

THE FABLE OF STEPPING ON IT

By GEORGE ADE

ONCE there was a Group of Pleasure-Seekers packed into a Motor Car. They were out for Relaxation and they were going to find it by whizzing to a Point 300 Miles distant and then turning around and beating it back Home.

Notwithstanding which, it is said that People live longer than they used to live.

There were two Captains on Board. One was the high-priced Lad at the Wheel, who thought that every stretch of Good Road was part of the Indianapolis Speedway. The other Mrs. Henry Gibble, whose Husband had paid for the Car just twice what a dandy Queen Anne Cottage would have cost before Lumber went up. Mr. Gibble thought he was the Captain but he was only the Cabin Boy. They wouldn't even let him hold the Road Map.

The others who had embarked were three in Number, as follows:

Estelle, only daughter of the Gibbles, who held the World's Record for Nose-Dabbing—475 times in one Day.

Herbert Poindexter, supposed to be almost engaged to Estelle because he looked Aristocratic and was a heavenly Hooper, even if he was on Salary.

Miss Leonora Peavy, unmarried sister of Mrs. Gibble—a Positive Character who held back nothing except her True Age.

That made six in All and any good Mind-Reader might have discovered that no two of them were agreed on anything—not even Evolution.

For instance the Chauff felt that when he was doing less than 95 he was chilling his Tires.

Confidence and Ignorance.

Estelle always said that 80 miles an Hour was a reasonable Clip.

Mr. Poindexter said that when he traveled above 60 he could feel his Brain Substance turning to Jell.

As for Mrs. G. she couldn't see any sense in doing more than 50 because her Heart had not been the same since she carried on her long but victorious Fight for the reorganization of the Woman's Club.

Mr. Gibble would have stayed around 40 all the time if he had been permitted to give Directions, which he was not.

Miss Peavy had read a great deal about Motor Accidents. Every time she crawled into a high-powered Hurry-Up, she expected to be killed before she got back. Up to the present time she had been disappointed but, just the same, she allowed that all those who exceeded 30 were taking their Lives into their own Hands and, as for her, it made her feel as if she were continuing on her way while the Stumckel was loitering some Six Feet in the Rear.

The Law said that any one who traveled along at better than 25 Miles could be yanked up and tried. Through the Towns the Limit was 8 Miles an Hour. A man on Crutches can do 8 Miles an Hour.

Be that as it may, the Gibbles and their two Victims got away at 9:05, which was almost on Schedule. The Starting Time had been set for 7:03, so that they could get to Bald Rock in time for the Noonday Luncheon.

It seemed that Estelle had some Trouble getting her Eye-Brows to match and Mr. Poindexter sat for an Hour, in a Brown Study, looking at his Collection of Ties and trying to make a Selection. The one that he finally decided upon didn't look as if anybody had spent an Hour in picking it out.

After the Old Folks had sat in the Car, silent and motionless, for what seemed to be a Couple of Days, taking the Morning Sun in the Eyes, the two jovial Juveniles appeared and hoped that they hadn't kept anyone waiting. How lucky it is that Looks cannot kill!

It was a Hot Morning but, as an extra Precaution, five of the six Tourists had their Feet snugly covered with Suit Cases.

Just as they crossed the Town Limits and passed into the Agricultural District, Mrs. G. asked, in a Tone suggesting that she wanted either Information or an Argument, "Well, what Root are we going to take?"

Mr. Gibble crossed his Fingers and looked at the Road ahead. He had learned his Lesson on previous Outings. He knew that any poor Goofus who takes the Responsibility upon himself and guarantees any particular Plan of Action is thereafter blamed for every Pebble in the Road, for Engine Trouble, Delays at Railway Crossings and Red Ants in the Sandwiches. He knew, also, that the Good Woman never asked for advice except when she wanted to hang a Jinx onto the Party of the Second Part.

Mr. Poindexter, bursting with Confidence and Ignorance, said that he had heard, somewhere, that by bearing over toward Mitchburg and following the River Road through Ransom and Wenas, you would come out on State Road 23 and get a direct Shoot to Bald Rock; where they would have Luncheon, if any one would be speaking to any one else by that time.

A Sad Meal.

