

Yerckel Married His Cook

By FANNIE HURST

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(WNU Service)

WHEN Yerckel married his housekeeper and cook, the usual hullabaloo took place. Ought to be ashamed. Wonder Virgie doesn't turn in her grave. Has he no shame? At least if she were young and good-looking, but a great big rangy dishwasher like Simmons!

Certainly Simmons was no beauty. Forty, rawboned, with an angular face and an angular body, she was a surprising successor to the first Mrs. Yerckel, who had been a mildly prepossessing matron, endowed with qualities which fitted her even over and above her husband, for the position his wealth established.

Yerckel, a builder who had grown rich in a booming city, hesitated not at all over this second alliance. Within twenty months after the death of a first wife, whom he mourned, he turned gratefully to marriage with the woman who had come in to take charge of his household after the disintegration following the death of his helpmate had set in on the domestic affairs.

For ten years previous to this, Simmons had been housekeeper at one of the larger local hotels. She had efficiency, speed, handled her servants well, was not above taking a hand at the cooking and immediately established herself as overlord in the servants' quarters where discipline had been thrown to the winds since the death of Mrs. Yerckel.

She was a sociable soul, garrulous, fond of sitting a long hour over an afternoon cup of tea and after her arrival the evening meal among the servants came to be something almost as much of a ritual as the meal previously served in the long paneled dining room upstairs.

That was part of the success of Simmons with her staff. She made life below stairs attractive, granted long hours of respite from duty in return for exceptional service during working hours, and presided at the servants' dining table as if she were mistress of a household. Good, homey, salty conversation flowed when Simmons presided at her table of eight servants, including a fine fellow of a chauffeur, named Shard. It was said among the domestics, that Yerckel himself, coming accidentally to the servants' pantry one evening, happened to overhear one of these congenial occasions and thereupon fell in love with his housekeeper.

Whatever the case, within a six-month following, they were married, and at forty, with only the history of long years of domestic labor behind her, Adelaide Simmons found herself head of a twenty-room home, wife of one of the wealthiest men in the community and heiress to a social position that automatically descended upon her shoulders as the wife of her husband.

The expected happened. Everything pertaining to the new social life Simmons abhorred. The long solemn dinners in the paneled dining room, which she had hitherto only viewed from the kitchen side of the door, became anathema to her. Functions were something to dread weeks before they took place, and for every snub she received from "the set," wounds bled in the secret places of her heart.

It must be said for Simmons that she succeeded in keeping practically all of this from her husband. She presided, coldly it is true, at his table, but with sufficient dignity to carry off the occasions. She had no small talk, no artifices, no beauty, but somehow there was about this graceless woman, a stability, a firm, earthy quality of the homely things of life, that made her rather magnificent.

Her care of Yerckel was superb. Her concern for his well-being, her occupation with creature and Godly things. She was a religious woman; reverent towards the spirituality of the great figures of her Bible, and vigorous in her condemnations of those who, in her opinion, violated the ideals of right living.

The pompous, ambitious, worldly men, with pompous, ambitious, worldly wives, who came to dine at the table of Yerckel, left her cold, unamated and in rigid, although secret disapproval of their aspirations and ideas. What was there to discuss with these women who were self-conscious of their God; to whom the homely chores of life were forbidden subjects, and who talked along the lines of frivolities and shallow pastimes that were not only alien, but almost unintelligible to Simmons.

Your never dared, with these women, as in the sanctum of the dining room where she had presided as housekeeper, discuss the goodly, Godly aspects of every day living. God. Cookery. Toll. The women who came to dine at the table of Yerckel took pride in the facts that their interests had not to do with such. Country club, styles, bridge, motor cars, servant problems were topics that skidded lightly around.

Sometimes it seemed to Simmons, presiding there in a world which was remote and alien to her, that her heart was a pool for the tears she was inwardly shedding for the old days. The old days of service, rather than these fabled ones of being served.

Fortunately, to the hour of his death, Yerckel, whose affection for her was

deep and his admiration great, was to know little, if anything, of this. So far as he was concerned, five years after their marriage he found himself on his deathbed with a sense of pain at being obliged to pass from mortal relationship with this woman who had served him so well and beautifully as wife.

It was after his death came the shock concerning his complicated state of mind where she was concerned. He bequeathed her his fortune, amounting to close onto a million, with but one proviso. In the event of her remarriage, within a period of five years, Simmons was to forfeit the fortune meanwhile to be held in trust for her. Apparently, it was an expression of the vagary of a mind that was snagged with jealousy, the restriction of a man who had it in him to impose a drastic influence from his grave.

