

**TWADDLE**



By FANNIE HURST

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)  
(WNU Service)

ONE sunlit January morning Madame Heinrich Strassmore sat in the large, lived-in looking music room of velours, mahogany, chintz, bits of good brass, crystal and books and opened her large stack of mail.

It was rightly termed music room. The big alcove of circular windows contained a grand piano, a smaller upright, a harp, two music cabinets and signed photographs of most of the musical celebrities of the day.

The last of madame's letters occupied her attention a bit more than the rest. A brief note in a blue and black envelope with a stamped, addressed envelope of the same blue and black enclosed.

Finally madame flipped this letter to the top of a handsome marquetry table and let softly explode the word "twaddle" from her wide, handsome lips.

Then madame walked out of the sun-lit, shabbily pleasant music room, through a dining room of good old silver; several still life paintings, handsome high-backed Heppelwhite chairs ranged around the well-worn but handsome dining table and then into an enormous kitchen.

A cook looked up at her approach and together there were conferences over dinner, the contents of two large refrigerators were scanned by madame and a sip out of a large double boiler taken by her as she leaned over the range to inspect a slowly simmering gruel.

More conferences with a parlor maid who came into the kitchen lugging two palls, an inspection of a new litter of kittens under the back porch. Inquiry about the ice man's infected finger and then madame, who wore a chintz bungalow apron over her tan morning dress, climbed up the back stairs to her children's nursery.

Three children who inherited their mother's sturdiness of figure were having their breakfasts of the recently inspected gruel, in a sunny corner of that room with a fraulein who conversed with them in German and then French.

There was a frantic clamoring over madame as she entered. Kisses, tumblings, confidences, stories to be told to her, "pieces" to be recited to her, even a few tears to be wept to her.

For two hours madame remained in the nursery.

At twelve o'clock she mounted still another flight of stairs in the bright old house, and knocked at a door that led into the sunniest room of all.

At a desk, under a green eye shade, sat Josef Strassmore, the iron gray scholarly husband of madame.

There was an hour's conference there. The kind of conference none of their friends had ever looked in on. Madame and the professor were guilty of the sort of soporific absorption in one another that would have revealed a surprising side of one of the most famous mezzo-sopranos of her time and her academic husband whose name was equally eminent in one of the more special realms of science.

Considering their years, and, for that matter, the sedate droop of the professor's shoulders and the enormous Brunhilde magnificence of madame, they were like boy and girl. Obviously two people who were still lovers.

At one o'clock the professor and madame and the three children lunched in a small secluded room known among themselves as "the get-away" because it was there madame and her family secluded themselves when reporters or celebrity-seekers invaded their quiet.

At two o'clock, a messenger from a shop arrived with some samples of chintz for the nursery and, for another half-hour, madame and the children and the professor conferred over color and fabrics.

At three o'clock, the professor returned to his retreat and madame, accompanied by fraulein and two of the children, went in a motor car to the dentist, where madame held little hands while cold instruments clicked among small teeth.

At four o'clock madame was back once more in her home and, at the sound of her voice, the professor ventured out of his retreat for a few moments, arranged some music with her and went softly out, closing the door, locking it, and throwing the key back over the transom, because already madame's glorious voice was rippling and pouring.

For three hours, with brief intervals of rest, that sonorous avalanche of melody rang through the house.

Messengers arrived, telephones rang, servants scuttled on noiseless feet, but no hand turned the knob of that locked door.

At seven o'clock, madame emerged from the music room and again mounted the stairs to the nursery and fed her youngest child his gruel spoon-by-spoon from a dish with four rabbits around the brim. For every rabbit a story had to be invented as he clutched his mother's wrist and swallowed gruel.

The second child, a lovely girl, Griseida, wanted a certain lullaby to send her to sleep, and so while a maid dressed madame's hair she sat beside the small bedstead that she herself had painted, and softly sang her girl to sleep.

At seven-thirty, while madame was being hooked into a spangled gown well fitted to her ample figure, frau-

lein brought her in a bowl of milk toast which she took standing up.

At eight o'clock, the professor, far more nervous than madame herself, awaited her in the lower hall in stiff evening clothes, while a limousine chugged at the door.

At a few minutes past eight, madame, handsome in the spangles and a superb sable wrap across her shoulders, descended the stairs.

There were final instructions to leave with fraulein about baby's cold and rubbing his small chest with goose grease. There were some questions to put to the chauffeur like, whose wife had scalded. The parlor maid came tearing down to hand the professor madame's throat syringe to have along in case of emergency.

