

FABLE OF BEING CORRECT AND PROPER

By GEORGE ADE

ONCE there was a Man named Alonzo Frothingham whose wife used to hawl him out on something scandalous on account of his crude Manner of Speech and his Penchant for using all of the Smart Aleck Slang he could pick up. Even when Company was recognized he made no apparent Effort to recognize the Presence of the Dominie or the College Profs, but seemed to take a loafsish Delight in saying, right out in front of them, "Not on your Whiskers!" or "How do you get that Way?" or, possibly "I'll tell the cock-eyed World." He sure was an Injun.

The wife, whose front name was Mehitabel, often told him that one Reason why she let out such a Yelp about his Coarse Language was that he had no Excuse for pulling the Hick Stuff. He had been incubated in an Atmosphere of Culture, and, later, attended the State University. He had read all the Works of Sir Walter Scott and Robert W. Chambers. He had delivered Oration which were Scholarly and full of bang-up Words, such as "Vouchsafe," "Eleemosynary" and "Peradventure," so what was the Large Idea of trying to make folks think he was a Longshoreman?

No matter how thoroughly a Lady is On to her Permanent Affliction and however low may be her Estimate of his Moral Grandeur and Intellectual Prowess, she always tries to be loyal to His Nobs and spread the Impression among the Neighbors that he is a Combination of Elihu Root, Herbert Hoover, the Pope, Dr. Butler and Dr. William Lyon Phelps of Yale. He may be a Mutt at Home but when he gets to the Bench Show he is a World's Champion with a Ribbon around his Neck.

Now there was simply no Let-Up to Mehitabel ragging Alonzo on account of his Predilection for the low-brow Vernacular. She said that no refined Gentleman would ever speak about busting the Slats of an Enemy or designate the Family Doctor as a Slice of Herkimer or refer to a Young Lady Caller as a Pip.

Suggests Soft Pedal.

She told Lon that their Social Ambitions would never be realized and they would not receive the Sacred Pink Tickets admitting them to the most inner and refrigerated Circles of Polite Society until he put the Soft Pedal on his Roughneck Conversation and learned to apply Salve instead of Red Pepper.

She dinged at him so long that finally he made what is known as The Married Man's Compromise, i. e., he decided to let her have her own way in Everything. He said he would Chop on the Chuck Connors Dialect and make Lindley Murray sound like a Vulgarian. He would convert his most trivial Talk into a Well of purest English undefiled, so that all who heard him would be prone to emit Exclamations of Wonder and Admiration. Yes, indeed!

At that, the Good Wife was not prepared for the Verbal Confectionery which he began to lavish upon her. For instance, they were seated at the Dinner Table and she wanted to know if he had put in a pleasant and profitable Day, whereupon he replied: "On the Contrary, I have been subjected to a Series of rather harrowing Experiences, all tending to disturb my Calm and ruffle what is, under all but abnormal Circumstances, a truly Angelic Temper."

"Have you gone off your Nut?" asked Mehitabel.

"No ma'am, I am trying to let you know that Everything went Punk with me today, but I am endeavoring to convey the Information in Language so chaste and dignified that even my best Pal and severest Critic cannot find Fault with her Little Alonzo."

"You can lay off of the cheap and rowdy Expressions without trying to make a Fool of the Dictionary," suggested friend Wife.

"Unfortunately I cannot do so," he replied. "There doesn't seem to be any happy Compromise between Slang and Jaw-breakers. When one decides to correct his manner of Speech by refraining from the current Catch-Phrases of the Street, the homely Colloquialisms and all of the barbarous Americanisms which are so repulsive to High School Superintendents, he finds himself at once imbedded in a Bog of polysyllabic Circumlocutions."

"Slip me that Last One again," said Mehitabel. "I muffed it."

"I was endeavoring," said Alonzo, "to suggest that when One starts in on a painful and determined Effort to make all of his Oral Efforts comport with the inflexible Rules of the Lexicographers and Purists, he will find himself up against it unless—I beg pardon—he will find himself confronting a Dilemma, in that he will be compelled to use only those Words and Phrases which have not been vulgarized by Common Usage. He will have to can the Anglo-Saxon and cotton to those long double-jointed Derivations from the Latin and the Result will be, as I remarked a Moment ago, a Series of Polysyllabic Circumlocutions."

