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Take three quarters of a pound of flour, 2 heaped up teaspoonfuls of

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2 ozs. of bread crumbs, 1½ lbs. of Suet, 2 lbs. of raisins, 1 lb. of currants, 10 ozs. of sugar, 2 ozs. of Almonds, 1 lb. of mixed candied peel, salt and spice to taste. Mix the ingredients well together, add six eggs well beaten, and 2 pint of milk; divide in two, and boil 8 hours.

For Women of Today

NOTES AND NEWS.

PRINCESS MARY IN LEEDS.

THERE was great satisfaction in Leeds on Saturday afternoon when it was known that Princess Mary was going to fulfil her promise, and give away the prizes at the West Riding Voluntary Aid Detachments Competition at Harewood Barracks, for there was a rumour that the Princess had gone to town, and her presence gave re-assurance as regards the King. Many more people have joined the Detachments since the last presentation of cups, and there are now 800 members. Two new Detachments are likely to be formed quite soon, one at York for men and another at Selby for women. It is encouraging to hear that the West Riding stands sixth among the counties of England in point of membership, and is in the forefront as regards mobile forces—that is members who undertake to go abroad. There are several of us in Leeds who remember joining our first Detachment under Miss Cliff about two years before the War, and I think we numbered fourteen! We used to practise in Miss Cliff's ballroom at Meanwood.

A Memorial.

Lady Macdonald of the Isles is a popular figure in the East Riding of Yorkshire, where she is always ready to help any really deserving cause. On Wednesday she is opening a Sale of Work in Christ Church Hall, Bridlington, in aid of the East Riding Purity and Social Welfare Association. This work was very close to the heart of the late Colonel Lloyd Greame, who discovered when he was chairman of the local Board of Guardians the need for a hostel in the East Riding to which girls who were neglected, in trouble, and in moral danger could be taken before a permanent place in society was found for them. He generously contributed to the upkeep of the hostel, which is now at Driffield; and the forty-three girls who have passed through the home are now in domestic service, having re-paid the hostel for the outfit it provided for them, and they are doing well. To clear off the capital debt £200 is still needed, and the Mayor of Bridlington, who is taking the chair at the bazaar, hopes that this may be done as a fitting memorial for the late Colonel Lloyd Greame.

Needless Noise.

The prevention of noise wherever possible has been agitating the minds of many different people and bodies during the last year, and the Society of Women Musicians, after a lecture by Professor Spooner, went so far as to try and get other societies to join in making the question an international one by presenting a memorandum to the League of Nations. Now I hear that "By-laws in regard to street noises" is to be the subject discussed by the Harrogate branch of the National Council of Women to-night at their meeting, at which Lady Lawson-Tancred will be in the chair, and Mr. G. Titley will speak. The chairman, who is a magistrate and a very able speaker, is also President of the Harrogate branch of the N.C.W., and is particularly keen on the work of women police, and is no doubt delighted with the tribute paid them last week by Colonel Coke.

Care of the Consumptive.

An effort which cannot fail to appeal to most people—and especially to those who go to winter sports in Switzerland and realise what a dry climate and sunshine do for chest troubles—is that of the Leeds Association for the Care of Consumptives, which is giving a Dance and Whist Drive at the Harehills Palais de Danse on December 3. The Association is one which helps with cases not dealt with by the Ministry of Health, although it does also administer two grants provided by the Ministry.

The proceeds of next Monday's dance will go towards Christmas parcels for 600 extra poor cases, and the Palais de Danse is being lent free of charge, the only expenses being those of the band. Tickets 2s. each may be had from the Box Office, and also from the Secretary, Tuberculosis Care Committee, Central Tuberculosis Dispensary, 74, New Briggate, Leeds.

A Barrie Revival.

The William Sheafield Society, whose members are drawn from old pupils of the Leeds Grammar School and the Leeds Girls' High School, is producing Sir James Barrie's "Admirable Crichton" on Thursday at the Little Theatre at 7.30, and performances will be repeated on Friday and Saturday. Several of the members of the Grammar School staff are helping, notably Mr. Serpell, Mr. Richards, Mr. Hardy, and Miss Christie.

The Sheafield Society takes its name from Sir William Sheafield, priest, who lived in the reign of Edward VI. and created a trust in favour of "finding sustentation and living of one honest, substantial, learned man to be a schoole maister, to teach and instruct . . . the yonge scholars, youths and children as shall resort to him from time to time, to be taught, instructed and informed. . . . in the parish of Leedes." This was the origin of the Grammar School.