At eight forty-five, madame appeared on the stage of Carnegie hall and for two hours held an audience enchanted by the soaring magnificence of her voice.

At eleven o'clock, while the professor hovered about with madame's wraps, the crowds milled about her in the dressing room, bagging for buds from her corsage, eager to press her hand, hungry for a closer view of the woman whose glory had held them spellbound.

At half after eleven, the professor and madame once more entered the room they called "music room."

There was a table for two spread beside a roaring fire and Johanna, the second upstairs girl, who had begged the privilege of staying up instead of the waitress, was standing ready to serve.

Madame herself went into the kitchen and made the coffee. The professor liked his percolated her certain way. After that, with Johanna eager to remove her mistress' stiff slippers for softer ones, there was just quiet talk between madame and the professor.

She had been her magnificent best. His eyes caressed her. His lips sought her hands.

Madame and the professor ate now with relaxed enjoyment.

There were pigs' knuckles. Not coarse to madame or the professor, but succulent food of rich, strong flavor. The firm, white bread madame had baked herself. The salad, crisp and green, she twirled in the bowl and concocted its dressing out of ingredients that Johanna brought her. There was apple cake that madame had baked the morning before and the rich coffee of her brewing.

After that they sat by the fire, madame and her husband, until the lovely chimes of the clock in the hall sounded two.

Sitting back relaxed, madame's hand reached idly out for the letter in the blue and black envelope that had elicited the single word "twaddle" from her that morning. She drew it again from its envelope, leaning back to read it through half-closed, amused eyes, to her husband:

"Dear Madame Strassmore, From your vast experience and your enormous success, will you give the readers of the Daily Gazette the benefit of your views upon the following subject:

Do you think it possible for a woman to have both home life and a career?"

"Twaddle," repeated madame, and, trailing her handsome wrap, went lazily upstairs on the arm of her husband.

**Kashmir Shawl Beloved**

by Another Generation

In their heyday—when Napoleon presented several to Josephine as a gift—Kashmir shawl masterpieces kept 16,000 looms humming and more than 25,000 men and women at work. They have always been characterized by the elaboration of their design, in which the "cone" or "mango" pattern is the prominent feature—also by the glowing harmony, the brilliance, the depth, and enduring qualities of the colors.

When Victoria was proclaimed empress of India a number of Kashmir shawls were presented as tribute to the English crown. In fact, it is told that this gift gave impetus to an industry that presented the Kashmir in its more modern version—the Paisley. Whether or not familiar with the handsome old Kashmir shawls, there are few who have not owned or seen a Paisley.

In pattern it is a copy of the Kashmir, but the materials are products of Scotland rather than of the Tibetan goat. From the little town of Paisley that grew up around the abbey of Paisley this more recent shawl took its name.

**Snorer Shocker Welcome**

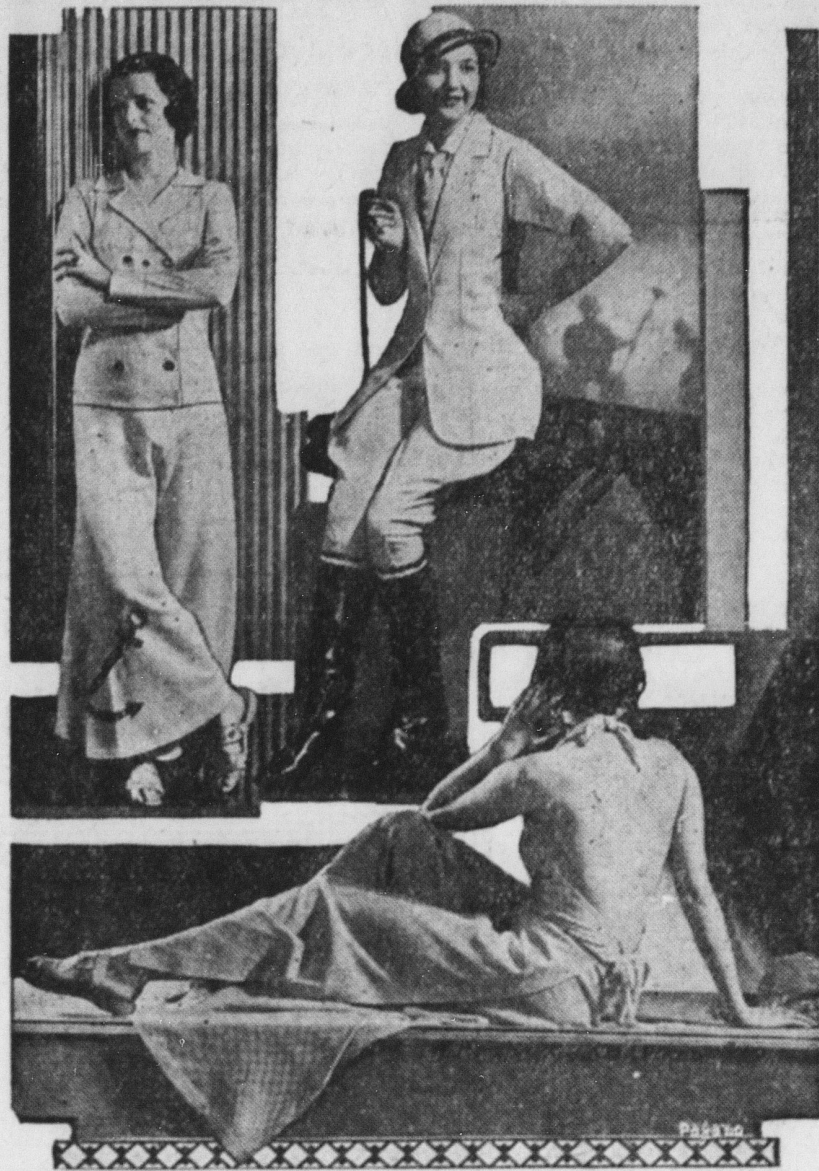
Europe is welcoming the news that a radio device to shock snorers has been invented. Newspapers have taken up the idea, and when the device is marketed there is sure to be a demand for it, especially from bedfellows of those who broadcast in their sleep. The invention consists of a small microphone patterned after those used in radio broadcasting. It is placed near a sleeper, whose snores complete a circuit, which shocks or sticks a pin into the nasal soliloist.

