

### A PRACTICAL HOAXSTER

By THAYER WALDO  
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WNU Service.

STANDING just inside the entrance of Hotel Christie—Plaza's Palace de Glace—Garrison carefully scanned the scene.

It was, he saw, a gala occasion—this opening of Hollywood's most novel play spot.

There, enclosed by a ring of supper tables, countless couples in sports costume skimmed over a gleaming floor of ice, while blitting music came from an orchestra at one end.

Watching the skaters, Garrison at last focused on a girl in scarlet sweater and skirt.

Rather, it was her partner he studied, for the girl was familiar enough. Myra Drexel, indeed, ranked as one of Zenth's most promising young actresses, and Garrison for some time had felt a keen professional interest in helping her to reach stardom.

The man with her was tall and gracefully slender, though somewhat past youth.

There was about his bearing an almost intangible touch of distinction.

Seeing the captain of waiters, Garrison called him over and asked: "Alphonse, just who is that chap skating with Miss Drexel?"

"Oh, that," Alphonse replied, "is the Baron Siegfried von Fleumann. He arrived from Munich today, I believe."

The publicity man's eyes narrowed. "I see; thanks. By the way, which is Miss Drexel's table?"

The man pointed it out.

Garrison glanced a tow-headed figure in one of the two chairs, and smiled.

So Steve Crandall was second fiddling again!

That, he knew, wouldn't suit the lad's jealous temper, nor would the plan Garrison now had. However, that was just too bad.

He strolled over, clapped the blond man's shoulder, and said amiably: "Hi, fella—how goes it?"

The other's response was a mere grunt.

Garrison grinned and sat down.

"Sure," he conceded, "I can imagine you're burned, but this'll have to be business before pleasure."

The youngster stared at him coldly. "Meaning exactly what?"

"Well, are you aware that that bird hooing Myra around happens to be?"

"No," Steve growled, "and I don't give a ting-diddle-dee. The big gigolo!"

"Listen, you egg: snap out of it and look at this thing seriously. That man is a genuine baron from Germany, no less. Now, everyone here must know it, including the newspaper crowd. Think of the write-ups they'll do if Myra and the Baron are together all evening and he takes her home!"

Steve's scowl was a venomous thing.

"Look here, Louis," he began, keeping his teeth together: "I'm not going to fall in with any of your cockeyed schemes, so—"

"Wait a minute, son," Garrison cut in easily: "loving Myra, you want her to have a career, don't you? Well, no one in this town ever reached the top without plenty of build-up in print, and here's your chance to help the girl get some. With her talent, that's all she needs now. How about it?"

For an instant the boy didn't reply.

Then he looked at Garrison and asked: "What do you want me to do?"

"Duck out of here. Then when the Baron brings her back, he'll either have to stay at this table or ask her to his. I'll take care of the rest."

Steve showed a bleak, one-sided smile and stood up.

"All right," he said tersely: "I'll play it your way. But that doesn't mean I have to like it."

As he stalked away, the music came to an end.

Hurriedly Garrison rose and went in the opposite direction.

Twenty yards away he took a vacant chair and waited.

Couples were gliding off the rink now; in a moment he discerned Myra Drexel and the Baron approaching.

Reaching her table, they paused and the girl glanced around perplexedly.

Then, with an apologetic little shrug, she said something to the man.

He bowed smilingly and pulled out her chair. Myra accepted it, and Baron Siegfried von Fleumann seated himself across from her.

The publicity man indulged a grin of thorough satisfaction.

On the room's other side sat a group of men and women from several of the city's papers, and Garrison knew they couldn't miss seeing the couple.

That would make press notice a certainty.

But one item remained to be arranged.

Unobtrusively he stole away toward a door which gave into the hotel proper.

Five minutes' searching found Luke Long, ace photographer for City News Service, at the cocktail bar.

Garrison greeted him and queried: "Where's your flash outfit?"

Long indicated a black case and a tripod at the counter's end.

"Well, grab 'em," the publicity man instructed, "and come along with me. We're going to get a pretty little picture for page one on all the afternoon rag."

