

Not Going Back

A Search for Lost Youth

By FANNIE HURST

MAURICE SPELLMAN had reached the stage where everything he did was important.

A certain movement of his circulated rumors in Wall Street. International banking interests watched him.

A real estate buy of his in a given district started fluctuations upward in that vicinity.

The position of his box at the opera made adjacent ones especially desirable to their owners.

A special body of town coupe became popular because he chose it originally for his own use.

When he decided to dispose of his thirty-eight-room Fifth avenue house and build himself a thirty-room house in a section of New York hitherto undistinguished, it became quite the esoteric thing to live there. Many Fifth avenue mansions were subsequently deserted for the East River district made suddenly important and desirable by the presence of W. Maurice Spellman.

What actually prompted Spellman to the move, however, was not a desire to create a new social colony. On the contrary, it was something diametrically opposed to that.

There had been growing within Spellman, as his success mounted and as at forty-six he found himself a power among men, a sense of a need of respite from the growing demands of his position.

Success had not come to Spellman without grim battle.

For thirty of his forty-six years he had fought for it rung by rung. From the lean days when he lived with his parents and seven brother and sisters in an old water-front tenement, to his days of newspaper selling along lower Broadway, then on up to the still lean but eager days of his cub reportership, when he shared a walk-up, four-room apartment in Greenwich street with three other fellows, and so on and so on. Through more years of struggle, deprivation, failure, struggle, then failure again and finally the first glimmerings of success. The foray into Wall Street on the slender savings out of two years of newspaper work.

Success. A plunge with the windings. More success. A clever side-swipe into copper. Twenty thousand dollars profit over night. Then the deluge.

From then on, practically everything Spellman touched turned to gold.

Feature writers had blazoned his story over enough Sunday supplements to pave the way for his new thirty-room home to the tip of Seattle.

Slogans for success were invited from him by the bevy of waiting reporters every time he stepped off a train. His arrival or departure any time or anywhere was a matter of national importance.

All this from the man who fifteen years before had been Bill Spellman, a struggling young reporter who shared a rather dingy down-town flat with three other fellows, two of whom slept on cots in the same room with Bill.

Strangely enough, although in a much less spectacular way, these boys had gone on, too. As if contact with the success-destined personality of Spellman had cast its power over them. Spike Quigley, erstwhile police reporter on the Herald, while Bill had been re-write man, was now president of a large motor car corporation. Red Dyke, also ex-re-write man, had recently presented his daughter with a check for fifty-thousand dollars on her wedding day. Even Slow Thompson, special writer for the Town Review, had since come nicely into his own as real estate promoter in the land parcel deals.

The old "Greenwich Guys," as they had been pleased to call themselves, had all come along in the world, so to speak.

Spellman valued those days. Looking back, they sometimes seemed to him to have been the happiest of his life.

They were the days when he had dreamed of writing. Before the mull and the toil had caught him in their clutches and flung him around on the great belt, as it were, of the gigantic wheel called struggle-for-existence.

Bill had been a dreamer back in those days. So had all that particular little nest of fellows. The long, talky evenings over pale red wine and greasy Italian table d'hôte dinners in subcellars, dreaming, talking, planning, hoping! And rebelling!

Spellman had been a rebel in those days.

Hating injustice. Crying out against monopolies and against man's inhumanity to man. Spellman had dreamed of writing the great American Comedie Humaine, only, as he outlined it to the Greenwich Guys, as they sat talking on and on into the dream-lit nights, his Comedie Humaine was going to show humanity the grim tragedy, as well.

Oh, Spellman had dreams, all right. They lit the dinginess of the poky little over-crammed flat.

They lit the days and nights.

They were the dreams of idealism. Of youth with his head in the clouds.

And then the deluge. The deluge of the material success that made of life a cyclorama. A success so blinding, so amazing, that the world clamored for its recipe.

No wonder that under the stress of it, the strain of it, there came the time when Spellman, still in love with success, mind you, felt, however, the need of a retreat from the maddening crowd.

At first his family rebelled. His wife, young, a product of the world he had grown into, held back from that move off the Avenue. His children, fiery, spoiled, intelligent, creatures of their kind of environment, shied at first and then capitulated to the novelty of the idea.

In the end, the move turned out to be one of the most brilliantly diplomatic things Spellman had ever done. It proved his position in the social world which his wife and children craved. Society came flocking over after Spellman to the hitherto obscure section along the East river. A new and old-world looking boulevard began to take shape over there.

