

DEAN OF WOMEN

Two Sides to Every Question

By FANNIE HURST

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate) (WNU Service)

MOST people in summing up the subject of the Stoddard sisters were inclined to agree that of the two, Marion had the better mind. Luella had simply used hers to better advantage.

As a matter of fact, compared with the erudition of her twin, Marion was sorely lacking. Life had turned out that way for her. In the beginning, the two sisters, hand in hand, neck to neck, so to speak, had begun what was to be their four years' course at the state university for which they had both qualified with honors.

Of the two, it is probably true that during the first year, Marion's college standing was a peg ahead of her sister's. Not that it was scarcely worth recording. Marion would have been the last to encourage that. For all practical purposes, the two sisters ranked about on a level. Super intelligent girls, carrying on the fine intellectual traditions of their father, whose geographical textbooks were in use throughout the country.

It was at the beginning of her sophomore year that Marion, suddenly, and like a bolt out of the blue, threw over her academic career without so much as an ounce of apparent compunction, and returned one evening to the modest flat she shared with her sister, married to a young automobile salesman she had met at a charity function.

For the first, the incongruity of this marriage seemed apparent to every one but the young pair most concerned. Pale, thoughtful, studious, and even precious Marion Stoddard, married to the ruddy young man Tom Ford, whose shoes were so glossy, whose hair was so glossy, whose linen shirt with even a separate splendor and whose use of English in a man with whom she was not in love, would have caused the erstwhile Marion Stoddard's ears to shudder.

It was a matter, however, of a full three years, before the veils of illusion began to tear themselves from the eyes of Marion, and she began to awake gradually, terrifyingly, to the strange truth that in marriage, this vigorous, boyish, refreshing young man of her ideals, had become no more than the too corpulent, slightly vulgar, blatant young salesman whose horizon was bounded by rubber tires. It was not the kind of realization that came over night. Slowly, like a reluctant tide, it crept upon her, washing misery into her soul, drenching her waking, and even her sleeping hours, in a jumble of regrets. Regrets for what might have been. Regrets for a freedom that was gone. Regrets for the birthright which she had forfeited so blindly, and into which Luella had meanwhile come in full prime.

Not that she would have exchanged with Luella. After all, to be dean of women in a large college, portentous as it might seem, was scarcely the destiny that even Luella, at thirty, must have planned for herself.

Marion wanted more than that. And yet—had it been in her power to choose, over and over again she would have selected for herself the destiny that was Luella's, rather than her own as the stagnating wife of her ruddy vulgarian.

At least to Luella's life there was a dignity of achievement and congeniality of environment.

From her own kind, almost overnight, as it were, Marion, after her marriage became outcast. The friends who had known her, university colleagues, the members of her social group, simply did not speak Tom's idiom.

Fool! Fool! Nature had trapped Marion. At twenty-three, the entire course of her life had shifted away from the fine true course of her sister's. At thirty, Luella, all on her own, mind you, and with a mind no better than Marion's, had achieved position.

Not, as she told herself again and again, that she would yearn for the rather frigid dignity that went with Luella's position as dean of women, but just the same, life could be no more barren for Luella, unmarried, than it was for Marion, married to Tom.

On the contrary, for the freedom that was Luella's it seemed to Marion that she would be willing to sacrifice actual years of her life. And the horrible part of it was Tom's innocence of all this dismay. He was like a small boy, content with his lot; content with his wife; content with his playtoys of cheap automobile and expensive radio. Life was good; Marion was good; automobile tires were lucrative. All was well in his world. He was killed outright while demonstrating, to a customer, the performance of a set of his own tires.

To Marion, who had repeatedly, throughout the years of her life with him, contemplated the hour when she must destroy his house of cards, by revealing her state of mind, his death came as release, and yet, at the same time filled her with a sense of rectitude that took away stings of conscience.

Tom had died without knowing. Tom had died believing her to be as uncomplex and happy in their marriage as he had been.

Marion was grateful for that. It made everything subsequent come easier.

What actually happened, as her friends put it, was the return of the fish to its water. Two months after Tom's death, Marion matriculated in the university from which she had married as a sophomore and took her first degree two years later, cum laude.

They were to her the happiest years of her life. It was as if her mind, dehydrated by the long period of inactivity and intellectual uselessness, had suddenly found capacity of expansion again. Sometimes it actually seemed to her that under the congeniality of the old environment that she could actually feel her mentality reviving, lifting itself, warming itself in stimulating contacts.

