NEW WISDOMS

By FANNIE HURST

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(WNU Service)

T WAS as if, crash! a skyscraper had collapsed. Or a tornado devastated a forest, or a segment of heaven fallen, obliterating everything in chaos.

That was the way Frederick Farmington felt the noonday he emerged from the office of the most eminent diagnostician in New York city.

Crash. Crash. Crash. Of course many men before him must have merged from that same office with the same torment of emo-

tions, But nonetheless, to Frederick Farmington, newly president of his corporation, director of three others of equal importance, vice president of a bank and treasurer of a railroad, it seemed that never had blow smitten a man so in the midst of life!

In the midst of life, Farmington had just been ordered out of it! That is to say, out of the rushing turmoil of his day-by-days.

There was no longer any use trying to elude the symptoms. The eminent diagnostician had spared no words. Farmington's left lung had two growing sore spots with a threat of one on the right. It was a matter of getting out of town one way or another, his doctor had informed him with rather purposeful brutality. By way of the Adirondack express to the pine forests, or by way of mahogany with silver handles,

In the midst of life Farmington had been ordered out of it.

Standing there on the steps of the doctor's office in the gray of November, it seemed to Farmington, with depression clamping down upon him, that possibly of the two ways-ostracism to the Adirondacks or the way of mahogany with silver handlesthe latter was preferable.

Life was so jammed and pulsating an affair when you were in the midst of it as Farmington was! Life in the pine forests with the soughing of wind at night and the creaking of trees by day was all right for a two weeks summer vacation of it. But ostracism to it for what the doctor had termed an indefinite period-

It was a matter of weeks before Farmington finally decided upon his alternative. The flow of life was too quick in him. Life too dear in him. Banishment to the pine woods if need be. But not death.

Farmington was not ready for death.

There were worlds to conquer. Earthly fields to dominate. At fortythree he had tasted too much of the elixir of success to relinquish the cup easily. Life. Life. Life. The battle of Wall Street, the conflict of master industrial minds. The shrewd connivings with the picked business men of the country.

Life. Life. Life. Farmington was greedy for it. The life of the executive. The leader. The captain. It was good to live. And so Farmington surrendered to the prospect of temporary exile . . . with the bitterest pain he had ever known in his life,

In the midst of life, to the silence of pine forest and the long motionless days in a log cabin.

At first there were friends and the days were as clear as steel and the fishing and hunting helped them pass quickly enough, but the camp was on the top of a mountain and the motor roads left off 62 miles before you reached it and train connections were bad and the winter senson in town set in with a bang, and the friends fell

Those were the days when the loneliness first began to settle upon Farmington. The exile. Breathless, deathless days with only a mountain guide, hired to live with him for company, and the stacks of books and a radio machine and a magnificent mechani-

Those were the days when the loneliness began to settle. And the beauty of the forest to recede and the sound of waterfall to beat into his brain with monotony, and the yearning for the tramp of men's feet and the conflict of quick minds and the excitement of the fray to eat and gnaw at

him. The clear, thin, bitingly cold days of the forest. The pellucid nights with stars like silver Christmas-tree balls waiting to be plucked. A waterfall leaping in glory and suddenly frozen there, a shy and startled loveliness.

All part of the loneliness. The devastating, eating, gnawing loneliness of this man of affairs.

Pain in the lungs. Pain in the heart. Days and days of the kind of pain that made him irascible and difficult for even the old mountain guide, rather scornful and oblivious of the ways of men, to endure.

A gnarled old oak tree of a guide. Strange secrets he knew. Out of the forests. The habits of wild things. The call of the loon. The way of the quick-flanked trout. The footfall of the deer. His lore was full of these delicate, lovely intimacies.

He knew the look in the eyes of a trapped fox and was bitter at the women who wore their pelts.

He loved the prickly little mash of pine cones under him and had a plllow of them on his crude pallet, He spent long days in the woods

and came home more silent than they. Sometimes it seemed to Farmington | cently left Bohemia,

he must spring at the throat of this man who was so complacent with the mystery of the silence.

Sometimes, watching him sleep through his own sleepless nights, it seemed to Farmington he must fly at his heart. To tear from it the secret. The secret of his capacity for silence.

The silence that was eating into

Farmington. Gnawing into him. Making him a little mad with terror of it. The radio did its part to help. Yanking the outside world into the heart of the forest. And the mechanical piano and the letters from his friends and the hint of the doings of men in the outside world that came with the weekly parcel post,

But those were only moments out of hours. Hours of torment. Hours of trying to read out of the books, to tear out of the plane, something to counteract the loneliness

Poor Farmington! It is difficult in the haunts of men to learn how to be alone. Farmington frankly had horror of it. He had all his life been the sort of man who would call up a bore of a friend sooner than dine alone. Or sit through a vapid musical show sooner than spend an evening at home without guests. When Farmington so much as traveled from one city to another he took a secretary along for company.

