

REALITY



By FANNIE HURST

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
(WNU Service)

WHAT happened to Norman Perry in Paris, during the latter teens of the Twentieth century, was just as much part of the world upheaval as machine guns, trench misery, air raid and barbed wire.

Upon this boy from the placid world of a suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio, there burst, with the variegated fire of a skyrocket, the spectacle of plunder and death, Paris and beauty, license and pain, vice, cowardice and a panorama of bravery that through the rocket's red glare, made mankind seem sublime.

Perry, at twenty, from the even tenor of his father's tool factory in the pretty suburb outside of Cincinnati, found himself something of a World-war hero, two bravery citations to his credit; a citizen of the world, floundering around the battlefields of France and Flanders for two years; and finally, a disabled soldier on extended leave while wounds of an all but mortal nature, slowly but surely closed their ugly mouths.

Then what happened was just normal part of the abnormal condition. He met, through a vagary of circumstances, the usual little French Colette, whose hair was like a wet mop of curls, whose drooleries were as exciting as they were alluring, whose constancy was pathetic and whose adoration healed him more swiftly than medication.

He forgot, in the phantasmagoria of the moment, "the girl back home," ensconced himself with Colette in the traditional thatched attic on the left bank of the Seine, and for months the idyllic, irresponsible life of a man and his maid, flowed in uninterrupted bliss.

Colette! He tried sometimes to capture the words to describe her. A dragon-fly skimming over bright waters. Popcorn dancing in its pan. A chrysanthemum in a gale. All to no effect. She would not be caught in the prison of words. She was thistle-down, dancing ahead of the wind. She eluded on every side. She was delectable nonsense, and then strangely, paradoxically, she was the frugal little French girl, conserving your interests, your funds, your health, your well-being.

Life in that attic, with geraniums on the window sills, cookery reeking from the little improvised stove, laughter blowing about the corners, happiness squatting every turn, was a dream caught in an interlude between two realities: the reality of war; the reality of the suburb of Cincinnati.

Life and Paris and flower stands and holidays on the Seine and walks in Fontainebleau and nibbles in patisseries and kisses on the back of Colette's darling adorable neck were just one bouquet of irresponsible hours crammed with irresponsible joys. You awoke with a sense of holiday, you breakfasted with Colette on your knees with a sense of holiday, you galloped through the all too short days with that same sense of holiday and blessedly, wornout with fatigue of pleasant hours, you slept that you might awaken to another holiday.

And so the days became the weeks and the months and finally the year, and then, as is the case with all perfect holidays, there came one day the awakening to the still cold dawn of reality.

It came in the form of two trumpet calls. Armistice! And a cable from the girl back home. Helen, worn with the waiting; eager, homesick, rejoiced, was arriving with her mother for a Paris wedding and a honeymoon trip to America.

Well, it fell into the midst of that small paradise as bombs like that were falling into one after another of the transient paradises that honey-combed Paris and had been erected out of the toll and mof of war. Colette, who knew everything, and in a way had been prepared for the blow before it fell, took it when it came in the same dauntless spirit that characterized the countless of her kind.

Norman, feeling smirched, guilty toward both Colette and Helen, wretched, apprehensive, and filled with a sense of the kind of obligation and responsibility that has its moorings in sections like the suburbs outside the Cincinnati of America, bowed his head and his heart and succumbed to the predicament of caring for two women and having to choose one.

It was characteristic of Helen, when she arrived, that she should have tolerance and sympathy and understanding for the veiled confessions that came in dribbles from the lips of her fiancé.

Of course Norman had been indiscreet. The wonder of it is that he had survived to tell the tale at all. A man could not be held accountable for his reactions under the hell of conditions of war. No more about it. As if it had not happened. Forgive. Forget.

And so, as the saying goes, they were married and lived happily.

There was a bungalow adjoining the parental home in the beautiful suburb outside of Cincinnati. A lovely setting, with a rock garden and a tudor living room and a gun-metal, streamline, family sedan in the two-car garage.

Helen, beautiful, dutiful and right, was proper complement to such a

home. A housekeeper, a mother, a considerable social entity in the community and a wife who furthered the steady advancement of the man of her choice. You could not live in the quiet orderly and always lovely environment created by Helen, and not relax against its sedative lure. If Norman had stopped to question himself, which, in the ordinary course of events, the busy American business man does not, he would have found within himself contentment, pride and no small amount of happiness.

Helen, who wore her hair in dark loose portieres over her ears and caught low in a knot at the nape of her neck, was in her very beauty of repose, the essence of what a man seeks in his marriage. In a way, although he did not pause to realize it, Norman, with his slick, short, tan hair, his square jaw, which in America is the badge for efficiency, his brisk tailor-made manner and up-and-coming commercialism, was just as neatly hewn to his environment.

