

# OLD-BOY WONDER

By FANNIE HURST

It occurred to the Senator one evening, when half a dozen young men and women were twitting around him, that the attitude of these younger people toward him would have amounted in words, to something like this: You wonderful old man! Eighty-eight years of age and in your right mind and apparently with your wits still about you. We think you're wonderful. We reverence you for not being something that has broken down and needs to be swept up in the dust-pan.

That was precisely, come to analyze it, the way the world behaved. Isn't he wonderful! Look how spry he is. Senator, are you going to dance? Catch him napping if you can! Want to know the youngest man in this crowd? Meet the Senator!

Exhibit A. Meet the Senator!

Out of question to be treated in a way that was not special and deferential to his great age. How elaborate everybody was in manner toward him. And how elaborately, if you were eighty-eight and spry, you tried to keep up the hallucination of youth.

Sensor, don't you ever sleep?

Nonsense, I leave it to you youngsters to need sleep. I'm never tired. Never tired! Sometimes it seemed to the Senator, as he climbed into his evening clothes, that the old bones would sag in a heap under him and veritably need to be swept up in a dust-pan by a servant in the morning. Never tired! Sometimes at dinner, surrounded by his children, grandchildren, guests, it seemed to him that the room began to wave and the faces blur and the lights to dim. But only for a second. Can't be caught napping. What was that you were saying? Bridge. Yes, a little later, but I want to dance first. You young ones are too set in your ways.

Isn't he wonderful! Can't keep up with him. If I have his pep at fifty, I'll be lucky. Grandfather, this is my dance. Come, that's a swell black-bottom.

They stood on the side lines and applauded and just for good measure you gave them the double dip and the hotsie toty! No doubt about it, the way to feel young was to act young. Lovely little grandchild in your arms, or often as not, somebody else's grandchild. It kept you alive and going out of the doctor's clutches to dress every night for dinner; dance, cards or theater. Kept you on tiptoe, too, to force your memory to be well oiled and your wits nimble. None of the garrulousness or forgetfulness or repetitiousness of age for the Senator. The mind has to be treated like a fire horse, in fine fettle. Nimble. Responsive. Fleet.

Many and many a time, when he felt memory slipping, the trick was to discipline it. Never forget a name. Sign of bad memory. All right in the young, but sign of decay in age. Never repeat yourself. Sign of senility. Never doze in a chair. Never register surprise at the new youth. Reminisce but seldom. Keep pace with current events, and compare them favorably, if at all, with the "good old days."

It was a strange loneliness, being eighty-eight. Crowds of progeny and adoring youth about one, but all the real people one had known lying in those minaret cities called cemeteries. Practically the entire universe with whom the Senator had been young, and with whom he had grown into ripe age, had folded its hands and closed its eyes. Even the contemporary old people were of a generation younger than he. Eighty-eight gave you an isolation beyond the explaining. You were of one world and you had to pretend that you were of another. And yet it kept you young. Oh, yes, it kept you young.

The curious part of it all, although you could never explain that, because there was no one left living who could understand, was that it was easy to be reckless with what was left of life, because the idea of death had become so simple. Nothing much to dread. On the contrary, a vast and beautiful reunion to contemplate. Another fantastic aspect of this was that so many who were dead belonged also to the youngsters. Men and women, dozens of them who had died in their forties and fifties and even sixties would be as young to the Senator in death, when the time came for the reunion, as they had been in life.

I will be older than almost anyone in the world of death just as I am in the world of life! "Rubbish!" said the Senator aloud. "Getting morbid!"

Never associate with old age! Another of the Senator's slogans for sidestepping the implications of the years. There were, of course, certain exceptions. Twice a year he journeyed to the home of a granddaughter to visit her bedridden octogenarian father-in-law, a friend of half a lifetime. Ever so often, too, he found occasion to visit the white haired aunt by marriage of one of his sons. A beautiful, plump old creature, who sat all day like a contented cat, in the sun-drenched rooms and on the sun-drenched terraces of her lovely house and let herself fatten on well-being.

Poor old Aunt Ella. Can't make her stir. Sits and soaks herself in sun. Knows sillies for people who won't wear them. Dozes by the hour.

Loves waiting on. Goes to bed at eight and loves to be sleepy and snooze like an adorable old maltese cat. Can't you shame her, Senator!

You couldn't shame a great, plump, purring old woman like that. She was for all the world like nothing but a maltese in the sun, sleek, contented, superior.

"Come out of it, Ella. Be a young one. Dance!"

"Dance, my hind foot, Senator. You can make your old bones play at being twenty. Mine are seventy-five and I'm showing them a good time."

