

## THE FABLE OF BEING A TRUE SPORT

By GEORGE ADE

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ONCE there was a very small and succulent Urchin who discovered before he had been on the Planet many Moons, that no Individual attracts favorable Attention unless he exhibits a certain Amount of alluring Cussedness. He found out, as all kids of Normal Intelligence must find out, that his Elders laid down for him a strict Set of Rules which they took great Pleasure in busting to Smithereens.

As soon as he could sit on a hard adult Knee he was warned that, during the Years to come, he must be Polite, Unselfish, Industrious, and economical. A lot of the Folks who slipped him this rare Dope were ill-mannered and crabbed and lazy and wasteful, but what of it? Among Parents and Relatives the Big Idea to be worked off on the Youngsters is, "Do as I say and not as I do."

Many a Clove-Eater had told him that when he grew up he must shun Liquor. The Poker-Players explained to him that Good Little Boys played Marbles for Fun, and not for Glasses and Aggies. Uncle Fred, with both of his Vest Pockets stuffed full of high-grade Connecticut-wrapped Five Centers and smelling like a Smoke House, would warn the little Man that he must never, never form the Tobacco Habit.

No wonder Griswold, when he was 8 years of Age, sat down one Day and figured it out, in a Spirit of utter Cynicism, that Life was a Bunk and Old People were whitewashed Sepulchers and conventional Virtue offered absolutely no Inducements to a Lad of Parts and ambition.

Even at that Early Age he felt stirring within Himself an outlaw Desire to be a True Sport. He took note of the Fact that all of the Juvenile Paragons who were held up as Models of Deportment to the Ornerly Youngsters were pale and had sea shell Ears and wore Shoes in the Summer Time and didn't seem to be getting anything out of Life and were loathed by the Rising Generation.

Early Vices of a Semi-Criminal. On the other Hand, all of the Hard Eggs who could fight with their fists and went swimming in the Crick before the Ice was out and carried Nigger-Shooters and had a standing Feud with the Town Marshal—they were talked about and admired and quoted and surrounded by cringing Courtiers.

Griswold was groping toward a Fact which has long puzzled and discouraged a good many Moralists. Robin Hood remains a glorified figure, but who is interested in John Bunyan? Captain Kidd has an enduring Fame and is beloved by Thousands who never heard of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Rollo goes into the Discard but Huck Finn remains a luminous Hero whose shocking Vices endear him to Old and Young.

The trouble with straight-laced Morality, as practiced in a perfidious Manner in so many Communities, is that it holds out no glittering Inducements. Griswold, or "Griz," as he was addressed by his Colleagues, knew, even at the Age of Eight, that he never would be respected as a coming Buffalo Bill or John L. Sullivan merely because he washed behind the Ears and saved up his Pennies for the Heathen. It was understood among the Lads of his Gang that the Good Ones were going to escape burning in Hot Flames but, aside from that, they had no Prospects.

It seemed to Griswold that if he wanted to be a cowboy or travel with a Circus, he had better demonstrate an immediate spirit of Bravado by learning to Smoke. When he made this manly Resolve it was still possible to get Pittsburgh Stogies at two for Five, while a very good quality of Cherokee could be had out of a paper Box, at any Grocery Store for Three Cents each, two for Five, or twelve for Two Bits, so that the foul Nicotine was, as you might say, within the Reach of All.

If he finally could puff at a Twofer without getting dizzy, it was because he showed the Optimism and dogged Determination that are demanded of any one who would learn to eat Olives, play Bridge, reduce the Weight, listen to an Opus or read Hindoo Poetry.

By the time he was in his Teens he owned a Pipe and painfully tried to use the kind of Language that would have horrified his Sunday School Teacher, and he had a semi-criminal Record on account of playing Hooky, smashing Windows and stealing Watermelons.