Together they left the bar and headed for the Palais de Glace. At its entrance Garrison halted long.

They had a clear view of Myra and the Baron.

"They're the ones I'm after," the publicity man said, pointing; "and give

that lens of your a polish. I want this to be good."

Long set to work deftly.

In fifteen seconds the camera was ready on its tripod.

He handed Garrison a loaded powder trough, took a quick sight, and announced: "All ready—let 'er go."

As Garrison prepared to touch the flash off, a violent jolt from behind sent it spinning from his hand.

Recovering balance, he saw a voluminous female figure in sordid gingham gown heading straight toward Myra Drexel's table.

Then, before he could move, she had planted herself in front of the Baron and launched a shrill tirade.

"You goat-for-noddings loafer!" she cried, wagging a vehement forefinger in his face; "why you should be camming here to cut up fooltiness, hein? Maybe you tell your new lady friendt what you vas a big shoot, ja? Well, yoost run along home and putd on dot janitor's uniform before I giff you a smack in der schnoot!"

The man's face had gone slowly magenta.

His jaw worked spasmodically, but only guttural Germanic sounds resulted.

Suddenly the woman seized both his shoulders and began to shake them violently.

People were quickly gathering around.

With an anguished moan Myra Drexel sprang up and started to push her way through them. Then out of the melee loomed Steve Crandall's flaxen head. Myra clutched him and buried her face on his shoulder.

"Oh, Steve!" she murmured tearfully: "it's so awful! Why did you run away and leave me with that fake?"

The boy chuckled as he led her away. "As I recall it, darling," he answered gently, "it was you who did the first leaving. But we won't worry about that now."

They went out through the lobby and waited a moment while the doorman called a cab.

As it drew to the curb, a figure emerged from a door near them and started to waddle hastily away. Steve called: "Good night, Kate—and thanks!"

Myra shrank closer to him, gasping: "Why, it's that horrible wife of the man who pretended to be a baron!"

The taxi door was open. Plodding her in, Steve followed and took his seat before replying.

"My dear," he said then, smiling into the girl's upturned, wondering face, "that particular phase of the lady's existence is at an end. I was sure that in the excitement you wouldn't recognize Candy Kate, the woman who has that little stand on the corner. But say—can you feature it?—she staked that swell act for me for only five dollars, and the same accent gets Garbo five thousand!"

### Fossils From Patagonia Brought to U. S. Museum

Bones of an extinct flesh-eating animal related to the kangaroo but much bigger than a grizzly bear, fossil frogs, remains of a totally new kind of fossil browsing animal five feet high, are among the scientific trophies brought back from South America to the American Museum of Natural History here, by Dr. George Gaylord Simpson, associate curator of vertebrate paleontology, says the Kansas City Star's Science Service.

Doctor Simpson and his associates made actual a semi-legendary "place of bones" deep in the interior of Argentina's "Wild South," Patagonia, as the result of a chance sight of a fossil jawbone in a bank in Buenos Aires. They went through adventures of an almost Marco Polo type, including a brief sojourn at the ranch of a veritable ogre of a bushy-eyebrowed killer known as the Terrible Turk, and passage through a land where the natives valued money at nothing, but would sell you anything you wanted for an empty tin can.

Finally, after disappointing searches in the region to which they had been directed, they found, in a fissure-sided hill, a tremendous deposit of bones, believed to be one of the richest "fossil mines" ever discovered. The deposit appears to be the silted-up bottom of an ancient lake that formed in the crater of an extinct volcano. Apparently animals coming down to drink were overcome and killed by poisonous fumes from cracks in the earth, which were the dying gasps of the old volcano itself.

The bones were so thick, where they had been weathered out in the course of ages, that they cluttered the ground, and the explorers stumbled over them.

The big, hitherto unknown herbivorous animal they found has been named Scarritia. In compliment to H. S. Scarritt, sponsor of the expedition.

### The King's Barge

Lying at Virginia Water is a great scarlet and white State barge which has carried many of England's kings and queens. It is nearly 250 years old, and has not been used since 1919, when it headed a procession of boats in the Thames representing the work of the navy. Eight royal watermen wearing long scarlet coats, black velvet peaked caps, red breeches and buckled shoes propel the 40-foot barge. It was built by William III for his queen.—Pearson's Weekly.

