



1 This smart hairdress, like the others shown here, was evolved from ONE basic cut, with hair four and a half inches long all over the head.

Short Cut to Style

By ELEANOR NANGLE

a brand new style. It looks as if short hair is the coming fashion. On this page are pictures of four different hairdresses evolved from ONE basic haircut, the brain child of a London stylist recently come to Chicago. The hair all over the head is only four and a half inches in length. The beauty of it is that you can do tricks with it! For straight hair a soft permanent is essential, of course.



2 The fringe has disappeared and the back hair is loosely tied with a velvet ribbon.

IT'S DIFFICULT to put your finger on the dramatic shifts in hair styles, to sense the precise moment at which variations of a current mode develop to the point where a truly new style is born.

The shoulder-length hairdress got its start long ago in Hollywood; the upswept style which was the inevitable swing of the fashion pendulum started in Paris in 1935. And now there are indications that the upswept fashion is past its prime and is becoming the springboard for



3 This was the starting point. Hair is in ringlets all over the head.

"absorbed" into the two top rolls, the top hair in back tied in a childish bunch with black velvet ribbon (No. 2). The hair just above the hair line was brushed up into a roll. This coiffure is very George Washington, different and chic.

This movement toward a basic cut of short hair that lends itself to several styles may be the way out, girls. It may put an end to the confusion, the bother, and the expense of being well and becomingly coiffed, which has been such a yoke about our necks.



4 Ringlets are brushed out to make the crown perfectly smooth, with only a few soft curls peeping out beneath the crown of the hat.

(Continued from page two.)
For two months they traveled westward, finally reaching the Rumanian border. In Bucharest she married the Red guard, whose name was Tchakowsky, and bore him a son. Tchakowsky died. The rescued grand duchess, having spent all the proceeds of the jewelry she had sold—the gems were sewn into her clothing—put the infant son in a foundling home and went to Germany, where she fell ill of brain fever. The infant died in the home.

Some apparently credible witnesses declared she was the grand duchess. One was Gleb Botkin, son of the czar's physician, who was slain at Ekaterinburg. Europe's royalties were stirred. They appointed a commission, which reported that Mme. Tchakowsky was an impostor, a peasant girl who couldn't even speak Russian when she arrived in Germany.

Even after that the supposed Anastasia had adherents. Mrs. William B. Leeds, the former Princess Xenia of Russia, wife of an American millionaire, brought her to the United States. Mme. Tchakowsky appealed

History's Mysteries

to the courts to declare her one of the legal heirs of the czar, who was estimated to have a fortune of \$7,000,000 or more in American banks. Her claim was thrown out by a surrogate in New York, but not until 1935.

The claimant Anastasia was then in Europe. She had been forced by the immigration department to depart in 1931. She still is there, pressing her claims to the title and the fortune.

Capt. Alfred Loewenstein

In the feverish era of the late 1920s Capt. Alfred Loewenstein was Europe's most spectacular man of finance. A Belgian, he had rolled up a vast fortune in London. The great figures of Europe welcomed his society. He hunted with the prince of Wales. He spent money as dramatically as Dumas' count of Monte Cristo.

Every large newspaper in the world printed his offer in 1926 to lend the Belgian government \$50,000,000 of his own funds to stabilize the franc. In two ways this offer was most remarkable: Loewenstein wanted no interest, and the Belgian government declined.

One villa at Biarritz is expensive. This financier kept eight. It was estimated that airplanes alone cost him \$50,000 a week. Some of them he fitted up with desks and other office furniture so he could work while flying.

Wherever he went a huge retinue accompanied him. In his entourage when he visited the United States in 1928 were professional boxers, golfers, billiardists, and tennis players. To house them all required twenty-two rooms of a New York hotel.

His financial interests were varied. He controlled electric utilities and street car companies in Belgium, Spain, Mexico, and Brazil. He had large hydro power holdings in Canada.

On July 4, 1932, Captain Loewenstein boarded one of his planes at Croydon, England, and took off for Brussels. Besides his pilot, a valet and two secretaries went with him. A little later the ship landed at Dunkirk, and the pilot reported his employer had fallen into the English channel.