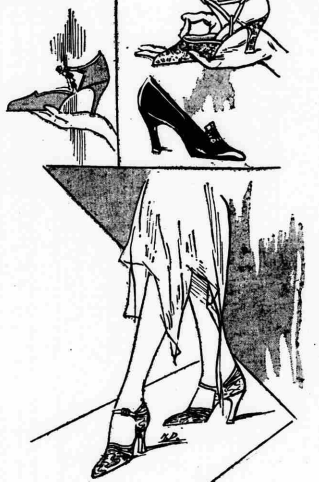
Imperial League of Opera.

Miss Tetley has invited a large number of people to meet Sir Thomas Beecham on Thursday, at Fox Hill, Weetwood, when the question of Opera or No Opera will be discussed. Mr. Frederic Austin was distinctly gloomy in his speech at the conclusion of "Lohengrin" on Saturday evening, and said that the Imperial League of Opera had not so far met with the success that had been hoped, and in view of the good bookings this season this seems difficult at first sight to understand. He explained that the B.N.O.C. are merely holding the situation until the League relieves it, and that unless the League attracts more numbers opera is doomed.

Queens of Romance.

The masque for which Mr. and Mrs. Percival T. Leigh are responsible at the Albert Hall, Leeds, on Friday, at 7.30, will include many striking episodes in history and wonderful dresses have been designed by Mr. Albert Wainwright. The Stuart and Elizabethan incidents will be a special feature, and Mrs. Barwick as Mary Queen of Scots will wear jewellery which is the original Stuart paste, and was once the property of the unhappy Queen. The crucifix she will carry to the block is the one Mary used when a prisoner at Bolton Castle. A new comer to the caste is Captain Reuvely, the ex-guardsman, who is known in Italy as Carlo di Rivoli, under which name he has also sung at Covent Garden. He will sing an aria from Massenet's "Herodiade," when Miss Bass appears as Salome. Mr. Stanley and Miss Hirst will appear as Romeo and Juliet, Miss Laura Earle will be Marie Antoinette, and Miss Sibyl Armitage will portray Scheherezade to Mr. Mathewman's Shah Schahariar. There will be 200 performers all told.

P. G.



SHOE-MAKERS are showing dark blue, red, and green leather models this season for light "carriage wear" or walking purposes. Coloured walking shoes are made of seal leather, the lightly granulated appearance of which gives an air of stoutness, and dark blue and dark green seal shoes are made with the simple strap across the instep as also with a tongue front, the shape being a modified type of the Langtry shoe which was popular some years ago. Black seal shoes are also shown; the Oxford shoes, except for golf or country wear, are seldom asked for, but one notes with interest the increase in the number of shoes made on what are known as the monk model.

The monk she has a long front finishing with a wide tongue, and has a strap from side to side of the instep. Its main advantage is that the long front does away with any chances of pressure on the instep muscle and the consequent danger of a painful blister or hardening of the skin which is apt to occur when the owner of a high instep wears a shoe with a short front and high heel. These monk shoes are made in light and heavy lizard, thick box calf and crocodile, as also in seal and light kid. Many women think the shape slightly clumsy, but there can be no two opinions about the comfort of this kind of shoe.

Heels for day shoes are a comfortable height because no woman wants to walk on her toes and, on the other hand, objects to walking on almost flat feet. There are, it goes without saying, exaggeratedly high heels to be seen, but not on the smartest shoes. In the evening, much higher heels are worn, but there is plenty of choice.

For light wear, both afternoon and evening, the pump or court shoe divides honours with the shoe that has a single instep strap and others of the type Nan Dearden has sketched to-day.

Daytime court shoes in red or green or blue kid are bound with black patent leather or glacé kid, sometimes one finds a half-and-half shoe with a front of red or green glacé and the heel portion of more serviceable patent leather.

A very large number of smart light, walking shoes are of the trimmed variety. Beige lizard for example is trimmed with a narrow band of punched patent leather, which is used also for the toe-cap, another pair of shoes will have the black binding only, an arrangement which is, incidentally, far more becoming to the foot. A new method of strapping shows narrow steel links through which the strap is drawn, and fastened with a minute buckle. This fastening strap is quite separate from the shoe. A pair of green glacé shoes outlined with black glacé kid had a soft black strap fastened with a steel buckle.