**Valuable Counterfeit**

Counterfeit coins whose value increases with the disclosure of the fraud perpetrated are not common in the banking world. Recently, however, such a case came to light in London. Among a parcel of coins bought as gold was a clever imitation of a sovereign of 1893. Acid tests revealed that the coin was gilded platinum. At the time it was struck off, in the reign of Queen Victoria, platinum was worth only about one-third as much as gold. Now it is worth much more.

**What's What in Modern Sports Wear**

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



OF COURSE you are riding, yachting, golfing, tennis-playing and so on and so forth these days. Every woman who claims to be modern is going in for these healthgiving things, as time goes on, with increasing enthusiasm.

Take a style census at any "classy" resort or country club gathering and you will find that the majority of those present are costumed in voguish cottons this summer. There never has been a more attractive array of fetching cottons in sight as are sporting in the great outdoors these days.

As for instance the handsome piques which in either wide or shallow waile are immensely popular and the rough washable crepes and the new diagonals and gingham-galore and seersucker striped in blue, or in red and white, while the smartly new lacy mesh weaves have so completely captured the heart of the fashionable world we are dressing from top to toe in them even to the berets, the gloves, the hosiery we wear and the handbags we carry.

There's no mistake about it, the smart set has been entirely won over to the idea of wearing cottons and what's more they are doing it formally as well as informally. For that matter a gay plaided gingham party dress reaches the very pinnacle of the mode. However, this story is intended to tell about cottons as they flourish in the realm of sports and there is some exceedingly interesting news to impart in this connection. For instance, the fact that the up-to-date equestrienne is hearing the loud and

persistent call from the cotton field as it echoes throughout all fashionland is real news. Riding habit makers are laying great stress on a new durette material which closely resembles the very fine ribbed fabrics we used to see in the smartest English riding clothes. The durette cord-ribbed habit shown in the picture is styled with breeches or jodhpurs according to preference. Sleeveless jackets such as tops this suit are quite the thing this summer. The pert little hat is made of the same durette material which is equally chic in "dirty white," sand, Egyptian white or brown. With the first three black boots are good style.

Ship a-boy for summer, 1932, is what the outfit worn by the seafaring lady standing to the left in the picture at once suggests. One can really be ever so nautical to all appearance in these durette mesh pajamas and never leave the beach. They have their own anchor applied as you see matched in color to the buttons which fasten a veritable first officer's double breasted jacket. The new shorter trouser length here advocated makes it possible to stroll along the sand without stumbling, as a contrast to last year's versions.

Seated in the foreground we see Miss 1932 wearing the new durette mesh apron pajamas designed for sun baths and beach wear in general. These pajamas have one leg and the rest of the drapery behaves like a bungalow apron, tying at the back of neck and waist. It may be donned on the beach over the bathing suit.

(© 1932 Western Newspaper Union.)

**REDS THIS YEAR'S FAVORITE COLORS**

Reds that are bright and light are this year's most successful clothes colors.

