit to other mothers who are still tangled in the web of perplexity you have so happily unraveled.

Co-operation is the secret of success in any business; so why not in the business of motherhood, that highest and holiest calling which always has been and always will be woman's crown of glory, no matter what other avenues of usefulness may be opened to her? Address Mrs. Charity Brush, care of this paper.

"Do you think it is wise ever to apologize to your children for mistakes you may make in your treatment of them?" wrote one of our mothers to me a short time ago. "I am sorry I whipped my boy yesterday, and it was really through no fault of his. My whole morning had gone wrong; there was a mistake on the part of the grocer had forgotten an important part of my order, and the maid had been impertinent about a mistake on the part of the grocer. Just then, when I was worn to a frazzle, Gordon came running in, leaving the screen door open so that the flies poured into the house, and showed me his torn blouse, a hopeless ruin from a fall from a tree. He was not hurt a particle—the branches had caught him and broken his fall, but every button hung to a torn streamer, and there was absolutely not enough left of the garment to patch. I am sorry I whipped my boy, not for what he had done, as I can see now, but simply because I was in a temper. When it was all over and I had calmed down I began to feel sorry for my injustice to Gordon, but I am afraid to tell him so. Won't he lose his respect for me if I admit I was in the wrong?"

"When I read this letter I was reminded of a talk I heard long ago between two little fellows who lived near my home in the small town where I spent the first years of my married life. They were in the next yard to mine, playing under the window where I sat with my sewing. The younger one said to his 16-year-old brother: 'Let's go in and ask mamma for some bread and butter. I'm hungry.' 'That's the older boy protested.

FAMOUS WOMAN

HER BIRTHDAY AND YOURS

September 29—Katharine McAuley.

The woman who founded the Order of Mercy, Katharine McAuley, was born September 29, 1827 near Dublin, Ireland. Though she was a member of an old Catholic family, or the death of her parents she was adopted by a rigidly Protestant family. There, although she did not consent to become a Protestant, she lived without strict religious principles for several years. At 18 she was adopted by another Protestant family named Callahan, and with them she became so devoted to her religious practice that she converted the Callahans, who treated her with all the love and feeling that they would have seen their own child. On their death when she was nearly 40 she inherited their immense fortune.

Her ambition for many years had been to devote her life to the poor and, now finding herself free to dispose of her life as she chose and possessed of enormous means, she bought a house in one of the worst sections of Dublin and with two congenial established a house there where she nursed and cared for the poor, calling it the House of Our Blessed Lady of Mercy. Leaving her two companions there she soon went to study for the religious life at a neighboring convent and, in 1829 when she was 42, she received the religious dress and returned to her home in Dublin to start the religious training of the women who had given their lives to continue the good work she had begun. They called themselves the Sisters of Mercy and founded their rule on that of the Presentation. To the usual threefold vows they added another, to devote their lives to the poor, sick and ignorant. In 1887, sixty years after Katharine McAuley took her religious vows, and forty-six years after her death, the order had spread to England, Newfoundland, the United States, Australia, Scotland, New Zealand and South America. There were at that time 115 houses of the order in Ireland and sixty in Great Britain.

TOMORROW'S MENU.

- Breakfast: Omelet and Cream, Veal in Milk, Eggs, Coffee. Luncheon or Supper: Corned Beef Hash, Creamed Potatoes, Chicken Cordon Rouge, Boiled Potatoes, Lemon Meringue Pie. Dinner: Veal in Milk, Corned Beef Hash, Creamed Potatoes, Chicken Cordon Rouge, Boiled Potatoes, Lemon Meringue Pie.

TODAY'S FASHION NOTE.

That will be Mrs. Lizzie Smith's, ma'am. To get to Burgess you'll have to get a horse. Can you ride?"



"Then going will be easy. A good horse will take you and most anybody will pilot out the trail to the Golden Eagle. I suppose you've heard of the lucky strike there?"

"No. Do you mean that they have discovered more gold?"

"Mrs. Burgess struck the richest vein ever found hereabouts. Seems it's faded out in Burgess' own mine, the Double Eagle, and the lead has been uncovered in the Golden Eagle. There's been a gold strike stamped for these parts in the past week."

"And the new discovery has made Mr. Burgess poor?"

"Alas! He wasn't expecting it, you see, ma'am, and he's been laying out a lot of money on his own mine; he's trustee for some folks back East who own the Golden Eagle. If he was anything except the straightest man God ever made he could help himself out of the Golden Eagle and nobody would ever be the wiser."

Vera was thoughtful the rest of the day. She spent a restful night at the Mrs. Smith's home-like hotel, and the next day she hired a horse to ride over the mountain.

EACH Uneeda Biscuit is just like every other Uneeda Biscuit—perfect as soda crackers can be made.