The Sporting Code of Honor. When a Boy who is brought up in a Refined Home and surrounded by all of the Civilized Influences, shows a wide Streak of Wickedness, some Persons say that he is proving the Doctrine of Original Sin and others say that he is reverting to the aboriginal type and the Neighbors say that his Parents have neglected his bringing-up. But Griswold and all of the other Juvenile Aches know that they are trying, with all of their boyish Strength, to live up to the Teachings of that Powerful but Secret Fraternity of that every restless Kid is a loyal Member. They are trying to be True Sports because they know there is an Unwritten Law to the Effect that the No Goods will be ostracized, scoffed at and branded as Molluscoides.

Why did Griswold, a little later, put

his Foot on the Ball and try his darnedest to Drink a Glass of Lager without making a Face? Because he had learned that he had to burst through the swinging Doors and pound on the Bar in order to acquire real Standing as One of the Boys. He didn't have any more Craving for Beer than had the other thousands of dauntless Heroes who tried to consume it before it was driven across the River to Windsor. It tasted like Spilled Rain Water with a Pickle in it. As for Red Stuff, the first Swig of that was like swallowing a Kerosene Torch.

Even after he had acquired the Standard Vices, it became evident to Griz that he would not be regarded as a True Sport unless he could hang up a Performance such as one of the Following:

1. Sit in the same Chair for 14 Hours playing Draw and then appear unconcerned after being nicked for a Month's Salary.
2. Go to the Race Track and listen to a tout and plaster all the Currency on a Crippled Goat that comes in just before they are starting the next race.
3. Slip out at Night and attend a Wild Party at which great Sums of Money are devoted to the Purchase of Partridges and Champagne for Ladies connected with the Theatrical Profession who were brought up on Soda Biscuits and Young Hyson Tea.
4. Feed the Rent Money to a Roulette Wheel.
5. Bet in a Loud Voice on every Election Result.
6. Never, under any circumstances, express a willingness to terminate a Party and go Home.

Giving Credit Where It's Due. It is no easy matter for a Man who is trying to get a Football in the Business World to perform all of the blithering Idiocies involved in the foregoing Tasks.

The Point is that when it comes to being a real, sure-enough hot Sport the Rules of Common Sense do not apply. There are certain Traditions and Precedents which must be observed. One must know how to part with a large Hunk of Money and never bat an Eye. If the Money really belongs to the Creditors, that makes no difference. Usually it does.

Well, Griswold kept on being a True Sport until he nearly ruined his Health, so now he is living out in the Country and letting somebody else buy Diamond Sunbursts for the Wives of Bootleggers.

Some people think he is a Has-Been, but he got quite a Thrill the other Day when he tried to make a 200-Yard Shot, over Water, with a Niblick. He was Rotten and the Divot went almost as far as the Ball, but he was very much pleased to hear a Spectator say: "Well, you've got to give the Old Bird credit for One Thing. He's got his Nerve with him. He's a Sport."

Which is true. Probably they will put it on the Head-Stone that he was a Real One up to the Time that his Stomach, and Nerves and Pocket-Book gave out.

MORAL: Better ride in an Ambulance than be known as a Piker.

### Aged Cows Give Up and Appear to Prefer Death

As old age overtakes some cows they get tired of living and just lie down to die—no doubt reasoning that life isn't worth the effort it takes. These fits of despondency invariably occur in winter when range life is at its toughest. When a cow decides to die, writes a correspondent in the Kansas City Times, nothing can stop her. After you have worried and strained "tailing" her up, she'll turn around and make a run at you, then fall down again as much as to say, "Go on away and let me die in peace." I have even had them, when down, refuse hay that I'd packed to them on horseback.

I have found other younger cows, in worse shape physically, that seemed to appreciate it when you got down and helped them get on their feet so they could pick a little something to eat and carry on. A cow heavy with calf is usually willing to do almost anything to survive, but an old cow that is barren seems to lose heart and want to die.

If you still think cows are dumb, just go out and live with them for a few years, as I have, and see how many things they know that you hadn't thought of yourself.

