

"I TOLD YOU SO"

By FANNIE HURST

BACK in the days when "elocution" was a maidenly accomplishment, Clara Bailey Bunting taught that gentle art.

The two parlors of the modest home she occupied with her husband, Doctor Bunting, were given over to her work. It kept her busy. There were two babies, and in those days the doctor's practice, while never destined to be a large one, was of sufficient proportions to keep the telephone bell constantly jangling.

It was only Clara Bailey Bunting's perennial enthusiasm for her work that made it possible for her to carry on her fragile shoulders the triple duties of wife, mother, and elocution teacher.

As Clara used to say of herself, when she married George Bunting, she had not forfeited her stage career, but had merely postponed it. And George who doted on Clara's recitative talents, agreed that as soon as the children were of a more self-sufficient age, Clara owed it to herself and to her art to resume her preparation for a career that had been nipped in its very bud by her young romance and subsequent marriage to the good-looking physician.

And of course what subsequently happened was that, as the years drifted, Clara became more and more involved in home-ties—the lives of her children and the problems of her husband.

Teaching elocution was about as far as Clara seemed to advance toward her ultimate goal—the theater.

And yet the quality of her enthusiasm remained undimmed. When she was thirty, a bit heavier, her blond prettiness a bit paler, her never too robust health a bit frailer, the sweet blue eyes of Clara Bailey Bunting were still fixed resolutely upon the destination of the theater.

There was something undeniably dramatic to Clara Bailey Bunting; with her maturity there came a Lady Macbethian quality to her voice and manner. She deepened, so to speak; took on a new poise, and worked more indefatigably than ever with "her girls," as she called them.

The young girls from the high schools and finishing school of the town came in numbers to study elocution with Clara Bailey Bunting.

It soon became apparent, even to Clara who loved her husband, that he was not destined for success in his work. And yet, because she liked the nobility of the doctor's task, she discouraged her husband's valiant offers to abandon his medical practice for a more lucrative mercantile position, and carried on her own shoulders the upkeep of the little home.

By this time their children, a pair of pretty girl twins, were of an age when they, too, were studying dramatic art with their mother. And how Clara Bailey Bunting worked with these girls! Into them she poured all of her diverted energies.

The doctor doted on these twins, and spent most of his time accompanying them to this and that entertainment. No local charity event, children's festival, or community occasion, was complete without them. Their mother was kept busy by these entertainments, arranging new readings, new dances, new little dialogue scenes for the children.

About this time Clara began to prepare for an enterprise that had long been smoldering in her mind. Together she and the doctor wrote a little one-act skit which was to comprise three characters: Clara and her two daughters. The idea was to carry this skit, when completed, to New York.

That was the year that the doctor developed a spot on his lung.

The next six catastrophic months saw this little family, bewildered by adversity, packing themselves, bag and baggage, for the more benign slopes of southern California.

It was thus out of a volition not her own that Clara Bailey Bunting found herself catapulted into the heart of the new art industry known as the motion picture.

Then and there Clara Bailey Bunting, carrying now the additional load of an invalided husband, took up her cudgels once more. In the front parlor of a tiny California bungalow she sought to gather unto herself a new class of dramatic pupils sufficient to enable her to keep this tiny roof over her family's heads.

After a fashion she succeeded. Young ladies straggled into the parlor of Clara Bailey Bunting for instruction in the gentle art of elocution. The twins grew older, and it was to be Clara's and her invalided husband's joy and delight to behold them when only in their sweet 'teens appearing as "extras" in the local motion picture studios of Hollywood.

By this time Clara herself, forty, paler leaner, trierer, was now aspiring to character roles. In between her teaching, running the household, catering to the needs of her husband and sewing for her girls, Clara was making hurried visits herself to the studios, registering with the agencies, sending her photographs, made up for

roles of her own creation, to various casting directors.

One day the twins, on one of those flukes of good fortune that can occur in the unstable world of the theater, were cast for parts in a picture that featured the predicament of mistaken identity. It was their opportunity. The picture scored a success and the names of Evelyn and Edith Bunting became overnight, as it were, ones to be reckoned with in the world of the cinema.

From this point, the destinies of the Buntings moved forward. Success comes quickly and dramatically in Hollywood. The Buntings found themselves transported from the tiny bungalow to a charming little villa on a rose-grown hillside. The Buntings acquired two cars, a roadster for the girls and a sedan for the doctor, who was unable to travel in an open car. The lean years were apparently over and, for the first time in her married life, Clara Bailey Bunting found herself in a position to concentrate on her own personal ambitions.