### Purkinje's Figures

In optics Purkinje's figures are figures produced on a wall of uniform color when a person entering a dark room with a candle moves it up and down approximately on a level with the eyes. From the eye near the candle an image of the retinal vessels will appear projected on the wall.

### Fall Styles Highspot Silk Suits

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



HERE'S news as is real style news—silk suits for autumn "firsts." According to the Concours d'Elegance, in the morning and the Prix des Drags in the afternoon (the two most elegant displays of clothes in the grand fortnight of Paris racing) the emphasis is on silks of every description.

The couture is dividing attention between rich heavy types of silk and the light sheers which are so happily wearable during the milder mid-season days. Among the silks which have attained prominence in the early showings silk serge is outstanding. A heavily crinkled silk taffeta is also launched. Then there are such interesting silks as satin-faced silk gabardine for street dresses and silk alpaca, and that which is most interesting, a collection of silks which look almost as if they were wool but which are in reality "pure silk." It is needless to say that these heavier silks tailor superbly and are ideal for the autumn suit. The fall feeling is stimulated with details of luxurious furs and a wealth of costume jewelry together with touches of exquisite lace, all of which forecasts the coming season as one of elegance in dress.

Just to give some idea of the smart and active doings going on in the realm of silks we are grouping in our illustration reproductions of a few snapshots taken at random of models recently displayed in the French couture showing held by the international silk guild.

To the left, a charming afternoon suit made of sherritone silk with a mat surface, has a three-quarter jacket. Flowers lined with brown leather are at the neck. Petal pieces at the hemline of both coat and skirt carry out the floral motif. Fitch-dyed sable makes the collar and cuffs. A second view of this smart outfit is given below to the left.

The model centered below assures us that silk taffeta will continue to rustle this fall. This stunning outfit is of black taffeta in a faconne dot. It boasts a sealskin capelet collar. The jacket and skirt feature inverted pleats at the back.

Novelty silk crepe in a rich green, fashions the suit to the right above. Points of interest are the collarless jacket and the graceful three-quarter sleeves. Just below, this same silk is pictured with different hat and gloves. The fact that milady is wearing long suede gloves is important as a forerunner of their survival this fall.

In the new silks the rich colors of the Italian renaissance are given prominence. Vivid clear reds, deep purples, hunter and olive greens, warm browns, all are represented. The use of black is also encouraged, in most instances with a vivid contrast touch to enliven it.

In three-piece suits loose jackets and pleated skirts, also the many gored skirt with contrasting blouses, are in the lead. Afternoon dresses feature long slender lines with lavish use of dressmaker detail. Evening gowns that are draped in Hindu or Greek fashion, with slenderness somehow preserved, are the favorites and the new supple crepes and silks yield admirably to this treatment. Just now all white with gold accessories reflecting Greek classic influence is a favorite theme with smart Parisiennes for evening. A very striking feature in connection with evening gowns is the wide brilliant sashes that are being worn.

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### MORE TAFFETA

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



With the rustling of fall leaves comes the rustle of more taffeta. Which is to say that taffeta is listed high among voguish silks for the new season. To conform the message of taffeta for fall comes this striking evening ensemble from Paris, to enter in a showing here in America to a select clientele. It is of steel gray silk taffeta. An intricately worked skirt fullness develops into an imposing train. Rows and rows of stitching border the cape edge, the full collar and form the belt. The cape and dress both have neckline ruffles of green silk taffeta. Matching capes are going to be more in fashion than ever.

### WOOL-LIKE SILKS POPULAR FOR FALL

Silks resembling wools are important. This is the first year that the texture of these fabrics has been perfected, giving them the depth and heavy "hand" of woolsens and at the same time the lightness and luxury characteristics of quality silks. They lend themselves beautifully to tailoring and the dressmaker detail of the prevailing mode and are ideal choices for early autumn costumes where a "fall" look but cool texture is still desired. Later they may be worn in steam-heated rooms with the perfect comfort demanded by the American woman.