Brilliantly successful as it was, in the eyes of his family, and the realty dealers who profited by the land boom, so far as Spellman was concerned, it was a failure.

He had defeated his own purpose. In seeking to escape the maddening crowd, he had only brought it tagging along with him.

Travel meant no respite to Spellman. There were the ship reporters, the glare of limelight even in obscure foreign parts, and once when he sought the desert, reporters with cameras had found him out as he stalked across the waste place, camel-back.

Spellman wanted leisure now. But his Long Island home was a social rendezvous and his Adirondack camp that same kind of center all over again. New Mexico became the fad, no sooner he had built an abode but out there, and a private office in the forty-sixth story of the Woolworth office building remained private for about two weeks.

Spellman wanted leisure. Spellman wanted to write. The old urge was upon him. The old desire to put into printed, palpating word the human panorama as it had marched so dramatically before his still young eyes. Spellman wanted mental peace. The quiet kind of hours that yield up dreams.

One day an idea struck him like a benign flash out of heaven.

Within three hours, secret agents had been dispatched down to a rickety little old building in quaint old Greenwich street.

Twelve hours later, the property had secretly passed into the hands of Spellman.

One week later, and with a degree of secrecy that only power and money could command, Spellman walked into almost an extra replica of the dingy old flat of days gone by.

He had even managed to have reproduced the mangy old carpet sofa upon which he had slept those eager nights, away back.

There was the ink spot on the wall left from Red Dyke having good naturedly hurled a bottle of the stuff at Bill one night after an altercation on the subject of Nietzsche's philosophy.

The first night that Spellman spent in his new retreat promised to be one of the greatest peace he had known in years. A long quiet evening before the tunnel-shaped little old grate in the dingy flat. Books. Memories. Dreams. Ideals.

But, of course, it was hard to concentrate. By eleven o'clock, a hundred details were crowding into Spellman's mind, making it difficult for him to use his well-earned leisure. There was no telephone. There had been none in the old days. One had to go to the corner drug store. That made it difficult. In the last year, Spellman had developed a slight heart leakage. Unimportant, but he required a certain amount of restraint to his activities. By eleven, Spellman, accustomed to chilled mineral water at his bedside, was thirsty. There was only the hydrant. And no ice in the leaky refrigerator. There had never been any in the old days, unless one of the fellows ran over to Grody's saloon and brought back a nickel's worth. Of course there was no Grody's saloon any more.

When finally Spellman turned in, the magic to the old couch was all gone. The old couch hurt! It shot into his ribs with a cruelty that kept him wide awake and concentrating upon his discomfort rather than any of the old dreams he had used to enjoy, with his eyes staring wide open into the comfortable blackness.

The blackness annoyed him now. He had the sensation that vermin might be crawling around and about him. The stiff blanket irked. The air from the shaft was foul.

At eight o'clock the next morning, Spellman, who had fallen off into a brief hour's sleep, awoke stiff and unrefreshed. A blurred mirror gave back his lined and weary image.

The little old room of his memories was a dirty smear.

The old Bill was gone. Spellman was in his place.

Emerging from the rickety little building that morning, eager for a taxi and a trip uptown to his warm and mellow bath, he found a battalion of reporters and photographers lying in wait for him who leaped into action at sight of him.

"Mr. Spellman, have you anything to say—click—click—click—on the subject of—"

"Yes, fellows, I have," said Mr. Spellman smiling, as he hailed his taxi. "He who would seek for his lost youth, must find it in his heart. There is no going back."

Spring Coat Fashions Go Military

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



FASHION'S followers are sure going "on parade" this season, all dressed up in red, white and blue with brass buttons and epaulettes 'n' everything that's military. It's quite exciting, this patriotic gesture of the mode.

Even the very fabrics which go to make our apparel have been designed to commemorate the George Washington bicentennial celebration. In that the motifs of the newest silk prints center about the famous cherry tree incident, while stars and stripes and tricorned hats and kindred items enter the scheme of things.

But that is another story which has to do with spring weaves. What we started to talk about is the latest, smartest coats which have such a military bearing they quite overawe one, being so broad shouldered and all a glitter with nickel or brass buttons and the like.