The Norman Perrys, when their children were six and eight and ten, were the sort of young people who are "coming on." Norman, already a rich man on his own effort, was about to inherit his father's business, as well as certain important real estate holdings which would accrue to him through Helen, whose parents had died.

It was about then that the Perrys decided to use their bungalow as garage and servant's quarters, and erect on the site of the old parental mansion, a new and even more pretentious home.

It was one of those success stories of a normal, up-and-coming little family working its way up and up in its prosperous community. Clean, rather cautious, conservative living; good strong ideals; well educated children, social advancement, travel, comfort and praiseworthy old age.

Mrs. Norman Perry, as the vice president of the largest woman's club in Cincinnati, patronized every important musical enterprise in town, sponsored cultural events, community sings and was a member of the board of one of the city's largest charity hospitals.

Norman, as president of two corporations, officer in a bank, president of a noonday club and pillar of a church and several philanthropic organizations, marched onward toward millions.

Like every other radical conservative, however, he has his "blind spots" as Helen laughingly puts it. It was his wish, and she abided by it, although she counts it as one of her most wifely sacrifices, that she cut her lovely flowing hair and wear it in a mop of curls on her head. It subtracts in dignity but does, it must be admitted, lend a certain air of insouciance to her placidity. With her hair short and worn "mopped" something gay and almost a little naughty seems to crop out in Helen.

Norman adores it. Another of his "blind spots" was his insistence for a den, in the attic part of the new house, after an architect had already planned him a luxurious one on the second floor. Perry's choice, however, was for one of those slanting-roofed, garret corners, where he has geraniums growing along the window sills and all sorts of fantastic charcoal drawings on the wall. For all the world, laughs Helen, like one of those Paris garrets you read about, where Tribly lived and loved.

In this garret, sometimes it seems to Helen, strangely aloof from her, Norman spends hours and hours.

Colette has married, too. The rather pompous owner of a patisserie in whose shop she flits about all day, helping him to succeed.

He is a rough-haired, half blond, rather charming French fellow, adores his wife and makes no secret of it.

In her way, Colette returns his homage. She has done much toward toning him into a more impressive type of business man. Especially, in the years since marriage, has his appearance changed.

She has worked over his head until, instead of the tow-headed, rough-haired fellow she married, he has been metamorphosed into a sort of American-business-man looking person, with slick flat tannish hair that give him a look of efficiency.

Hindu Puzzles Scientists

"I am completely mystified," declared a famous scientist, after witnessing a remarkable demonstration of poison swallowing by a Madras, Swami, carried out at Calcutta university under strictest scientific supervision. The man drank every available known kind of deadly poison, showing a preference for cyanide of potassium, varied with broken glass and nails, without ill-effect. The poison was retained in the stomach, and the man was afterwards X-rayed and the position of the articles located. The performance was regarded as a definite challenge to modern science.

Too Funny for Words

It was a rainy day, and little Cora Ann, spying her uncle loafing about the house, decided to ask him some questions. So she inquired: "Uncle Ed, why does corn pop?" "Well, you see," replied the uncle, "the starch polygons are of such a nature as to facilitate expansion and render the grains explosive in character; there is a fracture of a particle along its two radii, the endosperm swelling very considerably, the peripheral portions cohering with the hull, but the fractured quarters turning back to meet below the embryo—why, my dear, where are you going?" "Oh, I can't wait—I must go and tell little sister."

Trimming Ideas for Wash Frocks

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



SPRINGTIME is here, which brings thoughts of the sewing campaign which is and ever will be at this season of the year.

Here's a timely word of advice, be sure to stock your work basket and your sewing cabinet with a goodly assortment of crochet hooks and crochet threads and yarns, for a touch of hand crochet is the call of the hour. Paris is all enthusiasm on the crochet subject and so is every style-wise American woman and her next-door neighbor.

It is taken for granted that you have been buying up all sorts of pretty wash materials in anticipation of this annual sewing bee, for who can resist the lure of the perfectly lovely cottons, rayons and linens and washable silks which have been so temptingly on display throughout the various fabric departments this many a day.

As usual the "still small voice" is bidding mother to consider the needs of the little folks of the household first. Which is the reason why we are showing this group of interesting styles for children. Seeing that hand crochet is so exceedingly popular, why not adorn little daughter's bright washable-print school frock with neck trim and sleeve bands of hand crochet. They will give an air of distinction to her gown such as only handwork can give.

These little crochet pieces are so easy to do that an entire set like that which adorns the frock to the left in the picture can be made in one evening while listening in on the radio. The short story hour would afford sufficient time, for the stitch is easy and the strips are straight. Since the tub material selected for the frock shown is brown with orange and ecru tiny

figures, the thread for the neckband and cuffs is also an ecru shade. The french mesh, flit, or even the modified Irish crochet stitch may be employed with equal effect. Use 20 to 50 mercerized crochet thread and a No. 10 or 8 steel crochet hook.

