

The Silver Kiss

By Fannie Hurst

WHEN Myron Gilmore went away to the World war, and two-thirds of the town, wet-eyed, crammed the small station to see the boys off, he took a girl he had called Sweet Annie Laurie for the greater part of his life into his arms, and there in the melee of un-leashed emotions, kissed her roundly and soundly on her beautiful lips.

"Let this last you, Dear Heart, until I return," he said.

"You know I will, without my saying it, Myron."

And so she would have, except for what happened.

War boomed on; the weeks stretched into months and the months into years and in a small Middle Western town a girl named Laure Moore kept tryst and waited. It was a fearful kind of waiting; the kind that caused one to pick up every morning's paper with bated breath, and the sight of a messenger boy running up a flight of front steps was sufficient to strike terror into the heart. Strained waiting months of anxiety, mingled with hope; of terror, mitigated by prayer.

And then one day, near Verdun, under an exploding shell, that as it fell lighted the countryside in a wide white grin, Myron Gilmore, crouching for attack, felt the lower half of his face seen to move; take wings; take flight. Almost just that had happened. One of those devastating facial accidents that brought about the wonders of a new science called plastic surgery had befallen Myron, tearing away part of the lower jaw and mauling, almost beyond recognition, the personable face of the young man who had bidden Laura Moore good-bye.

Then the same old story. Month after month in one hospital after another, where from time to time the various experimental treatments were tried out. The wound had healed fairly well, but the great problem lay in restoration. Paraffin and silver had been tried for purposes of filling out the shot away jaw and lower lip, but because of certain ligament difficulties, the substance would not hold and slowly but surely the improvised structure of Myron's lower jaw would begin to collapse, revealing the upper line of his side teeth.

It made him rather horrible. Something like a skull-head, if you beheld him from the left, and as the months dragged on, there developed in Myron, over this recurring tragedy of the exposed side of his face, a sensitiveness that was torture and torment. Day after day, he lay on his cot, face to wall, concealing from even his ward-mates what he regarded as the horror of his countenance.

Months since he had ceased replying to the eager imploring letters that came from Laura.

Then one day he resorted to a ruse. Two weeks after the signing of the armistice, there went across seas a letter to Laura Moore bearing the tidings that Myron had died of a septic infection of the jaw.

That somehow made things simpler; easier for Myron to bear. You could manage to go through life with a paraffin jaw, if need be, just so long as you did not drag into the torment of your little hell, the lovely figure of the girl whose lips you loved had pressed in promise of bright days to come.

It was at a hospital in Paris they finally succeeded in perfecting a lower jaw or silver and paraffin that held firmly and except to the closely observing, the face of Myron, with the exception of a rigidity which suggested partial paralysis, was not any too noticeably scarred. Of course it was obvious that here was a face somehow not of normal cast, but it was not a countenance to cause one to recoil.

In other words, but for the inevitable handicap of such a defect, Myron's disability, except in his own consciousness, was not the calamity it had threatened to be. Pulling himself together and taking up the routine of life, there remained within him this one form of sensitiveness that was little short of mania.

He believed himself a horror in the eyes of man. Which he was not. He molded his life accordingly, finding himself a position in an English bank in the city of Paris and practically living the life of a recluse.

It was too bad all the way around, not only because the obsession that his silver lips would have been so terribly repellent to Laura, but because the further reduced his life to the narrow lustreless plane of an eccentric. There where no mirrors in Myron's rooms; he allowed himself no social life; women were omitted from his scheme.

At forty, skilled in a colloquial knowledge of the French language, an honor student at the Sorbonne and a graduate in French law, he had managed to fill the wide empty niches in his life by qualifying himself for a professional career.

It was remarkable in itself, and created no small amount of comment. The idea of this American who called himself Myron Stewart, qualifying so brilliantly for the French bar, caught popular fancy. Americans, flocking, brought him wide clientele and then his success began.

