

Great Things

By FANNIE HURST

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(WNU Service)

PEOPLE expected great things of Aline Davis. And well they might? She had grown steadily from a precocious, unusually gifted child into the most brilliant girl in her high school and college classes, delivering the valedictory each time she graduated and generally rated by faculties as a girl with a marked future.

Then what did she turn around and do, with all her accomplishments of language, laboratory science and dramatics to choose from, but develop a voice!

Verily, the gods had smiled upon Aline. As her friends put it (a little wistfully perhaps), Aline had everything. Youth. Culture. Beauty. Intellect. Varied talents and now a voice! To say nothing of the fact that the son of one of the foremost bankers of Buffalo, N. Y., wanted to marry her.

She made her selection brilliantly, as she did everything, throwing everything over, including the son of the Buffalo banker, to follow the career of a singer.

It meant struggle. Aline was not blessed in worldly goods, but scholarships were forever showering her path and it was made possible, what with the patronage of a philanthropic woman in Aline's home town, and a scholarship offered by her university, for her to take up the study of voice and harmony with two of the most influential teachers in New York.

With her usual ability for doing whatever she did outstandingly well, in her third year of tutelage she attracted the attention of a famous impresario who arranged her an audition with the opera.

She came through it with flying colors and the offer of a contract to sing minor roles with the greatest opera organization in the world.

"Of course, I told you so!" said all of Aline's friends. But still it was a little breath-taking to have her walk into one honor after another, as casually as if a contract to sing in opera were not the mecca of girls from almost every corner of the globe.

Aline continued her studies and made superbly good in her opera work that first year. So good that at the beginning of the second, she was understudying the famous Donna Bella.

Critics and teachers predicted a magnificent future for her. The star of her destiny seemed never to flicker in its steady light. And it must be said of Aline that she did not depend upon destiny to keep that star lighted. She was an indefatigable worker. A painstaking student. A musician at heart and at soul.

It was when her star seemed so sure and so true and so almost inevitable, that Aline met Kronald Blau.

Blau was a young Swiss fellow, only ten years in America, and engaged in laboratory work at the Rockefeller foundation. A student. A scientist devoted to research. His work was the study of the loathsome disease leprosy. Blau was said already to have made some distinguished contributions to the alleviation of that foul disease and was hopefully working toward the solution of making it 100 per cent curable.

Not a romantic background. Scarcely a fellow with the type of mind calculated to capture the interest of a beautiful and promising young opera singer, on the verge of her big success. Blau himself was unprepossessing enough. A tow-haired young fellow with a thoughtful face and kind eyes magnified by high-power spectacles. A student in aspect and manner. A student by temperament and equipment.

Aline met him by chance at the home of a doctor friend.

It was a matter of love at first sight. It was remarked by those present that, from the moment she entered the room, Blau never took eyes off of her, and after they met it was all Aline could do to keep her own gaze from boring back against his.

Aline always said of herself that she did the wooing. In any event it is doubtful if young Blau would ever have had the courage to follow up this first meeting with the brilliant young singer.

Aline saw to that. Aline saw to it that the physician friend arranged another meeting.

To the stupefaction of all concerned, they were married two weeks later. For six months after that Aline went on with her singing, and practically a miracle happened.

From a lovely-voiced soprano of quite unusual range and clarity that young voice took on even another dimension. It became a warm and glowing, a vibrant fountain of rilling, trilling loveliness. Apparently Aline was one of those women whom love literally enriches, body and soul. Her voice, where it had been full and fine before, now became a soaring thing of astonishing vitality.

The maestros and the wisecracks connected with the opera company began to wag knowing heads about her.

"Watch Aline Angelo!" was the word that went around. Magnificent! The sensation of tomorrow. Watch!

Well, this is what happened, and curiously enough on the very day that Aline was cast to go into rehearsal

to sing Butterfly in a gala performance.

On that very day, Blau received his commission to go to a Pacific island directly south of Manila for a first-hand study of leprosy in a colony of those afflicted with it.

And if you think there was ever even any conflict in Aline about it, you are wrong. Whatever of hesitancy, trepidation, compunction Blau himself may have had about it, was swept away by the quality of her exuberance.

In vain he expostulated that, in any event, her career must not be interfered with. Then, since the idea of his ignoring this great opportunity to perfect his work was repugnant to her and started her off into an actual hysteria of tears, his suggestion was that he go alone. That, too, reduced her to even stormier hysteria.

In vain her friends, advisors, admirers, teachers, patrons joined with Blau in remonstrance. On the eve of her Butterfly. On the eve of her success! Madness!

But never for a moment did Aline falter. Her decision was fixed and clear in her mind. It never faltered. It never wavered.

Two weeks before she was to have sung the coveted role of Butterfly in the largest opera house in the world, Mr. and Mrs. Blau put foot on a small, one-class steamer bound for Manila.

Five weeks later, two rather bewildered young people took up abode in a bamboo bungalow half a mile removed from a government leper reservation.

Hot rains came down their first five weeks there, and made a rancid, steaming hades of the place. Insects swarmed through the nights and the long motionless days sapped vitality.

