

Dream Waltz

By Fannie Hurst

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(WNU Service)

WHEN Leonard was twenty-one, he composed a dream waltz. It was published, caught on, and for a considerable while the entire land was dancing to it and humming.

Incidentally, it made quite a pile of money for Leonard, enabling him to plan a trip to Greece there to satisfy some sort of a congenial hunger in his middle west soul, to say nothing of the fact that, for at least a six-month, he was quite a celebrity. His home town honored him; even New York bowed to him upon his arrival there to take ship, and for one brief second in his scheme of things, the gods took notice of a lean gangling fellow with a shock of blond hair, who hailed from a town called Granite City, and through whose commonplace looking cranium had wafted the haunting melody of a dream.

Everywhere he went for those few months, the melody went with him, following him like a wisp of lovely smoke. In restaurants, when he entered, the orchestra played him his dream waltz; on dance floors, youth, with drugged looking eyes, moved rhythmically to it. Even on street corners, barrel organs sent his dream waltz tumbling into the street din. They were short, excited melodious months, dominated by the subtle aura of success.

It was in New York, while waiting to take the ship for the Aegean Islands, that he met a slip of a girl from Brooklyn endowed with the absurdly incongruous and beautiful name of Hesper. She was a flat-voiced, satinskinned, colloquial, quick-minded, city-minded, city-turned little piece, one of hordes who milled through the daily scene, but to Leonard, from the moment he clasped eyes on her seated on a high stool beside him at an ice cream counter, a nymph who must have slipped out of the surf of the ocean surrounding Manhattan.

Their courtship was quick, citified and ended in marriage. The trip to the Aegean, of course, was shelved, first because Hesper preferred to purchase furniture with the money and secondly, because any spot she chose to be, became the Aegean isles to Leonard.

They were married on a Monday, had fitted up a perit little filing cabinet of a flat by the following Monday, and in another week were neatly adjusted into a well-oiled routine of the butcher, the baker, the refrigerator defroster; the dumb waiter, the subway, the vermin exterminator.

Nor was the transition of hopes and plans difficult for Leonard. Hesper was more delectable, if possible, in marriage than she had been in courtship. Built like a doll, her quick pink tongue, her darting adorably wayward eye, her flashing little temper, her irresistible remorse were as elusive, as maddening, as appetizing to him, as had been the elusive strains of his waltz before he captured them all.

For a twelve month they lived, these two children, captured into the cave of their Manhattan flat, the deliciously irresponsible, uninhibited lives of play-boy and playgirl.

Then the funds gave out, the vogue of the dream waltz began to go the way of all vogues, and life began to become the serious business it can manage to be upon occasion.

What subsequently happened, came much more gradually than it seems in the telling. The first dimming of the luster of the vivaciousness that was Hesper's did not come until those first strangely solemn days when it became necessary for the little household, builded on the dream waltz, to sit solemnly down and take note of its budget. And then, almost before they could catch their breath over the narrow margin of their resources, Hesper's twin girls were born and ten months thereafter, a boy, and ten months after that, another.

Thereupon, this story takes its all too usual course. The gradual conflict of wear and tear, worry and financial strain upon beauty, youth and hope. For almost a year, battling with the haunting desire for melody that still lay tormented in the hinterlands of his mind, Leonard, borrowing, devising, scheming to meet his budget, strove to recapture some of the quality that had poured into the dream waltz.

At the end of fourteen months, he was clerking in a haberdashery. At the end of five years, he was clerking in haberdashery.

With a finality that struck terror to his soul, his house had settled, his Hesper had settled, his routine had settled.

A bitter, slatternly, violently maternal Hesper ruled his household now. It mattered not that when she met him, Hesper, at ten dollars a week, had been salesgirl in the basement of a department store. The years, piling up their woes and disappointments, also piled up in the wife of Leonard, festering hallucinations of having sacrificed herself.

Strangely, there was no reputation in Leonard. What Hesper said of him in vituperative moods, was true. He had brought no fulfillment to his marriage. His promise, his inspiration, his melody of spirit, had petered out, Hesper, who thought she had married success, had married a clerk.

It hurt Leonard to see her beauty fade out beneath the lines of bitterness, and to know that the lugging of

her heavy children was dragging her figure into sway-back lines. Even the old struggle for composition was gone. With the enforced sale of his piano, he had for a few months locked himself up evenings to try and strum for melody on a battered guitar. That woke the babies. The slow corroding processes of frustration began to eat into the heart of Leonard.