The outstanding types are in very high twist, novelty constructions, both sides of the silk dull. Many are in heavy sheer constructions. Some have very flat finishes, continuing the surface influence of the taffetas and chiffons.

Wool-like silks are being shown in the early American design collections for jacket suits and tailored dresses and some evening gowns. They are being made up in evening gowns and fur-trimmed suits.

### Silk Alpaca Is Revived in First Autumn Collections

Among the fabric revivals deserving of favorable comment is silk alpaca, a fabric so old it is new again. It is appearing in the first autumn collections now being shown and gives lively promise. It seems particularly ideal for the two-piece dress—whether jacket or skirt—and is just the sort of thing for traveling, whether the occasion calls for a "going away gown" or is a solo expedition.

From behind the scenes in showrooms it seems there is the possibility of the contrastless costume. It has been such a long time since women chose to wear monotonous that it seems about time to stop playing with color schemes.

### Rubber Used in Place of Down in Upholstery

Rubber is being used increasingly as a household commodity. The latest purpose is as a substitute for down in cushions and upholstery. The rubber is converted into sponges, of varying dimensions, and is thus given the springy quality needed for stuffing of upholstery, cushions, tops of large footstools, etc. It is this rubber-sponge upholstery that is competing with down. In softness, it is manufactured to be comparable. When the rubber is totally deodorized, the competitive value reaches a high water mark. It is true that down will acquire a faint unalred odor unless cushions are shaken frequently, and aired occasionally also. So both rubber and down require care in order to preserve their freshness, in this use for cushioned furniture or soft cushions.

Rubber is a recognized agent for rug linings, the word lining being used as in the case of carpet lining, to mean a separate article to be laid between the floor and the rug or carpet. In each instance the lining softens the tread and prevents the floor coverings above them from wearing out as quickly as if put directly on the hard boards. In the case of rubber rug linings, slight adhesive quality of the rubber mats helps to keep rugs from slipping on the floor. This is a great recommendation as rugs that slip and slide under foot cause accidents, and whatever reduces them is desirable. Rubber corner pieces for rugs keep the corners from turning up, and also lessen the liability of the rugs slipping.

Indented rubber door mats long ago found a place for themselves, both outside doorways, and inside the house before entrance doors. Rain cannot hurt them, and the mats are easily cleaned of dust and dirt by washing with the hose, or douching with water. These floor mats when deeply indented act as old-time foot-scrappers. Wiping shoes on the ridged surface of the mat before coming into a house takes off mud and dust, and makes housework easier for the homemaker, who does not have to clean up the muddy tracks.

With the various electric appliances in the home of today, rubber becomes an important non-conductor

In many ways. Iceless refrigerators have rubber insulations. Rubber and glass are competitive agents of insulation, each having certain advantages for their specific uses.

Rubber knobs come to stick into backs of furniture to keep them from hitting walls hard. They are excellent for sofas and davenport positions with backs along walls. These buttons, in varying sizes are put to many uses to suit the homemaker's needs.

To enumerate all the many household purposes of rubber would be an impossible task in one short article, which is primarily to acquaint homemaker's with the novel upholstery use to which it is being adapted.

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### Women Are Less Liked by Men Than in Former Years

We are in the middle years of a woman's generation which was vigorous with hopes and intentions of accomplishments, electric with desire to be worth something to the world, ambitious to have women of equal stature with the men who were their husbands and companions.

The original plan, we must remember, was never to incur the resentment of men. Women felt very sure that such resentment and antagonism as they encountered in their first efforts was the result of shock and would be transient; they expected that a few years of accomplishment would do away with it.

There has been much accomplishment, the best of it unfortunately concentrated in the hands of a comparatively few women, and more than a few years have passed. But the resentment of men has not disappeared. Quietly it has grown and deepened. They are no longer angry as they were in the beginning when women did unaccustomed or conspicuous things. Men love individual women as passionately as they ever have, but in the aggregate they seem to like women less. Young girls, married women, working women and the widows all come in for a share of this general criticism.—Margaret Cullin Banning in Harper's Magazine.

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