"I am glad that you remember some of the Long Words you heard in College," said she, "but don't think you are going to jar any Laugh out of me by springing that line of Low Comedy. One can be Civilized without trying to talk like an Editorial."

"Whatever else they may hang on to you, you will always go Free when accused of being Funny," said Mehitabel, giving him the Fishy Eye. "I am trying to get you Parlor-Broke and teach you to eat with a Fork and you, with your Usual Deficiency in ordinary Bovine Intelligence and appalling Absence of Good Taste, are trying to kid my noble Efforts, gum up the whole Program and make me look like a desiccated Wham. Many a Woman has beat it to Reno and got a Decree for a good deal less than I have put up with."

Sweet and Sanitary.

"You wrong me, Sweetie," insisted Alonzo. "I am trying, with all of my Boyish Strength and with my Fingers crossed, to make my Talk sweet and purty and sanitary. For nearly One Hundred Years, as nearly as I can estimate the Time, you have been throwing the Harpoon at me because I talk like George M. Cohan instead of George the Fifth. Up to the time that our Honeymoon evaporated and you began to give me a Line on my spectacular Inferiority, I labored under the pleasant Delusion that I was one of Nature's Noblemen. And now because I use the only kind of Talk which can be understood by the Dubs with whom I am compelled to associate, you are trying to make it out that I am a flat-headed Moron. I don't know just what a Moron is but whatever it is, that's me. Now that I have got rid of my Burglar Tools and am trying to go Straight and want to keep away from the Old Life, why does the dear little Helpmate refuse to lend a Helping Hand? Remember, that no matter how long a man may have been talking Loose Talk, he may be down but he's never out."

"At this juncture, when you should be singing 'Rescue the Perishing,' and getting ready to heave me the Life Line you are sitting there with a Dirty Look in your Eye, regarding me as if I were a loathsome Reptile instead of a dandy little Fellow with a Heart of Gold."

"I don't remember the exact Wording of our Nuptial Agreement," said Mrs. Frothingham, "but I am sure there is nothing in the Contract to the Effect that I would be expected to live in a Nut College. When you are at your Top Form, Alonzo, you are no Leon Errol and just at present you are as excruciating as a Hearse with Plumes on it. The only way I can fit into the Picture with you is to wear Black the Year round. When it comes to assassinating Mirth you have certainly got many a Notch on your Gun."

Alonzo began to suspect that his attempt to duplicate the banner performances of Thomas Babington Macaulay, Joseph Addison and Walter Pater had gone bloney and Blah.

He had started out to qualify for the Intelligentsia and had landed back in the Ash-Heap.

It became evident that he was not a Rhetorician, but a Rube. So he gave Notice that in the Future he would confine himself to Words of One Syllable.

"Make them as Few as possible," said Mehitabel, "unless you want to break your Plate and get the Air."

MORAL: There never was a House big enough for two High-Brows.

River Rhone May Give Up Old Art Treasures

The success which has attended the recovery of ancient treasure from the ocean's bottom at several different points, has been the means of stimulating interest in other projects of the same character. Preparations are being made for two boats loaded with valuable Roman treasures which were sunk in 1572 in the Rhone river. It was the ill-fated year of the St. Bartholomew massacre when thousands of Protestants were killed in France by order of King Charles IX. Queen Catherine of Medic, the king's mother, ordered several artistic treasures of Arles to be transferred to Paris. Eight columns hewn in porphyre and several sarcophagi and bas-reliefs were loaded on two barges in the Rhone. But as soon as the barges left the Arles harbor, the current of the river toppled them over and they went to the bottom with their precious load.

Divers are now at work and it is hoped soon the Arles museum again will count among its riches the objects recovered away 350 years ago.

Favors Round Houses

"People who live in round houses will never be ill." So declared Miss Grace Cope, a woman architect, in London. Among her reasons are: "It is a recognized fact that the eye responds much more readily to a curved line than to a straight one. Wastage of health, both mental and physical, is practically nil in a circular house. If we could get curves standardized in the architecture of our homes we should have a much stronger nation." If, in addition, Miss Cope added, we have "more psychology in the kitchen," the perfect house is complete.