At forty, gray and with a stoop, he was any morning the strap-hanger caught in the obscene shambles of the subway eight o'clock rush; he was any flat dweller, turning his pasty face homeward at six o'clock, once more a wedged sardine in the evening subway rush; a qualified member of the routinized world of the flat, the shop, the daily grind.

Sunday mornings he wheeled out his babies, cleaned out his pipes, tinkered with a homemade radio, buried his face under sheets of the Sunday papers to escape the perpetual wangling of Hesper, who wore dust caps and her skirts pulled up around her hips while she did housework.

Sunday afternoons, particularly as his boys began to grow up, he walked with them to the zoos of the public parks or occasionally took them skiff riding on the small lakes. His neck had grown thin, his arms had grown more gangling, his eyes had grown to look like glass that had been breathed on.

Yet withal, the man out of whom had flowered the mystic sweetness of the dream waltz, moved ahead in the trance of his life. Husband of a wife. Father of children. Head of a household. Taxpayer on a tiny scale. Subscriber to a morning newspaper. Tinkerer with his radio. Absorber of the ready-made propaganda of the political and social world in which he lived.

Any man on any street in any town. Middle man. Average man. Man in the street.

His twins grew older and more demanding and more critical of the parent who had thus thrust them into ways of mediocrity, when at school there were children who came from larger flats, and wore better frocks. His boys grew older, and in many respects, terrifyingly wise in city ways. His wife grew dimmer and more the scold.

And yet, to all intents and purposes, the little family in the usual little flat, in the usual mediocrity of its middle class routine, was fulfilling its destiny. Hesper, the mother, who had given of her body and her vitality that there might be life, Leonard, the provider, who sought to instill within his family, right doing and living. Yearlings, growing into their maturity under the family roof.

Straw-foot, hay-foot! Routine. Mediocrity. Standardization.

At fifty, Leonard, with the unfinished melodies dormant within him, was reconciled to all this. So, in her way, was the querulous Hesper.

And then one night something happened which changed the complexion of life for Leonard to such an extent, that he could never again feel drab and hopeless and trapped by the machinery of his life. A small, almost infinitesimal thing happened, filling his cup to overflowing; making the future something to care about; something to dream about.

His eldest boy, a slender, rather sensitive-faced youngster brought him a drawing he had made on a sheet of paper. A precocious, really extraordinary portrait of a young girl, executed with vitality, imagination and beauty.

Captured into that face on the paper, laid in cunning gifted stroke, line by line, was all the quality that eighteen years before Leonard in another way had poured into the dream waltz. Life was not done!

English Kings Prodigal in Territorial Grants
Under the early charters granted by the English kings to the colonies in the New world, Connecticut was entitled to a sweep of territory as wide as the present width of that state, and extending all the way across the continent. Presently Connecticut's claims came in conflict with grants to New York and Pennsylvania, and these disputes were finally decided in favor of the latter states. But Connecticut maintained its claims from the western boundary of Pennsylvania until after the Revolutionary war.

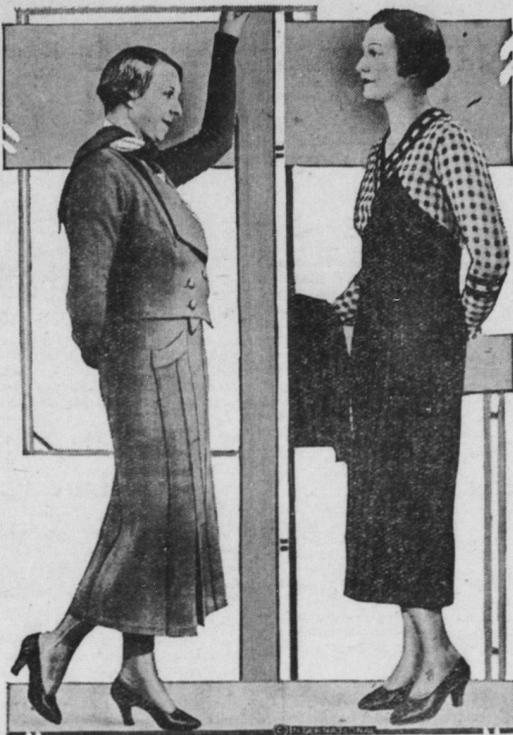
The peace terms had given the United States the title to land extending to the Mississippi, but the general government prevailed on the old states to yield to it their peculiar claims on the western lands, so that ultimately these might be organized as new states.