Velvet, crepe-de-chine, corded silk, gold and silver kid, and every variety of tissé brocade are among the materials employed for evening shoes. Here the court shoes are finished with an oval or crystal ornament like a large bar brooch, the central stone in which is usually the colour of the shoe which, in turn, matches the colour of the gown. Ring velvet and crepe-de-chine shoes are found in every shade and colour, the gold and silver kid shoes may be plain or glazed, some are stitched, the lines converging to a V down the front of the shoes. Some kid shoes in white or pale beige or pastel coloured kid are stencilled with gold or silver in a lizard or crocodile skin pattern.

MODERN DECORATION.

(By Mrs. Philip Martineau.)

"DECORATION" hardly describes the immense movement towards simpler and more economical method of not only decorating but of furnishing, lighting, and even building the homes that are being built for to-day.

The breaking away from the older ideals began many years ago. People were tired of copying the work of bygone generations, artists full of the creative sense started on jazz patterns, called themselves cubists and what not, and generally startled the world with ugliness and "Nouveau Art." Out of this chaos has been evolved a definite style and one which has come to stay. Those who have furnished their rooms and garnished their walls on modern lines say that their senses are satisfied that they feel they can never return to the old styles, and that rooms piled to overflowing with antiques (mostly fakes), with sentimental pictures, masses of bric-a-brac and puffy Chesterfield sofas fill them with loathing.

Certain it is that there is a feeling of space and indeed comfort in these bare modern rooms. Comfort and stuffiness are not synonymous. Comfort to me means warmth, a restful chair, books at my hand and good lighting behind my head. For the rest, a sympathetic background and floor covering, with some fine piece of colour to fill one's eye with satisfaction—this is true comfort, and what more is needed? Not the cumbrous furniture and pictures chosen by tasteless and bygone relatives, not the dust-catching photographs of the babies and their mothers we all rejoice in, but whose photos we could well dispense with.

No, we must recognise this as a sane, clean step in a forward direction, designed primarily for small rooms. And and to say, small rooms are the necessity of the age of overcrowding, and consequently must be catered for. Compare a small sitting-room in a modern flat that is furnished in the most up-to-date style, with a similar room which usually contains a heavily upholstered Chesterfield sofa, two armchairs, several spindle-legged tables, a standard lamp and a rather protuberant cabinet. In this latter room there is really not space to move about in and nothing solid save the sofa and chairs.

Enter the former and you are struck, firstly, with the general lightness and simplicity therein. Secondly, with the compactness and saving of space. The walls are sandy, both in colour and texture, and are probably of plaster treated to look like stone, with the carpet of deeper tone; mouldings are conspicuous by their absence and so, in consequence, is dust. The frames of the wide paned windows are of some smooth, shining metal, grey in colour. The door is of well grained wood, and the fireplace is built in with bricks, so that paint is entirely absent. The sofa is a kind of divan, and each end of it forms a bookcase with a flat top instead of the heavily puffed ends of a Chesterfield. The chairs, which are most restful, are simple in design—rather "squat" in shape, and again without heavy arms.

In the centre of the room is the lamp table—a round table with the lamp built in, and with one centre leg or pedestal, from which radiate small bookcases or compartments to hold work, cards and papers. The writing desk, again a solid affair, with not an inch of space wasted, is as low and very large. All these are in a golden brown wood. Several shelves are built into the wall of different sizes—some short and others long, rather Japanese in effect and not all of the same height. On one shelf is the needed touch of colour—lovely glass jar of greenish blue, the lamp being of the same glass with a white plaited transparent paper shade. A glazed picture of poppies in a field is let into the plaster wall instead of being framed and hanging thereon. The curtains are difficult to describe, as they are made in the new materials. The background is a soft dust-grey ribbed stuff, with silvery-fawn zigzag designs woven in silk on it, the chairs are covered in the same low-tone, and quiet elegance reigns. Such is the concentration that the room seems almost spacious.

Everything necessary is there, but so few are the "projections" that dust can find but little foothold. Although the lamp is there for reading, the room is lighted in a very novel way. In two of the corners, and rather high up, built into the angle of the walls, two sheets of frosted glass project, one above another, with some ten inches between, the lower one being eight or nine inches square, and the upper about three inches larger. In these glass plates reset electric bulbs, which are too high to be perceived by the occupants of the room, and the light is diffused with delicious radiance through the glass.

Little wonder that the owner of such a sitting-room prefers to live in it rather than in any wonderful salons with their mirrors, crystals, and their endless tables of priceless bric-à-brac. "Once you have acquired this taste for simplicity, madame," he said, "you feel as we all do about it in Paris, that it has come to stay!"