His Own Latin

The medieval cobbler who used to attend the public disputations held at the academy, in Latin, was once asked if he understood Latin. "No," replied the cobbler, "but I know who is wrong in the argument." "How?" he was asked. "Why, by seeing who is angry first."

The Bahama Islands

In 1492 when Christopher Columbus landed in the Bahama Islands he had journeyed in a sailing vessel for 35 days. These isles may be reached in a few days by steamers from many ports or by air from Canada or the United States.

OUR CHILDREN

By ANGELO PATRI

A PLACE OF REFUGE

IN THE ancient days there was a place of refuge provided for the thoughtless sinner. Here he might dwell with safety until he could be judged by the congregation. No hand might touch him while he lived within the walls of his city of refuge.

That seems to me to be a fine idea. In this world of storm and stress there ought to be a place of refuge for everyone of us so that we might retire to meditate upon our errors and search our souls for ways of peace, amendment, and future strength. This is especially necessary for the children. Their emotions are unguarded. They frequently over-throw the dams and cause sorrow and distress. At such times the place of refuge is a blessed place for the child and those about him.

When a little one loses control of himself and stamps and roars, instead of shouting at him to be still, escort him to his place of refuge, his room, and leave him there to shout it out. The quiet of the room, the feeling of security its four walls lend his spirit, calm him and redirect him far sooner than anything you can do.

The habit of retiring to his room when he feels himself slipping is a fine one to establish. It helps him to gain control over himself. It teaches him to find strength within himself.

The older children need the quiet of their rooms. If they have to share the room each can have his own corner where his chair and his precious possessions occupy the larger space. It is so much better for a child to seek his own room than to make a scene in the family gathering. His dignity is enhanced, his personality supported, his spirit soothed, which are consummations devoutly to be wished.

While we are about it let us remember the place of refuge for ourselves. Grownup people should be able to find it within their own selves but all of us are not grown up sufficiently for that at all times. We need the support of a good book, of prayer, of meditation.

The tired mother needs the quiet hour. Burdened fathers need to find a place where they can drop their loads for a moment or two. The children must have a safe retreat where the hand of the law cannot reach them, a place where justice must stand outside the door.

A GOOD TEST

SCHOOL tests tell how the child is getting along with the school tasks. When he gets a hundred in spelling and ninety in geography and sixty-five in arithmetic, we know that as far as arithmetic goes so far a thorough review drill and application is in order. So far as geography goes we can extend congratulation, and as for spelling, nothing more need be said save a word of astonished praise.

But the test marks and the report card are not enough. They do not take us far enough into the mystery of the child's growth. He might get fine marks and still be a poor pupil because his behavior is poor. Good conduct must go with good marks. It usually does, but now and then it doesn't. And that gives us a concern. We have to adjust things so conduct and lessons are both satisfactory.

When that has been done there is not an end to the matter. These expressions of the child are all outside expressions. Somebody beside the child had a hand in them. If he didn't know how to bound the United States, the teacher told him how and probably kept him in after school until she was sure he would know it.

There must be some guide to tell us the way he is going and I think that his happiness is the best one so far. Is the good child a happy child? Is the high average child a happy child? There is no need to ask about the low average child or the bad child. Both of them are unhappy or they would not get such a rating. Happiness is the sign manual of personal success.

I say personal success advisedly, for it is possible to have success thrust upon one, and then one is sick unto death in the soul of him. Real happiness is the spontaneous expression of a soul at peace within itself. This state cannot be bestowed in affection nor imposed in authority. It comes of itself or it does not come at all. When it comes, you know it. Its light is unmistakable. When it glows in the eyes of a child, when it animates his purposeful movements, rings in his laughter and smiles in his words, he is happy. He is going somewhere. That is the best test of a child's growth.

The sad child, who trends with leaden feet, who looks out upon his world through shadowed eyes, whose voice is hollow and whose laughter is forced, in whom the milk of human kindness is dried up, is a most unhappy child, and although his card is filled with A's he is getting nowhere that matters. Growth is a tumultuous process and it brings only joy.

