

Catholic University Auditor Who Served For 35 Years Is Dead

(N. C. W. C. News Service)
Washington, D. C., Oct. 3.—J. Fendall Cain, for thirty-five years the auditor of the Catholic University of America, died today at his residence, "The Pines", in the Catholic University grounds, Brookland. Mr. Cain entered the employment of Bishop Keane, the first Rector of the University, 37 years ago before Caldwell Hall was erected, and was personally known by the hundreds of bishops and thousands of priests who have visited and studied at the University since its foundation. He was educated by the Christian Brothers in Washington, and for forty-four years was prominently identified with the banking and financial interests of this city. At the time of his death, he was assistant cashier of the Commercial National Bank. His reputation as a man of the highest integrity and strict honesty won for him a great following.

English Priest Urges Catholics To Seek Elective Offices

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)
London, Sept. 25.—Catholics still "live in the catacombs" their forefathers dug in times of persecution, declared Msgr. Canon O'Kelly, vicar-general of the Salford diocese, criticizing the lack of their apathy in taking part in public life. Of artists, actors, musicians, scientists, litterateurs and others of an intellectual order Catholics have more than their proportion, says Msgr. O'Kelly.

"But," he continued, "we have few members of Parliament, city and other councillors, guardians of the poor, justices of the peace, members of education committees, few in position gained by election.

"Prejudice and bigotry are not the cause of this inadequate representation, nor can any lack of financial assistance be pleaded. One reason is the shyness and the counterpart of former bigotry still unacceptably declining Catholics to draw attention to themselves."

The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1935, Western Newspaper Union.)
Puddings, my friend, do a mission faithfully. They add to the dinner and also the bill. They cause men to wish, with what ardor they may. That the "meal" which foretells them came three times a day.

FOR DESSERT.

Desserts are an important feature in every dinner, in most families. For those who enjoy and never prepare them, it will be hard to understand the amount of time it takes to prepare even simple desserts.

Banana Lemon Whip.—Boil together two cups of sugar, two cups of water and the grated yellow rind of a lemon; when it boils add one-half package of gelatin which has been softened in cold water. Stir until dissolved, then add the sifted pulp of four ripe bananas mixed with the juice of two lemons. Pour all into a large bowl to cool, and when the edges begin to harden beat the mixture with a large-sized egg beater, continuing to beat until the whole is creamy, then it may be poured into a mold and chilled.

Baked Indian Pudding.—Take three-fourths of a cup of cornmeal, scald with a cup of boiling water and stir into a quart of scalding milk; cook until boiling, add one-half cup of brown sugar, one cup of raisins, a little salt, two well-beaten eggs and a cup of chopped suet, a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, three tablespoonfuls of molasses and more sugar if needed. Add another quart of milk and pour into a deep pudding dish and dredge the top with flour. Stir during the first of the baking until the mixture is well-blended. Bake for half a day. Serve with or without sauce.

Lemon Raisin Pie.—Take one cup of large raisins, add one cupful of sugar, one large lemon, juice and grated rind, a tablespoonful of flour, one cupful of water, one tablespoonful of butter. Bake with two crusts.

Filled Sponge Cake.—Scoop the center from a deep sponge cake and fill with mashed and sweetened fruit, either peaches, bananas or strawberries—any fruit in season. Cover with sweetened whipped cream and serve at once.

Neene Maxwell

The Little Comrade

By FRANK WALL

(© 1935, Western Newspaper Union.)

ONCE upon a time there was a very fine girl. Some of the very finest girls don't marry, but this one did.

Anyway, long before she was married I used to think what a wonderful little wife she'd make. She took chicks at a cafe.

There was something about her that brought all kinds of wistful memories to me. The Little Comrade came and sat by me.

"Don't look like that, Gray Hair," That was what she called me.

I forced a smile. "How will you stop me?"

"Well," she said defiantly, "If you do, I'll just kiss you before the whole crowd."

Of all the boys who were eating out their heart for my little comrade there was only one I really cared about, and he came by at that moment and heard what she said. He set his money on the counter and looked at her.

"Awfully jolly day," he said. He was smiling as if his heart were broken.

The Little Comrade stared after him until the door closed, and then she turned to me with her eyes blinking.

"He'll come back," I said. "And you, you must take care of your own happiness. You mustn't consider me at all. I'm just an old dog and I've had my day."

It—Told by the Boy.

I had come to New York like so many others to storm its literary towers with my short stories. I used to eat at the cafe but I didn't notice any one there until one day the little cashier stopped me. "It's my birthday," she said hurriedly. "All my regular customers are my guests today. You will be, won't you?"

Well, that was about the first kindly word I'd had since I came to New York from the old home town. I guess I was weak for want of food, too. I sat down suddenly. Twice I lifted my head but I couldn't trust myself to speak, and she suddenly hurried away. She came back with a plate of soup, splashing tears into it all the way.