For it is in Paris, that home of the arts, that this new style has been evolved. Every shop, big or little, every atelier, or atelier, has its "studio," where model rooms are on view, and exhibitions of exquisite glass, porcelain or pottery, all signed by some famous artist, are held from time to time, many most successful "potters" being women.

It is impossible to realise the hold that this new decoration has obtained on the French, unless one goes to Paris and sees for oneself. America—always so eager to be in the front of any movement—is also taking it very seriously, and many are the decorators who have nothing else in their shops. One of them said recently that she was studying this movement very closely, going to Paris specially for the purpose, as she was convinced that it was a force to be reckoned with.

The Autumn Salon has given up the whole of the ground floor this year to an exhibition of the new style; dozens and dozens of rooms are shown, from bedrooms to kitchens, from sittingrooms to "bars" and shops. And it was most illuminating to follow the crowd on a Sunday and listen to the intelligent comments of a French working crowd, who one and all showed keen appreciation and understanding. The bar contained several large bottles.

"Aha!" said one of the crowd, "that my friend, is clearly destined for America!"

I hope to deal with the practical side of modern decoration from time to time.

A SOCIAL DIARY.

London, Saturday.

THE sudden death of Lady Grey, previously Lady Glenconner, has brought sorrow and desolation to a large circle. One thinks instantly of her three sons and her daughter, but these are young people with their own lives and hopes before them. It is, therefore, on Lord Grey himself that one's thoughts dwell. It was an intensely happy marriage succeeding to a friendship of many years. Lord Grey and his first wife were very intimate with both Lord and Lady Glenconner, and their home almost became his home when he was left alone. The first Lady Grey was a Northumbrian, like her husband, one of the Widdringtons, and in her way was as remarkable a woman as Pamela Grey, who has just died. I knew the first Lady Grey very slightly, but Lady Glenconner, afterwards Lady Grey, I knew well. She was quite exceptionally gifted, and possessed a power of minute observation, joined to a bubbling humour, and her thoughts were borne always on an under-current of imaginative fancy and poetic feeling. One or two of her poems reach a really high level, notably the dedication of a book to her brother, the late George Wyndham, to whom she was deeply attached. She contrived to invest every event in life with some glamour; indeed, if one were to criticise this effort, sometimes, to an outsider it seemed to force her into occasional unrealities. But if so, they were the unrealities of a mind moving in an unusual rhythm, to whom the song of a bird or the whisper of a stream really brought ecstasy, and which, with all the beauty of the world to feed on, was hardly conscious of its rough and ugly places. This love of birds was, of course, a great link between her and Lord Grey. She used to sit with him in a large netted aviary she had built at Wilsford, and describe what the wild birds who had their home in it, were doing, while he, unable to see them clearly, could distinguish their notes with his trained ears.

* * *

One story I must tell of her, for it is characteristic. She had a narrow border dug in front of her London house, in quiet old Smith Square, and in this she planted quantities of bulbs and late summer flowers, fenced from the pavement only by a low railing. One would have imagined that every child from the surrounding mean streets would pick them and pull them up. But this did not happen, for Lady Grey made a point of giving the bulbs away when they were dug up, and also of giving the children some of the flowers. She always told them that the gay colours were for their enjoyment as well as her own. The result was that the little border flamed unhurt through spring and summer.

The great sorrow of her life was the death of her eldest son in the war, a young man who had already shown promise and silver kid, and every variety of tissé of which his mother published, and one or two charming poems, especially "Home Thoughts from Lavenzie" was one for that he might have become a distinguished writer. Lady Grey believed that she was in constant communication with her son, and her book called "The Earthen Vessel" records some of the evidence she had collected. It is worth study. I believe that Wilsford Manor, her beautiful small place in Wiltshire, goes to her second son, David, who married the actress, Hermione Baddeley. Her eldest son, Lord Glenconner, married Pamela Paget two or three years ago, and, of course, inherited the fine Scottish place built by his grandfather, "The Glen," in Perthshire.

* * *

Mr. Baldwin found Lord Balfour in bed, suffering from an internal chill, when he arrived at Whittingehame. It was a great disappointment, for the attack of phlebitis has almost over, and the patient had been walking about the house for a day or two. Lord Balfour's voice is much better, and he hopes to come south before very long. He will probably, however, spend Christmas at Whittingehame and various members of his family will join him.

