



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—It is perhaps just as well that Crosby Gaige is a bachelor. He drags home 200,000 patent models, including a corpse preserver, hog-catcher, burglar alarm, an early Hoe printing press, a dentist's chair, a machine gun, an egg-beater, an engine, a steamboat, a pretzel-bending machine—and so on, and on.

The patent office models had been gathered by the late Sir Henry Wellcome and kept at his estate in 3,251 packing cases. Mr. Gaige bought them.

A friend of this writer, remembering with remorse he hadn't bought a birthday present for his wife, stepped into an auction room. He became confused and bought ten barrels of tin cookie cutters. It almost broke up his home. Mr. Gaige will have no such trouble.

Mr. Gaige was born the son of the postmaster at Skunk Hollow, N. Y., and became a Broadway theatrical producer, with a 300-acre estate at Peekskill on the Hudson, where he indulges his taste for knickknacks such as the above, but with more discrimination than this ensemble suggests.

He is a gourmet, with 300 cook books in his kitchen, has a de luxe machine shop where he makes art objects, is a master of viticulture and a maker and connoisseur of beautiful wines.

He has cattle folds and breeds blooded cattle, a printing plant where he prints typographical knock-outs in limited editions, a huge library with 5,000 reference books, and is distinguished both as a bibliophile and a cook—one of the best cooks in the world, his friends say.

All these concerns are merely extra-curricular. In his 29 years on Broadway, he has hit off his full share of successes, built three theaters and kept steadily out of the red. In Columbia university, he wrote the 1903 varsity show, "Illusia."

He got a job with the late Elisabeth Marbury, famous play broker, reading plays at ten cents an act. He saved his money and headed into the show business with a fast running start.

His life is the fulfillment of every commuter's dream. He is of clerical, almost monkish mien, of somewhat austere countenance, with octagonal pince-nez and, like all epicures, abstemious in all things—saving such things as patent models.

He wears red, white and blue suspenders and is very fussy about his handkerchief pocket. He always has the tailor sew a button on it.

AN ATTACK of laryngitis gave Margaret Sullivan her big start. Lee Shubert saw her in "Three Artists and a Lady" at Princeton, and rushed back-stage with a contract.

"You have a voice just like Ethel Barrymore," he said. She explained that it was merely laryngitis, but the excited Mr. Shubert wouldn't listen. There was nothing to be done about it, so the helpless girl was signed for five years.

That was a bit of luck which, in Miss Sullivan's career, offsets embarrassing entanglements in some of the most elaborate flops in current stage history. Today, she is at the peak of her career as critics turn cartwheels and back flips over the new film, "Three Comrades," and Miss Sullivan's performance therein.

Her story has none of the up-from-poverty success routine. She is the daughter of a proud family of Norfolk, Va., a descendant of Robert E. Lee. Her journey to Boston to study dancing was indulged as a passing whim, but there was considerable family eye-rolling when she switched to the theater and began adventuring in summer stock, on Cape Cod and way points.

Her father got her home once, but only for a short time. It is to be hoped that her story won't be widely circulated around Hollywood. It would start all the extra girls sleeping in a draft.

What's New in Swim, Beach Togs

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



TWO features stand out pre-eminently in connection with this season's swim and beach togs, namely the vast variety of materials in use, the other the fact of the dressmaker touch given their styling. It adds to the interest that gadgets in the way of costume jewelry tuned to sea and sand and outdoor themes usually complete the "picture" of each costume.

Citing a few of the smartest materials employed, first and foremost comes latex, which is a boom to womankind in that it conforms to "lines" perfectly with a magic this-way, that-way stretching quality which solves the problem of clothes that fit, retain their shape and offer perfect comfort. The big sensation this season is the swim suit of black satin latex with beach cape to match, completing the sense of luxury. Flower printed latex ensembles also have their place in the style parade along water edge and sea line.

Other interesting materials employed for playtime clothes and wardrobes for water nymphs include celanese rayon moire, celanese rayon sharkskin, silk prints of fast color, linens in monotone or spectacular print and cottons so sturdy, so handsome, words fail of describing. Then there's wear-forever denim, and washable gabardine, so reliable when it comes to the wear and tear of riotous waves or strenuous mountain climbs.

Another feature that fashion spotlights is the use of striking color contrasts, perhaps in the way of playing up print with plain or the modernistic gesture of making the costume one vivid solid color boldly contrasted by another startling color on a sort of fifty-fifty basis.