It was considered remarkable that at the conclusion of her college course she had gone beyond that point, and was halfway qualified for a second degree.

The return of the native, said Luella, smiling upon her with a large indulgence.

The indulgence of Luella meant more to Marion than she would admit, even to herself. It was not that she craved a position similar to that of Luella's, but—well—it had to be faced at last, more than anything she could think of, Marion wanted to prove to herself, and to the world, that her mind, if not better, was at least as good as her erudite sister's.

The eye of Marion was fixed resolutely upon a difficult goal, similar to sister's. Marion wanted to be invited to hold the position of dean of women in one of the country's large universities. The opportunity came sooner than she dreamed.

Within a month after her second degree had been conferred upon her, Marion was called to accept the position of dean of women in the place vacated by Miss Luella Stoddard, who had eloped suddenly with a chauffeur in a neighboring town.

High Praise Coming to Mothers of Invention

Whitney, Howe, Morse, McCormick, Bell, Edison—run down the list. There is not a woman inventor from the cotton gin to the talking movie, if we are to believe the school histories. That such a one-sided version could be the whole story we have always doubted, but now a display of women's inventions in New York supports our contention. Not only do feminine inventions go back to 1843, when Nancy Johnson devised the first ice cream freezer, and before, but, according to government records, no less than 15,000 patents have been issued to women. At the recent exhibition, Beulah Louise Henry, known as "Lady Edison" and credited with 42 inventions, showed her latest, a typewriting ribbon which makes five copies without use of carbon paper. Her other benefits to mankind include a collapsible umbrella and an electric fan shield. That not all inventions of women are of the detachable collar kind was pointed out by the exhibition chairman, who attributed the Coston pyrotechnic signal light to a member of her sex. Adopted by the United States coast guard more than a half-century ago, its variously colored flares are now used by mariners all over the world. It is a pleasure to correct the record. A belated hats-off to these mothers of invention.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

First American Astronomer

David Rittenhouse was an expert clockmaker in Philadelphia and became a maker of astronomical instruments and because of his work and observations, he was famed in the New world and the Old. In 1770 he built a brick octagonal observatory which was the first and for a long time the only observatory in this country. Rittenhouse is probably most famous for his construction of several planetariums or orreries, which were so made that they could determine the time, duration and path of eclipses, extending over a period of 5,000 years before and after 1767. Even the great Zeiss planetarium does not attempt to do this.

Mammals That Lay Eggs

The echidna, pronounced e-kih-na, accented on the second syllable, is found in Australia, Tasmania and New Guinea, is sometimes called a porcupine anteater. It resembles the hedgehog, through it is somewhat larger. The hair of the skin is mingled with spines on the upper part of the body. Its egg is about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, with a leathery shell, and is placed, as soon as laid, in the mammary pouch of the mother.

The echidna and the duck-billed platypus of Australia are the only warm-blooded animals that lay eggs and also suckle their young.

Explaining Gulf Stream

The Gulf stream owes its origin to the northeast trade winds, which blow constantly toward the American shore from the direction of the Canary and Cape Verde Islands. The wind sets in motion a broad, shallow film of water upon the surface of the ocean and this, when it encounters the sloping northeast coast of South America, trends northward, passes by the Lesser Antilles into the Caribbean sea, being constantly driven on from the east and gaining in depth as its area becomes restricted, it is driven through the Yucatan channel to the gulf of Mexico.

Floor-Length Coats for Evening

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WE LOVE the fanciful little Jaquettes which have so persistently been holding the center of the stage this many a night and many a day, but oh! you full-length velvet wrap your grace and your elegance as noted among grand opera audiences and at functions of like formality are at the moment taking the world of fashion by storm.

Not that the winsome and novel shorter wraps have passed out of the picture, not by any means, for the younger generation know too well their flattering ways to lightly discard them, but when it comes to fashion's latest gesture, it is the velvet wrap in full-length versions which is registering a new style point of vital interest.

These long velvet wraps which are the center of attention at every formal social event carry a grand dame air about them which is very impressive and which bespeaks the dawn of a new era for the silhouette which is of regal bearing. Another message of importance which they convey is the fact of the leadership of soft velvet for evening wear.