After all, where a million dollars was concerned, it would not conceivably be hard for any woman to abide by such limitations.

But Simmons did nothing of the sort. Within two years, she became the wife of the one-time chauffeur of the Yerckel household, over whose needs she had so often presided in those days when she ruled the destinies of the servants' dining room.

The community, the press of the entire country, made a great hullabaloo over this decision on the part of the Yerckel widow, and the chauffeur she was marrying was also held up as a paragon of a man, who, for the sake of a few years, would deliberately permit his bride-to-be to sacrifice a fortune of a million dollars.

Apparently, in the minds of Simmons and her husband Shard, there were never any doubts. They let the tempest in the teacup over their marriage die down; they removed to another city; they set up their household in the gardener's cottage of a vast estate upon which he was the head chauffeur.

There are two adopted children now, and Simmons, while not the active housekeeper, has charge of the marketing, linens and silver of the large establishment on the hill.

There is something vast, wise and quiet about life as it flows on in the gardener's cottage.

New Englanders Balked at Idea of "Servants"

One of the characteristics of New England speech which have almost disappeared is the suppression by the early inhabitants of the verb "to serve." When those old Argonauts of democracy, the people of the Mayflower and the Arbella, came to New England, they were tired of serving. "The Nomad" writes, in the Boston Transcript. To them, the word "servant" was infinitely distasteful. Conscientiously they abolished it, except as it might sometimes be applied to the negroes that were imported spasmodically, or to the Indians whom they wickedly—or revengefully—enslaved. (A considerable element, whose blood at last affected theirs along the lowest lines of contact.) If the circumstances of the Puritans sometimes appeared to necessitate helpers, that is what they called them: "help." Those who had been servants in England they called "hired men" or "hired girls." The usage became universal, and it prevailed well into the Nineteenth century. Old people who still live knew not the words "serve" or "servant." All workers for wages were "hired help." Not even the most elaborate meal was "served"—it was "dished." "Mary," said the housewife to her hired help, "you may dish the dinner now." And Mary was a member of the family. So was Hiram, the hired man. After the process of sending here "bound persons" from England and Ireland ceased, there was not a "servant" in New England.

This trick of nomenclature was really a great triumph of democratic principles. It proved that the idea of social equality went "all the way through the souls of the New England people." It was only through the accumulation of wealth and the decay of real democracy, incident to a wide difference of daily habit, that the "servant" came back to us. Even then he—and she—had to be imported. But gradually, at least in certain spots, the capability of funkyness was redeveloped in the New England race. That institution did not flourish freely. There was a time when the nabobs of the North shore, or some of them at least, had Yankee funkneys. They are scarce now. Not even now does the New England race take kindly to "service."

St. Fillan's Bells

The crude quadrangular bells of iron and bronze found in Scotland and invariably associated with the name of a saint, date back in some cases to the Seventh century. They may have been used as church bells or for exorcising evil spirits. They vary in size, some of them standing nearly a foot high. One of St. Fillan's bells lay on a tombstone in Stratfilan kirk-yard for the cure of lunacy and other disorders until stolen by an English tourist in 1708. It was returned to Scotland and in 1869 was deposited in the Queen Street museum, Edinburgh.

Odd Bird Homes

Communities of social weavers of South Africa construct an umbrella-shaped roof in a tree, beneath which may be 300 bird homes. An acacia tree, with a straight, smooth stem, that predaceous animals cannot climb, is often selected. Bower birds are also characterized by a remarkable habit of constructing bowers or runs, which have nothing to do with nesting, but are apparently built for sport and esthetic satisfaction.

The Coat That Resembles a Dress

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



HERE you have it, dear followers of fashion, who are ever seeking the latest. It's just out—the coat which takes on a dual personality. It looks like a dress but in reality is a bona fide coat.

Who cares if appearances are deceitful, if a coat which looks like a dress can "make good" as a spring wrap which is just the very thing to wear over one's gay print silk frock or which does duty on week-end trips as an admirable traveling costume.

It's because they are unlined and have the dressmaker touch that they are of the coveted wearable type which looks well and appropriate where a coatlike coat would seem too heavy for a balmy spring day.

It's no secret on the part of the designer that the deliberate aim is to simulate a dress in every detail, so far as is possible, of these new and mysterious coats. Which is to say that the material in the first place must have a dressy look and be lightweight. This coat must be soft-sleeved, unlined, button trimmed most likely, and it is almost sure to take on the new wrap-around "lines." For that matter the smart looking wrap-around dresses which are the rage at the present moment and the coat which is a coat but looks like a dress, are that much alike in appearance they might easily be taken for twins.