Meanwhile Laura, whose heart was a grave for him, had done the not unusual thing. She had married the next-best, a bosom friend of Myron's,

in fact, who had loved her, prospered, provided her with worldly goods and died in a fashion that had been a shock to the entire community. One of those untimely deaths by motor car accident, of one of the thriving and successful business men of the town. Out of a clear sky, a devastating bolt from the blue, and Laura at forty, childless, a widow.

Inevitably, props thus knocked from under, she found herself following the nomadic trail of the widow. Her first trip abroad, in the company of a personally conducted group of five, landed her in Paris in April, the perfect month of the Paris year. There were bitter memories in her heart for this city which she had never seen; bitter memories all crowded around with the pain of her new grief.

It was while she was standing alone one day before the perpetual flame on the grave of the Unknown Soldier at the head of the Champs Elysees, that glancing up, she found her eyes riveted to the gaze of one who had evidently risen from the casket in her heart.

He had not, though, because as she gazed, stealthily he began to move away and as one possessed, she began to push through the traffic of the Etoile after him.

"Who are you?"

"I am no one you know."

"You are Myron."

"You are mad."

"You are Myron."

"What if I am?"

"How dare you talk like that! What if you are! If you are, you are my life come back, when I thought life dead."

"How did you know me?"

"Why not?"

"My face."

"Myron—Myron, it is dark here—just to prove to me I am not dreaming—and may wake up—kiss me, Myron—"

Coldly he laid against hers, lips that were rigid with silver.

"Now are you sure?"

"Surer than heaven. Kiss me again."

Men of High Ability
Buffeted by Fortune

When the papers announced the other day that a man named Leo Melanowski was living in the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor in a Middle West city, it didn't sound especially interesting—unless you read on and learned about the man's background.

For Melanowski was one of the big men in the early days of the automobile industry. Three decades ago he was considered probably the best automotive engineer in the country. As a matter of fact, some men still feel that way about him.

At one time Henry Ford asked him for a job. He guided the early development of the motor industry; he once held five shares of Ford stock, which, if he had held on to it, would have netted him more than a million and a half in cash in 1919.

But today he lives in the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor; and the whole story emphasizes the prodigious way in which business, like life in general, uses human talent in order to get the results it wants.

Melanowski is not the only one of the early giants of the automobile trade to wind up in poverty.

David Buick died almost penniless in Detroit a few years ago. R. C. Hupp, if not in poverty, was not among the mighty and the rich when he died. And the automobile business is not the only business that has tales like that. Nearly every industry can duplicate them.

Just why things like that should happen is not at all clear. No industry ever had a surplus of brains. The old saying, "There's always room at the top," is perfectly true. A man of outstanding ability is always in demand.

And yet—every now and then such a man of that kind gets absolutely nowhere. It is as if there were some hidden and inexplicable rule by which business must sacrifice, now and then, a keen brain to some invisible and maleficent power. Melanowski, Buick—you could make a long and dismal list. It testifies to one of the most distressing and wasteful ailments of modern business.—Rocky Mountain News, Denver.

Inspiration in Alabama

In Birmingham, Ala., Ephesus and Mary Thomas named their daughter Laxative. Other names given to negro children, as revealed by the bureau of vital statistics: Rosy and Posy (twins), Arcola, Miserable, Roach, Zenobia, Poindexter, Diplom, Nebuchadnezzar, Mumps, Cleopatra, Love Lycurgus, Measles, Cleop, Island, Moraphine, Shylock, Phemia Intilia, Shinoia, Truthie, Listerine, Providencia, Etoy, Zeller, Delphine-Richlene, Arcadia, Zebedes, Charity, Orestee-Lennon, Ishmann-Julius, Friendly James, Pearleann, Amorous, Dimples, Violin, Mystic Kate, Ivory White, Ivory Shivers.—Time Magazine.