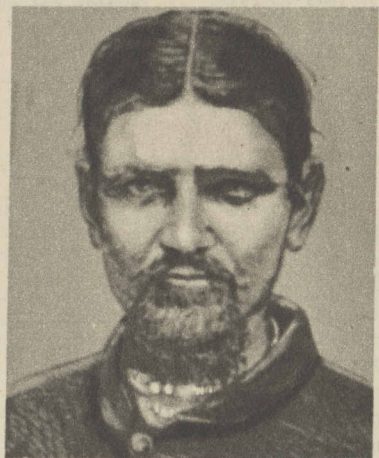
"We were 4,000 feet up when he disappeared," he said. "Apparently Captain Loewenstein wished to go to the washroom but opened the wrong door and fell out."

In a few days the prices of Loewenstein stocks fell 50 per cent. There were rumors that the captain knew a crash was imminent and that he had decided on suicide—or, more strange, had arranged a disappearance. Aviation experts declared it

was impossible for him to fall accidentally from the plane; that he would have been unable to open an outer door without exerting great strength against the air pressure.

It was suggested that perhaps Loewenstein had conspired with the others aboard to aid his disappearance. Some theorists held that he might have jumped out while the plane was low. The next step in this reasoning was that a yacht was waiting to pick him up. On this yacht, if one believed the theorists, Captain Loewenstein sailed away to a rendezvous with a beautiful Jugo-Slavian lady.

But the stories of the pilot, the valet, and the stenographers



BOSTON CORBETT

stood an official test. The Belgian courts declared Loewenstein legally dead. His huge estate passed to his heirs. Then, on July 19, fishermen recovered a body in the channel. It was identified as that of the financial genius.

His brother-in-law, M. Couvert, ordered an examination to learn whether there was poison in the body. Physicians said there was none. It is still an open question whether Captain Loewenstein died accidentally, by suicide, or by another hand.

John Wilkes Booth

April 14, 1865. John Wilkes Booth, the mad actor, had shot and fatally wounded President Lincoln in Ford's theater in Washington. He had leaped to the stage from the President's box. He had broken a leg in the plunge, but he was still able to get down the stage stairs and mount his horse. Then, across the Navy Yard bridge, where a sentry halted him briefly, Booth had fled into Maryland.

For ten days he and a fellow conspirator, David Herold, wandered through the country while thousands of Union army troops sought them. At first the two boasted of their crime, expecting Confederate sympathy, but receiving only condemnation.

On the 24th they came to the home of a farmer, Richard Gar-

rett, thirteen miles from Bowling Green, Va., where they kept their identities secret. On the 25th a former Confederate soldier who had met them let soldiers in Bowling Green know of the strangers at Garrett's, and at 2 a. m. of the 26th the tobacco barn in which the fugitives slept was surrounded.

Herold surrendered, but Booth declared he would fight to death. The soldiers fired the barn, but before the assassin was forced out a soldier known as Boston Corbett shot Booth down. He died five hours later.

This, of course, is an official version, straightforward and clear. There should have been no Booth mystery. But there is, and it grew out of the strange procedure after he was slain.

Booth's body was taken to Washington by secret service men and placed on the ironclad Montauk. The secret service, perhaps, was guarding its rights to the \$50,000 reward offered for Lincoln's slayer. Besides, official Washington wanted no publicity.

The inquest, held on the boat, was not very convincing. Charles Dawson, a hotel clerk who knew Booth, identified the body. So did Dr. John Frederick May, who had once removed a tumor from Booth's neck. But no relative, no friend of the actor was called as a witness.

Then on the night of April 27 this body of Booth was taken secretly from the Montauk. Col. Lafayette C. Baker, chief of the secret service and a single assistant rowed away with it in a small boat. They buried it under an old penitentiary building. To every one but this two-man detail the site of the grave was unknown.