Perhaps the most outstanding reaction to this martial spirit which is pervading the style realm is the importance of blues in the color range, very keen blues some of them, for the spring coat. Most military in matter of color and all other details as well, is the coat shown to the right in the picture. Its color combination is bright navy lined with military red, the huge shining nickel buttons contributing their share of pomp and glory.

You should see the coat pictured to the left in its original color, for it is bright red—red corduroy, if you please, for corduroy has come back and there is no mistake about it. This model is for a young girl. In a more conservative color, say the new beige, it would be wearable for any age. Designers are using corduroy for most everything, for the swagger little bell hop jackets for pajama costumes, for sports dresses and suits with lots of white corduroy in prospect for summer wear. As to the coat mentioned, the diagonal lines of brass buttons dramatize its broad shoulders, while its trim, narrow waistline emphasizes the military mode that is scheduled to lead in the Easter style program. Note,

too, its collarless neckline which is a style feature worthy of comment, since many coats are sans collars so as to make way for these "nifty" separate fur neckpieces which fashion has planned for us.

A new treatment inspired by the general trend manifests itself in the use of considerable military braid, applied in rows, or perhaps for epaulet shoulder effects as well as many other attractive expressions. So, if you like braid trimmings, the hour has come to indulge your fancy. Suits as well as coats show this ornamentation.

It is very evident that the military spirit has pervaded every realm of fashion, from knitted wear to furs. The former adopts, for instance, the tri-color schemes which are so exceedingly popular, with double-breasted treatments employing flashing metal buttons. Then there's the new scarfs flaunting their reds, whites and blues via all sorts of whimsical stripes, stars and other design.

The little short spring jackets developed of gray kidskin accented with nickel buttons are a possession to be coveted, seeing that they blend with current fashions of military aspect.

And have you seen the detachable military capes which are of fur or of cloth and which boast of buttons in rows according to the latest dictate of fashion.

Dresses are military minded also in that many of them are fashioned of blue sheer woolen with trimmings of red and white print silk.

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Beauty Talks

By

MARJORIE DUNCAN

Famous Beauty Expert

Conflicting Beauty Theories

AT LEAST once in every day of a beauty editor's life comes the cry: "What's a body to do—So and So says do and So and So says don't—and how can one avoid being bewildered by so many conflicting beauty theories?"

The answer invariably is: Study yourself, your own needs, accept the theory that appeals to your best judgment as being good, sound, sense. Give that theory a chance, be persistent, have faith and your efforts should bring results. Beauty experiments should be thorough, not haphazard, fly-by-night affairs.

No one hears more conflicting beauty theories than beauty students themselves. In quest of the reason for being of feminine loveliness, one finds that successful exponent number one observes every fundamental beauty rule on which most beauty experts agree. Her daily ritual consists of exercise, a faithful eye to balance in her diet, sufficient fresh air and restful sleep, a daily facial with all the preparations of the same brand, careful hair brushing and similar beauty details.

But exponent number two, equally as young looking and equally as beautiful, points with pride to the fact that she observes nary a beauty rule. No sir. Not she. But—are beauty students bewildered? Just as emphatically—no sir. For they know that there must be a catch some place.

It may be that the beauty under discussion is just naturally healthier and lovelier than the average.

Then there's the owner of a beautiful figure who never exercises. But every day she walks two miles, and every evening she swims in the pool in her apartment hotel. As though these aren't the two best all-around exercises. Furthermore, she keeps her muscles under splendid control by perfect posture.

A screen star I know, says: "Diet—bah—I eat anything I like," but evidently from what I've seen of the lunches I've had with her, she has no desire for rich, fatty foods.

The moral of these stories, is: don't be bewildered and don't attempt to imitate. If your favorite actress thrives on a mixture of cosmetics, that is no indication that your skill will stand the same kind of treatment. Or, if your latest crush seems alive and alert on nonly three hours of sleep, that is no clue for you to start staying up nights. Know yourself, know your system, your resources, just what you can stand and what you can't, and work only for what will be becoming to you.

Importance of Health

WOMEN are tired of Pollyanna talks and skeptical of the sermons "beauty is as beauty does" and "to be beautiful you must be in love." Vibrant beauty depends on many things for support. The very first in the line of important contributors is physical health. For without health beauty can at best be only temporary—it may last for a fleeting moment or for a month, but it cannot live long.

You cannot be beautiful if you are not healthy. Have you ever seen a man or woman suffering from ill health who did not wear the "give aways"—dull eyes and a heavy skin? Sooner or later "the skin will show." For the signs of ill health are not confined to inner aches and pains.