Denotes Preciousness

The original application of the phrase "apple of the eye" is not clear, some supposing it to be a perversion of "pupil of the eye," and others adhering to the theory that it originated in the notion that the pupil of the eyes is a round solid ball like an apple. At any rate "the apple of the eye" is the symbol of that which is cherished and most precious. The expression refers to anything extremely dear, greatly beloved or highly valued. It is very old and occurs a number of times in the King James version of the Bible.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Brides Yield to Lure of Lovely Lace

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WITH enchantment of springtime all about her, the bride of today must needs look her prettiest in order to tune in with the picture. In answering this challenge for bridal array of glamorous beauty, fashion turns to lovely lace as the happiest solution. Of course some brides are loath to depart from traditional satin, and so the mode enters into a compromise this season, announcing a fifty-fifty proposition of lace and satin for the smartest wedding gowns, or of all-lace if you really prefer.

Fortunately for brides and others who look their winsomest in lace, American lacemakers are producing replicas of antique designs and textures which are that authentic in motif and mesh as to defy experts, nor is the cost prohibitive.

As to the picture herewith "the bride wore" or is wearing a gorgeous gown of off-white satin handsomely garnished with dune lace in a bedroom pattern—a lace that would be priceless if it were as "down-through-the-family" as it looks.

The lace makes a bolero bodice, closely fitted with an under-the-bust waistline—infinity flattering to good figures. There's a quaint peplum of lace, too, and you will please to note the pointed panels of matching lace which are so decorative on the skirt. The long, formal satin train also has a sumptuous lace border.

The court veil is arranged from the confines of a charming little pearl and lace Juliet cap that forms an alluring aura about the bride's perfectly coiffed head, setting off to perfection her beautiful face. She carries calla lilies, for they are extremely popular for bridal bouquets. Her slippers are satin sandals.

For those whose fancy turns to diaphanous effects rather than stately satin an outstanding French creator of modes advocates the alliance of lace with dainty chiffon. When the lace is a filmy cobwebby sort, the effect is indescribably lovely and youthful.

True to the high importance of cotton in the mode, fashion is arraying the bride's attendants in beguiling organdies, especially the embroidered types, or if not organdie then most likely in dotted or plain net of exquisite quality. The very latest move is to top the bridesmaids' frocks with cunning little jackets in bright shades, for white with touches of high color in the accessories is very smart for the wedding cortege.

Another item of interest is the important wider-shoulder feeling which is expressed in gowns for the bridesmaids, either via caplets or epaulet silhouettes which cap fair shoulders. The gown worn by the matron of honor as shown in the picture features these new "lines," the wee caplet of crisp embroidered organdie standing out wide-shouldered in accordance with the latest mood of the mode. The dune lace macramé which fashions this charming frock is in an entrancing shade of turquoise blue. The embroidery forms a pattern which glistens like delicate frosting on its transparent organdie background. Her bouquet is sweet peas in delicate pink.

(© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)

SNAPPY CLOTHING
FOR MOTOR TRAVEL

All the ingenuity of the dressmaker's art has been turned loose this season on clothing for motor travel.

An all-weather, all-time, all-service traveling costume consists of a long tweed coat, a matching skirt, a harmonizing sweater and a silk blouse as well as a silk dress to match the lining of the coat.

With this combination one may be warmly dressed for traveling in cool climates, for boat trips, night motoring, etc., coolly dressed for warm climates, and immaculately and freshly gowned for dinner in a hotel—all without carrying extra luggage.

One such combination worked out by a New York dressmaker for Collier's Weekly shows a coat of red, brown, black and beige mixed tweed (the red predominating) with a big roll collar, a soft, clinging sweater in two of these tones, a red silk blouse and a simple, tailored red silk dress.

A woman may motor hundreds of miles in such a suit, wearing the skirt and sweater, changing into the dress for dinner, wearing the same chic little red felt hat and tweed coat, and feel delightfully fresh for the evening.