Between 1784 and 1802, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia made cessions of western lands. Connecticut ceded the greater part of its claims on September 13, 1786, but retained the title to an area across the northern part of what is now the state of Ohio, running along the shore of Lake Erie west 120 miles from the Pennsylvania border, and extending south to the forty-first parallel of north latitude. This territory soon came to be called "the Connecticut Western Reserve" or simply "The Western Reserve." It comprised the present counties of Ashtabula, Trumbull, Lake, Geauga, Portage, Cuyahoga, Medina, Lorain, Huron and Erie, and the greater part of Summit and the northern parts of Mahoning and Ashland.

In 1800, however, Connecticut finally ceded to the federal government the jurisdiction over the Reserve, which was incorporated with the Northwest territory, and soon afterward was included in the lands which were admitted as the state of Ohio.

Knitted Modes Set New Style Pace

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THIS many a yarn which Dame Fashion is spinning these days in answer to the call of the mode for smart knitted apparel. It is not only that knitted togs in their modern versions are so good to look upon, but the fact of their being so thoroughly practical gives them a place in the heart of the sports world which none other can occupy.

As knitted fashions stand today they acknowledge no superior when it comes to ultra-chic and beguiling charm. This, together with the fact that a knitted costume stands any amount of wear and tear without losing that well-groomed appearance which every prouder woman covets, accounts for the increasing enthusiasm expressed for outfits which are knitted or fashioned of knitted fabrics.

Straight from la belle Paris come the two knitted costumes pictured. The suit to the left is of loose-knit Jersey in green and white, with the scarf and corsage in the same colors. Its bellhop jacket, which stops at the waistline, together with the flat stitched pleats in the skirt testify that when it comes to style details there is no point missed by designers of knitted modes.

The costume shown to the right is a Paquin model as is also the suit just described. This sports ensemble chooses to combine red wool with Scotch check. The bolero which mildly carries on her arm ready for wear in the outdoors is of the same. It is characteristic of French costumes as styled for spring and the coming summer that they accept color at the top, a treatment which has been most strikingly accomplished in the present instance.

For novelty, versatility and gaiety it is the sweater which carries the day

with highest honors. The sweater, crocheted or knitted in loose open mesh, is a toptouch fashion. Some of them are that open they look to be little more than fishingnetting. It's quite the swagger thing to wear one of these openwork sweaters over one's sleeveless sports dress. Match it to the color of your frock or have it in striking contrast, as you will.

The new skirts with built-up waistlines have brought tuck-in sweaters to the fore. Necklines, too, come in for a great deal of attention in sweater designing. Frills, fichu effects, jabots and all sorts of dressmaker details adding a piquant touch to the mode.

Very elaborate ensembles are being displayed, those in all white being notably lovely. Per example, a sports outfit recently shown consisted of a skirt knitted in simple stitch with a row of open stitch marking the separation between the gored sections which achieved a snug fit about the hips with a slight flare below the knees. The sweater blouse accented an extremely open lacy stitch. The sleeved bolero matched the skirt. A beret, a belt, a scarf and an envelope pocketbook knitted and crocheted in fanciful stitch and design added notes of interest. All in pure white, this many-one costume made a striking appearance.

For berets and scarfs designers are using rayon chenille with excellent results as the chenille crochets softly and prettily, being particularly effective in pastel colorings. Women who wield the crochet needle readily are adding a touch of distinction to their bought sweaters by crocheting a shell stitch chenille edge about neckline and sleeves as well as finishing various hemlines, adding perhaps a few crocheted buttons in decorative manner.

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SAILOR HAT IS IN SPRING SPOTLIGHT

A visit to the hat shops would indicate that Dame Fashion has decreed almost any kind of bonnet as long as some conditions are followed.

Right out in the spotlight is the sailor with its brim and hat band of ribbon or leather, sometimes of contrasting color. The colors are quite gay, the crowns are, on the whole, shallow, and the brims narrow. While the straws fairly blossom on the shelves there are popular arrays of knitted hats, some with straw brims, and some knitted of wool and straw. There is a natty little hat popular for sports that sits like a pancake on top of the head and comes in bright sports colors.