I would not have you confuse happiness, inner peace, with surface gestures. True happiness does not need to shriek its mirth, nor advertise itself at all. It is and that is enough. How happy is your child?

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Party Frocks for the Younger Set

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



COMES now the season which calls youth to go partying in frocks which tune to flowers and birds and sunshine and twinkling stars set in sky of blue and all such beautiful things which go to make a summer. Well, here they are in the picture, three charming frocks, just such as are sure to win their way into the heart of every young girl who sees them.

Airy-fairy creations are they, made of chiffon, of taffeta and of net, these being materials which fashion stresses with emphasis this summer, when it comes to favorite media for the younger set's party frocks. It is said in regard to favorite colors that this is a "pastel season" and the trio of lovely dresses illustrated goes far to prove it so. Together, they look as if a bit of a rainbow must have been coaxed to lend some of its coloring to the scene, in that the first gown, on the cunning little dancing figure, is of chiffon in a delicate blue, while pale pink taffeta is the choice of the smiling maiden centered in the group, the tall girl to the right wearing a love-of-a-gown of green silk net in a delicious cool green.

A significant feature about two of these models is the fact that the skirts are formed of tiers of ruffles. This styling is very popular this season, so much so that even dresses for grown-ups are fashioned in this wise, with this difference, however, that for adults the skirts are fitted decidedly snug, the ruffle-upon-ruffle movement beginning just above the knees.

"EEL GRAY" TONE IS LATEST SHOE COLOR

Schlaparelli's "eel gray" has been adopted by the shoe world. Fashion mongers believe that it will be the high style shoe gray of fall and winter. It will make a shoe that can be worn with all other lighter tones of gray, with navy, red and even with black or brown. A problem thus has been solved for the boot-maker.

Another important kid leather shoe color is to be "taupe" for fall. As its name indicates it is the shade of the little field mole, a brown with just sufficient gray to conform to the gray vogue.

Predictions for the future include a new "faun brown" as splendid for combinations. It should harmonize well with all the browns on the fashion bill of fare, and it is very smart combined with black kid—in the latest half and half type of shoe.

Permanent Wave or Curls Now Attained in Comfort

Many a girl who started life as an ugly duckling is an attractive woman today. Modern science has given her many charms that nature failed to provide. Take curly hair, for instance. Today it's as easy to transform straight hair into a mass of natural looking curls as it is to keep your nails trim. With the new machineless method of permanent waving, you can sit back comfortably throughout the waving process, and read a book or go ahead with your knitting. You aren't "attached" to any electricity. A clean odorless vapor is applied to your hair, and in less time than you'd think it possible, you have a lovely head of curls.

Crocheted Fabrics Are Being Employed on Hats

A new hat has come out on the Paris boulevards, evidently to replace now-dead Chechia. It consists of nothing more than a square piece of knitted or crocheted fabric—or string done in a fish-net weave—the corners of which are stitched in a rounded manner so that when the envelope, as it were, is opened and the head inserted, the hat fits like a cap and the "ears" stand up stiffly at each corner.

If you study the dressmaking details closely you will notice that the ruffles on the little chiffon frock are put together with very shirred headings which accent the softness of the material. The taffeta ruffles for the other dress are put together with cording covered with self-silk, so as to accent the sprightly silhouette which crisp taffeta is supposed to have.

Exquisite lace edging with countless tiny rosebuds nestling among its frills, outlines the cap sleeves and wide pointed collar of the dainty frock which the little dancer is wearing. Long streamers of narrow double-faced (pink on one side and blue on the other) satin ribbon dangle gracefully from the neckline down the front of the frock.

The pink taffeta frock has perky cap sleeves made of ruffled organza in matching pink, finished with a binding of the taffeta. A narrow pale blue velvet ribbon is tied about the wrist.

For modish sub-debs there is nothing prettier than the party frock made of either silk or cotton net, especially now that net is so smartly in fashion. For the gown shown here (to the right) the designer chooses fine silk net in a lovely pale green. Rows of satin folds in matching green make an effective trimming. A lovely rose shading from pink to deep red posed at the waistline sounds just enough of a sophisticated note to satisfy the aspiring young modern who is wearing it.