We will always insist that Mr. Poindexter had no way of knowing about the New Stone between Jericho and Whiffingdale or the Detour made necessary by the Bridge being out between Milton's Grove and Sasfras Ridge.

At the very Moment when they should have been unpacking the Luncheon Basket under the trees at Bald Rock, while merry Laughter echoed through the Glen and good-natured Quips leaped from Lip to Lip they were, as Mr. Gibble afterward described it, hellwards between Frounceville and Sackett's Corners, on a Dirt Road that hadn't seen a Scrapper since the Civil War. As far as the Eye could reach there was a verdant Expanse of Bullrushes. For the first time in months the Car was obeying the Law. It was doing less than 25.

It came out, while they were Exploring, that Mrs. Gibble had wanted to go via Millford, but Mr. Poindexter had talked her out of it. As for Mr. Poindexter, he kept repeating, over and over, "They told me this was the best Way to come," which, under the Circumstances, was just the same as no Conversation at all.

If the Noonday Luncheon served promptly at 3 p. m. carried the general Gloom of a child's funeral it was because Mr. and Mrs. Gibble and Miss Peavy could not find time to say a Word. They were too busy hoping that Estelle would never marry Mr. Poindexter.

OUR CHILDREN

By ANGELO PATRI

SAY NO

FOR some time now a mistaken notion of family control has afflicted the world, especially that part of it which these United States cover. We have always wanted to give children everything possible to make them successful. No children have ever been given the freedom that ours have enjoyed.

It is this freedom that I want to talk about. Nobody born on this earth is, or can be, free. Everyone of us is born tied hand and foot to other people, to circumstances and under laws that bind us securely. Nobody, no power on earth can free us of duties and obligations and burdens. Many mistaken parents and teachers have tried to free children of these obligations of life. The result is hard on the children. It is far kinder to teach a child how to carry a responsibility than it is to teach him to deny it and then have him come face to face with it. It is like sending him out to slay lions without even a sling shot and a handful of pebbles.

The only freedom we can hope to give a child is freedom from ignorance. The first step he takes toward that freedom is when he learns to carry the first responsibility. Children must be taught to endure cheerfully and bravely whatever pain comes their way.

The unmannered child is too common to need emphasis. It is he who rides roughshod over all who come in his way. He is loud, disrespectful, selfish and utterly disliked. Somebody thought it a pity to curb his self-expression and so he lost his way. The spoiled boy who insists upon driving the family car and staying out all hours of the night needs no introduction. We are all well acquainted with him. The young girl who entertains boys in the evenings, smokes cigarettes end to end, and insists that she has her school work well in hand, is a common thorn. All these children are the victims of this mistaken freedom.

If children could rear themselves there would be no need for father or mother to live longer than the few years necessary to bring the children into being. Nature would attend to that. As a matter of fact the infancy of the human offspring is the most prolonged in nature. That means that parents are needed.

It would be a very good thing for the child of this generation to learn that there is a larger freedom to be won than that so easily gained by doing nothing worthwhile. They will discover this when we learn when and how to say no.

"APOLOGIZE AT ONCE"

"I AM having trouble with Ralph. He has become a disciplinary case almost overnight."

"Ralph? Impossible. What's the matter?"

"You know, Bennie? You know what an odd child he is. He never says a slang word. He never forgets his manners. He behaves like an old man. And you know Ralph. He is a good boy but he isn't as good as Bennie. Not nearly. His mother and I have been friends since we were little girls."

"Yesterday Ralph punched Bennie in the nose. It was dreadful. I asked him why he did such a thing and he said, 'Because he makes me sick.' I told him he must apologize to Bennie. I insisted upon it. He went to Bennie and said, 'My mother says I must apologize to you, so I apologized. Just the same, you make me sick.'"

"My mother says that hereafter it will be better for me not to know you," said Bennie. "And your mother gives me a pain in the neck," said Ralph.

"He came home and told me all about it and you cannot know how I felt. Instead of making things better he had made them worse. I told him he was to apologize to Bennie's mother and he said, 'I will if you want me to, but I think she is just the same. Apologizing won't do any good as long as she is so snooty to us and makes such a sissy out of Bennie.'"

"It's the first real difficulty we have had with Ralph and we don't know what to do. What shall we do with him?"