### Persimmon Bezoar

A bezoar is any of various concretions found chiefly in the alimentary organs of certain ruminants, and sometimes man. Formerly these concretions were supposed to have remarkable medical properties, especially as antidotes to poison. A persimmon bezoar is one of these stomach balls, something like a hair ball from the stomach of a butchered cow, resulting from eating persimmons. Some of the skin, pulp and seed are not digested and form into a persimmon bezoar, or stomach ball, which may necessitate an operation to remove it.

### Rapid Change of Sex

The oyster possibly holds the record for a rapid change of sex. The "native," for instance, may turn from male to female and back again as many as four times within 13 months. The Portuguese and American oysters, strangely enough, know no such change, remaining male or female throughout life.

### Hour-Glass Spider

The hour-glass spider is of ordinary size. Its abdomen is globoid and its general color a shiny black. Under the abdomen is a curious red marking, resembling a small hour-glass in shape. Sometimes several red dots appear on the abdomen.

## OUR CHILDREN

By ANGELO PATRI

"YOU DO IT"

"WHAT are you making all the fuss about, Dick? You can't do your shoe if you want to."

"I can't. I did try. It's too hard for me."

"It isn't hard. It's easy enough once you set your mind to it."

"Is it easy?"

"Yes. Easy as can be."

"Then you do it. It's hard for me."

Things that are easy to us are difficult for children. They have to make an effort to adjust their muscles for the task. They have to think about and direct every move.

A wrong motion, and it is easy for a child to make one, sends a whole series of movements the wrong way. Dick was passing his shoe string over instead of under and that made it impossible for him to tie the knot. As soon as that one-motion had been set right he tied the knot easily.

Some children tire sooner than others. For them effort is annoying. They will escape it if they can and if they form the habit of calling for help at the first sign of trouble they will not gain power. Let the child try to do his job. When he cries for help hold your hand. Watch what he does and find the difficulty. Set that right, encourage him to go ahead. He needs help over the hard place but he needs to get the rest of the way himself.

It helps a child to see grown-up people do the things they expect little ones to do.

What you would have the children do and think easy to do, you should do yourself. If you want them to speak softly and go gently you must speak softly and move with gentleness. If you want them to be well-mannered you must practice being good-mannered on all occasions. Little children are not ready to take over grown-up people's manners. They have to hear you say, "How do you do?" "I am sorry to disturb you." "Won't you have this chair? I think you will be more comfortable," before they say it.

Telling or showing once is not enough. You must show many, many times for the one telling. Show by your own conduct that the thing you wish the child to do is easy for you to do and he will have more faith in its being possible for him. Then make it easy for him to do by providing the right atmosphere. A child cannot be patient in an atmosphere of impatience. He cannot be gentle and well-mannered in an environment that is neither the one nor the other. Make things easy for him and he will find them so.

THE CONTRARY CHILD CHILDREN who are contrary and stubborn are a great trial to their mothers and teachers. When one comes along the best thing to do is to study him to learn the secret of his affliction, for an affliction it certainly is.

When a child says, "I won't," whether in words or actions does not matter—he closes his mind and sits inside in the darkness of his anger and fear. You never meet the one without the other. Anything that brings fear brings anger with it. They are twins. Until we can help the child free himself of the fear he cannot come out and play. He is a prisoner to his fear, or as we are terming it now, his stubbornness.

Children who are not certain about their power to do what is asked of them are likely to balk. They have not the power of language to tell us all they are feeling. We have to win him to trust and confidence before he will venture another step.

We cannot accomplish this by scolding and shaking and slapping. All that adds to the difficulty. You can't expect a child to feel free and brave when you are raging at him and slapping him. Instead of that wait a minute until your wrath cools and your reason takes hold. Wait until you can see this fear-ridden, obstructed child, closed in the darkness of his unformed mind, wait until you are sorry for his plight and desire to help him, before you speak or move.

Then, take a good look at him. If he seems to be enjoying his contrary disposition say, very calmly, with assumed indifference, "Very well. You needn't," and occupy yourself to the exclusion of him and his deeds. Find something interesting to do so that his eyes follow you and he longs to be at it too. When he sidles along to you and says, "Let me, let me," be gracious, but not too effusive, and say, "If you like," and let him.