WHITE BEACHWEAR
By CHERIE NICHOLAS



This pajama ensemble of diagonal dune mesh answers the call of the mode for all-white beach wear. The shops are also showing it in pastel or brighter shades according to the demands of one's bent and complexion. However, white is a great favorite this season and most women find it very flattering and youthful looking. The beauty about the new and exceedingly popular cotton mesh is that not only is it good to look upon but it launders so easily and so perfectly. Particular attention is called to the styling of this model which features the fitted double-breasted blouse, flaring trousers, an Eton jacket together with a generous use of buttons. The most famous designers are using a great many buttons this year.

Beauty Talks

By MARJORIE DUNCAN

Famous Beauty Expert

Perfume Secrets

PERHAPS the gravest mistake ever made in the perfuming art is the use of more than one scent at a time. It is very important that toilet articles, for instance, creams, lotions and powders have only the faintest, most delicate perfume. So that when one's favorite perfume itself is sprayed on the skin or lingerie there will not be a too obvious blend of several odors. Nothing is more revolting than a mixture of rose, lily, narcissus and what-else-have-you.

The smart woman's dressing table may contain a dozen different vials of precious perfumes. But if she is truly smart, she uses but one odor at a time. Her perfumes may vary in intensity for different times of day—starting with a very faint, delicate scent in the morning, a little heavier for afternoon tea, and quite exotic for dinner and dance. Or she may wear a musk perfume with her sports clothes and furs, a floral odor with pastel chiffons, a bouquet blend with semi-tailored, informal costumes. But—(we are still speaking of the smart woman)—she never superimposes one perfume on another.

The delightful art of perfuming need not be limited to the last touch of the toilette. An old standby and ever reliable is the sachet bag. And it can be put to such delightfully diversified use. A very thin silk sachet bag stitched to the lining of your favorite hat (or all your hats, for that matter) will carry its subtle scent not only to the hat lining but on to the hair.

A scented sheet of paper placed in your stationery, under your desk blotter, in your bureau drawers, and your belongings will breathe your favorite perfume.

If a particular perfume wins a very favorable and definite reaction with you—if it strikes a harmonious chord that makes you exclaim enthusiastically "at last, I have found it," surround yourself with it—because it very likely is your perfume. If you find pleasure in it, others will pleasantly associate it with you. Line your linen drawers with sachet bags scented with it, let your lingerie subtly shed the same scent, use your atomizer on your curtains and hangings. But always remember that a little is enough and perfume should be like a whiff of wind—now carressing, now escaping, never persistent, never intense, but always faintly definite and above all distinctive.

Remember these perfume secrets and remember the disastrous "don't." Never allow a confusion of various odors. Your bath salts, soaps, powders and personal effects should have as uniform perfume as possible.

Correct Drooping Muscles
WHEN the face falls, how can the spirit help but sag?

No doubt there are many women whose spirits are sagging. My first thought is to console them. Don't worry. For worry will only add gray hairs, and then there will be more cause for alarm.

There's nothing very lovely about a chin that carries its double with it, and none of us seem to have patience with women who allow their jaw line to take on Jowls, their underchin to become undershot and so on.

If every woman would start at twenty or twenty-five to give herself the necessary preventive care, it would all be so much simpler.

However, do not think that you are confronted with an insurmountable task. Perseverance and persistence will do much to lift and firm the pesky sagging. The first steps in your treatment are—cleansing and exercising the skin—two steps which every woman should follow, no matter what the type or condition of her skin or contour. Next step is manipulating—patting, molding, and kneading with a nourishing cream. Choose one compounded of pure ingredients and rich in delicate oils. Press and lift the fingers in an upward and outward motion. Remember—always upward and outward on the face. Work around on the neck. If your skin is thin, dry, or sensitive, you will want to leave the nourishing cream on face and neck, patting directly over it with an astringent. This is a splendid combination as the astringent will keep down into the tissues and tighten while the cream offsets any drying effect. Follow this treatment every night. Twice a week, or three times, treat yourself to a tie-up. Take a pad of cotton quite heavy, moisten in the astringent, pat over the cream as described above. Then open the pad, place under the chin, quite firmly and the overhead, securely with a strip of gauze or linen. Allow to remain for ten or fifteen minutes. You should feel it firming and tensing and tightening the muscles.