All day, changing his clothes and scouring with disinfectants before he came home evenings, Blau worked at the colony. Aline's sole companions were her two Hawaiian servants and the pretty and homesick young wife of one of the English physicians also engaged in laboratory work.

The first year, it sometimes seemed to Aline that she would go stark, raving mad. Often, just to walk to the colony and stand outside the railing watching the wretched people inside go about their duties, was a pastime.

Blau, worshipping her for the quality of her character and the quality of her sacrifice, did all in his power to make less tedious and less harrowing the slow passing of the days, but once there, his heart flamed with his passion for his work. Life was a vibrant, significant search after truth.

After six years at the colony, one steaming foetid night Blau came home staggering, trembling, almost crying from the over-wrought nerves resulting from thirty-eight consecutive hours spent in his laboratory.

Blau had won!

The final test had been given to the efficacy of his leprosy treatment.

Blau had won.

Aline, by this time a little fat, gray-haired and with her singing voice a dead thing in her throat, met him at the door so that virtually he fell into her arms, half fainting.

Blau had won.

There are those who still regard Aline pityingly, as a woman who threw away her life.

Aline, who lives very happily with Blau and their five children in a small, pretty house near John Hopkins university where Blau is the head of one of the great research departments, feels that the secret of life is within her hands.

She feels that part of Blau's great discovery for the alleviation of the suffering of mankind is hers.

Blau, who kisses her hands sometimes with a reverence that is dampened with his tears, feels that practically all of his great discovery is hers.

Man Slow to Realize Great Value of Coal

In the early annals of mankind there was some knowledge of soft coal. The Chinese used soft coal for baking porcelains. It is not unlikely that some of the beautiful porcelains in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts were baked with heat derived from this early coal. The use of coal for heating purposes was known in England prior to the Saxon invasion; but the fact of its extensive existence, or valuable uses, did not gain much notice until the Ninth century. It was not until 1239 that the first charter, giving permission to dig coal in Great Britain, was issued and Newcastle thus became the first town to become famous as the home of the coal miner. Even as late as 1600 only two ships were needed to bring all the coal required to London.

In this country bituminous coal was mined in Virginia about 1750 and was soon in general use in the regions around the mines for both heating and manufacturing purposes. Now the United States is by far the largest producer of coal in the world. There are three great coal-producing areas, the Appalachian, which includes the Pennsylvania coal fields; the Illinois and the Missouri field, which overlaps into all the adjacent states, and the Michigan field. There are small fields in other parts of the United States. All told there are 20 coal-producing states.

Biddy Strictly on Job

A Waterbury (Conn.) motorist reports the following incident: Driving along a highway he observed a hen sitting in the middle of the road. He slowed down and tooted his horn. The hen continued to sit. Slowly he drove across the hen and looked back. The hen stood up, cackled loudly and walked away, leaving an egg in the road.

Newest Pajamas Follow Lines of Evening Dress

Ever since the first hostess pajamas came into town via the beach a few years ago, women have been discovering the joys of the pajama. The new 1932 version of the pajama is taking on disguises and appears as wholly appropriate for the woman who entertains in her own home.

The Paris version of the evening pajama sometimes looks like a pajama at the front but like a dress at the back. Sometimes its trouser lines are completely invisible. Many of the newer ones are so full at the hem that there is not the slightest suggestion of a divided skirt at all.

Lace Gown With a Tailored Look

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



SOMEHOW at the mention of a lace gown it seems the natural thing to vision a sort of fluffy-ruffle affair which is prettily and utterly feminine down to the last detail. Well, it may be all that, and many adorable types are as trim and fanciful as ever, for the lace gown in any and every interpretation remains the idol of fashion.

However, there has crept into the mode a feeling for clothes which have a tailored look. The part of the story which is real "news" is that this tailored-mindedness extends to evening and dinner gowns to such an extent that designers take keen delight in tailoring "the sheerest of chiffons, and the latest member to yield to the tailored influence is lace.

One of the outstanding features of the tailored effects which give distinction to the evening modes is the intricate seaming such as dressmakers years ago would hesitate to attempt in handling laces and thin gauzy materials. Note how the art of seaming has been brought to a point of perfection in the fashioning of the handsome lace dinner gown pictured to the left. Here you have a little jacket which effects, by means of seaming—and seaming, too, for that matter—a very high line, but a moment later contrives a medium waistline. A priceless piece of compromise this for when the fashion news came along that the 1932 waistline would be high we sighed heavily for the many women who find high waistlines most unflattering. This indeed is a frock desirable not only

for the woman who has a perfect figure but is an excellent model for the woman who has to cross off potatoes, puddings and pies from her menu.

The handsome and new-style year durene lace of which this gown is made is, as you see, particularly adaptable to tailored treatment. Both Ireland and Venice have had a hand in designing this durene lace and you will find, as the season advances, that the smartest laces being exclusively neither to the Emerald Isle or to the City of Islands—but to both.