In his interest and enthusiasm he will be released from his bonds and go merrily for a time. When you find him in a confiding mood, talk to him gently. Tell him if he wants to be glad and happy he must find a way of saying "Yes." Don't rub it in. Touch it gently and pass on, for there are other times coming.

If he has an attack at a dangerous time, when he wants to do what will hurt him, or refuses to do what will save him, and your hands and heart are full, hold on to your reason, pick him up firmly, without anger, and put him where you want him to be. If he has a tantrum reach for a bowl of cool water and douse him with it until his mood changes. But never lose your own control.

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## Smart Simplicity of Casual Dress

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



YOUR daytime clothes to be really chic, must carry that casual look about them which nothing other than accidental-on-purpose simplicity can accomplish.

It is a knack to be coveted, this of dressing, to all appearance, most simply, yet proving a hundred per cent perfect to the mode, even down to the slightest detail.

The sentiment to draw a definite line between formal and informal apparel is more noticeable than ever this season. At the same time that dance frocks and evening attire are taking on more frond, returning unmistakably to an era of swishing silks and fluttering frills and ribbons and flowers, when it comes to clothes for the casual daytime hours at the club and about town best dressed women are playing up a role of sophisticated simplicity with all the art they possess.

The very materials themselves are tuned to this movement which demands that one look casual and easy and confident in demeanor and nonchalant outfits during the shopping hours and at outdoor events. There are, for instance, the new linens which at this moment are utterly swaggy for suits and coats. Mark you, we are not speaking of linen as it was known in days of yore, the same which used to start out in the morning all fresh and immaculate and which, almost before one could reach their destination, would begin to wrinkle up and be in a sorry plight. Modern linens are not like that. The new linens pride themselves on being non-crushable and, what's more, they answer to the call of fashion for textures which are soft and sometimes even tweedy in appearance.

A black or a navy linen suit is considered too smart for words. Maybe you prefer gray or the now-so-much-talked-of string color for your linen spectator sports or go-about-town suit. Couldn't be anything more correctly

chosen, only be sure to wear a dark blouse with it, for such is fashion's decree.

That the combination of a dark blouse with a light-colored linen suit is good to look upon you will agree, after taking note of the stylish outfit the young woman to the left in the picture is wearing. Hers is a heavy white linen suit, the weave being of that desired spongy unwrinkable sort which gives it "class." The red and white plaid blouse carries a bona fide style message. The oxfords are made of the identical linen which fashions the suit. Notice the eyelid-embroidered design which trims them—nothing less than the very last word in summer sports bootery!

With the exception of the emphasis placed on black and navy linen this is turning out to be very much of a pastel season. The pretty lassie centered above knows her colors in that she has selected for her cape frock subtle "dusty" pink crepe. The large buttons are also pink. Her delicate sandals are made of wisps of white kid woven together across the toes. White kid footwear is the rage for summer.

The idea of a dark blouse with a light suit makes appeal to the modish creature seated. The red and white print silk of her blouse contrasts effectively with the chalky whiteness of her crepe frock. A red band on her white hat, a large red and white button fastening her cape jacket and last but not least important, her red and white kid sandals interpret the popular vogue of red and white. Tiny pin perforations trim the red vamp and ankle strap of these shoes.

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### STYLE SAYS WHITE COSTUME JEWELRY

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Never such a "white" season as this. Fashion especially spotlights white pique accessories. It's white pique for hats and scarfs, white pique for belts and bags, shoes and gloves while the new little white pique jackets are quite the rage.

In tune for this feeling of fashion for white a prominent designer of American costume jewelry has created most unique bracelets, earrings and brooches which amusingly and smartly resemble pique in both ribbed weaves and waffle patterns. A happy combination this—white pique accessories together with white costume jewelry, and is there anything more flattering than white?

By the way, speaking of costume jewelry reminds us of the adorable little crystal nose-gays which this same designer is conjuring out of crystal and beads and such. These sparkling little fantasies are both in flower and in berry form. One type has a receptacle for perfume. Latest thing in way of boutonnières to wear with your smartest of smart summer linen tailleur!