Nothing to do about a woman like that!

The summers were a nuisance. No use talking, the boat trips were a trial. A man was supposed to be entitled to look upon his holiday as a period of rest. But nothing of the sort. If you had the reputation of being the youngest man on board the floating palace of an ocean liner, there was no such thing as relaxation. Young ones knocking on the cabin door. Come on, Senator, we're all waiting for you to come up on board and show who is the best shuffle board player on this ship. Saving me a dance for tonight, Senator? Oh, I say, Senator, don't you go and desert me for that pretty blonde. You promised to walk the deck with me this evening.

Yes, the summers were a trial. Same way at Antibes, or Paris, or Deauville or wherever youth and beauty flitted. Fight on! Don't let the years so much as get a toe in the wedges of the door. Fight on.

Sometimes the tiredness became just a numbness and that made it easier, except you dared not relax. The memory had to be kept oiled, to repartee flawlessly and tendency to reminiscence held firmly in check. Fight on!

"You're not an individual anymore, Senator." Aunt Ella told him once, sitting on the porch in her huge upholstered chair and dabbing arnica along her swollen rheumatic knuckles. "You're the prize exhibit. You're like the dog-faced man and the fat lady and the two-headed girl. You're the old-boy wonder. Can't grow old. The boy-wonder who was cursed with the inability to grow old."

How she cackled. In age you had to guard against that. Without your being aware, the laugh could become a cackle.

Then fell the nine days wonder. Almost like the one-horse shay, the Senator awoke one morning too tired to face the day of the frivolities, the trivialities, the repartee and the challenge of youth. His bones hurt. His spirit hurt. His soul hurt.

The young and younger generation about him declare they can trace his disintegration to the day, almost the hour. They blamed Aunt Ella. The facetious patter is that she vamped him at seventy-five.


Be that as it may, the Senator and Aunt Ella sit now sometimes six and seven hours on end in the great sunny rooms or on the wide sunny terraces of the beautiful country house, and the Senator has relaxed so outrageously to his rheumatism that Aunt Ella says of him somewhat testily that it is indecent surrender.

The curious part of it is that with all his shamelessly revealed infirmities, gout, joint trouble, jaundice and a leaking heart, the Senator somehow looked better. Relaxed, is Aunt Ella's way of putting it.

"Call it what you will," says the Senator, "it's solid comfort. Being eighty-eight has enormous compensations, if you'll just let yourself be eighty-eight."

### To Be Formal Gown Must Be Long

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



MEMBER way back a season or so ago, when we "tried on" the then long-long frocks and looked with amusement at ourselves in the mirror? Made us almost hold our breath at the transformation they wrought in adding to our dignity and our stature. Well, fashion must have liked the idea, at least when we're formal, for all our smartest evening gowns designed for the now are like that.

It's amazing how "divinely tall" these snug-at-the-hipline skirts with their floor-length hemlines make us look. Then, too, when it comes to formality it's the length of the skirt which determines how formal—six inches from the floor, says Paris, for afternoon, while for evening the hemline drops to the floor and for very most formal it takes on a bit of a train.

The trio of de luxe gowns in the picture not only demonstrate the efficacy of length in achieving formality and stressing the coveted silhouette, but they also tell a fascinating story in regard to the handsome and varied materials which go to make up the best looking dine, dance and other wise festive gowns. Also the continued stellar role which cunning colorful velvet wraps are playing unmistakably registers in this group of summer evening modes.

The thrill which the gown to the right and the one in the center imparts is that each is fashioned of plique. This matter of silk plique for the evening gown is a new chapter being written into the pages of fashion history by leading French couturiers. Note the bias cut of the skirt gracing the center figure and how snugly it clings to the hips—points which are outstanding in the newer silhouette. The flare which releases about the knees also is according to the trend of lately accepted "lines." The short transparent velvet evening wrap trimmed with white fox is one of the most attractive types brought out this season.

The white plique dress to right with broad belt of lacquered red straw (very new) may be worn correctly either for afternoon or evening. That adorable Jaquette which "sets it off" is made of transparent velvet, the exact red of the belt. The hat has a bit of Irish crochet lace for its trim together with a diminutive black bow by way of contrast. The entire costume carries that quaint mid-Victorian air about it which is so characteristic of many of the more recent fashions.

It's the utmost simplicity of this season's lace gowns which give them indescribable charm, and the lovely dress pictured to the left proves this to be so. Again in this exquisite frock of peau d'ange lace, whose color is powder blue, we see artfully molded hiplines contrasting a graceful flare about the knees. The length mildly suggests a train. The soft silken flowers are in three shades of Patou blue. With this most winsome lace gown milady wears a smartly simple slip-on wrap made of sheer velvet in a beguiling "new blue." Its kimono sleeves claim attention, for they interpret a new and rapidly becoming popular movement.