By this time the gray was frankly out in her hair and her never too robust shoulders were drooping noticeably. But the doctor's confidence in her was undiminished. Clara in his opinion undoubtedly had the makings of a magnificent character actress.

The girls, full of the sophistication of the studios, and wise with the cruel wisdoms of youth, opposed their mother in her ambitions. The time had come, in their opinion, for her to sit back and enjoy some of the good things of life. They did not subject her to the hurt of it, but between themselves they indulged in some hilarity at her obsession that she was destined for a stage career.

Poor darling. Best to indulge her and let her talk, but just fancy mother, at her age, still carrying on the delusion.

There came a time when even the doctor, who still doted on the mother of his children, came a little sadly to admit to himself what delusion it was.

Sweet dear, her life had gone in service to him and to her children, and yet the vitality of her desires would not die down. Clara was visualizing herself in mother roles by now and character interpretations of old ladies.

And as the demands of her household grew lighter, as the girls were able to supply more and more of the creature comforts, Clara increased her visits to the studios. There were still a few pupils, too, the protestations of her daughters to the contrary notwithstanding.

At fifty, Clara Bailey Bunting, mother of two successful screen actresses herself, held on robustly to her ambitions.

About that time Evelyn married one of the world's most prominent screen stars and for the next five years, because grandchildren came quickly, there was an additional crimp in the professional dreams of Clara Bailey Bunting. It became necessary to take on a larger house, more servants, more domestic mechanisms, and it devolved upon the grandmother to supervise the lives of the three babies of the screen star, Evelyn.

When Clara Bailey Bunting was sixty the white snow of gentle old age was upon her head. And when she walked out now with the doctor, they leaned quite mutually one upon the other.

And yet to the embarrassment, indeed the acute mortification, of her two married daughters and even her husband, Clara still made her visits to the studios.

It became a sore and sensitive point in the family, this attitude of Clara's. Her daughters never referred to it and her husband pretended not to notice the obsession.

But through it all, with her white head high, Clara still referred to her future in dramatic art.

When Clara Bailey Bunting was sixty-one this happened: Seated with about seventy-five "extras" in the outer office of a large motion picture concern, a famous director, hurrying through, paused a moment before her, questioned her brusquely and motioned her into an adjoining office.

Fifteen minutes later, Clara Bailey Bunting was cast for a mother role that was to make her famous the world over. The family of Clara Bailey Bunting is overwhelmed at the overwhelming success that has come to her.

"I told you so," they all argue triumphantly to one another. "I always knew Mother had the makings of a great actress—"

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World War Participants

The "allied and associated" nations in the World war were France, Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, the United States, Russia, Serbia, Rumania, Japan, Greece, Portugal, Montenegro, Brazil, China, Cuba, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Liberia, Nicaragua, Panama, Siam, San Marino and the Hedjaz (Arabia). On the other side, the central powers, there were Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria. The first declaration of war was that of Austria against Serbia on July 28, 1914.

Wheat Gift of the Gods

The ancient Egyptians spoke of Ostris, the Nile god, as having taught the dwellers in the Nile valley the use of the plow. Greek and Roman mythology is full of tales of gods and demigods descending to earth to teach men the use of wheat. The Chinese hold that wheat was the direct gift of heaven, and there is evidence to show that they cultivated this cereal 2,700 years before the beginning of the Christian era.—Northwestern Miller.

Community Building

Smaller City Has No Need for "Skyscrapers"

Large cities have carried concentration too far and must begin to think in terms of decentralization, Cass Gilbert, New York architect, recently told the members of the Society of Arts and Sciences when they presented him with the society's gold medal for inaugurating the age of skyscrapers with the Woolworth building. He also intimated that skyscrapers will not last indefinitely.

Discussing the problems of modern cities in relation to skyscrapers, Mr. Gilbert said:

"I doubt if skyscrapers are desirable for small cities, for they reduce property values by drawing tenants from surrounding buildings, just as they do in large cities, only with more serious economic consequences. As to whether the skyscraper, per se, is cause or effect, I have leave that discussion in the competent hands of those who discuss whether the hen or egg came first.

"Transportation is the pulse of urban life. As transportation provides access business will develop. When business develops, then land is valuable. When land is valuable, buildings will arise.

"The architects for 30 years have been advocating the development of city plans adequate for the future which they clearly foresaw. Trained to plan even more than to construct, they clearly foresaw the need, but only recently has the public begun to awaken to that need."

Combine Planned for Promotion of Building

Organization of building congresses, linking architects, builders, bankers and workers, is to be a major aim of the committee on industrial relations of the American Institute of Architects during 1931, according to the annual report of the committee, of which William Orr Ludlow, New York architect, is chairman.