* * *

Miss "Va" Loder, whose engagement to Mr. Colman I mentioned in a former letter, is having a hectic and busy time for her marriage is to take place on the 17th December, less than a month from now. She is to be married from the house of her twin sister, Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal. It will be remembered that Lord Strathcona is one of the members of the Simon Commission in India, and his wife is going out to join him in December. But she was naturally anxious to see her sister married first, and it is on her account that the wedding has been fixed for so early a date. Like the Ruthven twins, "Di" Strathcona and "Va" Loder are devoted friends and difficult to distinguish from each other. "Va" Loder and her fiance are both very good and graceful skaters, and the Ice Club in Millbank Street is one of their favourite haunts.

* * *

Lord and Lady Selborne, like many people, are anxious to spend Christmas in England, and are soon going for a trip to Egypt. They mean to stay for a short time at Alexandria and at Cairo, then go up the Nile by steamer to Luxor and Assouan and possibly as far as Khartoum. Lord Selborne suffers a good deal with his throat during the winter months in England, and probably has a suspicion of fog, or any humidity in the air. He will certainly be free from that in Egypt and the Sudan. His younger Lewis, or "Lulu" by the way, is married to the elder sister of the Loder twins and they have two children. She has been obliged to lead an invalid life in Switzerland for a considerable time, but she has at last really begun to mend, and it is hoped that she will gradually get quite well again. Her husband is going out to spend Christmas with her, but is staying in England for the wedding of his sister-in-law, "Va," so that he will be able to describe it all to his wife afterwards.

* * *

Lady Margaret Lindsay has chosen the same day for her wedding as Miss Mary Lyttelton, December 18, and St. Margaret's Church stands side by side with the Abbey and Henry VII's Chapel. It seems at first sight a pity that two weddings which will attract very much the same circle of people should coincide. But Henry VII's Chapel has such limited accomodation that it may be as well to have a rival attraction on the same day and almost the same hour. Miss Lyttelton is arranging a small procession, rather mediæval in character, to harmonise with the banners and armorial carvings above the seats of the Knights of the Bath in the famous chapel.

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Lifebuoy is used throughout this happy house for cleaning, too—so that every room is fit for children to live in. And there's a cake of Lifebuoy by every wash-basin and in the bathroom. She has taught her whole household the health-giving Lifebuoy habit. They may grow out of their clothes; but they'll never grow out of that. It's Mother's form of health insurance—the easiest and best!

LIFEBUOY SOAP for health

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A WOMAN PIONEER IN TURKEY.

FEW personalities so attractive, and no other writers so gifted, have emerged from modern Turkey as Halidé Edib, whose second volume of memoirs, "The Turkish Ordeal," is now issued by Mr. Murray.

Some twenty years ago, in a revolution which astonished the world, Turkey revealed spiritual resources within herself whose mere existence the western world had been disposed to deny. Among the devotees of that movement who remained uncontaminated by politics was a young woman, the author of this book, who threw her energies into the cause of the education and emancipation of Turkish women. After the European war, when she and others feared that the very existence of her country was at stake, Halidé Edib became a pioneer in the Nationalist movement. One or two memorable speeches which she made to immense crowds in Constantinople marked her out as a "dangerous" person. She fled to Anatolia, identified herself with the new Nationalist Government at Angora, and accompanied the Turkish army against the Greeks in a humble capacity as "Corporal Halidé."

She is an amazing person. We dare not say that she is an Eastern woman in Western mind, for she would never give a description as an inner flight of fancy. She was in the centre of a great movement, but had no illusions about politics, and suffered no diminution of faith. Her idealism never spoilt her sense of humour. She is an artist of extraordinary patience, but that does not restrict her sympathies, as we see, for example, in her simple picture of a generous old-time Turk. She describes Anatolian towns, villages and country people as one who knows them from within and sees them from without.

She gave her full support to Mustafa Kemal only because she thought he was indispensable to the salvation of Turkey. But she is unsparing in the condemnation which she mingles with praise of his remarkable personal qualities. He is a man in his shrewdness, persistence and in all his supreme vitality. For the rest, he was by turns cynical, sarcastic, ungracious, lous, and satanically shrewd. He never hesitated to indulge in cheap street-corner humour . . . Sometimes he would appear with an abject coward, sometimes of great strength and during of the highest courage.

Few memoirists have succeeded, as Halidé Edib has succeeded, in giving one and the same time a graphic account of personal recollections and an inner history of a country at a critical point in its progress.

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