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### Patent Leather Leads for Fall

In the battle for supremacy in fall footwear, patent leather has again won out, according to the findings of the shoe and leather style conference held recently in New York. As a matter of fact, patent leather has risen to unprecedented heights since last fall when it was announced as a spring winner. The Paris stamp of approval, coupled with the vogue for black shoes, has had much to do with the present status of patent leather. It affords that dressier black shoe to take the place of colored or colored trim shoes when accessories matched the costume. With the vogue for black shoes, accessories harmonize rather than match.

While sandals are the outstanding models for summer, fall shoes will turn to oxfords, step-ins and pumps, with stitchings, perforations, and some openwork. Considerable patent and suede in combination is predicted. Lizard and alligator in combination with patent again shows signs of creeping in.

With the vogue for patent leather trims and accessories, hat bands, hand bags, belts, shoes and even gloves, introduced this spring, and fashion predictions running true to form, milady will fairly scintillate from top to toe.

### Velvet Now Being Used for Hats and Turbans

Now that the heat of summer is in full blast women are thinking about furs and wools and velvets. They are not only thinking about velvet hats but are wearing them.

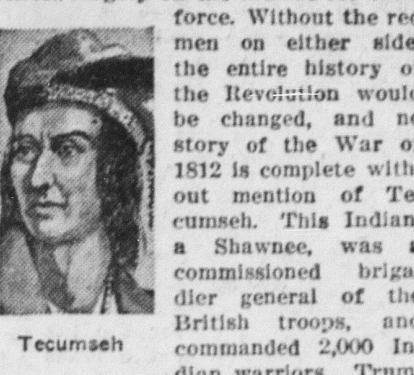
French designers are using velvet for little turbans, small-brimmed hats and crowns of hats that have straw or other materials for brims.

**Blouses**

Dark blue percale with small white dots goes to make one of the newer blouses to be worn with a navy blue suit or separate skirt.

# TALES OF THE CHIEFS

By Edith L. Watson



### TECUMSEH

The early wars of this country depended largely on the Indians for their force. Without the red men on either side, the entire history of the Revolution would be changed, and no story of the War of 1812 is complete without mention of Tecumseh. This Indian, a Shawnee, was a commissioned brigadier general of the British troops, and commanded 2,000 Indian warriors. Trumbull, the historian, calls him the most extraordinary Indian character in United States history.

He was born near Springfield, Ohio, in 1768, the son of a Shawnee chief and a woman said to have been a Creek. His elder brother became head of the family after his father's death in the battle of Point Pleasant, when Tecumseh was only six years old. This brother raised him to young manhood, and was himself killed on the Tennessee frontier in 1788.

The border wars recruited Tecumseh at an early age, and he was as eager a warrior as any of his tribe, but it ran against his inclinations to torture prisoners, and he did all in his power to stop this awful practice. He and his brother Tenskwatawa, "the Prophet," were entirely inimical to the white men. They adopted the stand that the whites should stay in one part of the country and let the Indians have another part. There was room enough for all, and such an arrangement, Tecumseh thought, would be both peaceful and profitable. He claimed that the Ohio valley belonged to all the tribes in common, and that no one tribe had the right to sell or cede land from this territory. This claim pointed to Tecumseh's great ideal, the confederation of all the western and southern tribes. If this could be accomplished, a boundary between the whites and the Indians could be established and enforced, he reasoned, and the whites would be permanently checked. With this plan in mind, the intrepid Shawnee visited every tribe from the head of the Missouri river to Florida, meeting with some success, although many chiefs advised against this idea.

His brother, in the meantime, had established headquarters at Greenville, Ohio, and was working along similar lines, while advocating a return to the ancient Indian manner of living. The Prophet sent his emissaries as far as Tecumseh himself had gone, each bearing the message of rebellion. Interested men from these far-off tribes in turn came to visit the Prophet and to hear from his own lips the plans which he had formulated.

The Prophet, however, had become over-eager to act. Tecumseh and he had moved to Tippecanoe, Ind., at the invitation of the Potawatomi, and here their followers collected, becoming more and more obstreperous as they gained in faith and numbers.

Tecumseh was away on his errand, and the Prophet did not hold back the fiery spirit of his people, evidently believing that they could take care of any trouble they might get into.