Establishment of credit associations for the guidance of the building industry in distinguishing between financially responsible and irresponsible firms is also projected. Holding that "labor's part in building has never been properly recognized," the committee will continue its efforts to secure recognition of superior craftsmanship.

The committee also seeks united action to relieve unemployment and to inform the public of the advantage of building now, while costs are from 15 to 20 per cent below normal.

Modern City Planning

Today we would not be satisfied with a city planned wholly by an engineer; it might be an efficient city, but it would not be beautiful. Beauty is a more important factor in our lives than efficiency, and that applies to radios and automobiles as well as cities and gardens.

People buy radios and automobiles for their beauty as well as for their efficiency; people move out of cities, planned for efficiency, into the country because of the beauty of the surroundings. They would rather spend two hours on the train and live in the country than 15 minutes each day and live in the city.

Areas around large cities must provide pleasant places in which to live; and if our citizenry is to develop in a normal way we must see to it that the areas best suited for homes are maintained exclusively for that purpose. The plans should provide for reservations, parks, parkways, zoning and rail transportation.—Exchange.

Garden Worth While

It cannot be denied that plants are what we most desire in a garden, plants arrayed in such a manner that they enhance the design. So it is that we may look to "modernism" in the garden: design in new forms, but with the same old plants. What will these new forms be?

A garden magazine recently published sketches for a garden in the "modern" style, designed for a house in the modern style. An article accompanied the illustration and in this it was explained that there are three principles which make the modern garden essentially different from any ever designed before. These three principles are simplicity, unity and low cost of upkeep.

Effective Campaigning

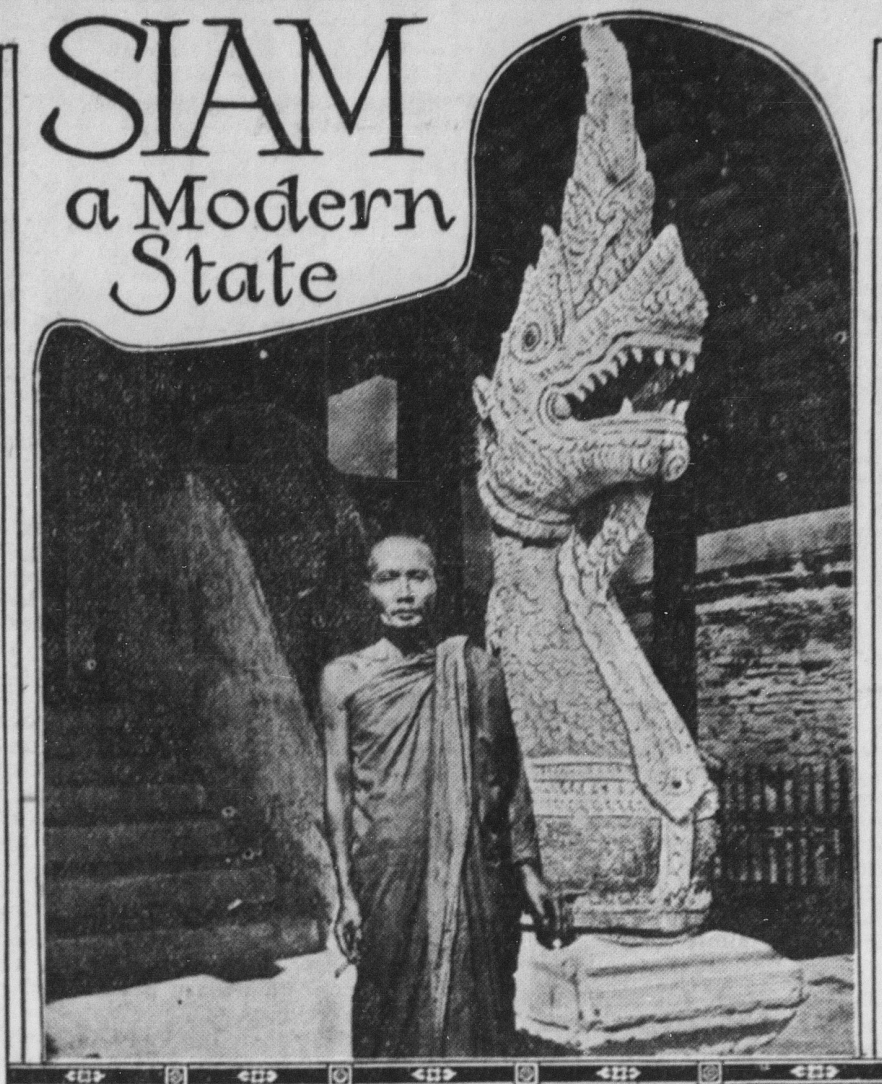
The time has come to stress roadside beautification as much as safety, as the Pennsylvania Federation of Garden clubs and the Council for the Preservation of Natural Beauty have been doing for a long time. The women of this state deserve every encouragement in their campaign for the elimination of roadside signs and the further beautification of the landscape by planting flowers and trees along our main highways. Organizations of motorists, civic clubs and other groups are also participating in this good work, and their efforts must eventually prevail.—Philadelphia Record.