### Fashionable Women Now Match Sweater to Skirt

As a change from the theme of color contrast, smart women are matching up sweaters and skirts this season for active sportswear. If a little added dash is needed, it is supplied by bandanna scarf, belt or hatband.

Pastels are the favorites. There are luscious shades of peachy pink, lime green, soft yellow and linen blue, which have been developed in homespuns and basket weave tweeds, with exactly matching sets of cardigan and slip-over to go with them.

### New Coats Slim

The new coats are slim and molded as to silhouette, but they do things in a big way when it comes to fur. Shoulders are broadened by huge collars and the fur is the long-haired type.

## How I Broke Into The Movies

Copyright by Hal C. Herman

By NOAH BEERY

TRAGIC things drove me to the movies—but luck got me in!

I had never entertained the idea of becoming a motion picture actor, although as a child I had had visions and hopes that some day I might be a great figure on the legitimate stage.

I was born in the Ozarks. Jesse James and the Younger brothers were the idols of every boy in our hills, not because they robbed, but because they were daring and courageous. Those hill folk gave me much material for use after I became a picture player.

But there were no jobs at home, so I went to Kansas City where I "ballyhooed" candy at the fair. Later some kind person helped me to New York, where I thought I would be marvelously fortunate if I got a job as a chorus man. Instead I sang solos for Oscar Hammerstein.

I was about to embark for London on an engagement when my two children were stricken ill. We lost one of them and after many months of anxiety and grief we came to Los Angeles in 1916 seeking health for Noah, Jr.

We arrived in Hollywood almost penniless, with hardly more than the clothes upon our backs.

I established my family in a one-room apartment; rent, four and a half per week, for which I was trusted, and set about looking for a job. I heard that Cecil de Mille was making a picture called "Joan of Arc." I had known de Mille in New York but thought he had forgotten me. I went to the studio, entirely uneducated in the ways of movies, and applied at the casting office for a job. I got it, a small part



Noah Beery.

with a salary of \$20 for the job. I wore armor and, believe me, it was very heavy. We rehearsed the scene over and over and my heart grew as weighty as the armor. Finally, Mr. de Mille walked through the set, peered at me through the eye slit, and said "You're Noah Beery." My spirits leaped to the skies.

I did not see him for a week or more. However, a few days later, I was engaged to do the "heavy" opposite Fanny Ward in "Betty of the Orange Country," with Frank Reicher directing. I needed two complete outfits and I had only the shabby clothes I was wearing. I could not borrow, nor could I lose that job. I thought of my childhood idols, James or Younger—they would have gotten the clothes! But this was not the Ozarks. I took almost my last nickel and went down town to a high class clothier. There I laid my cards on the table.

The manager gave me two outfits from head to heel entirely on trust. "I'll get the money," he assured me, making me happy by his confidence. We went to Pasadena on location at seven in the morning. At ten the star arrived. As she was descending from her motor, she caught sight of me. She summoned Reicher, there was a hurried and excited conversation and she stepped back into the car and drove off. We returned to the studio, where it was explained that due to change in the story, I was not the type needed. The disappointment was terrible—there was my sick child, my unpaid rent, and the clothier who trusted me!

I sought out Milton E. Hoffman, the producer, and begged him not to let this incident kill my opportunities in his studio. I explained the situation and he paid me my week's salary, one hundred dollars. Within a few days Hoffman gave me a job with Mae Murray in "A Mormon Maid" and this won me a contract with Lasky for three and a half years.

There are many ways of getting into the movies. There are also many paths to stardom, cyclonic publicity, a famous name, and yes—sometimes ability. But there is only one way to keep one's place on the ladder of success after it is won. That is by sincere performance at all times, and by the guidance of that divine spark, whatever it may be.

It has been said that I have contributed my best portrayals since the movies went talkie, including among my productions "Sailor Behave," "Honeymoon Lane," "Riders of the Purple Sage," "In Line of Duty" and Columbia's "Tobacco David," "Shanghaied Love" and "She Done Him Wrong."

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