The models pictured are typical of this season's swim suit and beach ensemble trends. Centered in the group you see a stunning outfit that tines superbly to a statuesque figure.

ACCENT ON POCKETS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



The more decorative and useful the pockets your dress, jacket, suit or blouse proudly boasts the better. Here you see a pretty lassie framed in a background of apple blossoms wearing a white culotte outfit in new celanese rayon suiting fabric. This attractive playtime costume is pocketed to a nicety, each pocket enhanced with hand-run vari-colored stitching. Just because amusing gadgets are essential in the scheme of things this season, this outdoor girl pins a novelty cat-ailen brooch at her throat in the shape of a college girl's cap with tassel.

This comely young woman is wearing black trunks with printed "bra" of celanese rayon sharkskin. A catailen fish pin on her hip answers the call for suitable costume jewelry.

To the right, fashion offers a new bathing suit ensemble that strikingly combines white with bright ocean-blue. The bodice top is blue with catailen fish pin by way of correct gadgetry. The blue beach coat with monk's hood of blue lined with white adds to eye-appeal. This very new and attractive ensemble is of celanese rayon jersey.

A very interesting costume, as shown to the left, uses blue and white cotton print for the beach cape lined with white terry cloth, worn over a loose-fitting white terry cloth suit. Accessory is white catailen V-enease stag horn bracelet with carved edelweiss. This costume won an award and is an adaptation of an Algerian man's costume from the Traphagen costume museum.

To supplement the list of materials smartly in use for beach dress and bathing suit, hopsacking should be mentioned. It is ranked along with sharkskin for shorts and slacks and shirts. Then there are the fascinating crinkle cottons that make such practical and attractive beach coats. Water, sun or sand dim not their beauty or colorfulness.

One of the cleverest ideas is the quilted floral cotton prints. A bolero of quilted print worn with matching printed broadcloth slacks together with a peasant kerchief of the same print is a happy suggestion. Try this ensemble, it's a winner this season.

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WONDERS ARE BEING DONE WITH RIBBONS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

After you have looked about at the new dress collections the thought stays with you that this is decidedly a ribbon season. Summer dresses are given a sprightly look with pert little bows here and there while ribbons galore, wide, narrow in one color or in mingled tones or tri-color gayety are swathed and sashed about the waist with utmost artistry.

So utterly have designers yielded to the ribbon urge they are creating clever boleros entirely of ribbon and recently a leading Paris couturiere fashioned an entire dress of ribbon sewing it edge to edge for slender effect and for wide hemline letting the ribbon ends fly out loose over a silken foundation.

Lots of ribbons on hats this season, too, for bindings, bands and tailored bows and for floating streamers and bonnet ties.

Friilly-Friilly Guimpes or Vestees Have Blouse Look

With the classic suit or the more softly tailored bolero-and-skirt costume you are expected to wear the daintiest, frilliest blouse or guimpe or vestee you can find. Of course, if you expect to remove the jacket, it's a blouse you must have. However, with the jacket on, a lacy, fluttery crisp and sheer false front is just the thing. They cost less than a blouse and they are showing such fascinating ones in neckwear departments you will yield to the impulse to buy another and another—which, when you stop to consider, is a fine gesture in real economy.

Sailor Hats

The newest sailor hats have a wide range—from straw to oilecloth.

A Dead One

By HESTER HILL

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MISS ARAMINTHA was odd. She always had been odd, was odd at the present time and, to all intents and purposes, would pursue the same career to the end. And she gloried in her oddity. So that was all right with Miss Araminta.

SHORT SHORT STORY It was not quite all right with Hetty Lepscob, Miss Araminta's hired girl. Of course, everyone in the village knew that her employer was—well, she was, you know. But when you are obliged to tie beef suet to every one of the front (by no means the back) blinds, for the birds' winter refreshment; when there has to be a path neatly shoveled to the front door, though it never is in use; when there must be a lighted candle tied to the bird house pole at 9 a. m. exactly, and when you must hang a red flannel nightgown next to the street every Monday morning, winter or summer, it is hard to be philosophical, even if you are earning eight dollars good, hard cash weekly.

Occasionally it was her wont to journey to the city, remain a few days, return to Hartley, deposit two hundred dollars in the local bank and stay more or less quiescent until her funds ran low. Then she would repeat the trip.

One nipping January day the village gossips saw Miss Araminta head for the morning train. No sooner had it whistled its way round the curve than Hetty Lepscob ran to the minister's, tam o' shanter over one ear and coat half buttoned. "That's what she said, Mr. Hill, sir, her very words. 'Tell the minister the services will be in my front parlor, Thursday, come three o'clock. And I'll bring back the corpse from the city.' And she's not had a telegram or letter or anything. 'And tell the neighbors they can come, they as feels they know me well enough.'"