The hats sport any variety of small and striking ornaments of a contrasting color.

Irish Lace Lends Nice Touch to Spring Frock

Crocheted Irish lace is lending a chaste touch to many a spring frock of printed crepe, plain black or beige crepe or a plain navy blue woolen. It is used in collars, vests, cuffs and at the ends of ties. It is even used to trim some of the smartest and most expensive of the new spring frocks. Perhaps if a housewife is frugal she will begin rummaging around in old trunks in the attic, is she has an attic, and some of the old Irish lace she finds there may be the means of making lovely an otherwise ordinary dress this spring.

Anchor Clips

If you wish to be very smart you will go in for things nautical, such, for instance, as clips in the form of anchors and stars in silver or gold finished metal, or in red, white and blue enamels.

Beauty Talks

By

MARJORIE DUNCAN

Famous Beauty Expert

Every Item Deserves Attention

BUDGETS are becoming more and more popular because their efficiency and value has been brought home—repeatedly. Few home builders, for instance, can be accused of putting all their eggs in one basket—financially speaking. 'Tis sheer folly to spend all of one's savings on a rug for instance, when the windows need repairing and the chairs need recovering. And so on.

Yet a greater group than we imagine still continue to concentrate on one phase of the beauty ensemble. Sometimes it is the best feature that receives special attention (and women are wise to wish to heighten their "chiefest charm.") More often, of course, attention is focused on the feature as needs it. And you can't blame a woman for that, either.

But the wisest plan and the one that makes for the utmost in beauty is the "budgeting for beauty" system.

I have known women to spend a half hour on the crowning glory to the exclusion of all other beauty rites. And while their hair was lowly and lustrous, they did not—as you have probably guessed—present a complete picture of careful grooming. The fact is that too much concentration on one part of the picture marks a very sharp contrast and emphasizes the unloveliness of the uncared-for portions.

If you have heard this preachment before, it bears repeating for it is a beauty maxim. Budget your beauty time. Have you two hours to spend? Then be sure to devote enough time to brushing your hair, massaging your scalp, giving your skin the treatment it needs, and your figure its due share of exercise. Get out in the open—remember that the health rules are all a very important part of the beauty regime. In treating the skin think of the face, neck, shoulders, arms and hands as one unit. Don't neglect the face for the hands, the hands for the hair and so on. An unbalanced picture is the result. Be fair to every phase of beauty and to every item that goes to make up the whole, harmonious beauty ensemble.

To be sure you will have to devote more time to that part of the picture which is not perfect than to the more satisfactory portions of your ensemble. But do give a little time to each item. You can work out your own budget according to your own needs. Or on certain days you may wish to concentrate on your hair—or your skin. The big point in this sermon is do not neglect any phase of beauty. Study your own needs, then set about enhancing your loveliness and preserving whatever gifts nature has endowed you with.

Choosing Perfume

PERFUME is a delicate art, the last delightful touch, the final touch, the final complement to one's costume and one's personality. It intrigues. It charms. Few American women have mastered it. Perhaps one reason is lack of thought in choosing a perfume. Don't study your neighbor. Unless you are purchasing a scent for her. Your own perfume must be a complement to your own personality. Age enters here. Type too. Many a miss of sweet sixteen has made herself ridiculous by the application of a heavy odor suitable to a matron thrice her years. And, likewise, a mature woman using a very delicate whiff of a perfume does not achieve the desired effect. As for type, picture the tall, dark-eyed, ruby-lipped Oriental wearing a wee bit of lilac or rose. Inconsistent, isn't it? Or the petite, fair and frail china-doll type surrounding herself with a heavy, intense scent. A conflict there—not a complement to her restful, cool personality and charm. Color is an important factor, too, for most blondes are flattered by the delicate flower odors, and brunettes can wear the more intense perfumes to advantage. But before color is considered, temperament and personality have to be taken into account.

To achieve the ultimate flattering effect remember these subtle secrets for applying perfume. They date back to the Greek and Roman eras, when perfuming was a daily ritual. Remember that a wee bit is all that is necessary. A good perfume (and that is the only kind worth buying) should have lasting qualities. An infinitesimal drop behind the ears, a touch on the lids and brows, a bit on the palms of your hand. Become a devotee of the atomizer. It is an economical way of spreading the subtle scent—distributing evenly—without waste.