"I'll have to get you some more soup," she gasped.

"I ate all the brought and it made a man of me," I said. "It sent me to her desk with my shoulders squared. 'Are you engaged to be married?' I said."

"She glanced at an oldish fellow who sat nearby. 'No,' she said."

"Well, you're going to marry me. I haven't a cent in the world, but I'm going to take success by the throat and win out."

I was back next day and every day and before long I had told her about my literary ambitions and we became good friends. All the time, though, I was worried about the old fellow she called Gray Hair, and one afternoon I heard her practically admit she loved him.

Only that day a firm had offered me a drawing account for the first refusal of all my output. I had gone to the cafe to ask the great question, but I came out with the question unasked and my heart like lead. It's only three days ago but it seems like three years. I go to the cafe still, but the food chokes me. I go back to my room and sit staring at the typewriter. I don't seem to be able to write any more.

III.—Told by the Little Comrade.

The first time he came to the cafe he seemed to have an invisible orchestra playing. "See the Conquering Hero Comes." He was nearly starving but he didn't seem to care about that.

One day he left some sheets of typed manuscript. It was part of a short story, very good in some ways, but it wasn't mine. A literary friend once told me that before a man can write well he must break his heart a few times, and I thought I'd like to break it once.

That was only an idle thought, for at that time I was very worried about poor Gray Hair. I had loved him for years before ever I met Jack and no one could out-bid me permanently from my heart. Yet I knew the day would come when I should have to choose between them.

"Well," said Gray Hair when we were out together one evening. "What are you going to do about my young rival?"

"You mustn't think of me at all," he said wistfully. "It's only your happiness that counts."

And the very next evening I met Jack on my way home. He hadn't been to the cafe for several days, and I was afraid he was ill. We stood and stared at each other.

"Well," he said, "I suppose there's no chance for me?"

I think I said: "In what way?" How could I know what he meant? He began to whisper the most wonderful nonsense and I'm afraid I wasn't much better than he was.

"But what about that old man?" he said suddenly. "The one you call Gray Hair?"

"I can't give him up!" I cried passionately. "He loves me so much."

"Oh!" he said helplessly.

"You'll have to give him a room with us, Jack. You will, won't you? Say you will—dearest—he's been the wonderfulst dad."

And that was as far as I got. During the next half hour I hadn't enough breath to say "Pff."

"Here endeth the first lesson," I gasped. "Now you'll be able to write some real stories."

Gowns and Wraps on Fashion List

Winsome Styles in Dresses and Coats Offered for Autumn Wear.

"Are we on the brink of a new era of dress?" is the question floating about wherever fall fashions are discussed. To be hovering upon such a brink is a delightful state of things for women, observes a fashion correspondent in the Kansas City Star.

But lady, lady, if you fancy you are in a state of joyful expectancy, think of the state of mind such a prospect brings to all designers, fabric manufacturers, ready-to-wear concerns and all kindred interests that grow rich (or poor) on women's love of change in dress.

The element of fickleness is to be reckoned with, and that quality moves money in business as fast as it brings changes in love affairs.

Does the modern woman really want elaboration in dress or is this just a flurry—a normal reaction of the long reign of the straightline frock and the boyish mode?

Frankly, nobody knows. The wisest ones in the world of dress, the designers and creators of fashions, retained the jumper and the modified straightline frock in fall opening. Playing safe, of course, if women do not accept the elaborate fashions they still have the simple frock to offer. One need not hesitate on the purchase of these simple frocks secure in the knowledge that they will be worn in satin, in crepe, in chiffon, in velvet, in tweeds and in jerseys. A glance at the fall mode gives the jumper its secure place and in all the bright greens, deep reds and shades of brown.

"The princess of autumn 1935 is a clever modification of the princess that was, it is molded to the figure about the waistline, flares at the hem; the long sleeves often flare out below the elbow or flaunt a cuff that a cavalier might envy. In other words today's princess is a rebuilt model beautifully flared by godets, slim by means of fabric-cut in many places almost as many as old-time gorges, but oh, so different. The V neckline, or the newer modification, a V in the back and the round neckline in front, are pretty indeed.

Redeeking the Neckline.

The high neckline is maintained, the fur collar often turns the trick. The scarf is as versatile as ever whether in flowing style or reduced to a string-like arrangement that falls from shoulder down the back or lies under the ear.

These straight stand collars are finished on the inside with contrasting colored silk.

In contrast to the princess there is the period frock, a specimen of such loveliness was in every opening. Fall skirts in rich brocades, flowing velvets, hoes and tulle-bountiful in line are joined to the molded bodice. Generally speaking, these frocks have an appeal year after year. Like a velvet evening gown.

Bluejay Cloth Coat, Red Velvet Lining, Spacious Fur Trim.

blue and silver, or in mauve pink, with two rose panels and a white one hanging loosely at the front. A few are straightline, such as one of poppy red, with long lines of russet draped in the skirt flaring down either side of the front and back.