And now, up here in the woods, not even the secretaries would remain for more than a few weeks at a time. Only Farmington and his old guide, who talked back to the birds in noises that resembled their own and who knew secrets of the forests that first had entertained, but after a while began to pall on Farmington.

Two years of this and then, as the saying goes, the house settled. That is, from a nervous, plunging kind of resistance. Farmington receded into a morose kind of acquiescence. Lethargy. Torpor. Or call it what you will. Sometimes days of silence in their little cabin, or the two of them, Farmington and his guide, tramping the woods hour after hour after hour. Silently. There was so little to say. And, strangely enough, so much to observe-quick, fleeting life of the forest. It shimmered with it. Indeed, it kept the senses alert just being on the watch. The perky head of a chipmunk where you least expected it. The slant of late sunlight through trees. Clear, cold music of waterfall. Ever see a pine tree sway in wind? The bob-tailed leap of a rabbit? The wind-polished bole of a poplar? Farmington was the unconscious student in the mystery of this lore. Sometimes the old guide used secretly to smile. Farmington coming home of a dusk with a few choppy words of what he had seen. Mysteries too subtle for many words. Mysteries as lovely as the leap of a deer.

Then a great diagnostician, for a fee that would have been ransom for a king, journeyed up to the mountain shack.

The sky and the pines and the si-The two sores on one lung and the threat of a sore on the other had

entirely disappeared. Farmington had

forest and given his ticket of leave back to the haunts of men. And Farmington, after weeks of procrastination with himself, did not

Farmington was released from the

take it. There was not much explaining to be done about it. In fact he never even discussed it with his guide. They just sat side by side smoking pipeful after pipeful of silence. The old guide knew, of course. With the sensitiveness that helped him to know

the footfall of a deer. He knew, The peace had bored its way into Farmington. Far, far from the tramp-tramp-tramp of the feet of men. Farmington had heard the footfall of a deer.

And it was worth waiting for to hear the footfall of another. And another. And another. And all the strange, new wisdoms that went with knowing and loving the delicate sound of the footfall of a deer.

American Indians Not

Lacking in Good Ideas With particular respect to fishing, the American Indian methodology was especially interesting. The harpoon was a favorite implement for taking large fish, the spear or simply a sharppointed stick for smaller fry. But the net also was used, and a kind of fish corral was frequently employed on the tidal beaches-a circle of sticks driven into the sand. In the New England region torch fishing was common; the fish, attracted by the light, were speared or netted by the Indians in canoes or actually wading in the water. No better evidence of the natural economy of the race, so frequently denied, can be cited than the custom of fertilizing corn hills with the remains of fish. This was the trick taught to the settlers at Plymouth by Squanto, and a little thought on the subject will suggest that it was an example of pure primitive genius on the part of the inventor. Another exhibition of the same type is to be found in the custom of using mild vegetable poisons to catch fish, but in this case the origin may well have been of the nature of a discovery rather than of an invention.

First Gypsies in Europe Organized gypsy bands first appeared in Europe at the beginning of the Fifteenth century, and in Italy their number in 1422 was computed at 14,000. Five years later they made their first appearance in Paris, saying that they were Christians of Lower Egypt, driven to take refuge in Europe from the Saracens, and had re-

Crisp, Sheer Frocks and Wide Brims

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



NTERPRETING formality through means of sheerest lovely cottons is fashion's way of doing it this summer. Designers are sparing no effort to impress upon their clientele that cottons have gone formal. The handsomest "dress-up" gowns which will apparel society's elite this summer as shown In recent couturier collections, are being made of such naive and prettily feminine cottons as crisp and sheer organdle, especially the embroidered types, dotted nets and volles and sim-

Going to wear big picture brims, too! Milliners say so. Top these winsome sheer cotton frocks with flattering wide picture brims and what have you-enchanting costumes such as inspire artists to get out canvas and brush, and poets to put fashions

It makes it the more interesting in I are tuning to festive nights and formal afternoons when it comes to sports clothes and dress for the informal hours of the day, the mood of the mode changes completely in that the rule of smart tailored simplicity is being rigidly enforced. All of which goes to show that milady's wardrobe must be extremely versatile to meet the dress requirements of the 1932 summer season.