Let him alone. This boy is fifteen years old. He is intelligent, helpful, well-mannered, gay. What more can you want? If he thinks that way about a boy or his mother, the best thing to do is to let them stay apart.

I would never ask a child to apologize to anybody. I would wait until the heat of his anger had died down and then I would try to put his behavior before him in truthful, restrained terms. If then he offered to make up with the person he offended, I would try to show him a tactful way out, if I could.

Sometimes troublesome situations arise because somebody's dignity was hurt and demanded an apology from an equally indignant child who refused to give it.

Apologies that are not voluntary never do any good. It was not the child's words and actions that mattered. It was his thinking. Change that and you do something worthwhile. Try to force the change and you only double your trouble. Never mind the apologies. Keep an eye to the thinking.

Bridal Veils in Versatile Mood

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



OF COURSE every bride is supposed to look her loveliest at her own wedding. Which is a perfectly good reason why the right choice of the right veil and headpiece is so vastly important, for they can make or mar the picture.

The fact that designers, when it comes to bridal veils, are in a particularly dare-to-be-original mood this season is a good omen. It means that modern brides are being veiled to type rather than following prescribed rules.

The group pictured shows how versatile present-day brides are being veiled. The exquisite ensemble on the seated figure at the top bespeaks a recent gesture among designers toward crowning the bride with little beret fantasies which depart from the regulation fitted lace or tulle cap versions. The circular flare of tulle about the face and at the back is perfectly charming. The lace-bordered three-quarter veil with its rounded silhouette is an innovation.

Not only are these beret arrangements in vogue, but some of the most fashionable brides of the season are wearing the most ravishing little hats of tulle with visorlike brims, also of tulle, a wreathlet of orange blossoms encircling the shallow crown, the veil draped with consummate art to fall over the shoulders or train.

Then, too, in tune with this new theme of tulle hats with a brim, little "sets" are offered at smart shops, which cater to brides, which include enchanting flower toques, either of roses and petals or of orange blossoms and buds, with muffs made of the same, the newest idea being for the voluminous veil to be worked to fall in graceful billowy masses over this flower headpiece and the long train of the gown.

The inspiring thought about these lovely flower ensembles is that one need not take the responsibility and burden of working out these beguiling fantasies at home, for they are available at most any milliner shop or stores which make a specialty of outfitting brides with veils and headpieces. Flower hats and muffs in different colors for the bridesmaids complete the picture.

The alluring fitted lace cap and lace-trimmed veil posed on the seated figure below in the picture is just such as brides-to-be dream of when they plan their trousseaux. The distinguishing feature about this veil is that the rarely beautiful lace is inset, instead of the usual border arrangement.

There is something very interesting to tell about the veil on the bride standing to the left. The veil is made in two sections, so that after the ceremony the bride can remove the lace-bordered long train, if she so desires, without interfering with the youthful caplike portion which so becomingly envelops her shoulders in a mist of tulle. Thus she can move among her guests after the ceremony with perfect freedom. The better shops are showing these duo-veils this season.

For the bride who dotes on the unusual, the veil on the standing figure centered to the right should prove an attraction. It is novel because of the high Medici pleated collar which so handsomely defines the neckline.

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How I Broke Into The Movies

Copyright by Hal C. Herman

By GRETA NISSEN

MY ENTRANCE into motion picture ranks was quite unlike that of most girls, who rise from the extra ranks, the beauty contests and the high schools of America.

From earliest childhood I was schooled for the stage and the opera, in my native land, Norway. When I gave up my aspirations for a stage future and cast my lot with the movies, it was more of circumstance, perhaps, than any other factor.

I am an actress by early environment and training, then, and a motion picture actress by accident, or by Fate, whichever we may choose to call it.

When I was first able to walk, my mother began teaching me dancing steps, and when I was six she placed me with the Royal opera of Copenhagen, where I was taught dancing in addition to the regular course of instruction for children of my age.

I remained in this institution for ten years, specializing in pantomime and dancing.

It was during my latter years with the Royal opera that my work attracted the attention of King Haakon and Queen Maud of Norway. Their interest enabled me to win a contract with the National theater of Scandinavia, and I made my first notable public appearance under the sponsorship of royalty, an auspicious beginning for a girl only sixteen. Several months later I was presented to Prince Karl of Sweden as the star of a charity bazaar in Stockholm.