It is not alone the majestic silhouettes, with their wide sleeves and definite waistlines, which intrigue the eye, but variety of color adds to the fascination of these gorgeous wraps. Some of the very loveliest are fashioned of snow white or ivory white velvet, or perhaps pale beige which is a color in favor with the smart Parisienne. Dark fur contrasting these pale velvets give a chic accent, although white fur on white velvet is proving a theme of infinite charm in the realm of the formal evening wrap. Of course, black velvet loses none of its prestige since it perhaps outnumbers the color units, which include tones and tints ranging from pastels to hues of red.

BRIMMED HATS ARE MILADY'S FAVORITE

Every hat just now swoops down to capture its rightful share of smartness. And even if one eye is obliterated from view in the downward path of the brim, we see enough to know that our hat and costume is being duly admired. And that is the main thing.

Very few hats just now are not brimmed, be the amount of brim ever so infinitesimal. Of course the turban is always with us, but the majority of women, being cognizant of the benign power of the brimmed line, are wise enough to avail themselves of its services.

The big brim, of course, is out of the question with high fur collars, and even if this was not the case, the combination of the large hat with the be-furred, lavish coats of winter would be rather too dramatic.

Bifurcated Skirts Are Fine for Active Sports

Sponsors of the divided skirt are united in their determination to make it a success. If the pajama is not an overwhelming success in the ballroom, they do not despair. There is still left the field of sports, and what more suitable, say the designers of the bifurcated skirt, than such a garment for strenuous wear—for active participation in tennis or golf.

We have costumes for golf, with skirts that conceal the bifurcation by clever, circular cutting.

Cloche Standard Hat Worn Well Pulled Down

The cloche, standard hat of the conservative woman for the last three years, has taken a tilted dip with the rest of the chapeau mode. The new fall cloche is worn pulled well over the right eye with a decided dent accenting the center of the brim.

dark green and other effects of dazzling beauty.

The new idea of employing velvet in striking contrast is interpreted very effectively at times, such as in the instance of the handsome coat shown to the right in the picture. For this evening wrap of distinctive elegance, black transparent velvet is draped in Victorian manner, a slightly pointed train adding to its gracious dignity. It is luxuriously adorned with a large cape-like collar of white transparent velvet bordered about with sumptuous silver fox. This wrap is worn over a white satin gown, the costume entire sounding a note of high fashion.

The wide-above-the-waistline effect which we are nearing about in connection with that which is latest is achieved through graceful dolman-cut sleeves in the model pictured to the left. Collared with exquisite Russian sable this stately wrap reflects the quiet elegance which is typical of the new full-length velvet coats which are being so enthusiastically acclaimed in the mode.

Outstanding on the program of coats which are full length and made of velvet are many stunning models which are sans fur, their claim to distinction being a fine artistry of "lines" acquired via subtle and intricate bias-cut sections which mold the garment to the figure. The sleeves and collars of models of this genre are a mass of ornamental shirring and other cunningly devised arrangements of velvet.

The picturesque quality in evening wraps of this description is accentuated, which together with the fact that the velvet employed is often gorgeously colorful, tells a story of unusual charm for the evening coats which society will be wearing during the winter festivities.

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RIGHT FOR FLYING



This orange-colored leather jacket with matching helmet and cloth skirt is just right for flying. To shield the wearer in the colder regions, the jacket is lined with lapin, with collar and lapels of the same beige-colored fur.

Waists Are Correct Now; Women Tighten the Belt

Waists now are considered correct and women are beginning to tighten their belts. Instead of achieving a slim waist by tight lacing with the risk of fainting fits as in former days elastic now performs the feat much more comfortably. New cloth and fur coats emphasize the tendency by having a narrow belt which is drawn closely around the waist and add to this shapely fashion.

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HAVE OVERSUPPLY OF HEALTH RULES

Being Carried to Extremes, Says Medical Men.

Under the heading, "Too Much Health Advice," the Journal of the Indiana State Medical association voices a suspicion that has been some time fermenting in the lay mind.

Advice about health is surely salutary, but when it overwhelms us like an avalanche, and from so many contradictory standpoints that one knows not where to turn, it is time for someone to call a halt.

The warning note comes from the side of medical authority. Says the Journal: "Our readers are probably familiar with the story of Mrs. Shelley's 'Frankenstein'—a student who took pieces from cemeteries and dissecting rooms and fashioned from them a monster in the form of a man. Once the thing was made, however, it could not be controlled, and turned upon its maker and destroyed him.

"The story strangely reminds us of the 'Frankenstein monster' that is being created out of unrelated bits of overemphasized health lore.

"Without doubt this present interest in health and hygiene is most commendable and promises much good. It is, however, being carried to extremes, and is getting to be a burden.