A dress that bespeaks summer evenings, garden parties, moonlight dances, graduations, weddings and summer festivities in general, is shown in the foreground of the accompanying illustration. It is seductively made, in the simplest possible lines, of a

lovely durene-embroidered organdie, with an open-work effect between, slightly starched and infinitely feminine. Here we see the squarish wide shoulder line which is characteristic of the newer models broadened by means of coy little three-inch sleeves. The camelia patterning of the organ die is beautifully delineated and accomplishes a decidedly hand-embroid ered look. If hand-embroidered, however, it would cost a fortune. As it is, it may be bought, without bankruptcy. by the yard, while comparatively inexpensive and charming frocks made of it may be purchased where pretty ready-mades are available.

Dotted organdle, red embroldered on a white background, is chosen for the other dress. By the way, you might like to know about the new organdies which are embroidered after the manner of dotted swiss. They are showing them in the newer fabric displays. It is not needed to call attention to the butterfly sleeves which give such sprightly lines to this chic model, for they are so out-of-the-ordinary they are sure to be noted at first glance. The butterfly silhouette, as it is referred to in the parlance of fashion. is very new and designers are playing it up in various ways.

The wide sash of red taffeta is crossed at the back and the streamers are brought around to the front where they are tied in a big bow as you see. This model would also be effective in organdie dotted with black as the lat est l'aris news is to the effect that black and white is gaining in favor for formal modes.

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MODISH CAPE-WRAP By CHERIE NICHOLAS



The new short cape wraps are fascinating. This one is of medici trans parent velvet in bright madcap blue. The white evening dress which it contrasts so effectively is made of demiclair crepe, which is one of the very new, very heavy semisheer weaves which lead in fashion this season. It is smooth and dull and drapes graclously in both daytime and evening

THRIFTY FASHIONS ARE NOW SMARTEST

Thrifty fashions are often the smartest ones-at least that is the contention of a good many of the most im portant French dressmakers. Current French fashions, as illustrated by the style shows now going on in Paris. show a marked tendency toward more simple clothes and toward a general

practicality. One of the favorite examples of these new thrifty fashions is the suit whose jacket portion is a three-quarter coat. A coat of this type is con sidered neither an out-and-out jacket nor is it listed among the topcoats-so it results in sharing the advantages of each.

STYLE NOTES

High-colored buttons enliven white coats and dresses. It's the two-piece sports suit which is ultra smart. Wide wale pique is a beachwear favorite.

Brown and white, also navy and white prints lead. Striped seersucker is newest material for the two-piece sports

Guimpe frocks are in fashion for town wear. Prints and embroideries favor

Belt Fastener

the daisy motif.

One of the neatest tricks of the sea son is a belt which closes with a sliding fastener made of silver. When closed the fastener resembles an arrow as straight as Cupid's.

Shirred Chiffon

Shirred chiffon is back again. Jackets and bodices of the new semi-formal gowns are made entirely of shir-

DINKELZBUHL CELEBRATES



A Dinkelsbuhl Parade.

(Prepared by National Geographic Society. ern Germany. The design and execu-Washington, D. C.)—WNU Service. tion of the structure were placed in INKELSBUHL, quaint Bavarian town, is domning holiday attire. This summer it will celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the raising of the siege of King Gustavus Adolphus' Swedish army, during the Thirty Years' war.

Dinkelsbuhl is one of Bavaria's medieval gems. Visitors to Bavaria, however, have heeded the call of its larger sister communities-Nuremberg, Rothenburg and Nordlingen-but have passed Dinkelsbuhl by. Approaching Dinkelsbuhl from across the lovely valley through which the tiny Wornitz carries its waters to the rushing Danube, the traveler beholds a living fairytale town-a vision from the longgone Middle ages. Crossing a bridge over the broad, lily-padded moat which was once the city's first line of defense and entering through one of the tower gates, it would occasion little surprise to be challenged brusquely by some ancient sentinel in helmet and coat of mail. However, once within the town, the traveler finds a fascinating picture of serenity.

Th urge for speed has not reached Dinkelsbuhl; streets still echo to the clatter and clump of horses and oxen. People live placidly, farming the fertile fields of the surrounding valley or conducting the same small enterprises which engaged the attention of generations of their forbears. There is no air of dilapidation about the place. Everything is incredibly old but extremely well preserved. Tradition is hallowed and kept alive here, and changes that would alter the medieval characteristics of the city are not tol erated. The council sees to it that when repairs have to be made on the houses they are carried out in such a manner as to preserve the original form, and no shricking signs may be displayed.

The main streets of the city radiate toward the cardinal points from a central plaza and are lined with shops and with fine old patrician houses. Time-mellowed buildings, gabled and timbered, rest cozily against each other, while occasionally an architectural giant rears its steep-sided roof above the others, proclaiming to all comers its sturdy old age. Branching off from the main thoroughfare are narrow, winding lanes and side streets which abound in treasures of medieval artistry. Exquisite examples of frame and stucco building, intricate, handforged iron rails and gratings, and beautiful, secluded courts and gardens await the explorer of these enchanting byways.