Preserving Roadside Beauty

Nevada is the only state in the Union laying laws regulating the erection of signboards. No permit is issued for signs that will measurably mar the roadside beauty, or obstruct views.

SIAM

a Modern State



Buddhist Priest in Front of Temple, Siam.

Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.

SIAM, whose sovereign, King Pradjipok, is visiting the United States, is one of the few important independent countries now ruled by an absolute monarch.

But despite the fact that there is no parliament and no check on the powers of the king, Siam is in many ways a strikingly modern state. The country's air mail system has operated successfully for eight years. Telegraph offices number more than 475, and some 600 post offices serve every city and rural center. Wireless service handles messages to foreign countries.

Two kinds of American visitors, one good, one bad, figure prominently in the kingdom's new prosperity. Francis Boves Sayre, the late President Wilson's son-in-law, and Dr. Hugh Smith, former commissioner of the United States bureau of fisheries, are staunch aids to Siam. The former headed a commission which secured treaties from foreign nations that removed extra-territorial rights and lifted tariff restrictions; Doctor Smith now directs the development of Siam's fishery resources.

The unwelcome American visitor is the lovely but malicious "Florida weed." The blue water hyacinth of Florida, brought to the East Indies as a flower, has become a curse. Because the queen of Siam brought the first specimens for her garden from Java it is often called Java weed, but out in the country it creates a national problem by clogging the irrigation canals, it has earned the name, "blue devil."

Siam, jungles, heavy rainfall are three ideas closely associated. Why, then, must Siam build irrigation dams and canals? The answer is that the jungles are in the mountainous borderlands; the central delta plain receives an Illinois rainfall. Because the Siamese grow rice, they must have a wealth of water; hence, irrigation. The Prarak project, with a barrage type dam, completed in 1924, serves 488,000 acres. The Subhan project, about completed, will have three times the Prarak capacity. Other vast works are under way or have been planned.

Railroads show equal promise. Siam, by its position, is a natural railroad center of the world's densest population area. Bangkok, the capital, and Siamese metropolis, is the inevitable major railroad junction for all south and east Asia.

Railroads Are Important. A hint of the importance to Siam of her railroads, all built since 1903, is contained in the recent report of an American agricultural expert. "I was told," he writes, "that a trainload of rice goes south daily for export to Malaya and the Dutch East Indies." Rice is to Siam what cotton is to the South.

In some superficial aspects it would seem that Siam is several laps ahead of ultra-modern America. Knickerbockers still attract attention when worn by American women in city streets, and bobbed hair only a few years ago was frowned on in some of our conservative business and social circles. Yet the Siamese woman wears the knee-length panung, as does her brother, and for generations she has refused to be bothered with long hair. She has a freedom that has developed a shrewdness and independence in contrast to most oriental women, though she is apt to be unlettered.

Bangkok, capital of Siam, is in location the New Orleans of the East. It is in the delta of the Menam river—"the Mother of Rivers"—and dominates that stream as the Crescent City dominates the Mississippi.

In a sense it may be said that "Bangkok is Siam" much more truly than Paris may be said to be France or Buenos Aires to be Argentina. In a country of 11,500,000 inhabitants it is virtually the only city. Its population is nearly three-quarters of a million, so that it is roughly midway in size between Pittsburgh and St. Louis and has more than twice the population of Seattle. About it lie Siam's richest rice lands; to it come on the one hand boats laden with the products of the country, and on the other

ocean-going vessels to unload imports and load exports; and from it in turn are distributed the supplies for the interior. The area of the kingdom is about equal to that of Spain.

Bangkok, the Capital.

In Bangkok the king and his court live, and there is operated the machinery of the country's highly centralized government. The capital has become in the eyes of the king and his people a symbol of Siamese power, and millions of dollars have been spent to beautify it and make it in many ways a convenient, modern city drained and cleaned, sparkling with electric lights, dotted with spacious parks, and crossed by streets in which the clang of tramway bells and the chug of motor cars are common sounds.