Scarlet seems to be the favorite right now. Yellowish reds appear in bathing suits and evening clothes, mostly. The reds used for sports clothes and daytime dresses and suits are usually darker, and less elementary. Wine reds and brownish reds are beginning to appear in daytime clothes, and are listed at the top of forecasted colors for fall.

Red-with-color as a fashion scheme takes many new forms this year. Along the Riviera there are many examples of the type of color combining that Paris favors right now—two variations of the same color used together as if they were two different colors.

Thus orange red will serve as trimming, via a scarf, on a dress of maroon; geranium red is combined with scarlet; purplish and reddish reds are worn together.

There is, of course, more red and white than any other combination.

**Rainbow Eyelashes Are Latest Extravagance**

Artificial silk eyelashes of rainbow hue, marvelously attached to the real lashes, are Paris' latest fashion extravagance. Blue, red and green lashes are "worn" with lids of silver or gold and the lips must be colored to match the gown.

"Powder cocktails," the shades combined to make a mixture appropriate to madame's mood—green for jealousy, purple for passion—are another vogue.

As to lipsticks, there is no end to the variety of colors in these. Pale yellow, to be used with a green face powder, is favored by one expert.

**Boucle and Liesles**

Suits of boucle and lacy liesles are much worn at the smart resorts especially by older women who like the formality of a jacket suit. White suits are featured by the most important shops.

**CROCHET GLOVES**

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Here is something new in hand-crocheted accessories. These gloves are all latest Paris edict. A few of the more exclusive shops are carrying them here, but naturally, with the duty, the handwork and all the rest, they are by no means cheap. A pair like the ones pictured may be copied at the outlay of only a few cents, and it requires comparatively little time to make them. To crochet them requires two balls each of sizes 10 and 30 mercerized cotton, or you can use a double strand of the size 30 crochet thread where directions call for the size 10. It may appear difficult to crochet these chic gloves, but really, they are as easy to make as a simple scarf or a beret or one of the new collar and cuff sets. Use No. 11 steel crochet hook. Most any fancywork department or specialty shop will supply directions.

**Pique Trimming**

Pique is a dominating fabric. It is used for collar and cuffs and pipings on dark blue or black frocks for daytime occasions.

**Summer In Sweden**



This Swedish Housewife Bakes Only Four Times a Year.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

THIS year all Sweden is celebrating, with memorial rites and exhibits, the three hundredth anniversary of the death in battle of Gustavus Adolphus, the Swedish hero king.

Many are the ways of celebrating, for as the traveler moves about Sweden by canoe, coast steamer, river barge, motor car, railway or airplane, he is confronted with many people with customs and dialects unlike.

The differences, however, fade in retrospect and the outstanding impression one gets of Sweden today is of a closely-knit and homogeneous group. In its population an unusually pure Nordic type predominates—tall stature, long face, light complexion, golden hair and blue eyes. The blond coloring gives the streets of Stockholm a quality of lightness. In contrast, Paris seems somewhat somber and dark.

The one exception to the homogeneity of the population of Sweden is the Lapp. Some seven thousand of them, a race apart, dwell in the Arctic wastes of the Far North. In some vague past—their racial memory is short—they wandered in from the East, possibly from Mongolia. They have not stopped to carve their names on the eternal hills. They are deaf to the tread of the centuries. For them the music of life comes only through the singing of the wind above their nomad tents of bark and through the velvet tramp of feet, vagrant reindeer hoof.

As protected wards of the Swedish state, members of this alien race roam securely over the tundras and snow-capped fields of the North. For more than a century Sweden has not been embroiled in war. At no time in its history has a conquering foe invaded its territory and left the customary aftermath of mixture of blood. During the past six years Sweden has entered more actively upon its humanitarian purpose of trying to outlaw war altogether.

Sweden has no colonies and so avoids entangling alliances. Its zest for empire and empire-building was worked off in the flush of youth. In the Viking days brave adventurers went West, and traces of their wanderings still exist on the coasts of England and France, Iceland and Greenland; but in many of the lands they touched they left no enduring record of occupancy.

Sweden's intervention in the Thirty Years' war saved the cause of religious liberty for Europe. Then came the brilliantly tragic reign of Charles XII. With his death in 1718 ended his gallant defense, as he alleged, of western ideals of statecraft against the threat of Muscovite anarchy. Sweden had lost its Baltic possessions. Its prestige as a world power diminished. The energy expended on extending empire has since been directed toward the more peaceful pursuits of developing internal resources.