"The housewife is caught in a maze of vitamins, calories, carbohydrates, and 'acid-producing' foods, and does not know which way to turn. She is up against the problem of fattening the children, 'slenderizing' herself, and satisfying the brute that comes home hungry and tired in the evening, and it has just about got her down.

"Raising a baby in these days is a big undertaking, and one frequently hears a mother say that she does not see how she could possibly take care of two, when one takes her whole time. As a result we are killing the goose that laid the golden eggs.

"In order to raise a few children well, we are making such a fuss about it that most of the children are being raised by folks who have no standards whatever. If a mother might be expected to do all of the things that some of the health cranks are advocating, she would need to have a Ph. D. degree from the university, but not many of the Ph. D.'s have children, so that suggestion doesn't seem to help a bit.

"After all, we doubt if there is anything so unhealthful, mentally as well as physically, as excessive attention to self.

"This health business is getting to be a racket, and we are much in need of folks brave enough to break through a lot of these silly rules and insist that there are other things worth while, and that one can be healthy without making it his life's work.

"Common sense and a fair appreciation of what is really essential is about all that is necessary."—Literary Digest.

Highest Happiness in Labor Well Performed

Today the most welcome word that can come to millions is a promise of employment—to have a share in the world's work. The song on which many of the older generation were brought up urged one to work in the morning hours, to work 'mid spring flowers, to work even through the sunny noon, and then on till the "last beam faded, faded to shine no more." But it was a joyous song, and the only unhappy note in it was the one that suggested the oncoming of night, "when man works no more."

The most fervent prayer that most men make, especially those who have not much goods laid up against days of ease, come from ancient times: "May I be taken in the midst of my work."

So far from work being a curse, Carlyle speaks of it as "the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind." It is the best physician. So in seeking to find employment for those out of work, the problem of misery is attacked at its root.

Skill in labor is man's highest vocation, but it is through labor of some sort, whether by hand or brain,

whether of one's choice or by compulsion, whether as a vocation or an avocation, that he finds his way to his better and best self.

Giving a man a job is the best form of helpfulness, if he is still able to work.

It has been often said that there is no good obtainable without labor; but it is better said that there is no good that is to be put above the ability and the opportunity to labor. —Kansas City Times.

Just Wouldn't Want Him on Bank's Directorate

There is an old story of the late Senator Caraway of Arkansas, and a speech he is alleged to have made in the senate, which may not be true; but it is fair to recall it because it might be true, and it is illustrative of some of his ways. The story is that he had been mildly called to account for what appeared to be a rather excessive attack on the integrity of a Republican senator. He apologized, says the yarn, somewhat after this manner:

"I am sorry if anything I have said appears to reflect on the character of my distinguished friend on the other side. I know nothing whatever against him. I have no facts whatever to support any assault upon him; and I would go no further than to say that he is not one whom I would choose to have serve on the board of directors of my home town bank."—Washington Star.

Hero Well Identified

When the body of John Paul Jones was exhumed eminent scientists of the United States and France conducted an investigation to identify the body. In the comparison of the life-size Houdon bust of John Paul Jones and the photograph of the body taken after the examination it is seen how the contour of the brow, the arch of the eyebrow, the width between the eyes, the high cheek bones, the muscles of the face, the distance between the hair and the root of the nose, between the subnasal point and the lips, and between the lips and the point of the chin, all agree. The peculiar shape of the lobe of the ear in the bust is the exact counterpart of that observed in the body.

Supreme Sacrifice

A very gallant deed was performed by a chemist named Zurbriegen. He was employed at a chemical works in Switzerland. There was an explosion, and poison gas began to pour out upon the 20 men who were at work. Herr Zurbriegen, knowing only too well the penalty he must pay, forced his way into the room where the explosion occurred, found the leakage, and stopped it. All the workers were saved, through the swift courage of the chemist, but he himself was so severely gassed that he died soon afterwards.

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Bees Made Cough Mixture

A colony of bees—three hives—kept by a farmer in the neighborhood of Campbelltown, Scotland, last summer made their cells and cell covers of a mixture of tar and wax, the former, which they collected on the main road near at hand, predominating. As might be expected, the honey in the three hives was impregnated with tar, but the bees were not in any way affected by feeding on a mixture of tar and honey. Coal tar contains among other things, saccharine, the natural food of bees. This is vouched for by Doctor Morrison in a letter to Country Life.

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