It is also part of the plan that these coats continue their camouflage in that they maintain flat dresslike necklines. Many of them are collarless while others adopt a scarf drape such as might grace any of the new springtime frocks.

The coats pictured (yes, they are really and truly coats and not coat-

dresses as one might surmise) choose the soft-draped necklines rather than to go collarless. If, however, you have your heart set on a collarless wrap, the beauty about the model shown to the right in the picture is that its flat fur capelet-scarf is detachable and it can be adjusted to suit the caprice of its wearer. The skirt of this dresslike coat buttons all the way up the side-front. The diagonal slant of its blouse top is also a style feature of note. The coat is made of thin woolen crepe and the capelet is black galyak.

As to the other coat pictured, its bracelet sleeve may be adjusted in length to tune to the occasion. Wide bands of black galyak enhance the sleeves, while the capelet which serves as a collar is of self-fabric. The metal slide and buttons on the bet answer to fashion's call.

The adjustable or bracelet sleeve as above mentioned is a very interesting innovation which has come into play this season. Many a frock is made to do double duty because of its sleeves which, having a rubber drawstring in its hemline, can be pushed up or down to a short puff type or elbow length or to the wrist, thus tuning it to more or less formal or informal wear.

Speaking of the coat which aspires to look like a dress, in some instances it neither is belted or buttoned but fastens with a soft-tied bow of self-fabric. Just now it is the coat made of lightweight woolen, preferably a crepe which is holding the center of the stage, but with milder days coming the prospect is that modes of this genre will be fashioned of handsome coating silks, preferably black navy or beige.

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SPORTS COSTUMES REMAIN PRACTICAL

Once again the scarf ties up with the mode and becomes much more than a mere decorative accessory. Almost every sports costume has a scarf neckline, a very good note, since it gives the softness that tempers a rather more severe or tailored silhouette.

The practical note continues to be held for sports clothes, that is, for sports things that are to see active duty. Country clothes are a trifle more dressy, with more decorative details, yet managing, too, to look the part properly.

We think that the new things for sports and country year will meet with your approval since they show that careless, casual look that really is the result of much calculated effort. Jersey is the favored material, used of course, in various fancy weaves.

But whatever the type of sports frock or suit, the scarf is omnipresent, lending its color and softness to the scheme.

Chic Afternoon Frock Leader in Popularity

The little afternoon frock is growing up. It is becoming sophisticated, veiling its simplicity in a most subtle manner. There's no doubt that the "little" frock has become an essential part of our wardrobe.

Many women all but live in the little frock of black satin or crepe de chine, as they find it fits into almost every scheme and confers a charming, youthful look on the wearer.

Overdone clothes are definitely on the way out, for we have realized that nothing adds years and heaviness to the figure as does the overtrimmed, elaborately made frock of rich material. And so the frock that used to be the Cinderella of the wardrobe has now become the most popular frock of all.

Beauty Talks

By

MARJORIE DUNCAN
Famous Beauty Expert

What to Do About It

PERSPIRING hands are often associated with nervousness and impaired health generally. See your physician to make sure you are in good health. If the condition is merely temporary and not the result of any organic difficulty the application of a skin tonic, witch hazel, or the following solution should help. Have your druggist make up an anti-perspiration lotion of one ounce tincture of belladonna to two ounces of alcohol. Pat on the hands a few times a day and allow to dry. The skin tonic or witch hazel should be used the same way.

A corn is nature's way of saying your shoes are too tight. Your toes are sensitive, you know, and your shoe is pressing down too hard on your toes. By and by nature puts the callous we recognize as corns on the toes to protect the delicate tissues from further abuse. The first thing to do is to get a better fitting pair of shoes. Then use a good corn cure. There are many on the market. A very deft hand can remove the callous with a sharp instrument after the feet have remained in very hot water for about fifteen minutes.

But far better than either the corn cure, corn plaster or cutting is a visit to a reputable chiropodist.

It is very important to treat your skin while reducing, as it needs special care in order to avoid flabbiness or a drawn, haggard look. Quite some time ago I had a group of women experiment with a treatment which proved highly successful. First the skin was thoroughly cleansed. Then a nourishing cream applied—a rich, oily emollient—and without removing this cream a quite strong astringent parted over face and neck. The astringent penetrated and tightened while the emollient nourished and softened, thus avoiding any drying effect. Such a treatment will keep the skin smooth, the muscles taut and the contour firm. While on the subject of reducing, let me warn you not to reduce too fast lest it takes its toll from the skin—to say nothing of its detrimental effect on general health.