Let there be a very delicate breath of perfume about you, like a soft, spring breeze, a faint warm wind—now here—now gone—but enough to favorably impress people "to remember you by."

The fastidious woman of means may choose several different perfumes—to express mood, occasion—to complement her costume. For sports, a perfume with the tang of the woods in it. For evening an exquisite, exotic scent. Always its chief function should be to express and enhance her own personality. That is the first rule to remember when your thoughts turn to perfume. Make it the final, pleasant touch to the loveliness that is you.

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

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get on your feet and use it directed. Fine particles of aged skin peel off until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft and velvety. Your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. It removes wrinkles and one ounce Mercolized Wax dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

Agents Wanted—Sell Bicentennial cards and pictures; Washington Praying at Valley Forge; sure, easy selling; send today. National Specialty & Pub. Co., Union City, N.J.

Beautiful Gladiolus Mixtures: 109 large bulbs \$1.50; smaller sized \$1, prepaid, price list free. Donald James, Camp Hill, Pa.

Inventor Has Idea of Houses by the Quart

Buttons, collar studs, the backs of hairbrushes, and all kinds of things are already made from milk, and now comes an inventor who proposes to turn the cow into a provider of building materials for houses. He claims that casein, or solidified milk, is an ideal substance for the purpose, since it is easy to work and would make it possible to erect soundproof and draught-proof buildings.

His villas are to be planned on novel lines. Instead of digging down for the foundations, he is going to erect a large mast. The house hangs from a framework erected round this and provided with ball bearings. The idea is that you can turn it just as you like in order to bring any room at will into the sunshine or the shade.

It is to be doubted, though, whether the new idea will catch on, for few people desire dwellings in which they will be permanently "up the pole."—London Tit-Bits.

Ugly Pimples

Nature's warning—help nature clear your complexion and paint red roses in your pale, yellow cheeks. Truly wonderful results follow thorough colon cleansing. Take NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—to regulate and strengthen your eliminative organs. They watch the transformation. Try NR instead of more laxatives. Only 10c.

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TOMORROW ALRIGHT
Make the test tonight

TUMS
For acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, the candy-like anacid, 10c.

Uncover Indians' Bones

Near Mountain View, Calif., where once the Fisher Indians buried their dead, a new highway cuts through, symbolic of the progress that drove the tribe from its once vast hunting ground. Road crews working on the new Bayside highway recently uncovered the graves of five of the Indians, together with beads, mortars, and other paraphernalia buried with them to insure their happiness and comfort in the Happy Hunting Ground. The bones and other remnants were reburied alongside the right-of-way.

For Police Dogs, Maybe

Virginia's dad was pointing out to her different things in an old picture of Camp Knox. At one side was a group of small tents which he told her were "pup tents." She seemed very much interested and said: "Why dad, were they for the police dogs in the army?"—Indianapolis News.

You are fortunate if you find anybody interested in hearing you relate reminiscences of your boyhood.

Mothers! BEWARE OF WORMS

Be on the look-out for the common enemy of children. Watch for such symptoms as picking at nostrils, gritting of teeth, poor appetite and frightening dreams. Expel these intestinal parasites with Comstock's Dead Shot Worm Pellets. Easy for the most sensitive child to take.

COMSTOCK'S
WORM DEAD SHOT PELLETS
1/2¢ a Box of Druggists W.H. Comstock, Ltd. Monticello, N.Y.

Tut's Caricature Found

Some ancient-time sculptor conceived the idea that a bust of King Tut-Ankh-Amen at shaving time would create a laugh. It is doing so now, for an amusing caricature of the king, his beard bristling and soapy, has been discovered at his burial place at Tek-el-Amarna, according to a report from Cairo, Egypt. A painting outfit also found, may have been the king's own.

His Good Deed

The amateur gardener was showing the beauties of his greenhouse. "This," he said, pointing to a flower, "belongs to the petunia family." "Does it?" commented the sweet young thing. "I suppose you're minding it while they're away."

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Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Use and Sell at Druggists.
Floreson Shampoo—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy, 50 cents by mail or at drug stores. Hacco Chemical Works, Patchogue, N.Y.

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, MD. 18-1932.