Though Siam is a tropical country, lying in the same latitude as southern India, thanks to pleasant breezes it does not experience the extreme of heat known to the Indian plains. In Bangkok the heat during the dry season seldom exceeds 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. In the sun it is much warmer and paper parasols are seen everywhere.

Half a century ago Bangkok was called "The Venice of the East" and fully deserved the title, for almost all transportation and movement about the city was by the river or the numerous lateral canals. Even now, though streets and highways have been built, bridges constructed and tramways laid, the waterways are still of transcendent importance in the life of the city.

Perhaps the most colorful river scene is the water market where each tiny boat with its cargo of food bears a little lamp. The market hours are from midnight until early morning. And during that period the market section of the river resembles a fair-land with its glimmering lights.

The high civilization of Bangkok has a contrast in extreme primitive conditions of other parts of the country. Curious customs abound. In upper Siam tea is pickled for chewing instead of being used as a beverage. First the leaves are sun dried, then they are steamed to rid them of tannin. Next they are weighed down for fermentation, a process suggestive of the German preparation of sauer kraut. The substance thus formed is placed in the mouth until the juices are removed. The appearance of the individuals with the balls in their cheeks forms a never-ending source of amusement for travelers.

Famous for Lacquer. The capital of upper Siam is Chiang-Mai, famous for its lacquer ware and center of the teak tree trade. This region is a land of boats. Water routes form virtually the only lines of communication between the upper and lower kingdom.

In eastern Siam a plateau and a plain support a population which must move from swamp lands in the rainy season to higher elevations which are barren and stony. Hence living conditions are most primitive.

The month of May marks the beginning of the all-important rice planting in Siam. King and cohort and thousands of subjects turn out for the Rak Na or plowing ceremony. Before the vast crowd the minister of agriculture, dignified with a hat like a huge gilded wooden plow drawn by two gully decked bullocks. After the plowing various seeds and grains are spread before the bullocks.

Oriental still in spirit, Siam acquires modern occidental appointments of great variety. The government runs on a budget and Siam, too, has been passing through an economy program. The king, by way of example, cut his royal allowance by 3,000,000 bahts. The metric system has replaced ancient measuring units and became compulsory in 1930. Civil and commercial codes have been published; there are 38,000 Boy Scouts; the Red Cross has been organized. Chulalongkorn university, named for the monarch who, during his reign of 42 years, began the regeneration of the kingdom, enters its fourteenth year, strong and growing.

Scraps of Humor

MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION

"In fact, little lady," the eminent doctor concluded, paternally, "you are not at all well."

The sweet little society flapper tearfully agreed. "Our nerves are entirely wrong," added the eminent one, "and our stomach is seriously out of order. In fact, we shall have to diet."

The poor child's big blue eyes filled to their brim. "W-w-what color, doctor?" she asked, anxiously.—Stray Stories.

LOVE FOR MUSIC



The Artist—One who is sincere; devoted to music must not love money.

Miss Sweet—I infer that from the scale of prices for every big performance.

Higher Criticism

The Scriptural distance is changed now, methinks, when a Sabbath day's journey means twice around the links.

And Still Delirious

A winsome widow who aside from being hopelessly simple, is simply hopeless, writes the Atlantic City Press that she has loved and lost three husbands—all named William. "Does this," she wails, "signify anything?" "Certainly does," assures the worldly editor. "It means that you've had the Willies."

Wants Her Jazz Straight

"Why is Mrs. Wombat disappointed?" "She wrote for a Congressional Record."

"Well?" "She thought it was something she could play on the phonograph."

Good Motto

"Here's my motto." "What is it?" "Think more of the square deal and less of the dare squal."

Doesn't Desire Vacancies

"Aren't we going to let Johnny take saxophone lessons?" "Not while I own the adjoining houses."

ATTACK ON CONGRESS



"Here is a doctor who says that there are plenty of people walking the streets who ought to be in the asylum." "Of course, another veiled attack on congress."

More Substantial

The moon was shining down on them. And these words he did utter: "We'll live on love, my precious gem." She said: "I want bread and butter."

Rival Studies

"I hear you've been studying for months how to increase your salary. How did it turn out?" "Poorly. The boss was studying at the same time how to cut down expenses."

Guess His Nationality

Movie Manager—What was the trouble with that man? Ticket Seller—He has only one eye and he insisted on my selling him a ticket for half price.

Unfinished Enterprise

"I have discovered a new planet," exclaimed the enthusiastic astronomer. "That's no' the hard part," commented the woman with a chilly voice. "Now go ahead and discover something to do with it."

Violent Measures

"Did you yell for help when you were held up?" "I started to, but the bandits told me that if I didn't shut up they'd call the police."