From one end of the town to the other tongues wagged and funeral clothes were carefully inspected. Eyes were glued to every front window when the Thursday up train disgorged Miss Araminta and a long pine box. The lady herself was veiled and cloaked almost beyond recognition, and the box, "dretful little left to it," was borne to her home by the undertaker and his man.

About 2:30 somber-robed figures began to issue into the street. By three every downstairs room in the little house was packed. The minister figured before a huge screen, behind which presumably lay the object of his official attentions and where Miss Araminta was surely secluded, for at times her voice rose in pious ejaculations: "At last, thanks be!" "Freedom!" "No more in this life!"

The sharp-toned creak on the mantel struck three, the screen was heaved bodily aside and Miss Araminta faced her friends and neighbors. A silence, then a gasp, then little escaping shrieks, giggles and gasps. The minister stared at the long box resting on two chairs beside his parishioner, and sat down weakly. Miss Araminta's clear, incisive voice broke the silence.

"Hetty, pass a glass of water, or throw it, at those seeming to be overcome. Now, folks, look at me well."

It was a needless invitation, as every eye was focused on the figure before them. Hair bobbed and curled, cheeks and lips delicately tinged, soft, mauve cashmere and silk rolling back from a white throat, an amazing length of banana hose, then suede pumps. A lorgnette held in hand tapped against a well-manicured forefinger to emphasize her remarks.

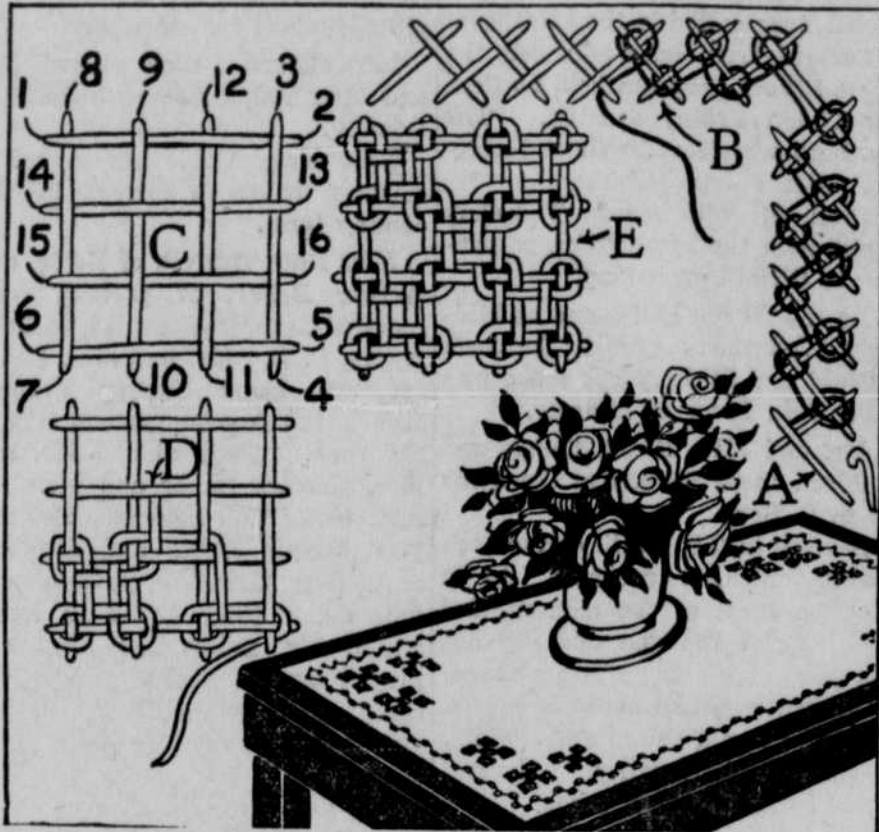
"I told you it was a funeral, friends, neighbors, and gossips, and it is. The funeral of Araminta Mackley. I've always hated her, but I knew I could never outgrow her gradually—or here. So I have bided my time till I was forty-one, let a broker play with a little of my money, and enlarged it, and I've lived like a back number, except when I've gone up to the city to practice up. That's over now—I'm free financially and literally," and her hand indicated with a flourish the white pine coffin over which were draped blue garments of antique cut, commonsense shoes and red flannel nightgowns. Over the top of the pile flowed Miss Araminta's one time hair, the little steel-rimmed specs tied to the ends.