**No Immigrants There.**

Sweden has no immigration problem, about 99 per cent of its six millions being native-born. Not immigration, but emigration, once threatened the national welfare. Before American immigration quotas were known, nearly a fifth of Sweden's population was represented in the United States.

Love of country dominates the Swedish people. Their songs reveal a passionate love for the beauty of the land which has been an unending source of inspiration to Swedish poets. The Swede's reputation for melancholy may be attributed wholly to his susceptibility to the vagaries of the weather. He is gloomy at the very thought of autumn, harbinger of the dark winter months. All the russet gorgeness of September and October is wasted on him. He is quick to lament the briefness of the season of light. Remind him of some event in the past and he is likely to say reflectively, "Oh, yes, that was the year the summer fell on a Tuesday."

In that respect he is the arch pessimist. Stockholm, to be sure, is in very nearly the same latitude as the southern tip of Greenland. This means that approximately two-thirds of the country lies in latitudes generally considered unfavorable to habitation and growth. But the climate of the Scandinavian peninsula, with its jagged coast line sweeping down majestically from polar regions into the North and Baltic seas, is tempered by the warm Atlantic drift, which follows the western coast of Norway and dips also into the Skagerrack. There is a joy-

ous glamour about the way spring and summer come with a rush. Almost overnight, in the South, one sees the beech forests turn into low ranges of jade.

The islands the transatlantic visitor sees first, as he nears the Swedish coast, are those that encircle the harbor of Goteborg (Gothenburg), chief shipping center and commercial port of the country; for the usual approach to Sweden is by the "lonely passage" that rounds the bleak northern tip of Scotland and then threads down among the islands in the Kattegat.

Goteborg and Stockholm are linked by a road of water, the Gota canal. This connects the North and Baltic seas and the large inland lakes, Vattern—the largest lake in Europe excluding Ladoga and Onega, in Finland and Russia—and Vatern and Malaren. The series of locks that provide for the varying levels in the route—the highest point is 308 feet above the Baltic—were an engineering triumph when constructed nearly a century ago.

**Through Gota Canal.**

North of this belt of water is another "lake district," including the Fryken lakes of Varmland, Lake Siljan in Dalecarlia, and Dellen in Halsingland, along the eastern coast. Farther north come the extremes of summer and winter. Where the Arctic circle cuts through the fields along the Norwegian boundary the sun is visible for 24 hours of the day for seven weeks in June and July. From any of the accessible mountain peaks the midnight sun is a breath-taking spectacle of magnificence.

With a few outstanding exceptions, there are no striking extremes of wealth and poverty in Sweden. There are no slums in Jonkoping, for instance, though it is the home of the world-famous safety match, one of the most important manufactures of the country. Eskilstuna steel, an equally familiar trade-mark, has not produced a Swedish Pittsburgh of vicious volumes of smoke.

The miners at Kiruna, north of the Arctic circle, live in a model community of neat, modern houses; and Falun, center of the Bergslagen mining interests, suggests neither luxury nor squalor, although one corporation, generally said to be the oldest in the world, has held continuous possession since 1284 of the great mine, Stora Kopparberget, with its vast underground pit.

**Nearly All Live Comfortably.**

The ordinary comforts of life are within the reach of the majority. With a highly developed telephone system, business and social matters are handled largely over the wire. At the hint of a delay, when a call is made, the Swedish operator answers, not "Just a minute," but "In the wink of an eye!" and she means literally and expeditiously just that.

The main railway lines, like the telephone, are state-owned. Private lines supplement rather than rival this service, which includes about a third of the total railway mileage of the country. Sweden has a more extensively developed railway system, in proportion to population, than any other European country. Third class is cheap and clean. Second far outranks the ordinary European second, and first offers luxurious means of travel.

The electrified railway that is farthest north in the world runs from Boden, below the Arctic circle, to Narvik, Norway's always ice-free port, through which much of Sweden's iron ore is shipped. The electrical current is supplied from Porjus, a modern industrial town that has sprung up in the wilderness of 25 years ago. The machine room at Porjus is sunk into a blasted mountain wall at a depth of 165 feet, a precaution that gives a hint of the low temperatures of the Arctic winter.

Electricity, derived from waterfalls and rivers, is being substituted by modern industry as fuel that in time will supplant the black coal which Sweden lacks. Black coal heads the list of imports and keeps the balance of trade unfavorable to Sweden, but white coal is beginning to take its place.

From the depths of the forests of Sweden—they cover approximately three-fifths of its land area—come the commodities that head the exports: Wood pulp, planed and unplanned boards, paper, beams, spars, mastwood, and box boards provide nearly half of the nation's annual revenues from exports.