Fresh from oven, they come to you in a protecting package with all their crisp goodness intact.



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5c AND 10c NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

DAILY SHORT STORY. VERA'S TRUSTEE.

By CLARISSE MACKIE. (Copyright 1915, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) When Judge Linwood died his large estate was left in trust to his only child, Vera, who, now doubly orphaned, went to live with her aunt, Mrs. Henry Hendricks.

The Hendricks entertained lavishly and spent money recklessly, so that when Henry Hendricks' money vanished, together with most of Vera's fortune, the unfortunate gentleman promptly took himself out of the world, leaving his widow to open a fashionable boarding-house in the suburbs.

For Vera, she had decided to go West and claim possession of the old Golden Eagle mine, which her father had left in trust for her. The Western trustee was his old friend, Anthony Burgess, and it was through Anthony Burgess that Vera received the semi-annual dividends which now constituted her sole income.

"But, my dear child," protested Mrs. Hendricks tearfully, "you can't go out there alone! Why, you've never even seen the Burgess man!" "That he was father's friend speaks sufficiently in his favor, Aunt Emily, and, besides, I shall only stop in Eagle City a short time. There is an excellent hotel there."

"I am afraid to have you travel alone," objected Mrs. Hendricks. "Nonsense, I am, and father trusted me thoroughly. You forget that I once spent six weeks at Eagle City."

"But your father was with you." "Yes, Aunt Emily, but I shall get along nicely. I thought perhaps that there might be some business connected with the mine that I might learn—that I might become a real business woman, like a drone flying in the income father left me. I want to be useful."

"Have your own way, child," sighed the widow plaintively. "If I can't say too much, Vera, because my poor Henry's slaphop business methods lost your fortune as well as our own, I told your father not to make Henry your trustee, but for the other trustee—have you ever seen Mr. Burgess?"

"He was in Mexico when father and I were in Eagle City." "Mrs. Hendricks' final remark. "Eagle City basked in the warmth of an Indian summer. Vera loved the fresh, sweet mountain air and the low-lying haze reddened by the sun. There was a lingering breath of summer on the breeze, and the mine, they were talking to men as before."

"No—all they want is the money," he assured her. "But I can't permit you to endanger your life." "It's for my own interests," she said calmly. "Vera Linwood—why, Miss Linwood, was was the effect of the Golden Eagle's rich vein."

"The Double Eagle has lost one," she said indignantly. "You know then, don't you?" "I heard yesterday and I am so sorry—I feel like a robber myself—the owner of a plate of silver."

"That mine's luck. Come, let us get along, if we must. Just put these packages in your saddlebags—so, and I'll slip mine with grass. Ride on ahead, and don't worry. It will come out all right!" He slipped her pony's flank and mounted his black and followed.

"When Vera passed the ambush she was talking to men as before. "Once more, Nicodemus Alexander," she threatened. "I will ride to the top of the hill; then, down again for dinner; then, up the mountain, and wait and breathe around the bend of the trail. Somewhere nearby she heard the pounding of the ore crushers and she knew, she stamped for these parts in the past week."

"Below, she heard the tread of Burgess' horse, followed by a sharp command, a momentary silence and then the murmur of his other voices. The hold-up had happened and they were going through the mine owner's pockets and searching his saddlebags for the Golden Eagle's pay roll."

Nicodemus Alexander was smitten with indignation surprise when his rider suddenly jabbed her sharp heel into his flank. He hounded up the trail, his hoofs scattering the stones under foot. In a flurry of dust, horse and rider appeared above the crest of the mountain and returned down the sleepy of her white blouse. "Some one must have fired at me," she smiled faintly. "The shabby little angel!" exclaimed one roughly-dressed man as he led her inside the building.

Weeks afterward Mrs. Henry Hendricks received a letter from Vera. It was dated from Eagle City. "Dear Aunt Emily," wrote Vera, "I will be home in another week—and I shall bring my husband with me. He is a poor, dear, auntie; he is the most splendid man. You can never guess, so I must tell you that I am marrying Anthony Burgess. He is perfectly natural, and my friend, my trustee. The trusteeship has been transferred to young Anthony because his father is dead, and Anthony says it is perfectly natural that we should have met and loved and married, for now he can continue the trusteeship forever. And, best of all, you are to give up the board of the house and return here with us. If you will, for the Golden Eagle has developed wonderful riches. Anthony's mine has a new vein of gold and we are all going to be very rich indeed. And Anthony wants me to add a postscript that we are rich in cash other and richer in happiness than all the gold in the world could supply."

ARE YOU A GOSSIP?

Up in Haverstraw, N. Y., there is a woman who is trying to put a stop to malicious gossip about her daughter. She has put an advertisement in a local newspaper threatening to have the gossips forced in court to prove the truth of the stories they have been circulating.