"I'm dead. You can bury me as you please. Mr. Hill, here is a check for \$500. Use it as you see fit for the good of the parish. Hetty, here's a deed for the house, land and furniture. You always hung my nightgown up right, even if you did turn as red as it in doing it. I'll write to some of you from Florida, I'm spending the winter there, then expect to take a cruise round the world, maybe. Good-by, all."

And Miss Araminta stamped her feet into fur-lined overshoes, caught up a knowing little hat and super-stylish coat, and before Mrs. Jones had recovered from her attack of hysterics, was down to the station and aboard the 3:25, bound for New York, Florida, the world and life.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



Interlaced Stitches in Tones of Pink.

PINK is the newest color in decoration. It is charming for embroidered mats and table scarves for any room in the house. The runner shown here is palest pink linen embroidered in darker pink and deep rose. A pearl cotton embroidery thread, size 5, is best to use.

Cut the mat or runner the desired size allowing 1 1/4 inches all around for hems. Turn the hems and sew them by hand at the corners. Now, embroider around the top of the hem with plain catchstitching in pink as at A. Next, interlace these stitches with the rose as at B.

Three 1 1/2-inch squares are embroidered in each corner. Mark each square with a pencil. The method of laying the pink founda-

tion threads is shown in diagram C. Bring the needle out at 1, place it in the material again at 2, and bring it out again at 3. Continue, following the numbers and weaving the stitches over and under as shown. Next, interlace these stitches with rose. Start at D and follow the diagrams until all the stitches are interlaced as at E.

NOTE: Mrs. Spears' latest book fully illustrates ninety other embroidery stitches; also fabric repairing; table settings; and many things to make for yourself and the children. The directions in the book are complete—no patterns to buy. Price 25 cents postpaid (coin preferred). Ask for Book 2 and address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

Do You Want to Learn How to Plan a Laxative Diet?

Get This Free Bulletin Offered by C. Houston Goudiss

READERS of this newspaper are invited to write to C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th Street, New York City, for a free copy of his bulletin, "Helpful Hints on Planning a Laxative Diet."

The bulletin gives concrete suggestions for combatting faulty elimination through correct eating and proper habits of hygiene. It gives a list of laxative foods and contains a full week's sample menus. A postcard is sufficient to carry your request.

Uncle Phil Says:

You'll Cherish the Smile If you can make a person smile on you it is a greater victory than to make one laugh at your wit.

It sometimes happens that the quest for gold leads to the land of guilt. If your host and hostess want you to stay longer, you always know it.

But Not Angry Enough Usually a man is quite angry at the circumstances that prevent him from doing his best.

Who wants to be "logical" with those they love? Some are perpetually lamenting that they "are not understood"; and some are afraid they will be.

NERVOUS?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold those dearest to you? If your nerves are on edge, try **LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND**. It often helps Nature calm quivering nerves. For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure. Make a note NOW to get a bottle of world-famous Pinkham's Compound today **WITHOUT FAIL** from your druggist—more than a million women have written in letters reporting benefit. Why not try **LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND**?

JUST JESTS



Experienced Child "Congratulations, Mrs. Brown," said the vicar genially. "It's been a pleasure to christen your child. I've never had such a well-behaved one before."

"Ah, well," replied Mrs. Brown. "You see, my husband and I have been practicing on him for a whole week with a watering-can."

THAT'S OUT Thomas—Helen doesn't understand baseball at all. Grace—How so? Thomas—The other day she went to a game and fell in love with the umpire.

Demonstrated Little Vera had been behaving badly, and her nurse became annoyed and, incidentally, increasingly red in the face. "Oh," cried the girl; "now I know what a red cross nurse is."

Hurry Up! He—If you keep looking at me like that I'm going to kiss you. She—Well, I can't hold this expression much longer.

Qualified Employer—Yes, I advertised for a strong boy. Think you can fill the bill? Boy—Take a look at the nine other applicants outside that I licked.

Proverbs for women: If the shoe fits, get a size smaller.

So That's It He—I'd rather sleep than eat any day. She—I never knew you were as lazy as that. "No, and I didn't know you were such a bad cook."

Her Concern Irate Neighbor—Your children are up my apple tree! Mother of Children—Good heavens, those apples are all green!

Another Book Motorist (stopped for speeding)—What I know about driving would fill a book. Constable—Yes, sir. And what you don't know will fill mine.

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