You cannot be beautiful if you are fatigued, for "that tired feeling" does damage in many ways. Allow it to become chronic and it is sure to dim the sparkle in your eyes, rob your step of its spryness. Fatigue can claim more credit for "premature age" than all the calendars and chronological records man ever invented to mark time. As you value a smooth, young skin and sparkling eye, avoid fatigue. Two of fatigue's busiest assistants are overwork and nervous strain and tension. So steer clear of these, too.

Boredom is another arch-enemy of beauty. Be it but the mood of a moment it is bad enough. But perpetual boredom is dynamite to bubbling, interesting beauty. When life goes blank, when there's no joy in living, no thrill of anticipation or hope, nothing to anything, then the luminous, vivid quality of the skin is suddenly shut out and all bodily beauty goes "smash."

Akin to boredom is a general, disinterested attitude or a gloomy aspect. People who have hobbies to concentrate on, usually find the fates quite kind to their beauty. I think that is why they say people in love are lovely.

The actual cultivation of external beauty—silky skin and glossy hair—is simple—particularly in this day and age when science is contributing so lavishly. But that inner peace and contentment, the beauty within that seems to shine right through the outer covering is often difficult to hold on to. But with courage—with interest and enthusiasm—with hope—beautiful and optimistic thoughts—in a word a healthy mind and a healthy body one has a high bid for "that lovely look."

What Makes It Hard

Even when the office seeks the man it has trouble finding him because of so many bug-eyed candidates jumping in the way and shouting, "I'm it."—Ohio State Journal.



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Hooked Bluejay

A bluejay was captured with fishing tackle at Ocala, Fla. F. A. Hansard was practicing casting with a hookless line in his own backyard when a jay jumped at the weighted end and tangled itself up. There was much commotion before Hansard was able to release the bird.



Good Night, Dear

She used to call him "darling"... Now he's so tired out that he never takes her anywhere. So weary, that she no longer loves him.

Yet it is so easy to hold fast to youth, to bring back the bloom of young vigor and health. Millions of average people have done it with Fellows' Syrup, the fine old tonic which doctors recommend. You can start feeling better and younger, tomorrow. Just get a bottle of genuine Fellows' Syrup from your druggist, today.

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W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 14-1932.

DOUBLE DUTY FROCK FINDS WIDE FAVOR

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

The time seems to be over, for the present at any rate, when we had a different costume for each occasion. Now, our frocks have to do double duty and be just as good looking at tea as at a smart restaurant or night club.

For this reason we now dress in layers, slipping on over a decollete gown a bloused effect, jacket or bolero to make it perfectly presentable when the bright lights are not yet gliding the blue of night. This is an extremely practical and workable fashion and no matter how much the great houses may charge for such a model, the purchaser feels virtuously happy that she is effecting an important economy by buying a two-in-one frock.

Ensembles of Shoes and Bag Add Chic to Suit

It seems to be that although the shoes and the handbag are of necessity so far apart from each other, they are really soul-mates. But at last this fact is receiving proper recognition, for nearly every smart shop here now shows ensembles of shoe and bag and rare it is nowadays to find a shop without several examples of this smart combination.

For smart it is, guaranteed to dress the simplest spring coat or suit and give it new charm and chic. More and more, we are co-relating our accessories and doing away with slipshod methods of selecting things that are totally unrelated and have no reason for being worn together.

Lacquered Hair New for Evening Coiffures

Lacquered hair is a new note in coiffures for feminine heads. The hair is treated with a lacquer which does not change its color, but which makes each hair almost twice its normal size. It is then arranged in ringlets and swirls and allowed to dry. The lacquer, which is used only in the evening, may be easily washed off next morning.

CHIC LACY MESH

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



No, this very pretty and very chic afternoon dress is not lace. It's a young and extremely popular first cousin to lace. The technical name is durenne cotton lacy mesh. This knit weave of softly lustrous durenne is of diagonal construction. The designer of the frock has furthered the diagonal feeling through clever handling of the stripes. A dull suede belt contrasts the subtle luster of the material. The scarf is tied to give a cowl neckline which to slender faces is amazingly becoming.

The New Cottons

In material, cotton has been raised from humble rank to high favor. Printed cottons are shown for dresses, blouses and coat linings. Cotton day dresses are found in open weaves. Pique, wool and some boucle are seen in daytime costumes.