The treatment is the same for the oily skin accompanied by sagging, the only variation being the omission of more nourishing cream after the astringent—also the removal of the nourishing cream before the astringent.

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

Extreme in Patience
Jainism, a religion of India, so strongly stresses the doctrine of non-injury to all living things that a devout follower of the sect will not kill or even disturb the insects which he finds feeding on his body.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ounce and use as directed. Five particles of sand this great 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 of Mercolized Wax dissolved in one-half pint with hand. At drug stores.

CROCHET THREAD For Bedspreads 8 or 4 ply 3 lb. cone \$1 postpaid. TRIO MANUFACTURING CO. Forsyth, Georgia.

Biggest Value Ever Offered. Large 6 oz. bottle finest vanilla 25c value, 100% profit. Atlantic, 2223 Chest. Baltimore, Md.

FULLY EQUIPPED VILLAGE FARM. 67 acres, painted 8 room house, large barn, 15 acres tillage, plenty of wood, timber, fruit, good horse, cow, all farm machinery, tools, vehicles, \$2,800. Terms, Hubbard & Bigelow, E. Candia, or Manchester, N. H., R. 1.

Log Finally Vanishes
A spruce log, 28 feet long and 14 feet in diameter, which was the butt-end of a tree that took 11 flat cars to carry, finally went down to the bay with a tide after being in the Columbia Box and Lumber company's mill pond at South Bend, Wash., for 20 years. The log could not be hauled into the head rig without tearing out part of the mill building. It finally was pushed into the current—a much scarred derelict.

Transparent Aluminum
Transparent aluminum has been produced by a German chemist by substitution of substances in preparing an alloy which retains all the properties of the original metal, yet permits the passing of light. So far, the emerging light has a yellowish tinge, but the chemist is working to eliminate this color and make a glass-clear product.

Do You Get BILIOUS ATTACKS?

Constipation will upset your entire system and bring on dyspepsia, nervousness and lack of pep. Common as it is, many people neglect this trouble and lead themselves into serious ailments. Your doctor will tell you the importance of keeping bowels open. The easy, safe remedy is Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills, made of pure herbs and roots. They not only cleanse but also regulate. At all druggists.

Dr. Morse's INDIAN ROOT PILLS
Mild & Gentle Laxative

Altar to St. Patrick
On a hill within a mile of the spot where St. Patrick landed from Rome 1,500 years ago, Ireland is to erect a great open-air altar. The altar will cost \$50,000. The money is being raised among villages. The first sod was turned on St. Patrick's day during the celebrations of the fifteenth centenary.

KILLS ANTS

Peterman's Ant Food is sure death to ants. Sprinkle it about the floor, window sills, shelves, etc. Effective 24 hours a day. Safe. Cheap. Guaranteed. More than 1,000,000 cans sold last year. At your druggist's.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

Inducements
"Oh, mamma," cried Martha, rushing into the house, "Keith's going to have a tooth pulled, and his father is going to get him something real nice."
"Mamma, can't I have my tooth pulled, too? Then you can get me something nice."

One Soap is all you need

for Toilet Bath Shampoo Use
Keep your complexion free of blemishes, your skin clear, soft, smooth and white, your hair silky and gleaming, your entire body refreshed.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Contains 2 1/2% Free Sulphur. At Druggists. Rohland's Styptic Cotton, 25c

Lollypops and Courage
A chemist has discovered that a slight variation in the glucose content of the blood makes all the difference between cowardice and courage. Instead of whistling in the dark, it would be more scientific to eat a lollypop.

Rearranging the furniture in the living room is a poor substitute for a vacation to a woman.

Blessed are the joy-makers.

DR. J.D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

No need to spend restless, sleepless nights. Irritation quickly relieved and rest assured by using the remedy that has helped thousands of sufferers. 25 cents and \$1.00 at druggists. If unable to obtain, write direct to: NORTHTROP & LYMAN CO., Inc., Buffalo, New York. Send for free sample.