A year later I came to America to tour the states, giving exhibitions of pantomime and dancing. Not long after I arrived, however, Broadway beckoned, and at the suggestion of Fokine, my ballet master in Europe and New York, I accepted the role of Fairy Princess in "Beggars on Horse-



Greta Nissen.

back," which proved one of the stage sensations of that season.

It was during the early part of my engagement in this play which lasted a full season of twelve months on Broadway that I was first inspired with screen ambitions. Mr. Jesse L. Lasky, of the Famous Players-Lasky corporation, admired my work and offered me a contract in pictures.

I did not jump at the opportunity as I might have were I not so fond of the stage. Until this time I was firmly resolved to devote my career to the legitimate drama, for which I had trained all my life.

But the lure of screen fame was irresistible and I signed with Mr. Lasky. I was fortunate in getting excellent roles at the outset, including the feminine leads in "The Wanderer," "Blond and Brunette," "The Bride of Tonight," and other successful photoplays.

If Mr. Lasky had not admired my work in "Beggars on Horseback" I probably would still be on the stage. And there are times, I confess, when I long for the footlights, although I am convinced that the talking screen offers greater opportunities, reaching vaster audiences and requiring equal talent for success.

WNU Service

Noted Marksman Is Hired to Miss Human Targets

Hollywood is the home of odd job men. The moving picture colony is filled with individuals who have strange occupations. Needless to say they are paid for their talents. Earl D. Bunn's is being able to shoot straight and miss. He draws his salary—and a handsome one at that—because he always misses his object. His particular task is shooting at people.

Almost everyone who attends the movies has seen Earl's handiwork. He is the man who shoots the cigarette out of the villain's mouth and makes the heroine jump by splattering sand two inches from her beautiful profile.

Shooting in films has been Bunn's business ever since 1922—and a good business it has been, too—what with pictures dealing with war and gunmen and crime prevention very much in the limelight.

Successful Director

D. Ross Lederman, who has been associated with Columbia for a number of years, has directed many outstanding productions for the company, including "Trail's End," "The Fighting Marshal," "Texas Ranger," "Branded," "Daring Danger," "Texas Cyclone," "Speed Demon," "McKenna of the Mounted" and "The End of the Trail."

SLEEVELESS COATS, CHIC ENSEMBLES

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

The coming summer season, as well as this spring, will see the success of ensembles composed of contrasting coats and dresses, whether the latter be in plain fabrics or in prints. However, this new type of ensemble will be entirely different from the combination which has been so much in evidence this last season, and which usually consisted of a plain coat lined with print and matching the dress worn beneath. The new coat will not only be in a contrasting material and color from the dress but will be treated as an entirely separate item.

Patou has short pearl gray coats worn over raven-blue dresses. Jenny has a vivid green and carrot-red coat, which she places over black rayon lacquered satin dresses.

Sleeveless coats are sponsored by leading dressmakers to give more importance to the full contrasting sleeves of the dress.

Designers now are using Plain and Printed Linen

There already has been discussion about the importance of the printed crepe jacket, worn with the monotone crepe dress, and of the printed crepe accent. Repeating this idea, but giving it a fresher appeal, designers are now using printed linen.

The dress in solid color that introduces printed linen as a trimming is also in summery mood, the linen light and bright, the dress in crepe or heavy sheer. These are practical as well as smart fashions, since the linen is washable and the trimmings are usually detachable.

Chicken Foot Weave Used in All Parts of Costume

Of course you are, or ought to be, thoroughly familiar with that material hit of the season called Le Pied-de-Poule, in all of its variations. This chicken foot weave, be it in wool, silk or what not, works up into costumes for everything from the top coat to the bottom layer of lingerie next to the skin.

JERSEY GOLF FROCK

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



There is a new Jersey which has all the appearance of being hand-knitted. The very good-looking dress pictured is made of this Jersey, in bright blue. It has been given a very attractive styling. It is adroitly tucked about the hips so as to achieve slenderizing lines. The draw-string neckline is an outstanding touch. The little rope strands form the girdle which is fastened with a wooden buckle.

Linen Suits in Vogue

Linen suits are going to have an important place in summer wardrobes this year. You now can buy linen suiting that is uncrushable and it comes in dark, practical colors, including black.