Mrs. Rolande showed several afternoon and dinner dresses featuring moire in her Paris opening, although velvet, chiffon and crepe de chine also were shown.

In evening dresses, moire is also with nothing, because it is a fabric comparatively little seen in the majority of showings. One model of plinkish moire has the corsage bordered in gold. The skirt carries a boucle low in the front but brought higher at the sides and to the waistline in the back.

Many of the dresses are trimmed with vertical bands which mark the bust and indicate the slender waistline, adding to the width at the hem. The chiffon frocks often have a ruche of the hem of the skirt added at the dress. Others are trimmed with narrow boucles in various fashions, but always in points, which Mrs. Rolande has made the controlling motif in her trimmings.

Black Velvet Dress.

Velveted skirts are all important factor. With the skirt, however, of the same fabric, or a contrasting one, trimmed in various ways are shown, although in many instances the skirts may be purchased separately.

Many of these skirts are plaited at the sides. There are others with knife plaits in front, with box plaits at the back and a few with circular sides.

Colors vary only slightly, deep raspberry red, bottle green, royal blue and brown skirts of this type are shown. The blue which would be very bright in another fabric, assumes a darker tone in the pile material.

A skirt of chiffon velvet with lace boules is pale rose velvet, with circular sides. The blouse has a gold cant, and introduces an array of pastel shades, including rose. It is made in the machine of the more tailored jumpers, having long sleeves and a collar which may be worn high. It is about hip length, being held close at the waistline with a band of self material. Bands of rose velvet and gold braid serve as trimmings.

The tweed coats favor straight lines broken in the back by cape effects, which generally reach just to the waist, although occasionally they fall below the hips. One model with a short cape which just covered the sleeves was colored and cuffed in fox dyed a roose brown to match the tweed.

The tweed suits appeared in the regular mannish effects with single or double-breasted jackets reaching to the hips and slender skirts. More novel types had knee-length coats in either straight or flared lines, fur collars and skirts widened by plaits or gorges.

The homespun coats were developed in wrap-around or ulster styles, with the flare from the shoulder predominating. An attractive example in dull gray-green with irregular stripes of darker green bordering the hem and sleeves had a fitted shoulder achieved by continuing the sleeves up into the standing collar. These models were trimmed by sewing ticks and rows of self buttons.

The long belted jumper has a belt that fastens with silver belt buckle of the shirtwaist period.

The coats are to have deep shawl collars. A scarf that winds about the throat and forms a throw is one of the

notes of elegance. The cape is prominent on coats, sometimes the cape forms the skirt. The soft velours, trimmed dyed kid, silver leather and gold leather are luxurious. Lavish fur bands pockets of fur and braids in gold and self tones are much used. Black and rich autumn colors are shown.

The tweed coats, flaring from the shoulder, have the raptur sleeve and broad skin collar.

If you have a yard or a mile of fringe let it out. The yard can be used as a berth on a satin frock and all of the mile that can be wound round your skirt in spirals will make you a replica of fringe frocks from Paris. While capes are enveloped in fringe, the more the better.

Many of the evening dresses are frankly fuller, but of such simple silks that they seem slim. For these there are frequent and unusual color combinations, the dress repeated by cable, made in flat layer treatments in green.



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Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By Mary Graham Bonner

LION, TIGER, BUFFALO

"They say I am cowardly when I wander through the forest at night," said King Lion. "They say that about some people do. But those people are ignorant."

"They only want to say something against me, and it's hard, mighty hard to say anything against a lion."

"Is that so?" growled the Tiger. "It is so," roared the Lion. "When you hear and take great care of yourself and don't let the hunter see you, they say that you are clever and careful, but that I take great risks. It is most surely what I don't like. I don't like to be called a coward, but when you don't take risks, you're clever."

"Oh, well, King Lion," roared the Tiger, "you can't be a tiger. You know I am as large as you are, and as fine, and it is quite true. I am far more clever."

"He, he!" roared the Lion. "You are conceited, you are."

"I have something about which to be conceited," said the Tiger. "Oh, perhaps," said King Lion. "But so have I. And I will tell you that the people who say I am a coward because I don't take risks are very few. Most people know better. They know I am not being unkind."

"But as for you, Mr. Tiger, you are never late and you are never early. You don't know the way to the good, dangerous places."

"I never take foolish risks," said the Tiger proudly. "For what? To see people do think you're cowardly? I would never call you that, but I would call you foolish. The danger you're in, you don't know. That never pays."

"What do you mean by that?" asked King Lion.

"Any creature who is so sure of knowing the way to the good, dangerous places is sure to get into trouble."

"I don't know the way to the good, dangerous places," said King Lion. "I don't know the way to the good, dangerous places."

"There you go," said the Tiger, "bearing again. You are always all round round and all round round. You are always all round round."

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