The neckband and cuffs are applied with a trim stitch thread in one of colors of the design in the fabric. The trim stitch is done on the machine. Use the coarsest of machine needles, and set the gauge for nine or ten stitches to the inch. Bias trim in orange shade outlines the clever yoke effect at the waistline.

Speaking of bias trim, any young girl will be most delighted with a plaid gypsy girdle with head band to match, such as is worn by the seated figure sketched above to the left. The idea is to stitch bias trim in various colors outlining a plaid design as is shown. This is really a unique idea and one which can be worked very effectively in a trimming way. Jade, scarlet, pilot blue, orange and black bias trim make a striking combination when plaided as suggested.

Just as novel and interesting is the braided hatband and girdle which the other young miss is wearing. This set is also made of bias trim, such as can be bought by the bolt at any notion counter. Fold the bias trim in half, and fasten the ends with thumb tacks to a desk blotter or pad. Then interlace the strips firmly, continuing with pins to hold in position as you proceed from one side to the other. The hat band may be made a little narrower than the belt, using five instead of seven strips.

The little girl who is going stepping in the foreground of the picture, has her pretty white blouse smocked to perfection, in gay colors.

(© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)

COLOR FEATURE OF SPRING ENSEMBLES

The color theme is a predominating feature of many of the new spring ensembles. A dark coat with a light touch is worn with a light frock that boasts a dark note to match the coat, and there is the ensemble. Of course, it is not quite as simple as all that, but this color scheme is certainly extremely popular here.

You will like the new ensembles, for they certainly are different from almost anything shown for many a season, most attractive and wearable, and refreshingly new. Fine materials and furs are used. The frocks often boast a very complicated cut and yet the outcome is an apparently simple costume, without any trace of the opulent or lavish.

Pale Beige Is Favored for Spring Ensembles

Beige may be announced with authority as one of the smart shades for spring. It returns to fashion very pale after an absence of several years. Many a woman will give thanks for this return, as it is both a becoming and a practical shade.

The bright colors that have been high style items for more than a year are being seriously menaced by beige and other neutral colors. It looks as if these gaudy shades might be pushed out of the style picture in another few months. They've had a pretty good day, and may well have run their course.

Be that as it may, though, you will do well to keep this prophecy well in mind, beige is in again. It is being used by the great French dressmakers for jacket ensembles that are going to be smart next spring and that may be worn under the fur coat instanter.

CORDUROY PRINT



Corduroy goes printed for this smart pajama ensemble which is carried out in the ever good-looking black and white combination. The strictly tailored lines are featured this season for pajama costumes which go cruising or strolling on the beach, or which enter into sports of any description.

Jackets, Jackets!
Jackets are an integral part of the season's dress. They range from bolero to finger-tip lengths.

Beauty Talks

By

MARJORIE DUNCAN

Famous Beauty Expert

Beauty on Every Hand

HOW many times, I wonder, have you and you and you been shocked by an ugly hand hiding behind a trim and stylish glove. Were it not for the protection they give and the finished look they add to the costume ensemble I would be all for abolishing gloves. For time and again it has been proven that exposure is the incentive to greater beauty.

The very first rule to remember when handing yourself beauty is that the hands must match your face in general tone and texture. Never cream your face without doing as much for your hands. When you cleanse, tone, nourish or bleach the face and neck take a minute to follow the same beautifying process for your hands, too. It will be time well spent, I promise you.

It is a very stubborn sort of skin that does not respond to a week or two of kindly care. Rough, chapped hands soon take on a satin smoothness if treated to a nourishing cream, a hand lotion or a soothing balm. This should be smoothed into the hands at night just before one retires, and also several times during the day after the hands have been washed.

For red and rough hands the old formula of glycerin and rose water, or equal parts of glycerin and spirits of camphor should prove both bleaching and nourishing.

Hands that are chapped should avoid soap and water for a few weeks. A cleansing cream is both soothing and cleansing.

And every hand—from the loveliest to the ugliest should receive the proper protection before it is sent outdoors. In the winter the chill blasts will redden and roughen and chap the skin. In the summer the sun's heat saps the skin of the natural oils making it dry and leathery looking. A finishing cream smoothed over the hands and a dusting of powder to top the loveliness is sufficient to carry smooth, white beauty through a busy day.

Fruit juice stains are not new to the homemaker. The lovely lemon is a handy thing to have about if you are seeking hand beauty. A bit of tomato juice will also remove fruit stains.

The hands of youth and beauty present a beautifully healthy skin tone, clear, transparent—not a dead white but the proverbial peaches and cream loveliness. The hands of youth and beauty are hands you love to hold for their satin smooth loveliness. No wrinkles, no discolorations, no ragged nails ever mar the hands of youth and beauty. Hand yourself beauty and remember that beautiful hands are also on the march in the spring fashion parade.