"All these parties have to do," she explains in her advertisement, "is to stand over their gates all day and peek at their neighbors all night to see what they can find to talk about next day."

Just for the sake of justice we would like to see this mother of Haverstraw actually force these idlers to recant. That is if it would make them see the error of their ways and put a stop to their habit of gossiping. But probably it would make them gossip all the harder. It is such a deep-rooted habit—this habit that is bred of idleness, shallow mindedness and unkindness.

Speaking of gossip, we have heard it said more than once that when it comes to gossiping—in high circles and low, by men and women, in official life and out—there is no city that can hold a candle to our own Washingtonians naturally become interested in the prominent folk who come here, and somehow it doesn't seem to most of us as if gossiping about notables was the same thing as the back fence brand of gossip that centers about one's neighbors. Then Washington folk have plenty of time. Hours of work are shorter than in most cities and many Washington residents are persons of leisure. So the evil spirit of gossip has a chance to spread its wings. It gives us such an air of importance, an air of delicious intimacy, if we can recount some more or less savory piece of news about some one in official life. And there are always willing listeners. If you doubt this just start out some day and remark, "Have you heard the latest news at the White House?" Or "I've a pretty piece of gossip from the Emulassy," or "What I could tell about Senator So-and-So," and just see how your friends prick up their ears. There's nothing that will put life in lagging conversation here in Washington like the prospect of even the most trivial piece of gossip about officials.

And we just get in the habit of gossiping. If our minds were of really high proportions we wouldn't begin. But it is that the more we indulge in this evil practice the shallower we become.

And probably at heart there isn't one mother's daughter of us in a hundred, but what detests the practice. We think less of our friends for being gossips and we fairly detest ourselves for listening.

Next time you hear some one begin, "Oh, I've such a savory morsel straight from headquarters," just see whether you are a large minded or small. If you are in the former class you'll change the subject. There are so many interesting things to talk about here in the nation's Capital that it won't be hard to find another tack for the conversation.

FRIENDS' SCHOOL OPENS.

Begins Its Thirty-third Year—Holds Its First Given Today.

Friendship's Friends' School began its 33rd year yesterday with one of the largest enrollments in its history. Approximately 50 new students have entered and there are several more still to come. Today will be a holiday because of the school's anniversary, according to Principal Thomas W. Sidwell.

Among the patrons of this school are the Ambassadors from Argentina, the ministers from Chili and Norway, Rev. John Britton Clark, Chief Justice J. Henry Cavington of the District Supreme Court, Senator Wesley A. Jones, Milton E. Allen, Governor Thom. Fredrick J. Haskin, Dr. James F. Mitchell, Prof. A. Werner Spanhoff, Commissioner of Patents, Thomas Ewing and George C. Smith, of the U. S. Geological Survey.

New York Hotel Arrivals.

Special to The Washington Herald.

New York, Sept. 28.—The following Washingtonians registered at New York hotels: Palais Royal, dry goods, etc. F. Kohn, china and housefurnishings goods; West Twenty-third street. Palais Royal, dry goods, etc. A. N. Wolfe, men's and boys' clothing; 4 West Twenty-third street.

M. Goldenberg; J. M. Goldenberg, ladies' suits, dresses and waists; 15 West Twenty-sixth street.

Read Dan Saylor's Want Advertising Talk next Tuesday.

Many Babies Suffer.

Too many babies do not get started right because patience and the proper care was not given the hopeful mother. Experienced mothers now use the use of Mother's Friend, to be had at any drug store, because they know from experience that this old, dependable remedy, applied externally, is absolutely harmless and is very beneficial. It soothes the muscles, cords and ligaments and relieves the undue tension giving great physical relief from stubborn pains. Its influence in the skin and network of nerves cause the muscles to expand naturally. Thousands of women have successfully used it for two generations.

Has Just Completed Course of Training in Charing Cross Hospital in London.

Paris, Sept. 28.—Mrs. John Astor has left for the French coast to join the staff of the Duchesse of Westminster's Hospital as a nurse. She recently completed a course of training at the Charing Cross Hospital in London to fit her for duties in the war zone.

Changes in Personnel.

The Department of Commerce yesterday announced the following changes in its personnel: In the Bureau of Standards John S. Petrie has been promoted to aid at \$200. Aubrey E. Hummer, laboratory apprentice, has been promoted to \$150, and Caspar L. Cottrell has been provisionally appointed as laboratory apprentice at \$150. Guy C. Tabler has been provisionally appointed as laborer at \$60 in the Bureau of Fisheries at Puget Sound, Wash. In the Lighthouse Service Carl A. Wolcott, laborer in charge of Fort Point Wharf Light, Maryland, has resigned, and Anthony E. Koppersmith has been provisionally appointed as assistant engineer of Light Vessel No. 2.