Gen. William Henry Harrison, with 900 troops, finally started for Tippecanoe to quiet the Indians. Near the town, he was attacked by about the same number of Indians, led by the Prophet, who claimed to have the power of averting death in battle. The engagement was a fierce one. At its end, Harrison's troops were victorious, and the Indians were utterly defeated. Many of them were wounded, and 60 or 60 killed, in spite of the Prophet's "power."

This battle proved disastrous to Tecumseh's enterprise, but the War of 1812, which broke out the following year, offered him an opportunity to relieve himself of some of the bitterness which was in his heart.

The high position given him by the British, and the authority he was allowed to wield, were not abused by the Shawnee chief. He fought in some of the most famous battles of the war, one of which was the scene of Perry's victory on Lake Erie. Proctor, retreating, was at first covered by Tecumseh's men, but the Indian general refused to go back further than the Thames river, and compelled Proctor to make a stand and fight it out. The battle which ensued, on October 5, 1813, was a bloody one, and the British and their Indian allies were absolutely defeated by Harrison and his troops, who had so completely dispersed the Prophet's army in 1811.

Previous to this engagement, Tecumseh had felt a presentiment of death, but aside his general's uniform, and dressed himself in deerskin; the British general no longer, but an Indian chief and warrior, who wanted to die as an Indian. It proved to be a true forewarning, and the chief fell in front of his warriors. It is said that on one occasion Tecumseh had exclaimed, "The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother, and on her bosom I will repose!"

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### The Best Speedometer

Judge—You know you were traveling less than 25?

Defendant—I know I was—I didn't hear a word from the back seat.

### Scientific Analysis of Demand for Sustenance

At a recent luncheon one of the party described himself as being hungry, and this started another man, who turned out to be a physiologist, on a definition of hunger. He said that experiments have been carried out in America to discover what happens to the body to produce the sensation of hunger. As a result of these it was found that the two traditional ways of overcoming the feeling of hunger are scientifically justified. Tightening one's belt, for example, has been proved to check the "rhythmic contractions of the stomach." Smoking, too, has the same effect, and as soon as the contractions cease the feeling of hunger tends to disappear. But the physiologist adopted more conventional methods of checking any rhythmic contractions from which he might be suffering when he entered a restaurant.

### Tribute Where Due

The honor of having suggested the tribute of the "two minutes' silence" has been given to several people. Actually it belongs to a South African statesman—the late Sir Percy Fitzpatrick. The king acknowledged Sir Percy's suggestion in a letter sent to the statesman on one occasion, which read: "The king . . . ever gratefully remembers that the idea of the two minutes' pause on Armistice day was due to your initiation—a suggestion which was readily adopted and carried out with heartfelt sympathy throughout the empire."—London Times.

### Tree Imprisoned in Stone

Some builders in an English town had a surprise when, on sawing through a great block of stone, they discovered, hidden in the center, the bough of a tree ages old.

It measured about an inch and a half across. The wood had deepened in color to a chocolate brown, and it was crossed with strips of resin which had fossilized and looked like amber. The tree appeared to have belonged to the fir or larch family, and the age of the wood is said to be incalculable.

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**Human Side of Apes**

Apes display several human passions. The gorilla will fly into a fearful rage. The orang is wonderfully affectionate to its young. Gibbons have a sense of humor. They delight in mischievous play and, being tailless, will, when they have the chance, pull other monkey's tails as a great joke. Chimpanzees have a gift which dogs have never been known to display—they can see a picture of themselves as a picture. They will recognize their own portraits, or grow excited if shown a study of a bunch of bananas. Among the gifts or powers which man possesses and apes lack it is remarkable that man can weep, but apes cannot.

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**Where's the Interpreter?**

From Washington diplomatic circles there floats to my big and ready ears a delightful little episode of Sir Esme Howard and the bell boy. Sir Esme quite enjoys telling, so I hear, how he walked briskly into the foyer of the magnificent Mayflower hotel, and stopped for a moment to speak with one of the bright-buttoned waiters in the lobby. After he walked on, an assistant manager who had noted the incident, went over to the boy and said: "What did the ambassador want?"

"I don't know," answered the bell-boy. "He couldn't speak English."—New York Morning Telegraph.

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### Had bad dizzy spells

Afraid to leave house . . . feared awful dizziness would make her keel over. She needs Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in tablet form.

**Dishes Sweating**

Alice was helping with the dishes. Mother noticed she was drying them very quickly so investigated.

"Alice, you are not drying these dishes," she said.

"Yes, I am, mother, but they are sweating," she replied.

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**Wind's Joke on Schoolboy**

A whirlwind, sweeping across a Seattle school playgrounds, scooped up Jack Thomas from a group of youngsters, hurled him into the air and dumped him on his face. He was covered with dirt and debris and thoroughly shaken, but not injured.

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