Make-Up Need Not Make You Look Bizarre

IN ADDITION to the many women who have not yet adopted cosmetics, there is still another group. The group consists of women who are under the mistaken impression that using rouge or powder will make them look too-obviously "made up." They associate make-up in general with an eccentric, exaggerated effect.

Make-up is a subtle art. To use none at all is to commit as grave an offense against beauty as to use too much. The pallid, haggard woman is almost as much of an eyesore as the too-obviously painted lady. But by choosing the right rouge and powder—a shade to match the skin, texture to be blending easy, a quality that will in no way hurt the skin—and by applying these touches skillfully one can achieve not only a natural but a beautiful effect as well.

To achieve a natural effect the first requisite is to select a shade of rouge that blends perfectly with your natural coloring.

If you have so little natural coloring that you are in doubt what it is, there are several ways of determining it. When you are flushed, notice your color, or when exercising, the blood will rush to the surface, or after patting with skin tonic, notice the color as well as the color outline, that is just where the "key" or deepest shade is and notice how it fades away gradually.

The next step is to blend the rouge to simulate the natural color outline—apply it to the "key spot" then blend it so that it fades away. Edges should never be definitely outlined, but softened so that they are scarcely perceptible. A cream rouge is best suited to this blending process and achieves a warmer, more natural, glowing and beautiful effect.

Powder should also match the skin and should harmonize with eyes and hair. Choose a good quality powder and one of good texture. When applying the powder do not rub it into the skin. Pat it on in an upward and outward direction, then gently smooth it over.

And while on the subject of make-up let me urge you to adopt a lip paste or lipstick, too. Rosy cheeks and pale lips do not conform with natural order of things.

A too-obvious make-up should be avoided. But a natural make-up will only serve to enhance your beauty, to make you look more healthful, more alive.

(© 1932, Bell Syndicate.)—WNU Service.



RESTFUL SLEEP for FRETFUL, FEVERISH CHILD

—With Castoria's regulation

When your child tosses and cries out in his sleep, it means he is not comfortable. Very often the trouble is that poisonous waste matter is not being carried off as it should be. Bowels need help—mild, gentle help—but effective. Just the kind Castoria gives. Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation made specially for children's ailments. It contains no harsh, harmful drugs, no narcotics. Don't let your child's rest—and your own—be interrupted. A prompt dose of Castoria will urge stubborn little bowels to act. Then relaxed comfort and restful sleep! Genuine Castoria always has the name:



Women Inventors Increasing
The number of applicants from women for patent papers has increased greatly in recent years. When the last detailed analysis was made, women were applying for patents at the rate of about 500 a year, but it is known to have increased considerably, since recently a large number of women have entered industrial life. As might be expected, the highest percentage of inventions of the number studied a few years ago confined themselves to domestic devices, but a great many applications are now from the realms of metallurgy and other higher technical fields.

Mexicans Waste Timber
Most Mexicans still use charcoal to heat their homes although their land is rich with oil and gas. Assistant Trade Commissioner E. D. McLaughlin in Mexico City reports to the United States Commerce department that charcoal is being used there at the rate of 900 tons a day. This consumption requires the destruction of approximately two square miles of woodland daily. Several government officers met recently to consider the situation and are formulating plans to educate the populace to substitute other fuels for charcoal.

Headache
An IR-NATURE'S REMEDY
Tablet—will promptly start the needed bowel action, clear waste and poison from your system, and bring welcome relief at once. The mild, safe, all-vegetable laxative. Try it—25c.
NEW
TUMS for the tummy! Quick relief for sour stomach, acid indigestion and heartburn. Tums are antacid. Only 10c.

Rust-Proof Alloy
At the recent meeting of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers Nicholas A. Ziegler, of the Westinghouse company, reported the discovery of a new cheap alloy, made of iron and aluminum, which does not rust when hot. Red-hot rust, you know, is what shortens the lives of furnaces, etc.

Has Many Relatives
George Morgan Ferrell, twenty-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy L. Ferrell, of Appalachia, Va., has twelve living grandparents, or rather eight great-grandparents and four grandparents. A great-uncle of the child is fifteen years old and an aunt is four.

Lacked Snuggles
"The trouble with the old-fashioned sofa," said the flapper, "was that it was too roomy."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

A false rumor gains currency quicker than the average man.

Silence rarely needs apology.

ANY COUGH Is Dangerous B. & M.

THE PENETRATING GERMICIDE STOPS COUGHS QUICKLY

Ask Your Druggist for the \$1.25 size or order from F. E. ROLLINS CO. 53 BEVERLY ST., BOSTON, MASS.

(© 1932, Bell Syndicate.)—WNU Service.