Freckles cannot be removed "very quickly," for anything strong enough to remove them would very likely be injurious to the surrounding skin. Try the peroxide and lemon bleach (equal parts). Pat on, allow to dry, and follow by a massage with nourishing cream, allowing the cream to remain for five or ten minutes. A stronger bleach can be made with pumice powder and peroxide stirred to a creamy paste. Apply over the freckles, allow to dry, remove with a cloth moistened with cool water and follow with the nourishing cream.

Three Sides to Your Face

THERE may be two sides to every other vital issue, but there are three sides to your face. No doubt you are familiar with the full-face reflection you usually see in your mirror. But do you intimately know the right profile—and the left? If you do, then you know also that each differs rather radically from the other.

Precious few faces are perfectly balanced. And no matter, for slight asymmetry is said to indicate interest and versatility. But, pronounced lack of balance can by careful study, adjustment of make-up and coiffure be minimized.

An elaborate study of the "three sides of your face" will tell you why the triple mirror is so necessary and so valuable to every beauty-loving woman. The full-face view, which is the one we ourselves are most familiar with, is usually the kindest of the three. But others see the two other sides. So let us study ourselves and see ourselves as others see us and strive to make each of the three pictures a very perfect one.

Buying a new hat—and a new, thrilling experience each should be—should mean a very careful study in front of a triple mirror. Your own experience can teach you more than any beautician, for every face is a law unto itself. You can suddenly discover that a little asymmetrical turn or twist on one side and a different treatment on the other will serve to enhance each profile view, without in the least detracting from the full-face picture. That is precisely why the tri-cornered hats with the third corner placed here, there and everywhere were becoming to so many women. Don't choose a hat because it gives the wax mannequin an intriguing air. How does it fit your face? And how does it enhance every one of the three views?

That subtle art—the application of make-up—should also provide food for study, with the triple mirror as your constant helpmate. Vanity? Indeed not. Precision and perfection to an exacting degree is what you are striving for. Scrutinize your make-up from all three views. The profile usually tells the truth. And often rouge placed a wee bit differently on one cheek—almost imperceptibly so, of course, a bit higher or lower or extending outward a little more—will give the face more balance and more beauty.

This applies, of course, to your coiffure, too. And this is the reason for the introduction of so much swirling and undulation and the unbalanced hair arrangements.

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When TEETHING makes HIM FUSSY

One of the most important things you can do to make a teething baby comfortable is to see that little bowels do their work of carrying off waste matter promptly and regularly. For this nothing is better than Castoria, a pure vegetable preparation specially made for babies and children. Castoria acts so gently you can give it to young infants to relieve colic. Yet it is always effective, for older children, too. Remember, Castoria contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics—is absolutely harmless. When your baby is fretful with teething or a food upset, give a cleansing dose of Castoria. Be sure you get genuine Castoria with the name:

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CHILDREN CRY FOR IT

A Promise
Dolly—Is your husband good to you, dearie?
Polly—I'll say. He says if I lose my job I won't need to make any more payments on his car.

Worms in your child? Act Quickly!

Picking at nostrils. Gritting the teeth. Loss of appetite. These are symptoms of worms. Rid your child's body of these ruinous parasites that sap health and strength. Give Comstock's Dead Shot Worm Pellets. Prepared like confections. Children take them without suspecting treatment.

COMSTOCK'S
WORM DEAD SHOT PELLETS
#12 a Box of Druggists W.H. Comstock Ltd. Maristown, N.Y.

Discussion
"Friend, the wolf is at my door."
"Will he eat table scraps?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sickly, Pale, Thin, Weak... Broke Out With Boils

Hagerstown, Md.—"When I was a girl I was very sickly, pale, weak and thin, had no strength, no appetite, no life—felt drowsy and heavy. My system was full of poison and I broke out with boils," said Mrs. W. H. Talhelm of 235 Alexander St. "Nothing seemed to help this condition until my mother started giving me Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it drove the poison from my system. Then the boils disappeared, my appetite came back, and I gained in weight and strength." Druggists, Dr. Pierce's Discovery

You Know
"What's up?"
"Mrs. Fludud is giving a bridge for the benefit of the neighbors."

MENTHOLATUM
Open stuffy nostrils, soothe irritation by use of Mentholatum in nose. Rub briskly on chest to improve blood circulation and prevent congestion. Jars and tubes 30c.
CHECKS COLDS

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For acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. The candy-like antacid, 100.

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