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PARIS STYLES

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Just off the steamer are these two Schlaparelli models. Their simple, conservative styling gives them distinction. Interest also centers about the materials of which they are fashioned. The evening gown is made of a bright blue lacquered net which is not only wonderfully good looking for summer wear, but is ideally cool. The clever handling of a single broad strap over one shoulder with a tiny cape sleeve over the other is intriguing. The sports dress is of white artificial canvas, a new material which has created a sensation. The belt is of brown and white latex ribbon.

White for Evening

White in tailored cut is promoted as usual for summer wear, and frothy white styles for evening. One outstanding is of organza with six graduated ruffles which begin at the knees and fall to the floor.

How I Broke Into The Movies

Copyright by Hal C. Herman

By COLLEEN MOORE

I WAS BORN with the ambition to become a motion picture actress. Since earliest childhood days in Tampa, Fla., when with brother Cleve, I put on "kid" shows for the youngsters of the neighborhood, I have had a desire to act.

My first chance to realize these hopes, came while visiting my uncle, Walter D. Howey, then managing editor of the Chicago American. I played several "small girl" parts at the old Essanay studio in Chicago, but they were few and far apart.

But things started coming my way when uncle introduced me to D. W. Griffith. Mr. Griffith looked me over and agreed to give me a six months' trial at his studio in California.

My next step, and a rather difficult one, was to induce my parents, who lived in Detroit, to grant me permission to go to the coast. After much debating I finally went out, under one condition, that were I unsuccessful at the end of the trial, I must return home and resume my studies at the Detroit Conservatory of Music.

So, all arrangements made, and full of pep and ambition, I embarked for movieland under the careful chaperonage of my dear grandmother, Mrs. Mary Kelly.

On the train, many thoughts ran through my mind. What was before me? Would I be successful, or would I at the end of the trial be forced to



Colleen Moore.

go home and admit defeat? I hoped for the best.

Hollywood at last. Just as I had pictured it, only better. At the studio I met Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Alma Rubens, Bessie Love, Mildred Harris, Carmel Myers, and many other girls who were already in pictures. They were awfully nice to me, and the future looked rosy indeed.

The end of my six months' trial came all too soon. I anxiously awaited Mr. Griffith's decision. A note from him came at last. I could have cried with happiness. My contract was renewed and my salary raised to the tremendous sum of fifty dollars a week. I felt that I had "arrived," for my first role under this contract was the heroine in "The Bad Boy."

Then the studio closed for lack of funds, and I was out of a job. What was I to do? Why get another job, of course. This was easier to say than to do. But finally I landed the title role in "Little Orphan Annie" at the Selig studio. Lucky, don't you think?

This helped a lot, and then I appeared in two pictures, "The Busher" and the "Egg Crate Wallop," with Charles Ray. Later I played the lead in "Dinty" under the direction of Marshall Nellan. Producers seemed convinced that I should stick to flapper roles, but they did give me one picture of more serious nature, "So Big," which I liked immensely. Following these I starred in "Sally," "Irene," "Naughty But Nice," "Lilac Time," "Synthetic Sin" and "Why Be Good." My first all talking picture was "Smiling Irish Eyes." I've enjoyed making them all. Picture work just kind of gets you. There's nothing like it.

Of course, it isn't all peaches and cream. I remember, and very distinctly, too, that while working on the "Desert Flower," I fell backward off a handcar and cracked a vertebrae in my neck. The pain was something awful, and most of all I couldn't work for two months.

Another time, in "Twinklitoes," I worked fourteen days and nights, with practically no sleep at all. But still, I like it, and that's that.

WNU Service

Musical Comedy Star

Esther Howard, musical comedy and legitimate star, made her picture debut with Marilyn Miller several years ago. Since then she has appeared in such productions as "The Woman Tamer," "Vice Squad," "Yellow Ticket," "Wicked" and "Ladies of the Big House."

Modest Raquel

Raquel Torres is so modest she resorts to dark glasses, so as not to be recognized on the street? She is seldom seen without them, except at the studio or at home.