Old Trades Survive.

Trades that are dying out in other places still exist in Dinkelsbuhl. Coopers make barrels by hand in the open air. Coppersmiths hammer out pots and kettles, baking tins, and other utensils, for copper in the kitchen is still held in high esteem in the small cities and in country districts, and one of the few surviving pewter molders still plies his trade here.

Everywhere, hanging over the doorways, are wonderfully executed wrought-iron signs' indicative of the activities carried on within. One might infer that at some time in Dinkelsbuhl's history the guild of smiths was a power within the town. At any rate, the signs lend to the streets over which they swing a note of peculiar interest. As in so many South German towns, the houses are for the most part gaily painted. The color combinations are perhaps a bit startling, but they are always effective.

And flowers vie for color supremacy with the brightly tinted houses. No nook or cranny where a plant might grow has been overlooked. Masses of vines cover the garden walls, while nearly every house has its window boxes filled with petunias, geraniums, and other gay blooms. Wells and fountains are ringed about with the same living colors.

Overshadowing the market place, as indeed it overshadows everything else in the city, is the Church of Saint George, built during the latter part of the Fifteenth century, when Dinkelsbuhl was at the height of its influence. To the 5,000 inhabitants it represents something more than a place of worship. It is an expression of all the civic pride and aspirations of the sturdy old burghers who directed its erection. And right well they succeeded, for Saint George's is perhaps the finest late Gothic church in south- answered.

tion of the structure were placed in the able hands of the master architect Nikolaus Eseler von Alzey. At the same time that he received this commission the city fathers of near-by Nordlingen engaged him to build their cathedral. But Nordlingers had just reason to complain of their bargain. for they saw little of the great artist. His heart was in the work at Dinkelsbuhl, and there he spent most of his time. Saint George's was under construction for nearly half a century. and when the time came to build the great tower planned for it, funds were not available. The master's vision was never completely realized, but the stamp of his greatness abides in the interior with its soaring arched ceiling.

Dinkelsbuhl was founded long before the Normans conquered England. More than a thousand years ago a group of Franconian peasant warriors had settled on an elevation in the Wornitz valley. There, when not engaged in fighting for their existence against raiding Franks or Magyars, they raised grain. About the year 928, at the command of Emperor Heinrich the First, walls were erected around the tiny settlement, and there came into being a fortified city destined to withstand the strifes and intrigues of a millennium and to play an important role in the pageant of history which those ten centuries were to

Origin of City's Name.

There is division of opinion as to the origin of the city's name. Some settlement was on a low hill (buhel) belonging to a man named Dinko or Tinko. Thus Dinkelsbuhl. Others assert that the chief crop of the locality gave the city its name, and that it means wheat (Dinkel) hill (Buhel). However the city came by its name, it prospered. The location was a favored one, easy of defense, and on a much-frequented route from the old Roman empire into Germany. As a well fortified city, Dinkelsbuhl offered safety for travelers and became a popular stopping place for those who traversed the Roman Road.

From the beginning it belonged to the Imperial Family, and its government passed by gift or grant or sale to various South German nobles. The famous Frederick Barbarossa intended at one time to give the city as a wedding present to his son Konrad. Duke of Rothenburg, but his plans miscarried, and nearly two centuries later. in 1351, Emperor Karl IV granted it as an hereditary feudal tenure to the prince of Oettingen. That same year the citizens bought the nobleman's rights from him in perpetuity and Dinkelsbuhl began its career as a "free city."

Many of the emperors of the Holy Roman empire visited Dinkelsbuhl and whenever one came there was a ceremonious reception on the market square, at which the council presented to the emperor and his entourage the "customary" gifts. What these amounted to is shown by a record in the municipal archives dealing with a visit of Emperor Maximilian II on June 12, 1570.

The Dinkelsbuhlers have been known for centuries as "Die Blausieder." "the blue cookers." A favorite method of serving carp, trout, and certain other fish in Germany is "blue cooked"that is, boiled in water to which a little vinegar has been added. The process is called "blausieden," and those who do the "blue boiling" are "Blausieder."

In the early Middle ages the authorities of Dinkelsbuhl succeeded in catching a robber and murderer who had been carrying on his gruesome occupation for a long time. A special session of the council was called on a hot summer afternoon to decide what punishment to mete out to him. One of the councilmen, who was a trifle deaf, went to sleep during the debate and dreamed that his cook was about to prepare a fine carp for him. When the time came for him to vote on the question before the council, a fellow member poked him in the ribs and asked;

"Hannes, what do you say we shall do with our robber?"

Hannes, rudely awakened from his dream, thought it was his cook asking about the carp.

"Blausieden!" (Boll him blue), he