It was small wonder that the public was skeptical. It began to be said that the secret service had palmed off the body of another man to collect the reward. Dawson and Dr. May maintained they had been right, but the yarn spread. It has never been squelched. Even when the charges were made directly nothing came of them. Baker remained silent. Even when the body of Booth was finally removed by his relatives to a Baltimore cemetery people still said it was the wrong body.

Some men claimed to be Booth in later years. Other men wrote books to prove that they had known the actor killer of Lincoln long years after 1865. A lawyer, Finis L. Bates, held out for the theory that John St. Helen of Granbury, Tex., was the right Booth. Some folk believed that a minister named Armstrong was the killer.

The interest in Booth remained so strong that an exhibitor has made a good deal of money exhibiting a mummified body designated Booth's. At one time at least five skulls were making the carnival circuits as his. In the American imagination Booth has never died.

Don't Overlook Leftovers



Canned peas form star points over a plate of chicken and mushroom shortcake made from the last of the roast fowl. Liquid drained from the peas helps make the gravy.

By MARY MEADE

LOOKING at these pictures, would you say to yourself, "Those are leftovers"? I don't believe you would, for, though the foods actually are leftovers, they look and eat like newly concocted dishes.

One is a meat and vegetable pie which might be made from the remnants of yesterday's roast, the rest of the gravy, and the leftover vegetables. With it slices of pineapple browned in butter, topped with marshmallows and baked until hot and toasty, are good as can be.

If it's chicken you're having today for dinner perhaps you'll favor chicken shortcake tomorrow or next day. The chicken shortcake pictured has been smothered in hot canned peas and is garnished with slices of hard-cooked egg, strips of pimiento, and radishes.

Use plain pie pastry for the meat and vegetable pie. Cut the meat in good-sized pieces, add leftover vegetables and maybe a little freshly sliced onion, and put the mixture in a casserole. Pour over it leftover gravy thinned with milk, or, if you haven't any gravy, use a medium white sauce. The proportions for medium white sauce, in case you've forgotten, are 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons butter, and ½ teaspoon salt to a cup of milk.

Fit the pastry over the top of the casserole. There should be several openings for the escape



Under that star-sprinkled pastry crust are yesterday's roast, gravy, and vegetables, combined and seasoned to make an entirely new dinner. Browned pineapple slices with marshmallow are the accompaniment.

against the rim of the casserole and bake the dish at 400 degrees until the meat and vegetables are hot and the crust has baked and browned.

For chicken shortcake use plain baking powder biscuit dough and cut the biscuits small. While they are baking slice the leftover chicken and add to it mushrooms, either canned or fresh, which have been browned in butter. Then heat leftover chicken gravy thinned with milk, or medium white sauce, and add the chicken and mushrooms. By the time the biscuits are done the chicken will be hot

and ready to serve. If you are using canned peas and a small can of pimiento to accompany the shortcake, use a part or all of the liquids in the gravy. They add flavor and contain so much food value that they shouldn't be discarded. Here's another suggestion along that line: The juice you drain from ripe or green olives helps make sauces and gravies delicious, too.

For ideas about salads to serve with such hot dishes as these look through the booklet "Everyday Adventures in Salads." You may obtain it by sending 5 cents in stamps to me in care of The Chicago Tribune.

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THE BEST TASTING Chop Suey or Chow Mein IS MADE IN YOUR OWN KITCHEN!

When you make Chop Suey or Chow Mein at home you can vary its flavor to suit your family's preference. Try this recipe:

CHOP SUEY

- 1 No. 2 can FUJI BEAN SPROUTS (well drained)
- 1 lb. diced pork or beef
- 1 cup celery, shredded (onions, if desired)
- 3 tbsp. FUJI SAUCE
- 2 tbsp. COOK'S MAGIC
- 1 tsp. sugar

In greased pan over medium flame cook meat, celery (and onions) until nearly done. Season with sugar, salt, pepper. Add meat stock or water thickened with cornstarch and Cook's Magic. Fold in Bean Sprouts. Serve with hot rice.



Ask Your Friend The Grocer
NEVER A DULL MEAL WITH FUJI CHOP SUEY FOODS