A dinner gown that make no pretense of being essentially either for debutant or dowager, but is really a gown for all ages, is worn by the lady seated. It has a pleasing low back artfully trimmed with the cutout edging of the soft durene lace. Here also seaming, this time in diagonal movement, is employed thus molding the gown to the figure in those snug-fitting lines which are so universal in fashion's realm this season. One can imagine the effectiveness of a lace gown such as this in wine red or Van Dyke brown which is one of the very new names on the color card or perhaps in a smart navy blue—in fact in any of the dark colorings which have entered the evening mode.

The call for classic gowns of slender silhouette made very simply of lace such as pictured is being heard more and more as summer advances. For afternoon wear the pastel shades are very much liked and usually there is a matching jacket.

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SUMMER HATS ARE GAY AND COLORFUL

The hats of this year are enough to lift anybody's spirits. Maybe it's to take our minds off our troubles, that they are so defiantly gay, so casually frivolous.

For street and sports wear this summer, the little brimmed vagabond straw—of milan, leghorn, rough straws and Panama—are going to be away out in front. And they ought to be.

They're so smart and practical and tailored, with their impudent little dips over the right eye, their necktie-ribbon bands, their simplicity.

One of the most popular straws for this kind of hat is exactly like that used in men's straws—rough and shiny and correct.

Wrap-Around Is Smart and Very Practicable

Enter the wrap-around week-end wardrobe.

It's the newest thought of the Paris designers, and it's about the most sensible innovation of the day.

The idea is that the wrap-around coat-dress that can be opened out and folded flat is by far the simplest thing to pack without crushing. And if you have a whole set of them, you can jump off the train, change clothes and be ready for what the day brings without having to stop and wait for things to be pressed.

The wrap-around style has been developed in practically every variation or day-time dress.

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NEW ROUGH CREPE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



We are hearing so much in regard to navy blue and in fact of the whole range of blues, it seems only fair that a word be said in behalf of brown, for brown remains a great favorite with the smart set, especially touches of brown on light costumes. The ensemble in the picture adopts brown and orange for its color scheme. The frock which is made of one of the popular new rough-surfaced crepes is in burnt orange. It has a wide girder-belt of brown velveteen which sets a new high when it comes to waistlines. The large ball buttons are brown and the youthful jacket is of brown velveteen in the delightful light weight which is characteristic of this season's weaves.

Parasols Back

The fussy parasol of the era of rose jars, petticoats and fainting damocles, has returned, more restrained in design, perhaps, but as dainty and decorative as ever.

"Ancient Family" Claims Scoffed At by Experts

Persons who like to trace their ancestry back to William the Conqueror, or to some other famous hero of history, were ridiculed in a recent address before the Society of Genealogists in London by the British genealogical expert, T. R. Thomson. The majority of such claims rest, Mr. Thomson explained, upon similarity of surnames, but this is of no value at all, since the general use of surnames or "family names" dates back only a little more than 200 years.

Another difficulty is the fact established by all genealogical researches that families and family names invariably tend to become extinct in a relatively few generations. The family blood may survive, more or less diluted by intermarriage, but this usually is extremely difficult to trace, since the necessary exact records are lacking.

Mere similarity of names means nothing, the speaker emphasized, because the same names frequently were assigned over and over again to different families merely because of accidental ownership of the same piece of land, holding of the same office or minor title or work at the same occupation.

Among persons known to have been present at the battle of Hastings in 1066 A. D., only seventeen, it was stated by another speaker at the meeting, now can be identified. Twelve of these can be connected with surviving families, but not even one of these has had an unbroken descent in the male line.—Baltimore Sun.

Child's Death Result of Inhaling Feather

An inquest was held recently on a child, aged five months, who died under unusual circumstances, says the London correspondent of the Journal of the American Medical Association. The child was under the care of a foster mother, who stated that it was well until one evening she heard it move and, on going to the child, found it lying on its face and looking unnatural. When medical aid arrived the child was dead. The necropsy was performed by the government pathologist, Sir Bernard Spilbury, who said the child was a fine one and appeared to have been well cared for. He found a feather in the child's larynx and attributed death to laryngeal shock, which he said was rare. Apparently the child got the feather in its mouth and then inhaled it. Death was not attributed to asphyxia.

For Hotel Men

One hotel at New Haven has adopted an idea which should interest hotel men in these days of financial problems. It makes breakfast on the premises compulsory. Your rate is quoted on the basis of room with breakfast, and if you don't want breakfast it's your own loss.

They tell the story of a cloak and suiter who stopped there recently, and, skipping breakfast, went in for dinner and ordered a \$3 meal.

"It all goes with the price of my room," he said, when presented with the check.

"You're only entitled to breakfast with your room," explained the waiter.

"Can I help it if I overslept?" was the reply.—New York Sun.

Foiled Again

Movie Actress—Did you explain to that newspaper editor that I detest publicity?

Her Press Agent—Yes, and even that failed to make him give you any space.

SOME FACTS ABOUT CUTICURA SOAP PERFECT SKIN

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City Liberal in Charity. During the winter the city of Budapest distributed to the poor 10,000,000 dinners, plates of soup, 2,200,000 pounds of bread, 500,000 food coupons, and 36 wagonloads of food packages. Two thousand babies were provided with complete outfits and 10,000 suits were distributed among school children.—London Times.

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